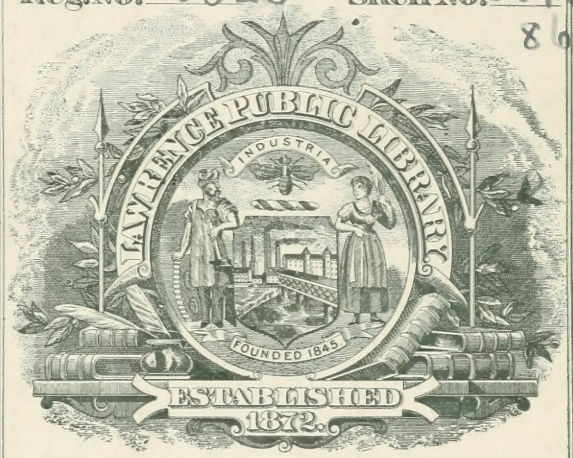
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INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVI NEW SERIES: VOL. LXIV

PAGE

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, IN RUSSIA. (Unpublished letters.)
Introduction and notes by Charles Francis Adams. Portraits of John Quincy Adams and Madame de Staël 250

AFTER-DINNER STORIES.
An Anecdote of McKinley ..... *Silas Harrison* 319

AFTER-THE-WAR SERIES, THE CENTURY'S.
The Hayes-Tilden Contest for the Presidency ..... *Henry Watterson* 3
Pictures from photographs and cartoons.

Another View of "The Hayes-Tilden Contest" ..... *George F. Edmunds* 192
Portrait of Ex-Senator Edmunds.

AMERICANS, N MADE. Drawings by ..... *W. T. Benda* ..Facing page 894

ARTISTS SERIES, AMERICAN, THE CENTURY'S.
John S. Sargent: Nonchalance 44
Carl Marr: The Landscape-Painter 110
Frank W. Benson: My Daughter 264

AUTO-COMRADE, THE ..... *Robert Haven Schauffler* .. 850

AVOCATS, LES DEUX. From the painting by ..... *Honoré Daumier*
Facing page 654

BALKAN PENINSULA, SKIRTING THE ..... *Robert Hichens*
III. The Environs of Athens 84
Pictures by Jules Guérin and from photographs.

IV. Delphi and Olympia 224
Pictures by Jules Guérin and from photographs.

V. In Constantinople 374
Pictures by Jules Guérin and from photographs.

VI. Stamboul, the City of Mosques 519
Pictures by Jules Guérin, two printed in color.

BEELZEBUB CAME TO THE CONVENT, HOW ..... *Ethel Watts Mumford* 323
Picture by N. C. Wyeth.

"BLACK BLOOD" ..... *Edward Lyell Fox* 213
Pictures by William H. Foster.

BOOK OF HIS HEART, THE ..... *Allan Updegraff* 701
Picture by Herman Pfeifer.

BORROWED LOVER, THE ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 348

BRITISH UNCOMMUNICATIVENESS ..... *A. C. Benson* 567

BROTHER LEO ..... *Phyllis Bottome* 181
Pictures by W. T. Benda.

BUSINESS IN THE ORIENT ..... *Harry A. Franck* 475

CAMILLA'S FIRST AFFAIR ..... *Gertrude Hall* 400
Pictures by Emil Pollak-Ottendorff.

PAGE

CARTOONS.
Noise Extracted without Pain ... *Oliver Herford* ... 155
Foreign Labor ... *Oliver Herford* ... 477
Ninety Degrees in the Shade ... *J. R. Shaver* ... 477
A Boy's Best Friend ... *May Wilson Preston* ... 634
"The Fifth Avenue Girl" and "A Bit of Gossip." Sculpture by ... *Ethel Myers* ... 635
The Child de Luxe ... *Boardman Robinson* ... 636
The "Elite" Bathing-Dress ... *Reginald Birch* ... 797
From Grave to Gay ... *C. F. Peters* ... 798
Died: Rondeau Rymbel ... *Oliver Herford* ... 955
A Triumph for the Fresh Air Fund ... *F. R. Gruger* ... 957
Newport Note ... *Reginald Birch* ... 960

CASUS BELLI ... 955

CENTURY, THE, THE SPIRIT OF ... *Editorial* ... 789

CHOATE, JOSEPH H. From a charcoal portrait by ... *John S. Sargent* ... Facing page 711

CHRISTMAS, ON ALLOWING THE EDITOR TO SHOP EARLY FOR ... *Leonard Hatch* ... 473

CLOWN'S RUE ... *Hugh Johnson* ... 730
Picture, printed in tint, by H. C. Dunn.

COLE'S (TIMOTHY) ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES.
Une Dame Espagnole. From the painting by ... *Fortuny* ... 2

COMING SNEEZE, THE ... *Harry Stillwell Edwards* ... 368
Picture by F. R. Gruger.

COMMON SENSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE ... *Editorial* ... 149

COUNTRY ROADS OF NEW ENGLAND. Drawings by ... *Walter King Stone* ... 668

DEVIL, THE, HIS DUE ... *Philip Curtiss* ... 895

DINNER OF HERBS," "BETTER IS A. Picture by ... *Edmund Dulac* ... Facing page 801

DORMER-WINDOW, THE, THE COUNTRY OF ... *Henry Dwight Sedgwick* ... 720
Pictures by W. T. Benda.

DOROTHY MCK——, PORTRAIT OF ... *Wilhelm Funk* ... 211

DOWN-TOWN IN NEW YORK. Drawings by ... *Herman Webster* ... 697

ELEPHANT ROUND-UP, AN ... *D. P. B. Conkling* ... 236
Pictures from photographs.

ELEPHANTS, WILD, NOOSING ... *Charles Moser* ... 240
Pictures from photographs.

ELIXIR OF YOUTH, THE ... *Albert Bigelow Paine* ... 21
Picture by O. F. Schmidt.

FLOODS, THE GREAT, IN THE MIDDLE WEST ... *Editorial* ... 148

FRENCH ART, EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY.
A Corner of the Table. From the painting by ... *Charles Chabas* ... 83

GARAGE IN THE SUNSHINE, A ... *Joseph Ernest* ... 921
Picture by Harry Raleigh.

GET SOMETHING BY GIVING SOMETHING UP, ON HOW TO ... *Simeon Strunsky* ... 153

GHOSTS," "DEY AIN'T NO ... *Ellis Parker Butler* ... 837
Pictures by Charles Sarka.

GOING UP ... *Frederick Lewis Allen* ... 632
Picture by Reginald Birch.

GOLF, MIND VERSUS MUSCLE IN ... *Marshall Whitlatch* ... 606

GOVERNMENT, THE CHANGING VIEW OF ... *Editorial* ... 311

GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO, THE ... *Joseph Pennell* ... 202
Six lithographs drawn from nature for "The Century."

GUTTER-NICKEL, THE ... *E. [illegible] Loomis* ... 570
Picture by J. Montgomery Flagg.

HARD MONEY, THE RETURN TO ... *Charles A. Conant* ... 439
Portraits, and cartoons by Thomas Nast.

HER OWN LIFE ... *Allan Updegraff* ... 79

HOME. I. An Anonymous Novel ... 801
Illustrations by Reginald Birch.

PAGE

HOMER AND HUMBUG ..... *Stephen Leacock* 952

HYPERBOLE IN ADVERTISING, ON THE USE OF ..... *Agnes Repplier* 316

ILLUSION OF PROGRESS, THE ..... *Kenyon Cox* 39

IMPRACTICAL MAN, THE ..... *Elliott Flower* 549
Pictures by F. R. Gruger.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB, THE, ON THE COLLAPSE OF ..... *G. K. Chesterton* 151

JAPANESE CHILD, A, THE TRAINING OF ..... *Frances Little* 170
Pictures from photographs.

JAPAN, THE NEW, AMERICAN MAKERS OF ..... *William Elliot Griffis* 597
Pictures from photographs.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS. From the statue for the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis by ..... *Karl Bitter* 27

JURYMAN, THE, THE MIND OF ..... *Hugo Münsterberg* 711

LADY AND HER BOOK, THE, ON ..... *Helen Minturn Seymour* .. 315

LAWLESSNESS IN ART ..... *Editorial* 150

LIFE AFTER DEATH ..... *Maurice Maeterlinck* 655

LITERATURE FACTORY ..... *E. P. Butler* 638

LOUISE. Color-Tone, from the marble bust by ..... *Evelyn Beatrice Longman*
Facing page 766

LOVE BY LIGHTNING ..... *Maria Thompson Daviess* . 641
Pictures, printed in tint, by F. R. Gruger.

MANNERING'S MEN ..... *Marjorie L. C. Pickthall* .. 427

MAN WHO DID NOT GO TO HEAVEN ON TUESDAY, THE ..... *Ellis Parker Butler* 340

MILLET'S RETURN TO HIS OLD HOME ..... *Truman H. Bartlett* 332
Pictures from pastels by Millet.

MONEY BEHIND THE GUN, THE ..... *Editorial* 470

MORGAN'S, MR., PERSONALITY ..... *Joseph B. Gilder* 459
Picture from photograph.

MOVING-PICTURE, THE, THE WIDENING FIELD OF ..... *Charles B. Brewer* 66
Pictures from photographs.

MRS. LONGBOW'S BIOGRAPHY ..... *Gordon Hall Gerould* 56

NEMOURS: A TYPICAL FRENCH PROVINCIAL TOWN ..... *Roger Boutet de Monvel* .. 844
Pictures by Bernard Boutet de Monvel.

NEWSPAPER INVASION OF PRIVACY ..... *Editorial* 310

NIAGARA AGAIN IN DANGER ..... *Editorial* 150

NOTEWORTHY STORIES OF THE LAST GENERATION.

The Tachypomp ..... *Edward P. Mitchell* 99
Portrait of the author, and drawings by Reginald Birch.

Belles Demoiselles Plantation ..... *George W. Cable* 273
With portrait of the author, and new pictures by W. M. Berger.

The New Minister's Great Opportunity ..... *C. H. White* 390
With portrait of the author, and new picture by Harry Townsend.

ONE WAY TO MAKE THINGS BETTER ..... *Editorial* 471

OREGON MUDDLE," "THE ..... *Victor Rosewater* 764

PADEREWSKI AT HOME ..... *Abbie H. C. Finck* 900
Picture from a portrait by Emil Fuchs.

PARIS ..... *Theodore Dreiser* 904
Pictures by W. J. Glackens.

"PEGGY." From the marble bust by ..... *Evelyn Beatrice Longman.* 362

POLO TEAM, UNDEFEATED AMERICAN, BRONZE GROUP OF THE ... *Herbert Hazeltine*
Facing page 641

PROGRESSIVE P[illegible] T ..... *Theodore Roosevelt* 826
Portia

PUNS, A PAPER OF ..... *Brander Matthews* 290
Head-piece by Reginald Birch.

REMINGTON, FREDERIC, RECOLLECTIONS OF ..... *Augustus Thomas* 354
Pictures by Frederic R[illegible]ington, and portrait.

ROMAIN ROLLAND ..... *Alvan F. Sanborn* 512
Picture from portrait of Rolland from a drawing by Granié.

ST. BERNARD, THE GREAT ..... *Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg* 161
Pictures by André Castaigne.

PAGE

St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By Francisco Zubarán. Engraved on wood by ... *Timothy Cole* ... 437

Scarlet Tanager, The. Printed in color from the painting by *Alfred Brennan* ... 29

"Schedule K" ... *N. I. Stone* ... 111

"Schedule K," Comments on ... *Editorial* ... 472

Sculpture ... *Charles Keck* ... 917

Senior Wrangler, The ... 958
Snobbery—America vs. England.
Our Tender Literary Celebrities.

Sigiriya, "The Lion's Rock" of Ceylon ... *Jennie Coker Gay* ... 265
Pictures by Duncan Gay.

Socialism in the Colleges ... *Editorial* ... 468

Spinster, American, The ... *Agnes Repplier* ... 363

Summer Hills," the, In "The Circuit of ... *John Burroughs* ... 878
Portrait of the author by Alvin L. Coburn.

Sunset on the Marshes. From the painting by ... *George Inness* Facing page 824

"Them Old Moth-eaten Lovyers" ... *Charles Egbert Craddock* ... 120
Pictures by George Wright.

Trade of the World Papers, The ... *James Davenport Whelpley*
XVII. If Canada were to Annex the United States ... 534
Pictures from photographs.
XVIII. The Foreign Trade of the United States ... 886

T. Tembarom ... *Frances Hodgson Burnett* 130, 296, 413, 610, 767, 929
Drawings by Charles S. Chapman.

Two-billion-dollar Congress, The ... *Editorial* ... 313

Uncommercial Traveler, An, in London ... *Theodore Dreiser* ... 736
Pictures by W. J. Glackens.

Under which Flag, Ladies, Order or Anarchy? ... *Editorial* ... 309

Venezuela Dispute, the, The Monroe Doctrine in ... *Charles R. Miller* ... 750
Cartoons from "Punch," and a map.

Verita's Stratagem ... *Anne Warner* ... 430

Voyage Over, The First ... *Theodore Dreiser* ... 586
Pictures by W. J. Glackens.

Wagner, Richard, If, Came Back ... *Henry T. Finck* ... 208
Portrait of Wagner from photograph.

Wall Street, The News in ... *James L. Ford* ... 794
Pictures by Reginald Birch and May Wilson Preston.

War against War ... *Editorial* ... 147

War-horses of Famous Generals ... *James Grant Wilson* ... 45
Pictures from paintings and photographs.

War Worth Waging, A ... *Richard Barry* ... 31
Picture by Jay Hambidge.

Washington, Fresh Light on ... 635

Watterson's, Colonel, Rejoinder to Ex-Senator Edmunds ... *Henry Watterson* ... 285
Comments on "Another View of 'The Hayes-Tilden Contest.'"

Whistler, A Visit to ... *Maria Torrilhon Buel* ... 694

White Linen Nurse, The ... *Eleanor Hallowell Abbott* 483, 672, 857
Pictures, printed in tint, by Herman Pfeifer.

Widow, The. From the painting by ... *Couture* ... 457
An example of French portraiture.

World Reformers—and Dusters ... *The Senior Wrangler* ... 792
Picture by Reginald Birch.

Year, The Most Important ... *Editorial* ... 951

PAGE

VERSE

BALLADE OF PROTEST, A ..... *Carolyn Wells* 476

BEGGAR, THE ..... *James W. Foley* 877

BELLE DAME SANS MERCI, LA ..... *John Keats* 388
Republished with pictures by Stanley M. Arthurs.

BLANK PAGE, FOR A ..... *Austin Dobson* 458

BROTHER MINGO MILLENYUM'S ORDINATION ..... *Ruth McEnery Stuart* 475

CONTINUED IN THE ADS ..... *Sarah Redington* 795

CUBIST ROMANCE, A ..... *Oliver Herford* 318
Picture by Oliver Herford.

DADDY DO-FUNNY'S, OLD, WISDOM JINGLES ..... *Ruth McEnery Stuart* 154, 319, 478

DOUBLE STAR, A ..... *Leroy Titus Weeks* 511

EMERGENCY ..... *William Rose Benét* 916

EXPERIMENTERS, THE, TO ..... *Charles Badger Clark, Jr.* .. 43

FINIS ..... *William H. Hayne* 295

GENTLE READER, THE ..... *Arthur Davison Ficke* 692

HOUSE-WITHOUT-ROOF ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 339

HUSBAND SHOP, THE ..... *Oliver Herford* 956
Picture by Oliver Herford.

INVULNERABLE ..... *William Rose Benét* 308

JUSTICE, AT THE CLOSED GATES OF ..... *James D. Corrothers* 272

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE: NEW STYLE ..... *Anne O'Hagan* 793
Picture by E. L. Blumenschein.

LAST FAUN, THE ..... *Helen Minturn Seymour* .. 717
Picture, printed in tint, by Charles A. Winter.

LAST MESSAGE, A ..... *Grace Denio Litchfield* 26

LIFE'S ASPIRATION ..... *Louis Untermeyer* 156
Drawing by George Wolfe Plank.

LIMERICKS:
Text and pictures by Oliver Herford.

XXVII. The Somnolent Bivalve 157
XXVIII. The Ounce of Detention 158
XXIX. The Kind Armadillo 320
XXX. The Gnat and the Gnu 479
XXXI. The Sole-Hungering Camel 480
XXXII. The Eternal Feminine 639
XXXIII. Tra-la-Larceny 640
XXXIV. The Conservative Owl 799
XXXV. The Omnivorous Book-worm 800

LITTLE PEOPLE, THE ..... *Amelia Josephine Burr* ... 387

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE ..... *Stephen Phillips* 467

MARVELOUS MUNCHAUSEN, THE ..... *William Rose Benét* 563
Pictures by Oliver Herford.

MAY, FROM MY WINDOW ..... *Frances Rose Benét* 155
Drawing by Oliver Herford.

MESSAGE FROM ITALY, A ..... *Margaret Widdemer* 547
Drawing printed in tint by W. T. Benda.

MOTHER, THE ..... *Timothy Cole* 920
Picture by Alpheus Cole.

MY CONSCIENCE ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* ... 331
Decoration by Oliver Herford.

MYSELF," "I SING OF ..... *Louis Untermeyer* 960

NEW ART, THE ..... *Corinne Rockwell Swain* .. 156

PAGE

NOYES, ALFRED, TO ..... *Edwin Markham* 288

OFF CAPRI ..... *Sara Teasdale* 223

PARENTS, OUR ..... *Charles Irvin Junkin* 959
Pictures by Harry Raleigh.

PRAYERS FOR THE LIVING ..... *Mary W. Plummer* 367

RITUAL ..... *William Rose Benét* 788

ROYAL MUMMY, TO A ..... *Anna Glen Stoddard* 631

RYMBELS:
Pictures by Oliver Herford.

The Girl and the Raspberry Ice ..... *Oliver Herford* 637
The Yellow Vase ..... *Charles Hanson Towne* ... 637
Tragedy ..... *Theodosia Garrison* 638
"On Revient toujours à Son Premier Amour" ..... *Oliver Herford* 638
A Rymbel of Rhymers ..... *Carolyn Wells* 796
The Prudent Lover ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 797
On a Portrait of Nancy ..... *Carolyn Wells* 797

SAME OLD LURE, THE ..... *Berton Braley* 478

SCARLET TANAGER, TO A ..... *Grace Hazard Conkling* ... 28

SIERRA MADRE ..... *Henry Van Dyke* 347

SOCRATIC ARGUMENT ..... *John Carver Alden* 960

SUBMARINE MOUNTAINS ..... *Cale Young Rice* 693

TRIOLET, A ..... *Leroy Titus Weeks* 636

WINE OF NIGHT, THE ..... *Louis Untermeyer* 119

WINGÈD VICTORY ..... *Victor Whitlock* 596
Photograph and decoration.

WISE SAINT, THE ..... *Heramn Da Costa* 798
Picture by W. T. Benda.

YOUNG HEART IN AGE, THE ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 78

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UNE DAME ESPAGNOLE

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(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVI MAY, 1913 NO. 1

THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY

INSIDE HISTORY OF A GREAT POLITICAL CRISIS

(THE CENTURY'S AFTER-THE-WAR SERIES)

BY HENRY WATTERSON

Editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal"

I

THE time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when among fair-minded and intelligent Americans there will not be two opinions touching the Hayes-Tilden contest for the Presidency in 1876–77—that both by the popular vote and a fair count of the electoral vote Tilden was elected and Hayes was defeated—but the whole truth underlying the determinate incidents which led to the rejection of Tilden and the seating of Hayes will never be known.

"All history is a lie," observed Sir Robert Walpole, the corruptionist, mindful of what was likely to be written about himself, and, "What is history," asked Napoleon, the conqueror, "but a fable agreed upon?"

In the first administration of Mr. Cleveland, there were present at a dinner-table in Washington, the President being of the party, two leading Democrats and two leading Republicans who had sustained confidential relations to the principals and played important parts in the drama of the Disputed Succession. These latter had been long upon terms of personal intimacy. The occasion was informal and joyous, the good-fellowship of the heartiest. Inevitably the conversation drifted to the Electoral Commission, which had counted Tilden out and Hayes in, and of which each of the four had some story to tell. Beginning in banter, with interchanges of badinage, it presently fell into reminiscence, deepening as the interest of the listeners rose to what under different conditions might have been described as unguarded gaiety, if not imprudent garrulity. The little audience

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was rapt. Finally, Mr. Cleveland raised both hands and exclaimed, "What would the people of this country think if the roof could be lifted from this house and they could hear these men!" And then one of the four, a gentleman noted for his wealth both of money and humor, replied, "But the roof is not going to be lifted from this house, and if any one repeats what I have said I will denounce him as a liar."

Once in a while the world is startled by some revelation of the unknown which alters the estimate of an historic event or figure; but it is measurably true, as Metternich declares, that those who make history rarely have time to write it.

It is not my wish in recurring to the events of five-and-thirty years ago to invoke and awaken any of the passions of that time, nor my purpose to assail the character or motives of any of the leading actors. Most of them, including the principals, I knew well; to many of their secrets I was privy. As I was serving, in a sense, as Mr. Tilden's personal representative in the Lower House of the Forty-fourth Congress, and as a member of the joint Democratic Advisory or Steering Committee of the two Houses, all that passed came more or less, if not under my supervision, yet to my knowledge; and long ago I resolved that certain matters should remain a sealed book in my memory. I make no issue of veracity with the living; the dead should be sacred. The contradictory promptings, not always crooked; the double constructions possible to men's actions; the intermingling of ambition and patriotism beneath the lash of party spirit; often wrong unconscious of itself; sometimes equivocation deceiving itself; in short, the tangled web of good and ill inseparable from great affairs of loss and gain, made debatable ground for every step of the Hayes-Tilden proceeding.

I shall bear sure testimony to the integrity of Mr. Tilden. I directly know that the Presidency was offered to him for a price and that he refused it; and I indirectly know and believe that two other offers came to him which also he declined. The accusation that he was willing to buy, and through the cipher despatches and other ways tried to buy, rests upon appearance supporting mistaken surmise. Mr. Tilden knew nothing of the cipher despatches until they appeared in the "New-York Tribune." Neither did Mr. George W. Smith, his private secretary, and later one of the trustees to his will. It should be sufficient to say that, so far as they involved No. 15 Gramercy Park, they were the work solely of Colonel Pelton, acting on his own responsibility, and, as Mr. Tilden's nephew, exceeding his authority to act; that it later developed that during this period Colonel Pelton had not been in his perfect mind, but was at least semi-irresponsible; and that on two occasions when the vote or votes sought seemed within reach, Mr. Tilden interposed to forbid. Directly and personally, I know this to be true.

The price, at least in patronage, which the Republicans actually paid for possession is of public record. Yet I not only do not question the integrity of Mr. Hayes, but I believe him, and most of those immediately about him, to have been high-minded men who thought they were doing for the best in a situation unparalleled and beset with perplexity. What they did tends to show that men will do for party and in concert what the same men never would be willing to do each on his own responsibility. In his "Life of Samuel J. Tilden," John Bigelow says:

> Why persons occupying the most exalted positions should have ventured to compromise their reputations by this deliberate consummation of a series of crimes which struck at the very foundations of the Republic, is a question which still puzzles many of all parties who have no charity for the crimes themselves. I have already referred to the terrors and desperation with which the prospect of Tilden's election inspired the great army of office-holders at the close of Grant's administration. That army, numerous and formidable as it was, was comparatively limited. There was a much larger and justly influential class who were apprehensive that the return of the Democratic party to power threatened a reactionary policy at Washington, to the undoing of some or all the important results of the war. These apprehensions were inflamed by the party press until they were confined to no class, but more or less pervaded all the Northern States. The Electoral Tribunal, consisting mainly of men appointed to their positions by Republican

Presidents, or elected from strong Republican States, felt the pressure of this feeling, and from motives compounded in more or less varying proportions of dread of the Democrats, personal ambition, zeal for their party, and respect for their constituents, reached the conclusion that the exclusion of Tilden from the White House was an end which justified whatever means were necessary to accomplish it. They regarded it like the emancipation of the slaves, as a war measure.

II

THE nomination of Horace Greeley in 1872 and the overwhelming defeat that followed left the Democratic party in an abyss of despair. The old Whig party, after the disaster that overtook it in 1852, had been not more demoralized. Yet in the general elections of 1874 the Democrats swept the country, carrying many Northern States and sending a great majority to the Forty-fourth Congress.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES IN 1877, AT THE TIME OF THEIR SILVER WEDDING

Reconstruction was breaking down of its very weight and rottenness. The panic of 1873 reacted against the party in power. Dissatisfaction with Grant, which had not sufficed two years before to displace him, was growing apace. Favoritism bred corruption, and corruption grew more and more defiant. Succeeding scandals cast their shadows before. Chickens of "carpet-baggery" let loose upon the South were coming home to roost at the North. There appeared everywhere a noticeable subsidence of the sectional spirit and a rising tide of the national spirit. Reform was needed alike in the State governments and the National government, and the cry for reform proved something other than an idle word. All things made for Democracy.

Yet there were many and serious handicaps. The light and leading of the historic Democratic party which had issued from the South were in obscurity and abeyance, while most of those surviving who had been distinguished in the party conduct and counsels were disabled by act of Congress. Of the few prominent Democrats left at the North, many were tainted by what was called Copperheadism (sympathy with the Confederacy). To find a chieftain wholly free from this contamination, Democracy, having failed of success in presidential campaigns not only with Greeley but with McClellan and Seymour, was turning to such disaffected Republicans as Chase, Field, and Davis of the Supreme Court. At last Heaven seemed to smile from the clouds



From a photograph by W. Kurtz

SAMUEL J TILDEN, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, 1875-76



From a photograph owned by F. H. Meserve

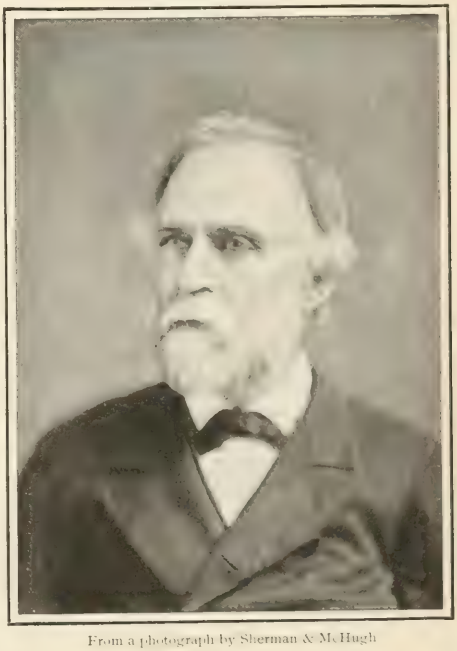
SENATOR ZACHARIAH CHANDLER

Chairman of the Republican National Committee in the Hayes-Tilden campaign.

upon the disordered ranks and to summon thence a man meeting the requirements of the time. This was Samuel Jones Tilden.

To his familiars, Mr. Tilden was a dear old bachelor who lived in a fine old mansion in Gramercy Park. Though sixty years of age, he seemed in the prime of his manhood; a genial and overflowing scholar; a trained and earnest doctrinaire; a public-spirited, patriotic citizen, well known and highly esteemed, who had made fame and fortune at the bar and had always been interested in public affairs. He was a dreamer with a genius for business, a philosopher yet an organizer. He pursued the tenor of his life with measured tread. His domestic fabric was disfigured by none of the isolation and squalor which so often attend the confirmed celibate. His home life was a model of order and decorum, his home as unchallenged as a bishopric, its hospitality, though select, profuse and untiring. An elder sister presided at his board, as simple, kindly, and unostentatious, but as methodical as himself. He was a lover of books rather than music and art, but also of horses and dogs and out-of-door activity. He was fond of young people, particularly of young girls; he drew them about him, and was a veritable Sir Roger de Coverley in his gallantries toward them and his zeal in amusing them and making them happy. His tastes were frugal and their indulgence was sparing. He took his wine not plenteously, though he enjoyed it—especially his "blue seal" while it lasted—and sipped his whisky-and-water on occasion with a pleased composure redolent of discursive talk, of which, when he cared to lead the conversation, he was a master. He had early come into a great legal practice and held a commanding professional position. His judgment was believed to be infallible; and it is certain that after 1871 he rarely appeared in the courts of law except as counselor, settling in chambers most of the cases that came to him.

It was such a man whom, in 1874, the Democrats nominated for Governor of New York. To say truth, it was not thought by those making the nomination that he had much chance to win. He was himself so much better advised that months ahead he prefigured very near the



From a photograph by Sherman & McHugh

CONGRESSMAN ABRAM S. HEWITT

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the Hayes-Tilden campaign.

exact vote. The afternoon of the day of election one of the group of friends, who even thus early had the Presidency in mind, found him in his library confident and calm.

"What majority will you have?" he asked cheerily.

"Any," replied the friend sententiously.

"How about fifteen thousand?"

"Quite enough."

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"Still better."

"The majority," he said, "will be a little in excess of fifty thousand." It was 53,315. His estimate was not guesswork. He had organized his campaign by school-districts. His canvass system was perfect, his canvassers were as penetrating and careful as census-takers. He had before him reports from every voting precinct in the State. They were corroborated by the official returns. He had defeated General John A. Dix, thought to be invincible, by a majority very nearly the same as that by which Governor Dix had been elected two years before.

III

THE time and the man had met. Although Mr. Tilden had not before held executive office, he was ripe and ready for the work. His experience in the pursuit and overthrow of the Tweed Ring in New York, the great metropolis, had prepared and fitted him to deal with the Canal Ring at Albany, the State Capital. Administrative Reform was now uppermost in the public mind, and here in the Empire State of the Union had come to the head of affairs a Chief Magistrate at once exact and exacting, deeply versed not only in legal lore but in a knowledge of the methods by which political power was being turned to private profit, and of the men—Democrats as well as Republicans—who were preying upon the substance of the people.

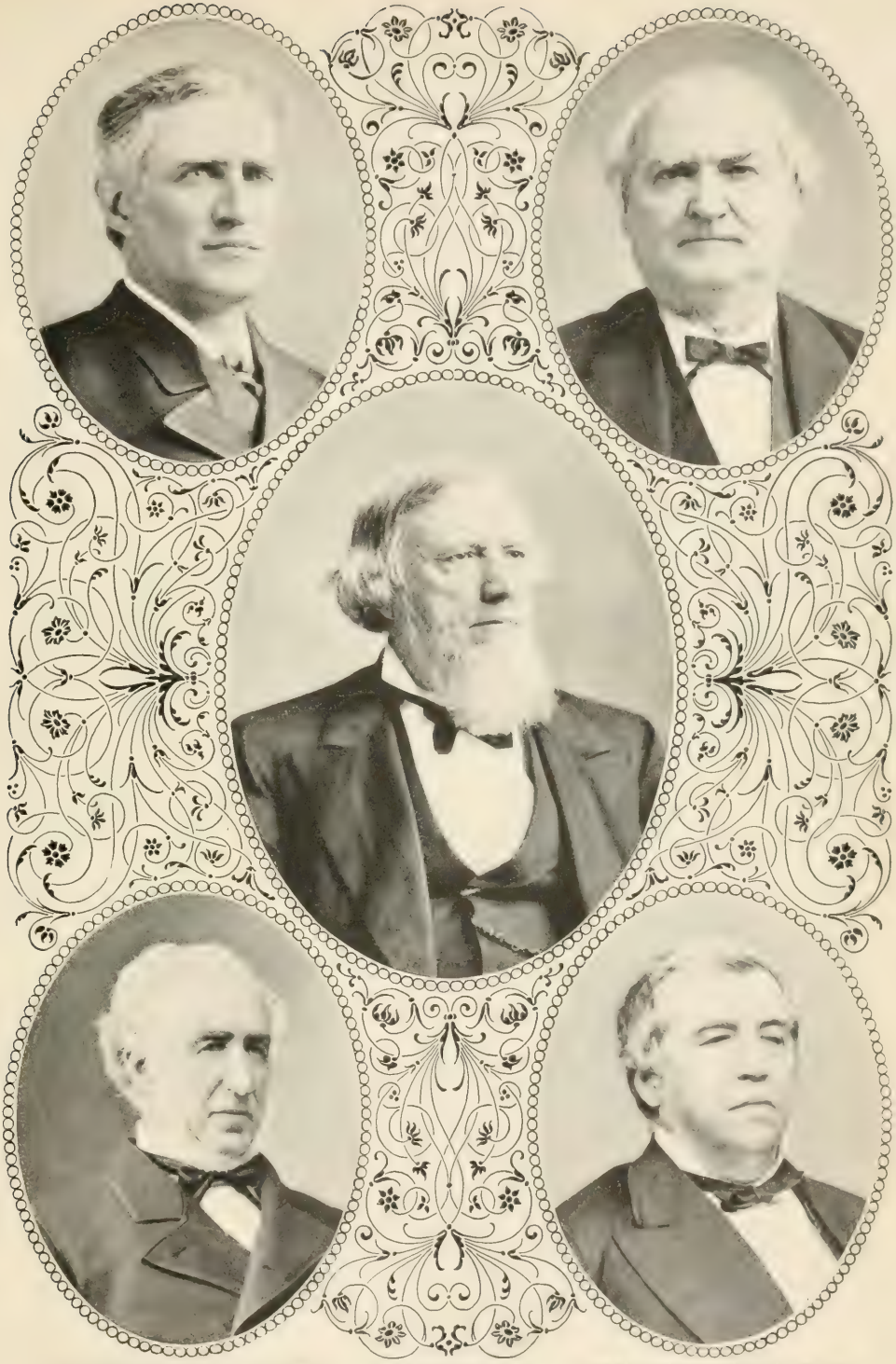
The story of the two years that followed relates to investigations that investigated, to prosecutions that convicted, to the overhauling of the civil fabric, to the rehabilitation of popular censorship, to reduced estimates and lower taxes.

The campaign for the presidential nomination began as early as the autumn of 1875. The Southern end of it was easy enough. A committee of Southerners residing in New York was formed. Never a leading Southern man came to town who was not "seen." If of enough importance, he was taken to No. 15 Gramercy Park. Mr. Tilden measured to the Southern standard of the gentleman in politics. He impressed the disfranchised Southern leaders as a statesman of the old order and altogether after their own idea of what a President ought to be. The South came to St. Louis, the seat of the National Convention, represented by its foremost citizens and almost a unit for the Governor of New York. The main opposition sprang from Tammany Hall, of which John Kelly was then the Chief. Its very extravagance proved an advantage to Tilden. Two days before the meeting of the Convention I sent this message to Mr. Tilden: "Tell Blackstone [his favorite riding horse] that he wins in a walk." The anti-Tilden men put up the Hon. S. S. ("Sunset") Cox, for Temporary Chairman. It was a clever move. Mr. Cox, though sure for Tammany, was popular everywhere and especially at the South. His backers thought that with him they could count upon a majority of the National Committee.

The night before the assembling, Mr. Tilden's two or three leading friends on the Committee came to me and said: "We can elect you Chairman over Cox, but no one else." I demurred at once. "I don't know one rule of parliamentary law from another," I said. "We will have the best parliamentarian on the continent right by you all the time," they said. "I can't see to recognize a man on the floor of the convention," I said. "We 'll have a dozen men to tell you," they replied. So it was arranged, and thus at the last moment I was chosen.

I had barely time to write the required "key-note" speech, but not to commit it to memory, nor sight to read it, even had I been willing to adopt that mode of delivery. It would not do to trust to extemporization. A friend, Colonel Stoddard Johnston, who was familiar with my penmanship, came to the rescue. Concealing my manuscript behind his hat, he lined the words out to me between the cheering, I having mastered a few opening sentences.

Luck was with me. It went with a bang—not, however, wholly without de-



From a photograph owned by F. H. Meserve
THOMAS F. BAYARD of Delaware

From a photograph by Brady
FRANCIS KERNAN of New York

From a photograph by [illegible]
right) by C. M. Bell
ALLEN G. THURMAN
of Ohio

From a photograph [illegible] by C. M. Bell
JOSEPH E. McDONALD of Indiana

[illegible]
JOHN W. STEVENSON of Kentucky

SENATORS OF THE DEMOCRATIC "ADVISORY COMMITTEE" IN THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST

tection. The Indianians, devoted to Hendricks, were very wroth. "See that fat man behind the hat telling him what to say," said one to his neighbor, who answered, "Yes, and wrote it for him, too, I 'll be bound."

One might as well attempt to drive six horses by proxy as preside over a National Convention by hearsay. I lost my parliamentarian at once. I just made my parliamentary law as we went. Never before nor since did any deliberative body proceed under manual so startling and original. But I delivered each ruling with a resonance—it were better called an impudence—which had an air of authority. There was a good deal of quiet laughter on the floor among the knowing ones, though I knew the mass was as ignorant as I was myself; but, realizing that I meant to be just and was expediting business, the Convention soon warmed to me, and, feeling this, I began to be perfectly at home. I never had a better day's sport in all my life.

One incident was particularly amusing. Much against my will and over my protest, I was brought to promise that Miss Phœbe Couzins, who bore a Woman's Rights Memorial, should at some opportune moment be given the floor to present it. I foresaw what a row it was bound to occasion. Toward noon, when there was a lull in the proceedings, I said with an emphasis meant to carry conviction, "Gentlemen of the Convention, Miss Phœbe Couzins, a representative of the Woman's Association of America, has a Memorial from that body and, in the absence of other business, the chair will now recognize her."

Instantly, and from every part of the hall, arose cries of "No!" These put some heart into me. Many a time as a school-boy I had proudly declaimed the passage from John Home's tragedy, "My name is Norval." Again I stood upon "the Grampian hills." The Committee was escorting Miss Couzins down the aisle. When she came within the radius of my poor vision I saw that she was a beauty and dressed to kill! That was reassurance. Gaining a little time while the hall fairly rocked with its thunder of negation, I laid the gavel down and stepped to the edge of the platform and gave Miss Couzins my hand. As she appeared above the throng there was a momentary "Ah!" and then a lull broken by a single voice: "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order." Leading Miss Couzins to the front of the stage, I took up the gavel and gave a gentle rap, saying, "The gentleman will take his seat."

"But, Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order," he vociferated.

"The gentleman will take his seat instantly," I answered in a tone of one about to throw the gavel at his head. "No point of order is in order when a lady has the floor."

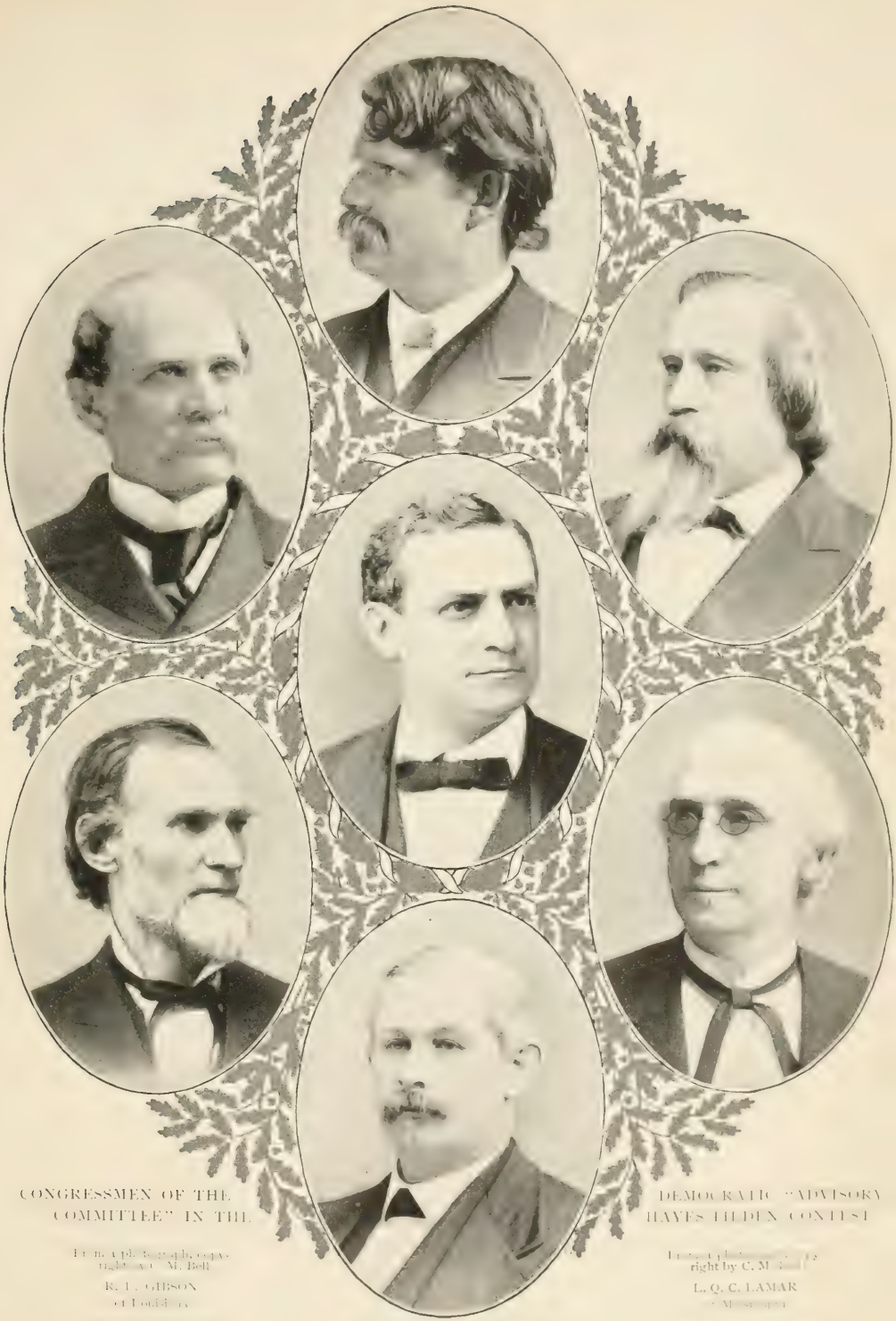
After that Miss Couzins received a positive ovation, and having delivered her message retired in a blaze of glory.

Mr. Tilden was nominated on the second ballot. The campaign that followed proved one of the most memorable in our history. When it came to an end the result showed on the face of the returns 196 in the Electoral College, 11 more than a majority, and in the popular vote 4,300,316, a majority of 264,300 over Hayes.

How this came to be first contested and then complicated so as ultimately to be set aside has been minutely related by its authors. The newspapers, both Republican and Democratic, of November 8, 1876, the morning after the election, conceded an overwhelming victory for Tilden and Hendricks. There was, however, a single exception. "The New York Times" had gone to press with its first edition, leaving the result in doubt but inclining toward the success of the Democrats. In its later editions this tentative attitude was changed to the statement that Mr. Hayes lacked the vote only of Florida—"claimed by the Republicans"—to be sure of the required 185 votes in the Electoral College.

The story of this surprising discrepancy between midnight and daylight reads like a chapter of fiction.

After the early edition of the "Times" had gone to press certain members of the editorial staff were at supper, very much cast down by the returns, when a messenger brought a telegram from Senator Barnum of Connecticut, financial head of the Democratic National Committee, asking for the "Times's" latest news from Oregon, Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina. But for that unlucky telegram Til-



CONGRESSMEN OF THE COMMITTEE" IN THE

From a photograph, copyright by C. M. Bell

R. L. GIBSON of Louisiana

From a photograph

WILLIAM S. HOLMAN of Indiana

From a photograph by Sarony

HENRY WATTERSON of Kentucky

From a photograph, copyrighted by C. M. Bell

SAMUEL J. RANDALL of Pennsylvania, Speaker

From a photograph, copyrighted by C. M. Bell

PPA HUNTON of Virginia

DEMOCRATIC "ADVISORY HAYES HIDEN CONTEST

From a photograph, copyright by C. M. Bell

L. Q. C. LAMAR of Mississippi

From a photograph

HENRY B. PAYNE of Ohio



From "Harper's Weekly" of February 3, 1877

THOMAS NAST'S CARTOON ON COLONEL WATTERSON'S SUGGESTION OF A GATHERING OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DEMOCRATS IN WASHINGTON

The ice-water is being applied by Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati "Commercial," which was opposed to Tilden; but in the Greeley campaign of 1872 Halstead had worked with Watterson. (See THE CENTURY for November, 1912.)

den would probably have been inaugurated President of the United States.

The "Times" people, intense Republican partizans, at once saw an opportunity. If Barnum did not know, why might not a doubt be raised? At once the editorial in the first edition was revised to take a decisive tone and declare the election of Hayes. One of the editorial council, Mr. John C. Reid, hurried to Republican

Headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which he found deserted, the triumph of Tilden having long before sent everybody to bed. Mr. Reid then sought the room of Senator Zachariah Chandler, Chairman of the National Republican Committee. While upon this errand he encountered in the hotel corridor "a small man wearing an enormous pair of goggles, his hat drawn over his ears, a greatcoat with a heavy military cloak, and carrying a gripsack and newspaper in his hand. The newspaper was the 'New-York Tribune,'" announcing the election of Tilden and the defeat of Hayes. The new-comer was Mr. William E. Chandler, even then a very prominent Republican politician, just arrived from New Hampshire and very much exasperated by what he had read.

Mr. Reid had another tale to tell. The two found Mr. Zachariah Chandler, who bade them leave him alone and do whatever they thought best. They did so consumingly, sending telegrams to Columbia, Tallahassee, and New Orleans, stating to each of the parties addressed that the result of the election depended upon his State. To these were appended the signature of Zachariah Chandler. Later in the day Senator Chandler, advised of what had been set on foot and its possibilities, issued from National Republican Headquarters this laconic message: "Hayes has 185 electoral votes and is elected." Thus began and was put in motion the scheme to confuse the returns and make a disputed count of the vote.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES" EVEN HENRY WATTERSON GIVE IN

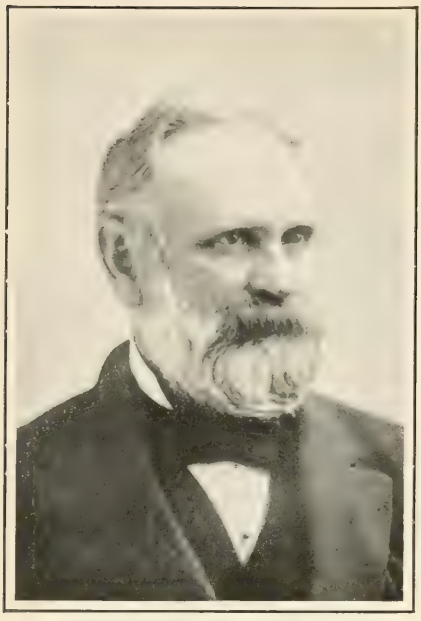
"Let us have peace. I don't care who is the next President," cries our bold Patriarch at the FIRST arrival. "The Hon. Henry Watterson has just been presented with a son: weight, 11 pounds." —*Washington Correspondence*.

This cartoon by Thomas Nast, with the above titles and explanation, appeared in "Harper's Weekly" of March 10, 1877, as an apology for the lampoon on the opposite page. (See page 17.)

IV

THE day after the election I wired Mr. Tilden suggesting that, as Governor of New York, he propose to Mr. Hayes, the Governor of Ohio, that they unite upon a committee of eminent citizens, composed in equal numbers of the friends of each, who should proceed at once to Louisiana, which appeared to be the objective point of greatest moment to the already contested result. Pursuant to a telegraphic correspondence which followed, I left Louisville that night for New Orleans. I was joined en route by Mr. Lamar of Mississippi, and together we arrived in the Crescent City Friday morning.

It has since transpired that the Republicans were promptly advised by the Western Union Telegraph Company of all that passed over its wires, my despatches to Mr. Tilden being read in Republican Headquarters at least as soon as they reached Gramercy Park.



From a photograph owned by F. H. Meserve

STANLEY MATTHEWS OF OHIO

Mr. Tilden did not adopt the plan of a direct proposal to Mr. Hayes. Instead, he chose a body of Democrats to go to the "seat of war." But before any of them had arrived General Grant, the actual President, anticipating what was about to happen, appointed a body of Republicans for the like purpose, and the advance guard of these appeared on the scene the following Monday.

Within a week the St. Charles Hotel might have been mistaken for a caravansary of the National Capital. Among the Republicans were John Sherman, Stanley Matthews, Garfield, Evarts, Logan, Kelley, Stoughton, and many others. Among the Democrats, besides Lamar and myself, came Lyman Trumbull, Samuel J. Randall, William R. Morrison, McDonald, of Indiana, and many others. A certain degree of personal intimacy existed between the members of the two groups, and the "entente" was quite as unrestrained as might have existed between rival athletic teams. A Kentucky friend sent me a demijohn of what was represented as very old Bourbon, and I divided it with "our friends the enemy." New Orleans was new to most of the "visiting statesmen," and we attended the places of amusement, lived in the restaurants, and "saw the sights," as if we had been tourists in a foreign land and not partizans charged with the business of adjusting a presidential election from implacable points of view.

My own relations were especially friendly with John Sherman and James A. Garfield, a colleague on the Committee of Ways and Means, and with Stanley Matthews, a near kinsman by marriage, who had stood as an elder brother to me from my childhood.

Corruption was in the air. That the Returning Board was for sale and could be bought was the universal impression. Every day some one turned up with pretended authority and an offer. Most of these were of course the merest adventurers. It was my own belief that the Returning Board was playing for the best price it could get from the Republicans and that the only effect of any offer to buy on our part would be to assist this scheme of blackmail.

The Returning Board consisted of two white men, Wells and Anderson, and two Negroes, Kenner and Casanave. One and all they were without character. I was tempted through sheer curiosity to listen to a proposal which seemed to come direct from the Board itself, the messenger being a well-known State senator. As if he were proposing to dispose of a horse or a dog he stated his errand.

"You think you can deliver the goods?" said I.

"I am authorized to make the offer," he answered.

"And for how much?" I asked.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he replied. "One hundred thousand each for Wells and Anderson and twenty-five thousand apiece for the niggers."

To my mind it was a joke. "Senator," said I, "the terms are as cheap as dirt. I don't happen to have the amount about me at the moment, but I will communicate with my principal and see you later."

Having no thought of entertaining the proposal, I had forgotten the incident, when two or three days later my man met me in the lobby of the hotel and pressed for a definite reply. I then told him I had found that I possessed no authority to act and advised him to go elsewhere.

It is asserted that Wells and Anderson did agree to sell and were turned down by Mr. Hewitt, and, being refused their demands for cash by the Democrats, took their final pay, at least in patronage, from their own party.[1]

V

I PASSED the Christmas week of 1876 in New York with Mr. Tilden. On Christmas day we dined alone. The outlook, on the whole, was cheering. With John Bigelow and Manton Marble Mr. Tilden had been busily engaged compiling the data for a constitutional battle to be fought by the Democrats in Congress, maintaining the right of the House of Representatives to concurrent jurisdiction with the Senate in the counting of the electoral vote, pursuant to an unbroken line of precedents established by the method of proceeding in every presidential election between 1793 and 1872.

There was very great perplexity in the public mind. Both parties appeared to be at sea. The dispute between the Democratic House and the Republican Senate made for thick weather. Contests of the vote of three States—Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, not to mention single votes in Oregon and Vermont—which presently began to blow a gale, had already spread menacing clouds across the political sky. Except Mr. Tilden, the wisest among the leaders knew not precisely what to do.

From New Orleans, on the Saturday night succeeding the presidential election, I had telegraphed to Mr. Tilden, detailing the exact conditions there and urging active and immediate agitation. The chance had been lost. I thought then, and I still think, that the conspiracy of a few men to use the corrupt Returning Boards of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida to upset the election and make confusion in Congress, might, by prompt exposure and popular appeal, have been thwarted. Be this as it may, my spirit was depressed and my confidence discouraged by the intense quietude on our side, for I was sure that beneath the surface the Republicans, with resolute determination and multiplied resources, were as busy as bees.



From a photograph owned by E. H. Mecorney

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mr. Robert M. McLane, later Governor of Maryland and Minister to France—a man of rare ability and large experience, who had served in Congress and in diplomacy, and was an old friend of Mr. Tilden—had been at a Gramercy Park conference when my New Orleans report arrived, and had then and there urged the agitation recommended by me. He was now again in New York. When a lad he had been in England with his father, Lewis McLane, then American Minister to the Court of St. James's, during the excitement over the Reform Bill of 1832. He had witnessed the popular demonstrations and had been impressed by the direct force of public opinion upon law-making and law-makers. An analogous situation had arrived in America. The Republican Senate was as the Tory

[1] At a meeting held at Chickering Hall on the evening of November 12, 1891, to sympathize with Governor Nichols's war on the Louisiana lottery system, the late Abram S. Hewitt was one of the speakers. In the course of his remarks in denunciation of the lottery gambling in Louisiana, Mr. Hewitt said:

"I can't find words strong enough to express my feelings regarding this brazen fraud. "This scheme of plunder develops a weak spot in the government of the United States, which I would not mention were it not for the importance of the issue. We all know that a single State frequently determines the result of a presidential election. The State of Louisiana has determined the result of a presidential election. The vote of that State was offered to me for money, and I declined to buy it. But the vote of that State was sold for money!"



From the painting by Cordelia Adele Fassett, in the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington. After a photograph, copyright, 1878, by Mrs. S. M. Fassett

THE SESSION OF THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION TO CONSIDER THE CASE OF THE FLORIDA RETURNS, IN THE SUPREME COURT ROOM, FEBRUARY 5, 1877

House of Lords. We must organize a movement such as had been so effectual in England. Obviously something was going amiss with us and something had to be done.

It was agreed that I return to Washington and make a speech "feeling the pulse" of the country, with the suggestion that in the National Capital should assemble "a mass convention of at least one hundred thousand peaceful citizens," exercising "the freeman's right of petition."

The idea was one of many proposals of a more drastic kind and was the merest venture. I, myself, had no great faith in it. But I prepared the speech, and after much reading and revising, it was held by Mr. Tilden and Mr. McLane to cover the case and meet the purpose, Mr. Tilden writing Mr. Randall, Speaker of the House of Representatives, a letter, carried to Washington by Mr. McLane, instructing him what to do in the event that the popular response should prove favorable.

Alack-the-day! The Democrats were equal to nothing affirmative. The Republicans were united and resolute. I delivered the speech, not in the House, as had been intended, but at a public meeting which seemed opportune. The Democrats at once set about denying the sinister and violent purpose ascribed to it by the Republicans, who, fully advised that it had emanated from Gramercy Park, and came by authority, started a counter agitation of their own.

I became the target for every kind of ridicule and abuse. Nast drew a grotesque cartoon of me, distorting my suggestion for the assembling of one hundred thousand citizens, which was both offensive and libelous.

Being on friendly terms with the Harpers, I made my displeasure so resonant in Franklin Square—Nast himself having no personal ill-will toward me—that a curious and pleasing opportunity which came to pass was taken to make amends. A son having been born to me, "Harper's Weekly" contained an atoning cartoon representing the child in its father's arms, and, above, the legend: "10,000 sons from Kentucky, alone." Some wag said that the son in question, was "the only one of the hundred thousand in arms who came when he was called."

For many years afterward I was pursued by this unlucky speech, or rather by the misinterpretation given to it alike by friend and foe. Nast's first cartoon was accepted as a faithful portrait, and I was accordingly satirized and stigmatized, although no thought of violence ever had entered my mind, and in the final proceedings I had voted for the Electoral Commission Bill and faithfully stood by its decisions. Joseph Pulitzer, who immediately followed me on the occasion named, declared that he wanted my "one hundred thousand" to come fully armed and ready for business; yet he never was taken to task or reminded of his temerity.

VI

The Electoral Commission Bill was considered with great secrecy by the Joint Committees of the House and Senate. Its terms were in direct contravention of Mr. Tilden's plan. This was simplicity itself. He was for asserting, by formal resolution, the conclusive right of the two Houses acting concurrently to count the electoral vote and determine what should be counted as electoral votes, and for denying, also by formal resolution, the pretension set up by the Republicans that the President of the Senate had lawful right to assume that function. He was for urging that issue in debate in both Houses and before the country. He thought that if the attempt should be made to usurp for the President of the Senate a power

NOTE TO "THE SESSION OF THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION," ETC. (SEE THE PREVIOUS PAGE)

With the purpose of making a picture typical of the sessions of the Electoral Commission, Mrs. Fassett included prominent people who were in Washington at the time, and who gave the artist sittings in the Supreme Court Room.

The Commissioners on the bench, from left to right are: Senators Thurman, Bayard (writing), Frelinghuysen, Morton, Edmunds; Supreme Court Justices Strong, Miller, Clifford, Field, Bradley; Members of the House, Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Garfield, and Hoar. At the left, below Thurman, is the head of Senator Kernan who acted as substitute for the former when ill.

William M. Evarts, counsel for Hayes, is addressing the Commission, and his associate, E.W. Stoughton (white-haired), sits behind him. Charles O'Conor, chief counsel for Tilden, sits at his left. Other members of counsel are grouped in the middle ground. At the left is seen George Bancroft (with long white beard), and in the middle foreground (looking out), James G. Blaine.

to make the count, and thus practically to control the Presidential election, the scheme would break down in process of execution.

Strange to say, Mr. Tilden was not consulted by the party leaders in Congress until the fourteenth of January, and then only by Mr. Hewitt, the extra-constitutional features of the Electoral Tribunal measure having already received the assent of Mr. Bayard and Mr. Thurman, the Democratic members of the Senate Committee. Standing by his original plan, and answering Mr. Hewitt's statement that Mr. Bayard and Mr. Thurman were fully committed, Mr. Tilden said: "Is it not, then, rather late to consult me?" to which Mr. Hewitt replied: "They do not consult you. They are public men, and have their own duties and responsibilities. I consult you." In the course of the discussion with Mr. Hewitt which followed Mr. Tilden said, "If you go into conference with your adversary, and can't break off because you feel you must agree to something, you cannot negotiate—you are not fit to negotiate. You will be beaten upon every detail." Replying to the apprehension of a collision of force between the parties, Mr. Tilden thought it exaggerated, but said: "Why surrender now? You can always surrender. Why surrender before the battle, for fear you may have to surrender after the battle?"

In short, Mr. Tilden condemned the proceeding as precipitate. It was a month before the time for the count, and he saw no reason why opportunity should not be given for consideration and consultation by all the representatives of the people. He treated the state of mind of Bayard and Thurman as a panic in which they were liable to act in haste and repent at leisure. He stood for publicity and wider discussion, distrusting a scheme to submit such vast interests to a small body sitting in the Capitol, as likely to become the sport of intrigue and fraud.

Mr. Hewitt returned to Washington and, without communicating to Mr. Tilden's immediate friends in the House his attitude and objection, united with Mr. Thurman and Mr. Bayard in completing the bill and reporting it to the Democratic Advisory Committee, as, by a caucus rule, had to be done with all measures relating to the great issue then before us. No intimation had preceded it. It fell like a bombshell upon the members of the Committee. In the debate that followed Mr. Bayard was very insistent, answering the objections at once offered by me, first aggressively and then angrily, going the length of saying, "If you do not accept this plan I shall wash my hands of the whole business, and you can go ahead and seat your President in your own way."

Mr. Randall, the Speaker, said nothing, but he was with me, as was a majority of my colleagues. It was Mr. Hunton, of Virginia, who poured oil on the troubled waters, and, somewhat in doubt as to whether the changed situation had changed Mr. Tilden, I yielded my better judgment, declaring it as my opinion that the plan would seat Hayes, and there being no other protestant the Committee finally gave a reluctant assent.

In "open session" a majority of Democrats favored the bill. Many of them made it their own. They passed it. There was belief that Justice David Davis, who was expected to become a member of the Commission, was sure for Tilden. If, under this surmise, he had been, the political complexion of "eight to seven" would have been reversed. Elected to the United States Senate from Illinois, Judge Davis declined to serve, and Mr. Justice Bradley was chosen for the Commission in his place. The day after the inauguration of Hayes my kinsman, Stanley Matthews, said to me, "You people wanted Judge Davis. So did we. I tell you what I know, that Judge Davis was as safe for us as Judge Bradley. We preferred him because he carried more weight." The subsequent career of Judge Davis in the Senate gives conclusive proof that this was true.

When the consideration of the disputed votes before the Commission had proceeded far enough to demonstrate the likelihood that its final decision would be for Hayes, a movement of obstruction and delay, "a filibuster," was organized by about forty Democratic members of the House. It proved rather turbulent than effective. The South stood very nearly solid for carrying out the agreement in good faith. Toward the close the filibuster received what appeared formidable reinforcement from the Louisiana Delegation. This was in reality merely a "bluff,"

intended to induce the Hayes people to make certain concessions touching their State government. It had the desired effect. Satisfactory assurances having been given, the count proceeded to the end—a very bitter end, indeed, for the Democrats.

The final conference between the Louisianians and the accredited representatives of Mr. Hayes was held at Wormley's Hotel and came to be called "the Wormley Conference." It was the subject of uncommon interest and heated controversy at the time and long afterward. Without knowing why or for what purpose, I was asked to be present by my colleague, Mr. Ellis, of Louisiana, and later in the day the same invitation came to me from the Republicans through Mr. Garfield. Something was said about my serving as "a referee." Just before the appointed hour General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, afterward so long a Senator in Congress, said to me: "This meeting is called to enable Louisiana to make terms with Hayes. South Carolina is as deeply concerned as Louisiana, but we have nobody to represent us in Congress and hence have not been invited. South Carolina puts herself in your hands and expects you to secure for her whatever terms are given to Louisiana." So, of a sudden, I found myself invested with responsibility equally as an "agent" and a "referee."

It is hardly worth while repeating in detail all that passed at this Wormley Conference, made public long ago by Congressional investigation. When I entered the apartment of Mr. Evarts at Wormley's I found, besides Mr. Evarts, Mr. John Sherman, Mr. Garfield, Governor Dennison and Mr. Stanley Matthews, of the Republicans, and Mr. Ellis, Mr. Levy, and Mr. Burke, Democrats of Louisiana. Substantially, the terms had been agreed upon during previous conferences; that is, the promise that, if Hayes came in, the troops should be withdrawn and the people of Louisiana be left free to set their house in order to suit themselves. The actual order withdrawing the troops was issued by President Grant two or three days later, just as he was going out of office.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, half in jest, "I am here to represent South Carolina, and if the terms given to Louisiana are not equally applied to South Carolina, I become a filibuster myself to-morrow morning." There was some chaffing as to what right I had there and how I got in, when with great earnestness Governor Dennison, who had been the bearer of a letter from Mr. Hayes which he had read to us, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "As a matter of course, the Southern policy to which Mr. Hayes has here pledged himself embraces South Carolina as well as Louisiana." Mr. Sherman, Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Evarts concurred warmly in this, and, immediately after we separated, I communicated the fact to General Butler.

In the acrimonious discussion which subsequently sought to make "bargain, intrigue, and corruption" of this Wormley Conference, and to involve certain Democratic members of the House who were nowise party to it, but had sympathized with the purpose of Louisiana and South Carolina to obtain some measure of relief from intolerable local conditions, I never was questioned or assailed. No one doubted my fidelity to Mr. Tilden, who had been promptly advised of all that passed and who justified what I had done. Though "conscripted," as it were, and rather a passive agent, I could see no wrong in the proceeding. I had spoken and voted in favor of the Electoral Tribunal Bill and, losing, had no thought of repudiating its conclusions. Hayes was already as good as seated. If the States of Louisiana and South Carolina could save their local autonomy out of the general wreck, there seemed no good reason to forbid. On the other hand, the Republican leaders were glad of an opportunity to make an end of the corrupt and tragic farce of Reconstruction; to unload their party of a dead weight which had been burdensome and was growing dangerous; mayhap to punish their Southern agents who had demanded so much for doctoring the returns and making an exhibit in favor of Hayes.

VII

Mr. Tilden accepted the result with equanimity. "I was at his house," says John Bigelow, "when his exclusion was announced to him, and also on the fourth of March when Mr. Hayes was inaugurated, and it was impossible to remark any

change in his manner, except perhaps that he was less absorbed than usual and more interested in current affairs." His was an intensely serious mind; and he had come to regard the Presidency as rather a burden to be borne—an opportunity for public usefulness—involving a life of constant toil and care, than as an occasion for personal exploitation and rejoicing.

However much of captivation the idea of the Presidency may have had for him when he was first named for the office, I cannot say, for he was as unexultant in the moment of victory as he was unsubdued in the hour of defeat; but it is certainly true that he gave no sign of disappointment to any of his friends. He lived nearly ten years longer, at Greystone, in a noble homestead he had purchased for himself overlooking the Hudson River, the same ideal life of the scholar and gentleman that he had passed in Gramercy Park.

Looking back over these untoward and sometimes mystifying events, I have often asked myself: Was it possible, with the elements what they were, and he himself what he was, to seat Mr. Tilden in the office to which he had been elected? The missing ingredient in a character intellectually and morally great, and a personality far from unimpressive, was the touch of the dramatic discoverable in most of the leaders of men: even in such leaders as William of Orange and Louis the XI, as Cromwell and Washington.

There was nothing spectacular about Mr. Tilden. Not wanting the sense of humor, he seldom indulged it. In spite of his positiveness of opinion and amplitude of knowledge, he was always courteous and deferential in debate. He had none of the audacious daring, let us say, of Mr. Blaine, the energetic self-assertion of Mr. Roosevelt. Either, in his place, would have carried all before him.

It would be hard to find a character farther from that of a subtle schemer—sitting behind his screen and pulling his wires—which his political and party enemies discovered him to be as soon as he began to get in the way of the Machine and obstruct the march of the self-elect. His confidences were not effusive nor their subjects numerous. His deliberation was unfailing, and sometimes it carried the idea of indecision, not to say actual love of procrastination. But in my experience with him I found that he usually ended where he began, and it was nowise difficult for those whom he trusted to divine the bias of his mind where he thought it best to reserve its conclusions. I do not think that in any great affair he ever hesitated longer than the gravity of the case required of a prudent man, or that he had a preference for delays, or that he clung over-tenaciously to both horns of the dilemma, as his professional training and instinct might lead him to do, and did certainly expose him to the accusation of doing.

He was a philosopher and took the world as he found it. He rarely complained and never inveighed. He had a discriminating way of balancing men's good and bad qualities and of giving each the benefit of a generous accounting, and a just way of expecting no more of a man than it was in him to yield. As he got into deeper water his stature rose to its level, and, from his exclusion from the Presidency in 1877 to his renunciation of public affairs in 1884 and his death in 1886, his walks and ways might have been a study for all who would learn life's truest lessons and know the real sources of honor, happiness, and fame.





THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Bread-Line," "Elizabeth," "Mark Twain: A Biography," etc.

THEN, it being no use to try, Carringford let the hand holding the book drop into his lap and from his lap to his side. His eyes stared grimly into the fire, which was dropping to embers.

"I suppose I 'm getting old," he said; "that 's the reason. The books are as good as ever they were—the old ones, at any rate. Only they don't interest me any more. It 's because I don't believe in them as I did. I see through them all. I begin taking them to pieces as soon as I begin to read, and of course romance and glamour won't stand dissection. Yes, it 's because I 'm getting old; that 's it. Those things go with youth. Why, I remember when I would give up a dinner for a new book, when a fresh magazine gave me a positive thrill. I lost that somewhere, somehow; I wonder why. It is a ghastly loss. If I had to live my life over, I would at least try not to destroy my faith in books. It seems to me now just about the one thing worth keeping for old age."

The book slipped from the hand hanging at his side. The embers broke, and, falling together, sent up a tongue of renewed flame. Carringford's mind was slipping into by-paths.

"If one only might live his life over!" he muttered. "If one might be young again!"

He was not thinking of books now. A procession of ifs had come filing out of the past—a sequence of opportunities where, with the privilege of choice, he had chosen the wrong, the irrevocable thing.

"If one only might try again!" he whispered. "If one only might! Good God!" Something like a soft footfall on the rug caused him to turn suddenly. "I beg your pardon," he said, rising, "I did not hear you. I was dreaming, I suppose."

A man stood before him, apparently a stranger.

"I came quietly," he said. "I did not wish to break in upon your thought. It interested me, and I felt that I—might be of help."

Carringford was trying to recall the man's face,—a studious, clean-shaven face,—to associate it and the black-garbed, slender figure with a name. So many frequented his apartment, congenial, idle fellows who came and went, and brought their friends if they liked, that Carringford was not surprised to be confronted by one he could not place. He was about to extend his hand, confessing a lack of memory, when his visitor spoke again.

"No," he said in a gentle, composed voice, "you would not know it if you heard it. I have never been here before. I should not have come now only that, as I was passing below, I heard you thinking you would like to be young again—to live your life over, as they say."

Carringford stared a moment or two at the smooth, clean-cut features and slender, black figure of his visitor before replying. He was used to many curious things, and not many things surprised him.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated, "you mentioned, I believe, that you heard me

thinking as you were passing on the street below?"

The slender man in black bowed.

"Wishing that you might be young again, that you might have another try at the game of life. I believe that was the exact thought."

"And, may I ask, is it your habit to hear persons think?"

"When their thoughts interest me, yes, as one might overhear an interesting conversation."

Carringford had slipped back into his chair and motioned his guest to another. Wizard or unbalanced, he was likely to prove a diversion. When the cigars were pushed in his direction, he took one, lighted it, and smoked silently. Carringford smoked, too, and looked into the fire.

"You were saying," he began presently, "that you pick up interesting thought-currents as one might overhear bits of conversation. I suppose you find the process quite as simple as hearing in the ordinary way. Only it seems a little—well, unusual. Of course that is only my opinion."

The slender man in black assented with a slight nod.

"The faculty is not unusual; it is universal. It is only undeveloped, uncontrolled, as yet. It was the same with electricity a generation ago. Now it has become our most useful servant."

Carringford gave his visitor an intent look. This did not seem the inconsequential phrasing of an addled brain.

"You interest me," he said. "Of course I have heard a good deal of such things, and all of us have had manifestations; but I think I have never before met any one who was able to control—to demonstrate, if you will—this particular force. It is a sort of mental wireless, I suppose—wordless, if you will permit the term."

"Yes, the true wireless, the thing we are approaching—speech of mind to mind. Our minds are easily attuned to waves of mutual interest. When one vibrates, another in the same wave will answer to it. We are just musical instruments: a chord struck on the piano answers on the attuned harp. Any strong mutual interest forms the key-note of mental harmonic vibration. We need only develop the mental ear to hear, the mental eye to see."

The look of weariness returned to Carringford's face. These were trite, familiar phrases.

"I seem to have heard most of those things before," he said. Then, as his guest smoked silently, he added, "I am only wondering how it came that my thought of the past and its hopelessness should have struck a chord or key-note which would send you up my stair."

The slender, black figure rose and took a turn across the room, pausing in front of Carringford.

"You were saying as I passed your door that you would live your life over if you could. You were thinking: 'If one might be young again! If one only might try again! If only one might!' That was your thought, I believe."

Carringford nodded.

"That was my thought," he said, "through whatever magic you came by it."

"And may I ask if there was a genuine desire behind that thought? Did you mean that you would indeed live your life over if you could? That, if the opportunity were given to tread the backward way to a new beginning, you would accept it?"

There was an intensity of interest in the man's quiet voice, an eager gleam in his half-closed eyes, a hovering expectancy in the attitude of the slender, black figure. Carringford had the feeling of having been swept backward into a time of sorcery and incantation. He vaguely wondered if he had not fallen asleep. Well, he would follow the dream through.

"Yes, I would live my life over if I could," he said. "I have made a poor mess of it this time. I could play the game better, I know, if the Fates would but deal me a new hand. If I could start young again, with all the opportunities of youth, I would not so often choose the poorer thing."

The long, white fingers of Carringford's guest had slipped into his waistcoat pocket. They now drew forth a small, bright object and held it to the light. Carringford saw that it was a vial, filled with a clear, golden liquid that shimmered and quivered in the light and was never still. Its possessor regarded it for a moment through half-closed lashes, then placed it on a table under the lamp, where it continued to glint and tremble.

Carringford watched it, fascinated, half hypnotized by the marvel of its gleam. Surely there was magic in this. The man was an alchemist, a sort of reincarnation from some forgotten day.

Carringford's guest also watched the vial. The room seemed to have grown very still. Then after a time his thin lips parted.

"If you are really willing to admit failure," he began slowly, carefully selecting each word, "if behind your wish there lies a sincere desire to go back to youth and begin life over, if that desire is strong enough to grow into a purpose, if you are ready to make the experiment, there you will find the means. That vial contains the very essence of vitality, the true elixir of youth. It is not a magic philter, as I see by your thought you believe. There is no magic. Whatever is, belongs to science. I am not a necromancer, but a scientist. From boyhood my study has been to solve the subtler secrets of life. I have solved many such. I have solved at last the secret of life itself. It is contained in that golden vial, an elixir to renew the tissues, to repair the cells, of the wasting body. Taken as I direct, you will no longer grow old, but young. The gray in your hair will vanish, the lines will smooth out of your face, your step will become buoyant, your pulses quick, your heart will sing with youth." The speaker paused a moment, and his gray eyes rested on Carringford and seemed probing his very soul.

"It will take a little time," he went on; "for as the natural processes of decay are not rapid, the natural restoration may not be hurried. You can go back to where you will, even to early youth, and so begin over, if it is your wish. Are you willing to make the experiment? If you are, I will place the means in your hands."

While his visitor had been speaking, Carringford had been completely absorbed, filled with strange emotions, too amazed, too confused for utterance.

"I see a doubt in your mind as to the genuineness, the efficacy, of my discovery," the even voice continued. "I will relieve that." From an inner pocket he drew a card photograph and handed it to Carringford. "That was taken three years ago. I was then approaching eighty. I am now, I should say, about forty-five. I could be younger if I chose, but forty-five is the age of achievement—the ripe age. Mankind needs me at forty-five."

Carringford stared at the photograph, then at the face before him, then again at the photograph. Yes, they were the same, certainly they were the same, but for the difference of years. The peculiar eyes, the clean, unusual outlines were unmistakable. Even a curious cast in the eye was there.

"An inheritance," explained his visitor. "Is the identification enough?"

Carringford nodded in a dazed way and handed back the picture. Any lingering doubt of the genuineness of this strange being or his science had vanished. His one thought now was that growing old need be no more than a fiction, after all; that one might grow young instead, might lay aside the wrinkles and the gray hairs, and walk once more the way of purposes and dreams. His pulses leaped, his blood surged up and smothered him.

The acceptance of such a boon seemed too wonderful a thing to be put into words. His eyes grew wide and deep with the very bigness of it, but he could not for the moment find speech.

"You are willing to make the experiment?" the man asked. "I see many emotions in your mind. Think—think clearly, and make your decision."

Words of acceptance rushed to Carringford's lips. They were upon the verge of utterance when suddenly he was gripped by an old and dearly acquired habit—the habit of forethought.

"But I should want to keep my knowledge of the world," he said, "to profit by my experience, my wisdom, such as it is. I should want to live my life over, knowing what I know now."

The look of weariness which Carringford's face had worn earlier had found its way to the face of the visitor.

"I seem to have heard most of those things before," he said, with a faint smile.

"But shall I not remember the life I have lived, with its shortcomings, its blunders?"

"Yes, you will remember as well as you do now—better, perhaps, for your faculties will be renewed; but whether you will profit by it—that is another matter."

"You mean that I shall make the same mistakes, commit the same sins?"

"Let us consider for a moment. You will go back to youth. You will be young

again. Perhaps you have forgotten what it is to be young. Let me remind you." The man's lashes met; his voice seemed to come from a great distance. "It is to be filled with the very ecstasy of living," he breathed—"its impulses, its fevers, the things that have always belonged to youth, that have always made youth beautiful. Your experience? Yes, you will have that, too; but it will not be the experience of that same youth, but of another—the youth that you were." The gray eyes gleamed, the voice hardened a little. "Did you ever profit by the experience of another in that earlier time?"

Carringford shook his head.

"No," he whispered.

His guest pointed to the book-shelves.

"Did you ever, in a later time, profit by the wisdom set down in those?"

Carringford shook his head.

"No," he whispered.

"Yet the story is all there, and you knew the record to be true. Have you always profited even by your own experience? Have you always avoided the same blunder a second, even a third, time? Do you always profit by your own experience even now?"

Carringford shook his head.

"No," he whispered.

"And yet you think that if you could only live your life over, you would avoid the pitfalls and the temptations, remembering what they had cost you before. No, oh, no; I am not here to promise you that. I am not a magician; I am only a scientist, and I have not yet discovered the elixir of wisdom or of morals. I am not superhuman; I am only human, like yourself. I am not a god, and I cannot make you one. Going back to youth means that you will be young again—young! Don't you see? It does not mean that you will drag back with you the strength and the wisdom and the sobered impulses of middle age. That would not be youth. Youth cares nothing for such things, and profits by no experience, not even its own."

Carringford's eyes had wandered to the yellow vial under the lamp—to the quivering, shimmering fascination of its dancing gold. His gaze rested there a moment, then again sought the face of his guest—that inscrutable face where seemed mingled the look of middle age with the wisdom of the centuries.

"You do not care to go back further?" Carringford said.

The man's eyes closed for a moment, and something that was akin to fierce human emotion swept his features.

"Yes, oh, yes, I care," he said quickly. "It is the temptation I fight always. Oh, you do not know what it means to feel that you are growing young! To feel your body renew, your heart beat stronger, to feel your blood take on a swifter flow, like the sap of a tree in spring! You have known the false stimulus of wine. Ah, it is a feeble thing compared with this! For this is not false, but true. This is the substance of renewal, not the fire of waste. To wake in the morning feeling that you are not older than yesterday, but younger, better able to cope and to enjoy; to travel back from fourscore to forty-five—I have done that. Do you realize what that means? It means treading the flowery way, lighted by eternal radiance, cheered by the songs of birds. And then to stop—you cannot know what it means to stop! Oh, yes, it was hard to stop; but I must stop now, or not at all this side of youth. Only at forty-five would one have the strength to stop—the age of reason and will, the age of achievement. And I need to achieve, for I still have much to do. So I stopped when I had the strength and had reached the fullness of my power. While I have work to do I shall not go further back. I shall remain as I am, and as you are, at middle age—the age of work."

He had been pacing up and down in front of Carringford as he spoke. He now halted, facing him, gazing down.

"I must not linger," he said. "These are my hours for labor, and I have so much to do, so much, it will keep me busy for a thousand years. I have only begun. Perhaps some day I may discover the elixir of wisdom. Perhaps I may yet solve the secret of genius. Perhaps"— His voice lowered—"I shall one day unveil the secret of the soul. The vial I leave with you, for I see in your mind that you cannot reach a conclusion now. On the attached label you will find instructions for its use. Think, ponder, and be sure before you set out on that flowery backward way. Be sure that you want youth again, with all that youth means, before you start back to find it." He laid his hand



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE BALANCED THE PRECIOUS VIAL MORE QUICKLY"

in Carringford's for an instant, and was gone.

For a while Carringford did not move, but sat as one in a dream, staring at the dancing fluid gold in the bottle beneath the lamp.

Youth—youth, how he had longed for that vanished gold, which he had so prodigally wasted when it was in his grasp! How often he had said, as he had said tonight, "Oh, to have one more chance, to be able to begin the game anew!" He reached out and grasped the vial, and held it up to the light. The glinting radiance in it began a wild, new dance at his touch.

Youth, life renewed, yes, that is what

it was, its very essence; to taste of that elixir, and start back along the flowery, sunlit way of which his guest had spoken; to feel the blood start more quickly in his veins, a new spring in his muscles; to know that a new bloom had come into his cheek, a new light into his eye.

But, then, the other things, they would come, too. Along that fair backward way lurked all the temptations, the dangers, the heartbreaks—all the efforts and the failures he had once left behind. Did he want to face them again? Did he want to endure again all those years of the struggle of human wisdom with human weakness? He knew it would mean that, and that the same old fights and failures would be his share. He had never thought of it before, but he knew now that it must be so.

Yet, to tread that flowery way, to begin to-night!

He wheeled around to the dying fire, and sat staring into the deep coals and flickering blaze, balancing the golden vial in his hand, as one weighing a decision.

To tread that flowery way, with its blue skies and its singing birds, to feel one's heart bursting with a new ecstasy, to reach again the land of hope and love, and to linger there with some one—some one with a heart full of love and life! He had always been so lonely!

The age of work, his own age, his guest had chosen to linger there; had resisted all other temptations for that. With the wisdom of fourscore years and all his subtle gift for detecting and avoiding dangers, he had chosen the middle age of life for his abiding-place. The age of work, yes, it was that, if one only made it his vantage-ground.

But, oh, the glory of the flowery way, with all its dangers and all its heartbreaks! His decision was swinging to and fro, like a pendulum: the age of work, the flowery way, the age of work?

And he had been so idle. Perhaps that had been the trouble all along.

"The age of work," he whispered, "the age of achievement!"

He balanced the precious vial more quickly. It caught the flicker of a waning blaze and became a great, throbbing ruby in his hand.

"To live life over! To go back and begin the game anew! Good God!"

Then—he did not know how it happened—the little bottle toppled, fell, and struck the stone hearth, splashing its contents into the dying embers. There was a leap of yellow flame, which an instant later had become vivid scarlet, changing as quickly to crimson, deep purple, then to a flare of blinding white, and was gone.

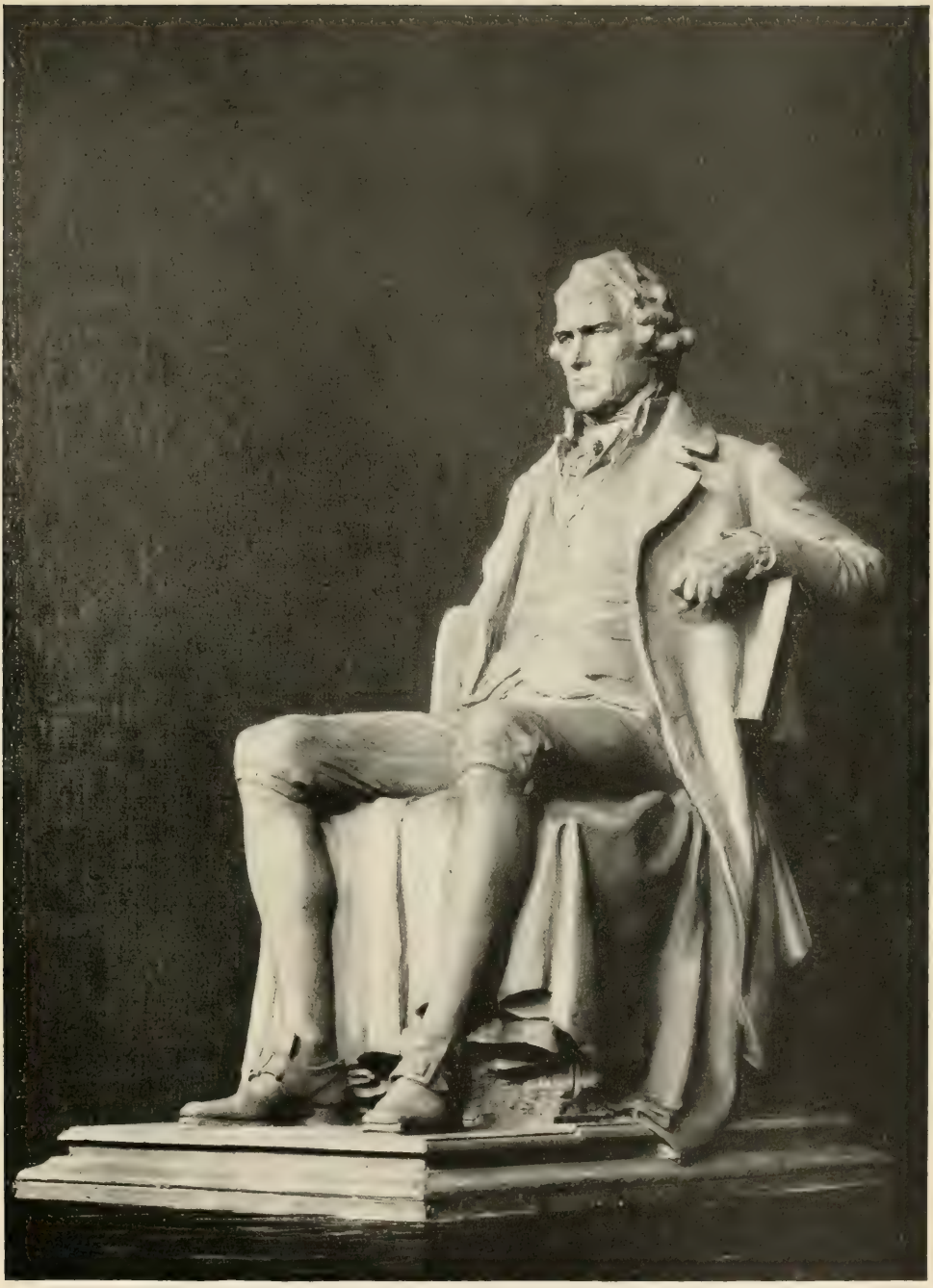
Carringford, startled for a moment, sat gazing dumbly at the ashes of his dying fire.

"The question has decided itself," he said.

A LAST MESSAGE

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

DEAR, I lie dying, and thou dost not know—
Thou whom of all the world I love the best,
And wilt not know until I lie at rest,
With lips forever closed and lids dropped low.
O Love, O Love, I cannot leave thee so!
Cannot, still undivined, still unexpressed,
Unheeding to the last my heart's behest,
Dumb into the eternal silence go!
What reck I in this moment of disgrace?
Albeit the whole world hear what my heart saith,
I cry aloud to thee across all space,
To thee—to thee—I call with my last breath!
O Love, lean forth from out thy dwelling-place!
Listen, and learn I loved thee, Love, till death.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

FROM THE STATUE BY KARL BITTER, FOR THE JEFFERSON MEMORIAL IN ST. LOUIS

This statue will be unveiled in the presence of a congressional committee on April 30, 1913, the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase.

TO A SCARLET TANAGER

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

MY tanager, what crescent coast,
Curving beyond what seas of air,
Invites your elfin commerce most?
For I would fain inhabit there.
Is it a corner of Cathay,
That I could reach by caravan,
Or do you traffic far away
Beyond the mountains of Japan?

If, where some iridescent isle
Wears like a rose its calm lagoon,
You plan to spend a little while,—
An April or a fervid June,—
Deign to direct my wanderings,
And I shall be the one who sees
Your scarlet pinnace furl its wings
And come to anchor in the trees.

Do you collect for merchandise
Ribbons of weed and jeweled shells,
And dazzle color-hungry eyes
With rainbows from the coral wells?
But when your freight is asphodels,
You must be fresh from Enna's lawn.
Who buys, when such a merchant sells,
And in what market roofed with dawn?

Much would it ease my spirit if
To-day I might embark with you,
Low-drifting like the milkweed-skiff,
Or voyaging against the blue,
To learn who speeds your ebon sails,
And what you do in Ispahan.
Do you convey to nightingales
Strange honey-dew from Hindustan?

With you for master mariner,
I yet might travel very far;
Discover whence your cargoes were,
And whither tending, by a star;
Or what ineffable bazaar
You most frequent in Samarkand;
Or even where those harbors are
Keats found forlorn in fairy-land.



Owned by Mrs. Frank H. Scott

THE SCARLET TANAGER

FROM THE PAINTING, IN WATER-COLORS, BY ALFRED BRENNAN

A WAR WORTH WAGING

THE SUCCESSFUL FIGHT TO IMPROVE THE HEALTH OF NEW YORK CITY

(AVERAGE LIFE IN 1866, THIRTY YEARS; IN 1912, SIXTY-SIX YEARS. DEATH-RATE IN 1866, 34 PER THOUSAND; IN 1912, 14.11 PER THOUSAND)

BY RICHARD BARRY

PROFESSOR FISHER, of the Committee of One Hundred appointed to consider the problem of the national health, was laboring with Senator Works of California, the official representative in Washington of the Christian Scientists.

"Your approval, Senator," he said, "of such measures as clean streets and playgrounds is really an indorsement of preventive medicine."

"But," exclaimed Senator Works, "I did not know you meant those things as being preventive medicine. I thought preventive medicine meant serums."

"No," said Professor Fisher, laughing; "it means mosquito-bars and bath-tubs."

It is not only serums and bacteriology, but mosquito-bars and bath-tubs, clean streets and plenty of sewers, together with an efficient organization to perfect the operation of such things, that have revolutionized the conditions of health in New York City.

Consider what has been done for poor children alone. Recently I stood in one of the fifty-five diet-kitchens maintained by the city. A poor woman of the neighborhood entered, carrying in her arms a sickly baby. Evidently familiar with the proper course of procedure, she said to the nurse in charge, "I have given him castor-oil and barley gruel; now what shall I do?" This incident is remarkable because the woman never before had come within the reach of the Health Department. In the danger that menaced the child, she had learned to take the first essential steps not through experience or instruction, but merely through neighborhood gossip.

CONDITION OF NEW YORK HALF A CENTURY AGO

TEN years ago such a thing would have been impossible in New York or in any other large city. The tremendous agencies that now exist for the medical enlightenment of the masses were then unheard of. A generation ago New York was in a condition of almost primeval darkness concerning questions of public health. Canton or Constantinople is to-day little worse off than was America's chief city then.

In 1866 the public health conditions of New York were in so low a state that the average length of life of the inhabitants was thirty years. In 1912 these conditions had been improved so that the average length of life was sixty-six years. Thus the value of human life, reckoned in terms of time alone, had more than doubled in less than half a century.

Let us go back to the year following

the Civil War. The only paving in New York then was of cobblestones, and many streets were unpaved. All were in filthy condition, being irregularly cleaned by contractors, who shirked their work. There was no general system for the removal of ashes and garbage, and these were thrown loosely upon the streets. In three quarters of the city, cellars were in foul condition, often flooded with water and undrained. At that time, incredible as it may seem to the modern New Yorker, few houses were connected with sewers. Offensive trades, such as the boiling of bones, offal, and fat, were carried on without hindrance. There were numerous cesspools and cisterns overflowing with filth. Much of the city's milk was obtained from cows kept in dark, crowded, ill-ventilated stables and fed upon swill from distilleries. The animals were diseased, and the milk was unclean, unwholesome, and frequently was watered.

In alleyways and back yards great quantities of manure were allowed to accumulate. Farmers sometimes bought it and carted it off for fertilizing; but if no farmer happened to come along, the stuff stayed there indefinitely. Outhouses were neglected, and never were properly cared for by the scavengers, who worked for grafting contractors. The practice of keeping swine in the built-up portions of the city was common. The slaughter-houses were in horrible condition, and the offal from these could not be properly cared for because of defective sewers.

Tenement-house conditions were as bad as they have ever been anywhere. No space was left unoccupied. Sheds, basements, and even cellars were rented to families and lodgers. The vast numbers of immigrants pouring in, and the constricted space on Manhattan Island, made rents so high that even a corner in a cellar brought an exorbitant price. Single rooms were divided by partitions, and whole families occupied each section.

In 1866 it was estimated that 20,000 people were then living in cellars in New York. Ten years before that period many of the city houses had been shaky from quick building; after the war, figuratively speaking, they had fallen into the cellars. At that time New York could hardly claim distinction as a great city. Travelers referred to it as an overgrown village, into which had been shoveled slovenly hordes of European immigrants. The annual death-rate was thirty-four per thousand, while that of London was about twenty-three per thousand. And it must be remembered that New York's new population was composed of vigorous men and women, the cream of other localities, with what should have been healthy offspring, who had quickly centered here, ambitious and active; whereas London was an ancient city, bearing the ills of its own age. It must be remembered also that at that time the medical profession knew little of bacteriology; antitoxins were unknown; people lived like ostriches, with their heads in the sand concerning questions of sex hygiene and child hygiene; and the science of sociology had yet to be discovered.

Cities had always existed, it is true, but they had to be constantly replenished by fresh blood from the country, and most of them had space to spread out into the country, and thus absorb naturally some of the health that comes from fresh air. But here was a city that had little chance to spread. It was confined to a narrow, rocky island, and was growing more rapidly than any other city in the history of the world. "Bounded on one side by a bluff and on the other side by a sound," it was burrowing into the earth and climbing constantly into the air to make room for its fast-growing population. It was the center of the fiercest contest for money and power, yet it failed to hold long those who came there. The men that made money went to Europe to spend it, and those that fell in the fight went to the West to recuperate. Immigrants that arrived there with money went on to the West or the South; those without money stayed.

The result was that New York did not primarily become a city of residence, but the resort of those who either through the necessity of poverty or the necessity of ambition sojourned there. Of all American cities it became the most artificial; there life came to be lived at its highest tension; there the struggle for existence became fiercest.

It is apparent that in such a city Nature cannot be left to her own devices. When man deserts Nature, she promptly retaliates by deserting man. And, in substitution of so-called "natural" living, there

has been developed the present-day mode, built up of scientific analysis, skilful treatment, and thorough organization.

A NEW DEPARTURE

THE health campaigns of the last forty-five years divide themselves naturally into two groups, those that came before 1900 and those that came after that year. The early campaigns were the more obvious; the later campaigns are the more subtle in their tactics, but none the less effective. Before 1900 the death-rate had been reduced by more than one third. In 1866 it was 34 per thousand; in 1900 it was 20.57 per thousand. During this period of thirty-four years wells had been gradually eliminated as sources of drinking-water, until not one was left in the principal parts of the city. Young children who never had been in the country were brought to the well in Central Park and they gazed into it as a curiosity, just as they looked at the bears and the greenhouses. At the same time the general water-supply was vastly improved. To live in cellars was made illegal, and there was a general improvement in the condition of dwellings. Street-cleaning became well organized; sewers were laid in almost all the streets, and refuse was cared for scientifically. The public supervision of contagious diseases became effective; good use was made of new medical discoveries, such as diphtheria antitoxin, and the public hospitals were improved.

Yet the advances in sanitary safeguarding since 1900 are more wonderful than those that came before. In the last twelve years the death-rate has been reduced by a quarter from its comparatively high rate at the beginning of the century. In 1911 it was 15.13 per thousand. For 1912 it was 14.11 per thousand. However, this reduction of more than six per thousand has been won with over twice the effort that was necessary to make the first fourteen per thousand. The city budget for 1912 carried an appropriation for the Department of Health of more than $3,000,000. As much more was spent the same year by the seventy-odd organizations, private or semi-public, the purpose of which is the betterment of health conditions. Besides, there has been the devoted labor of more than seven thousand physicians.

In all this vast field of effort, as diversified as the entire scope of modern science, as complex as civilization itself, two main lines stand out conspicuously. New York was a pioneer among cities in both. These concerned the treatment of tuberculosis and children's diseases. The organized fight against tuberculosis in New York, under the latest approved scientific methods, dates only from 1904. Before that time there was no successful effort on the part of the authorities to diagnose the disease properly, nor any attempt to deal with it intelligently when it was discovered accidentally. Yet New York is as great a sufferer from the white plague as any other locality. Its congested living, its large Negro population, and its indigent foreigners, ignorant of our language and customs, make it a fertile breeding-ground for the tubercle bacillus.

Within eight years, twenty-nine tuberculosis clinics have been established, and several day camps have been built where sufferers can recuperate without expense and without leaving the city. In all these thorough blood and sputum tests are made with modern scientific apparatus. At the same time, it has been widely made known that to recover from the dread disease it is not necessary to leave the city, which, situated between two bodies of water, is swept constantly by fresh air, the chief necessity in the treatment of tuberculosis.

SAVING THE BABIES

BUT the really remarkable work in the reduction of the death-rate within the last few years has been done among the children. It is here that the war worth waging has been carried on most effectively. If, as Ellen Key says, this is the century of the child, New York proved it in its first decade by concentrating the health battalions on infant mortality.

"A baby that comes into the world has less chance to live one week than an old man of ninety, and less chance to live a year than a man of eighty," Bergeron, the French authority on children's diseases, said ten years ago. Within five years those chances have been increased by a third in New York. In 1911, throughout the United States one death in every five was that of a child under one year of age, while in New York only one death in



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

WEIGHING THE BABIES AT AN INFANTS' MILK STATION IN NEW YORK

every eight was that of a child under one year of age. Yet five years before that time New York's average of infant mortality had been equal to that of the rest of the country. And in 1912 the infant mortality was further decreased by six per cent., a greater decrease than that of any other city.

What has accomplished this result? Primarily, two causes: first, the attention of the Board of Health, whose department of child hygiene now receives a larger annual appropriation than any other (in 1913 it will have more than $600,000, a fifth of the entire budget); and, second, the work of the New York Milk Committee, a semi-public organization composed of many of the chief physicians and philanthropists of the city.

Eight years ago there was not one infants' milk station in New York. The babies of the poor were obliged to live on what milk could be found easily for them. Few could afford and still fewer could find what is known as "Grade A" milk, which sells in the commercial market for from fifteen to twenty-five cents a quart, and which is thoroughly inspected and certified. At the close of 1912 there were seventy-nine such stations in the city. At every one Grade A milk was sold at the nominal price of eight cents a quart, so as to be in easy competition with ordinary commercial milk. Every day thousands of mothers with their babies throng these stations. However, their chief purpose is not the mere selling of pure, rich milk. They serve principally as dispensaries. The milk is used by the city as a lure by means of which ignorant mothers are brought within the reach of the physicians of the Health Department. With the milk, thorough instruction and advice as to the care of infants is given gratis. The old idea that mothers know entirely how best to care for their own children has been proved erroneous. Not all mothers in a large city know how to care for their children. Many of them are virtually as helpless as the children themselves. They have to be taken in hand, trained, and taught in the care of their offspring as completely as the children themselves are taken in hand a few years later in the public schools.

In addition to the seventy-nine dispensaries of milk and medical knowledge, the city maintains a large corps of trained nurses who make visits, especially during the summer, to the homes to complete the instruction. In the poorer districts, every child under a year old is visited by a city nurse at least once in ten days. The average cost is fifty cents a month for each child. At the same time the inspection of the general milk-supply has become thorough. The city's inspectors now cover all farms within two hundred miles from the city hall, and the sources of supply are thus kept in proper sanitary condition.

The city also gives ice in summer to those families (with children) that are unable to buy it. In the summer of 1912, 900,000 pounds were thus distributed. This is in addition to the accepted efforts to secure better playgrounds, better ventilated schools, etc.

A decade ago the summer death-rate among children in New York was from two to three times as high as the winter death-rate. For the last four years it has been steadily decreasing, and in 1912 it was almost as low as the winter death-rate. Deaths from diarrheal diseases among children have been reduced to a minimum through the concentrated efforts of a few years. The next work to be taken up will be the winter deaths from respiratory diseases. This is a more difficult problem.

Yet the greatest problem in infant mortality has still to be solved. This is the care of the "institution" baby. As in England and in France, the largest number of deaths among New York children occur among the illegitimate and those lacking a mother's care during the early months of life. In 1911 more than forty per cent. of the deaths of infants under one year in Manhattan occurred in institutions.

The institutions that receive foundlings are too few and too poorly equipped. One day Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan saw in the street, within a block of his home, a poor woman hugging despairingly to her breast a new-born infant. In consequence, he caused to be built the million-dollar lying-in hospital on Stuyvesant Square, which has already been the means of saving many an innocent life. But that superb hospital, large as it is, has not the facilities for taking care of more than a small number of the infants that require such an institution.

The material agencies, efficient and

marvelous as they have become, have not been the chief aid in the reduction of the death-rate, especially among children. Public education has really had more to do with it. Even those in direct charge of the work in infant mortality do not assert that the entire credit for the satisfactory progress should be given to the milk stations, the dispensaries, and the hospitals. Pamphlets, lectures, newspaper articles, and school-room instruction are at the base of the advance. Publicity has proved to be a greater force than milk inspection. Certain popular newspapers in New York have the power to achieve definite radical reforms in modes of living whenever they choose to prosecute a vigorous campaign. Just as the newspapers can expose corruption in any of the city's departments, so almost as readily they can uproot or at least substantially lessen certain sanitary evils. A case in point is their campaign against the fly last summer. By means of wide-spread and vigorous news articles and editorials they succeeded in so rousing the mass of the people that the fly pest was visibly reduced. Health Department officials testify readily to this.

The work of the social settlements, of the mothers' clubs, of the neighborhood nursing associations, of the diet-kitchens, all contribute to the general education that is bringing about a condition of excellent public sanitation. This work is necessarily of slow growth. Its effect is not nearly so evident as that of vaccination, of small-pox segregation, or of typhoid diagnosis. It is not so simple as establishing proper sewers or purifying the water-supply; but it is no less important.

THE STUDY OF SEX HYGIENE

In all this tremendous volume of public sanitary education, no one feature stands out more clearly than the work being done in sex hygiene. Prudery is passing; there can be no doubt of that. Within the last five years every public school in New York has introduced a course of teaching in its physiology or biology department the aim of which is to acquaint the growing boy and girl with the essential facts of sex life, to open their eyes to sexual evils, and to prepare them to treat with sexual diseases intelligently. Ignorant mothers, both foreign-born and native, or those whose false modesty is worse than their ignorance, are day by day being taught by their daughters of twelve and fourteen, who have learned their lessons in school or in neighborhood classes, certain essential facts of sex life, ignorance of which has brought about pitiful conditions of disease and death.

The effect of this is not yet fully apparent in a decreased death-rate, but there can be little doubt that within a very few years it will have its result. For instance, one third of the infant mortality is due to prenatal conditions, congenital diseases which afflict the child at birth, and which mean either speedy death or a lingering, crippled life. The larger part of these untoward prenatal conditions are due to sexual diseases. To eliminate them will require two sustained efforts: the further abolishing of prudery, with consequent rigorous sex hygiene, and the enactment and enforcement of laws that will require proper medical examination before marriage.

A physician told me recently that in his opinion within a decade laws will be enacted providing that every man and woman desiring to marry can do so only with a doctor's certificate that shall carry with it a clean bill of health. Once that is done, it is confidently believed that the death-rate among infants will fall off perhaps by a quarter, and surely by a fifth or a sixth. The educational work in this field is being done for the future. With present adults there is little hope; but the fathers and mothers of the next generation will be much better equipped.

THE FIGHT AGAINST TYPHOID GERMS

In one more campaign the immediate future seems likely to yield great results perhaps almost as important as those resulting from the discovery of antitoxin. This will be from the use of the new anti-typhoid serum, which the Department of Health in December, 1912, decided to use as extensively as possible in New York. This decision followed close on the War Department's public declaration that the anti-typhoid serum had proved a success, virtually eliminating the disease from the army. In 1909 there were more cases of typhoid in the United States than of the plague in India, despite the fact that India's population is two and a half times

that of the United States. In 1907 there were more cases of typhoid in New York than of pellagra in Italy, though Italy's population is six times that of New York. In this work, as in children's diseases and in tuberculosis, New York is a pioneer, and yet New York is better off regarding typhoid than many other American cities, for it has a lower typhoid death-rate than Boston, Chicago, Washington, or Philadelphia; yet its typhoid death-rate is higher than that of London, Paris, Berlin, or Hamburg.

Last spring when Wilbur Wright, the aviator, died of typhoid fever at the age of forty-five, several newspapers were honest enough to speak of it as a murder—a murder by the American people, through neglect and ignorance, of a genius who, had he been allowed, might have lived to be of still more distinguished service to the world.

In the last two years the New York Department of Health has been able to trace definitely several typhoid-fever outbreaks. In nearly every instance it was found that the disease could be traced to a "carrier." A carrier is a person who has recovered from an attack of typhoid, but who remains infected. One outbreak of four hundred cases was traced to the infection of a milk-supply by a typhoid carrier who had had the disease forty-seven years before. In another outbreak of fifty cases the contamination was traced to a man who had the disease seven years before.

Within the last few months the case of "Typhoid Mary" has received much attention. This woman has recently brought suit against the Department of Health for damaging her career as a cook. For more than six months she was kept in a sort of exile by the department. Before that time she had been a cook in many households, and wherever she went typhoid fever followed her. Although she had suffered with the disease many years before she was apprehended, the germs were said to be still very lively in her system. The authorities asserted that her blood tests revealed that she was likely to communicate typhoid to any one at any time; and therefore Mary did no more cooking.

There is no telling how many carriers are loose in New York at present, and the only known way of averting the danger is by the use of the serum which the army has found efficacious. It is estimated that about three per cent. of those recovering from typhoid become bacillus-carriers. As yet typhoid vaccination is not compulsory among the public at large, as in the army; but a strong movement is felt in the city to make it so. When typhoid-fever becomes as thoroughly controlled as smallpox, or even as diphtheria, the death-rate will drop another point or two. It will be the last of the filth diseases to go. It is asserted by competent authorities that eighty-five per cent. of the cases are preventable.

OPINIONS OF AN EXPERT

Dr. Lederle, Health Commissioner of New York City, says that while typhoid vaccination is likely to prove of untold benefit, other specific improvements should be made. There should be a more perfect control of the milk-supply. At present there is no central testing-station. He recommends also an improved method of sewage disposal, either by treatment or by carrying it farther out to sea, thus preventing pollution of the harbor. There should be a drainage of surrounding land to do away with mosquitos; improved methods of street-cleaning that would result in the prevention of flying dust-clouds; and the open garbage receptacles and dumps should be abolished in favor of cremation of all refuse. The campaign against the fly must be carried on more vigorously every year, and immediate steps are to be taken for the protection of all foods from fly contamination. This will be an extension of the control of food, together with the proper filtration of the public water-supply. Dr. Lederle says further that increased hospital facilities for contagious diseases are needed. There will be further popular education in sanitary matters, special stress being laid on the need of fresh air in homes, schools, factories, offices, theaters, and churches; and a comprehensive publication will be made, chiefly for the aid of the poorer classes, of the comparative nutritive and cost values of foods; and further changes in the customs of the time, due to these plans and to other activities, will result in a simpler manner of living. This should render overeating less frequent and re-

duce the consumption of alcohol and medicines.

Finally, in addition to these efforts, which are under the direction of public officers, the health commissioner declares that if the death-rate is to be further reduced, there must be in the immediate future two changes: first, a definite advance in bacteriological knowledge; and, second, a change in the attitude toward the health of our adult population.

"Save the babies!" was the cry of the last decade. "Save the middle-aged!" will be the cry of this. The real race suicide is not in the insufficiency of births, but in the inadequate knowledge of the diseases of maturity, and in the inadequate care and prevention of these diseases. Deaths from arterio-sclerosis, apoplexy, kidney affections, stomach disorders, and cancer are continuously on the increase, and have been for ten years past. Of the 75,000 persons that died in New York in 1911, 17,000 died of "middle-age complaints."

The intense life of New Yorkers, their intemperance in eating, drinking, and working, contributes chiefly to the increase in the middle-age death-rate. However, Bright's disease, diabetes, and cancer are not more a mystery than diphtheria was before antitoxin was discovered. Bacteriology has its fields of further effort well laid out in those directions.

It is the contention of those that give their lives to the study of the subject that "public health is a purchasable commodity." The struggle, then, is between the death-rate and the dollar rate. Contribute more money to the cause of public health, and the death-rate will go down. Forty thousand babies were saved in 1910 at an average cost of eighteen dollars. It would have cost more to bury them, as the cheapest sort of funeral costs twenty-five dollars.

The appropriation for the care of the public health in New York is not niggardly; it is larger than in most cities. Still, it is not enough. Where the health officers ask for a dollar and a half, they get a dollar. The excuse is that the rest of the desired money is needed to improve parks and streets, for the police and fire departments, for the city government, the water-fronts, etc. Besides, the people of this city are absolutely obliged to spend about $100,000,000 a year on automobiles, candy, theaters, alcoholic drinks, tobacco, diamonds, and such other urgent needs of life. What is left over, after those necessities are provided for, goes toward the preservation of health!

The average expectation of life for man varies in different countries in direct proportion to the application of efficient principles of hygiene and sanitation. In India, for instance, where sanitation is low and the majority of the population live, like Kim, on "the ravellings of circumstance," the average duration of life is less than twenty-five years. In Sweden and Denmark, where life is methodical and ideals are high, and the Government takes up the ash-heaps regularly, a normal man may expect to live more than seventy years. In Massachusetts, which is the only one of our States to furnish us with reliable statistics, the average duration of life is forty-five years. Wherever sanitary science is active, the length of life is steadily increasing. In India it is stationary; in Europe it has doubled in the last 350 years; in New York, as we have seen, it has doubled within the last half-century. Despite the many obstacles, it seems likely that when the next general census is taken the death-rate of the metropolis will be down to thirteen per thousand. With such a rate, every person in the city may expect to live to be seventy years old. And most of them will say, "Is n't that old enough?"

THE ILLUSION OF PROGRESS[1]

BY KENYON COX

IN these days all of us, even Academicians, are to some extent believers in progress. Our golden age is no longer in the past, but in the future. We know that our early ancestors were a race of wretched cave-dwellers, and we believe that our still earlier ancestors were possessed of tails and pointed ears. Having come so far, we are sometimes inclined to forget that not every step has been an advance, and to entertain an illogical confidence that each future step must carry us still further forward; having indubitably progressed in many things, we think of ourselves as progressing in all. And as the pace of progress in science and in material things has become more and more rapid, we have come to expect a similar pace in art and letters, to imagine that the art of the future must be far finer than the art of the present or than that of the past, and that the art of one decade, or even of one year, must supersede that of the preceding decade or the preceding year, as the 1913 model in automobiles supersedes the model of 1912. More than ever before "To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion," and the only title to consideration is to do something quite obviously new or to proclaim one's intention of doing something newer. The race grows madder and madder. It is hardly two years since we first heard of "Cubism" and already the "Futurists" are calling the "Cubists" reactionary. Even the gasping critics, pounding manfully in the rear, have thrown away all impedimenta of traditional standards in the desperate effort to keep up with what seems less a march than a stampede.

But while we talk so loudly of progress in the arts we have an uneasy feeling that we are not really progressing. If our belief in our own art were as full-blooded as was that of the great creative epochs, we should scarce be so reverent of the art of the past. It is, perhaps, a sign of anemia that we have become founders of museums and conservers of old buildings. If we are so careful of our heritage, it is surely from some doubt of our ability to replace it. When art has been vigorously alive, it has been ruthless in its treatment of what has gone before. No cathedral builder thought of reconciling his own work to that of the builder who preceded him; he built in his own way, confident of its superiority. And when the Renaissance builder came, in his turn, he contemptuously dismissed all medieval art as "Gothic" and barbarous, and was as ready to tear down an old façade as to build a new one. Even the most cock-sure of our moderns might hesitate to emulate Michelangelo in his calm destruction of three frescos by Perugino to make room for his own "Last Judgment." He at least had the full courage of his convictions, and his opinion of Perugino is of record.

Not all of us would consider even Michelangelo's arrogance entirely justified, but it is not only the Michelangelos who have had this belief in themselves. Apparently the confidence of progress has been as great in times that now seem to us

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decadent as in times that we think of as truly progressive. The past, or at least the immediate past, has always seemed "out of date," and each generation, as it made its entrance on the stage, has plumed itself upon its superiority to that which was leaving it. The architect of the most debased baroque grafted his "improvements" upon the buildings of the high Renaissance with an assurance not less than that with which David and his contemporaries banished the whole charming art of the eighteenth century. Van Orley and Frans Floris were as sure of their advance upon the ancient Flemish painting of the Van Eycks and of Memling as Rubens himself must have been of his advance upon them.

We can see plainly enough that in at least some of these cases the sense of progress was an illusion. There was movement, but it was not always forward movement. And if progress was illusory in some instances, may it not, possibly, have been so in all? It is at least worth inquiry how far the fine arts have ever been in a state of true progress, going forward regularly from good to better, each generation building on the work of its predecessors and surpassing that work, in the way in which science has normally progressed when material conditions were favorable.

If, with a view to answering this question, we examine, however cursorily, the history of the five great arts, we shall find a somewhat different state of affairs in the case of each. In the end it may be possible to formulate something like a general rule that shall accord with all the facts. Let us begin with the greatest and simplest of the arts, the art of poetry.

In the history of poetry we shall find less evidence of progress than anywhere else, for it will be seen that its acknowledged masterpieces are almost invariably near the beginning of a series rather than near the end. Almost as soon as a clear and flexible language has been formed by any people, a great poem has been composed in that language, which has remained not only unsurpassed, but unequaled, by any subsequent work. Homer is for us, as he was for the Greeks, the greatest of their poets; and if the opinion could be taken of all cultivated readers in those nations that have inherited the Greek tradition, it is doubtful whether he would not be acclaimed the greatest poet of the ages. Dante has remained the first of Italian poets, as he was one of the earliest. Chaucer, who wrote when our language was transforming itself from Anglo-Saxon into English, has still lovers who are willing for his sake to master what is to them almost a foreign tongue, and yet other lovers who ask for new translations of his works into our modern idiom; while Shakspere, who wrote almost as soon as that transformation had been accomplished, is universally reckoned one of the greatest of world-poets. There have, indeed, been true poets at almost all stages of the world's history, but the preëminence of such masters as these can hardly be questioned, and if we looked to poetry alone for a type of the arts, we should almost be forced to conclude that art is the reverse of progressive. We should think of it as gushing forth in full splendor when the world is ready for it, and as unable ever again to rise to the level of its fount.

The art of architecture is later in its beginning than that of poetry, for it can exist only when men have learned to build solidly and permanently. A nomad may be a poet, but he cannot be an architect; a herdsman might have written the Book of Job, but the great builders are dwellers in cities. But since men first learned to build they have never quite forgotten how to do so. At all times there have been somewhere peoples who knew enough of building to mold its utility into forms of beauty, and the history of architecture may be read more continuously than that of any other art. It is a history of constant change and of continuous development, each people and each age forming out of the old elements a new style which should express its mind, and each style reaching its point of greatest distinctiveness only to begin a further transformation into something else; but is it a history of progress? Building, indeed, has progressed at one time or another. The Romans, with their domes and arches, were more scientific builders than the Greeks, with their simple post and lintel, but were they better architects? We of to-day, with our steel construction, can scrape the sky with erections that would have amazed the boldest of medieval

craftsmen; can we equal his art? If we ask where in the history of architecture do its masterpieces appear, the answer must be "Almost anywhere." Wherever men have had the wealth and the energy to build greatly, they have builded beautifully, and the distinctions are less between style and style or epoch and epoch than between building and building. The masterpieces of one time are as the masterpieces of another, and no man may say that the nave of Amiens is finer than the Parthenon or that the Parthenon is nobler than the nave of Amiens. One may say only that each is perfect in its kind, a supreme expression of the human spirit.

Of the art of music I must speak with the diffidence becoming to the ignorant; but it seems to me to consist of two elements and to contain an inspirational art as direct and as simple as that of poetry, and a science so difficult that its fullest mastery is of very recent achievement. In melodic invention it is so far from progressive that its most brilliant masters are often content to elaborate and to decorate a theme old enough to have no history—a theme the inventor of which has been so entirely forgotten that we think of it as sprung not from the mind of one man, but from that of a whole people, and call it a folk-song. The song is almost as old as the race, but the symphony has had to wait for the invention of many instruments and for a mastery of the laws of harmony, and so symphonic music is a modern art. We are still adding new instruments to the orchestra and admitting to our compositions new combinations of sounds, but have we in a hundred years made any essential progress even in this part of the art? Have we produced anything, I will not say greater, but anything as great as the noblest works of Bach and Beethoven?

Already, and before considering the arts of painting and sculpture, we are coming within sight of our general law. This law seems to be that, so far as an art is dependent upon any form of exact knowledge, so far it partakes of the nature of science and is capable of progress. So far as it is expressive of a mind and soul, its greatness is dependent upon the greatness of that mind and soul, and it is incapable of progress. It may even be the reverse of progressive, because as an art becomes more complicated and makes ever greater demands upon technical mastery, it becomes more difficult as a medium of expression, while the mind to be expressed becomes more sophisticated and less easy of expression in any medium. It would take a greater mind than Homer's to express modern ideas in modern verse with Homer's serene perfection; it would take, perhaps, a greater mind than Bach's to employ all the resources of modern music with his glorious ease and directness. And greater minds than those of Bach and Homer the world has not often the felicity to possess.

The arts of painting and sculpture are imitative arts above all others, and therefore more dependent than any others upon exact knowledge, more tinged with the quality of science. Let us see how they illustrate our supposed law.

Sculpture depends, as does architecture, upon certain laws of proportion in space which are analogous to the laws of proportion in time and in pitch upon which music is founded. But as sculpture represents the human figure, whereas architecture and music represent nothing, sculpture requires for its perfection the mastery of an additional science, which is the knowledge of the structure and movement of the human body. This knowledge may be acquired with some rapidity, especially in times and countries where man is often seen unclothed. So, in the history of civilizations, sculpture developed early, after poetry, but with architecture, and before painting and polyphonic music. It reached the greatest perfection of which it is capable in the age of Pericles, and from that time progress was impossible to it, and for a thousand years its movement was one of decline. After the dark ages sculpture was one of the first arts to revive, and again it develops rapidly, though not so rapidly as before, conditions of custom and climate being less favorable to it, until it reaches, in the first half of the sixteenth century, something near its former perfection. Again it can go no further; and since then it has changed, but has not progressed. In Phidias, by which name I would signify the sculptor of the pediments of the Parthenon, we have the coincidence of a superlatively great artist with the moment of technical and scientific perfection in the art, and a similar coincidence crowns the work of Michel-

angelo with a peculiar glory. But, apart from the work of these two men, the essential value of a work of sculpture is by no means always equal to its technical and scientific completeness. There are archaic statues that are almost as nobly beautiful as any work by Phidias, and more beautiful than almost any work that has been done since his time. There are bits of Gothic sculpture that are more valuable expressions of human feeling than anything produced by the contemporaries of Buonarroti. Even in times of decadence a great artist has created finer things than could be accomplished by a mediocre talent of the great epochs, and the world could ill spare the "Victory" of Samothrace or the portrait busts of Houdon.

As sculpture is one of the simplest of the arts, painting is one of the most complicated. The harmonies it constructs are composed of almost innumerable elements of lines and forms and colors and degrees of light and dark, and the science it professes is no less than that of the visible aspect of the whole of nature—a science so vast that it never has been and perhaps never can be mastered in its totality. Anything approaching a complete art of painting can exist only in an advanced stage of civilization. An entirely complete art of painting never has existed and probably never will exist. The history of painting, after its early stages, is a history of loss here balancing gain there, of a new means of expression acquired at the cost of an old one.

We know comparatively little of the painting of antiquity, but we have no reason to suppose that that art, however admirable, ever attained to ripeness, and we know that the painting of the Orient has stopped short at a comparatively early stage of development. For our purpose the art to be studied is the painting of modern times in Europe from its origin in the Middle Ages. Even in the beginning, or before the beginning, while painting is a decadent reminiscence of the past rather than a prophecy of the new birth, there are decorative splendors in the Byzantine mosaics hardly to be recaptured. Then comes primitive painting, an art of the line and of pure color with little modulation and no attempt at the rendering of solid form. It gradually attains to some sense of relief by the use of degrees of light and less light; but the instant it admits the true shadow, the old brightness and purity of color have become impossible. The line remains dominant for a time, and is carried to the pitch of refinement and beauty, but the love for solid form gradually overcomes it, and in the art of the high Renaissance it takes a second place. Then light and shade begins to be studied for its own sake; color, no longer pure and bright, but deep and resonant, comes in again; the line vanishes altogether, and even form becomes secondary. The last step is taken by Rembrandt, and even color is subordinated to light and shade, which exists alone in a world of brownness. At every step there has been progress, but there has also been regress. Perhaps the greatest balance of gain against loss, and the nearest approach to a complete art of painting, was with the great Venetians. The transformation is still going on, and in our own day we have conquered some corners of the science of visible aspects which were unexplored by our ancestors. But the balance has turned against us; our loss has been greater than our gain; and our art, even in its scientific aspect, is inferior to that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

And just because there never has been a complete art of painting, entirely rounded and perfected, it is the clearer to us that the final value of a work in that art never has depended on its approach to such completion. There is no one supreme master of painting, but a long succession of masters of different yet equal glory. If the masterpieces of architecture are everywhere because there has often been a complete art of architecture, the masterpieces of painting are everywhere for the opposite reason. And if we do not always value a master the more as his art is more nearly complete, neither do we always value him especially who has placed new scientific conquests at the disposal of art. Palma Vecchio painted by the side of Titian, but he is only a minor master; Botticelli remained of the generation before Leonardo, but he is one of the immortal great. Paolo Ucello, by his study of perspective, made a distinct advance in pictorial science, but his interest for us is purely historic; Fra Angelico made no advance whatever, but he practised consummately the current art as he found it, and his work is eternally

delightful. At every stage of its development the art of painting has been a sufficient medium for the expression of a great man's mind; and wherever and whenever a great man has practised it, the result has been a great and permanently valuable work of art.

For this seems, finally, to be the law of all the arts: the one essential prerequisite to the production of a great work of art is a great man. You cannot have the art without the man, and when you have the man you have the art. His time and his surroundings will color him, his art will not be at one time or place precisely what it might be at another; but at bottom the art is the man, and at all times and in all countries is just as great as the man.

Let us clear our minds, then, of the illusion that there is in any important sense such a thing as progress in the fine arts. We may with a clear conscience judge every new work for what it appears in itself to be, asking of it that it be noble and beautiful and reasonable, not that it be novel or progressive. If it be great art, it will always be novel enough; for there will be a great mind behind it, and no two great minds are alike. And if it be novel without being great, how shall we be the better off? There are enough forms of mediocre or evil art in the world already. Being no longer intimidated by the fetish of progress, when a thing calling itself a work of art seems to us hideous and degraded, indecent and insane, we shall have the courage to say so and shall not care to investigate it further. Detestable things have been produced in the past, and they are none the less detestable because we are able to see how they came to be produced. Detestable things are produced now, and they will be no more admirable if we learn to understand the minds that create them. Even should such things prove to be not the mere freaks of a diseased intellect that they seem, but a necessary outgrowth of the conditions of the age and a true prophecy of "the art of the future," they are not necessarily the better for that. It is only that the future will be very unlucky in its art.

TO THE EXPERIMENTERS

BY CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

HELP me live long, O keen, cool servants of science!
Give me a hundred years, for life is good and I love it,
And wonders are easy for you.
Yet, by a rule that is older than Æsculapius,
I still must reckon my time to that luckless day
When a 'whelming foe will cross a frontier unguarded
Into this myriad nation of cells that bears my name,
Storming fort after fort till the swarming defenders have perished
And the strangled empire shall fall.
My friends, simple folk, will weep and say, "He is dead!"
But you will smile at their terrible, black-winged angel,
And jot his name and description down in your note-book—
The bitter song of the ages in a line of chemic formula!
Aye, and perchance you can take the components of living,—
Provinces, ravaged and waste, of that ruinous empire,—
And cunningly right them again.
Then call in the mourners.
"Say you your friend is dead?
See through that glass how his heart is pulsating steadily.
Look there, and there, at the beautiful play of the organs—
All the reactions of life restored by our science!
Where is your death?"
But I—is there not an I?—catch you that in a test-tube!



Owned by Mr. Hugo Reisinger

NONCHALANCE

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT

WAR-HORSES OF FAMOUS GENERALS

WASHINGTON—WELLINGTON—NAPOLEON—GRANT—LEE —SHERMAN—SHERIDAN

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON

WHEN Colonel Washington accompanied General Braddock as aide-de-camp in the Virginia campaign against the French and their Indian allies, he took with him three war-horses. Of these his favorite was "Greenway," a fiery steed of great speed and endurance. In the disastrous battle of July 9, 1755, Braddock was mortally wounded, after having five horses killed under him, a record, so far as the writer is aware, unequaled in the annals of war. Washington lost two horses. One of these was replaced by the dying general, who presented to him his best charger, which had escaped the carnage. A week later the young colonel wrote of the engagement to his brother John:

By the all powerful dispensation of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation: for I have had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was on every side of me.

After the capture of Canada and the close of the war, Washington frequently followed the foxhounds mounted on "Braddock," as he named that soldier's powerful dark bay, or on "Greenway," which was a dark gray, and it was seldom that the Virginian was not in the lead.

On June 20, 1775, Colonel Washington received his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, and on the following morning, accompanied by Generals Charles Lee and Philip Schuyler, he set out for Cambridge, Massachusetts. He took with him five horses, his favorite being a spirited stallion called "Douglas," on which Washington first appeared before the army at Cambridge, charming all beholders with his manly grace and military bearing. Jefferson called him "the best horseman of his age." Before the close of the Revolutionary War the general acquired by gift or purchase seven additional chargers. His bay horse "Fairfax" was so badly wounded at the battle of Trenton that he was left behind. At the battle of Monmouth, Washington rode a white steed presented to him by William Livingston, Governor of New Jersey. Such was the excessive heat on that June day, as well as the deep and sandy nature of the soil, that the spirited charger sank under the general, dying on the spot. His portrait is preserved in Trumbull's full-length painting of Washington, in the City Hall of New York. He then mounted a high-bred chestnut mare with long, flowing mane and tail named "Dolly." Lafayette said of her and her rider:

At Monmouth I commanded a division, and it may be supposed I was pretty well occupied; still, I took time, amid the roar and confusion of the conflict, to admire our beloved chief, who, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks amid the shouts of the soldiers, cheering them by his voice and example, and restoring to our standard the fortunes of the fight. I thought I had never seen so superb a man.

Another of Washington's war-horses, and the last to be mentioned, was "Nelson," a light chestnut, sixteen hands high, with white face and legs. He was a gift from Governor Thomas Nelson of Virginia, and was named in his honor. He was used for the last time at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, afterward leading a life of leisure at Mount Vernon and following Washington's bier in the funeral procession. Before the Civil War, while on a visit to the general's adopted son, Mr. Custis of Arlington, I was informed that when a youth he had ridden "Buck-



WASHINGTON'S FAVORITE WHITE CHARGER "LEXINGTON,"
AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN TRUMBULL

skin" and "Nelson," and that the handsome white horse that fell on the field of Monmouth was painted from memory by Colonel Trumbull. Mr. Custis said:

Among the many troublesome and unbroken horses ridden by Washington, he was never thrown, and he was perhaps the strongest man of his time. Mounted on "Buckskin," I occasionally accompanied the general when making his daily morning rounds at Mount Vernon, riding "Yorktown," the youngest of his war-horses, and the last mounted by him, only a few days before his death. On one of those occasions Washington saw with displeasure two stalwart negroes vainly endeavoring to raise a heavy stone to the top of a wall. Throwing "Yorktown's" bridle to me, he sprang from his saddle, strode forward, pushed the slaves aside, leaned over, and, grasping the huge stone with his large, strong hands, slowly but surely raised it to its place, and remounted without any remark.

At four o'clock on a June morning ninety-eight years ago, when Napoleon was defeated by Wellington in one of the sixteen decisive battles of the world, the illustrious English soldier mounted his



NAPOLEON'S FAMOUS WAR-HORSE "MARENGO"

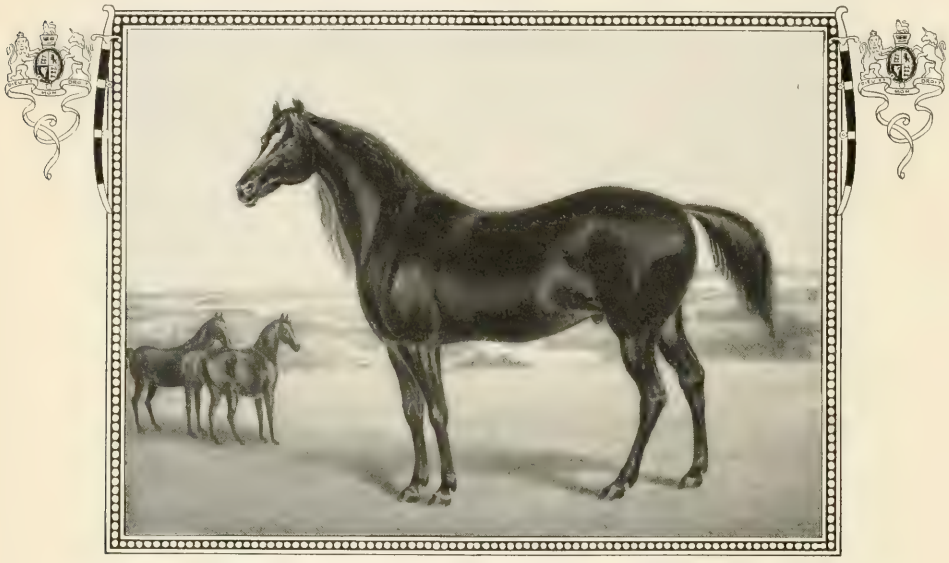
FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER

celebrated charger "Copenhagen," remaining in the saddle for eighteen hours. "Copenhagen" was a powerful chestnut, grandson of the famous war-horse "Eclipse," and the son of "Lady Catherine," the charger ridden by Field-Marshal Lord Grosvenor at the siege of Copenhagen, when she was in foal with the colt which afterward carried Wellington at Waterloo. The war-horse cost him, in 1813, four hundred guineas. Two years later, when the famous victory was won, and Wellington had held his historic interview with Blücher, the duke dismounted at ten o'clock. As "Copenhagen" was led away by the groom, he playfully threw out his heels as a "good-night" salutation to his successful master. It was Wellington's last act before leaving Strathfieldsaye for London on public or private business, to walk out to the adjacent paddock to pat his favorite charger, and to feed him with chocolate or other confectionery, of which he was inordinately fond.

For more than a dozen years before his death "Copenhagen," leading the easy, comfortable career of a well-pensioned veteran who had retired from all the activities of life, was only twice surreptitiously saddled and ridden by the duke's eldest son, the Marquis of Douro. The

second Duke of Wellington, who died in 1884, erected two monuments on the grounds of Strathfieldsaye, that fine estate of nearly seven thousand acres on which is situated Silchester, the site of a Roman station, presented to the "Iron Duke" by the British government for a day's work at Waterloo. One of these, a superb and lofty marble column, is to the memory of his illustrious father, the other to that of "Copenhagen." The former stands just outside the park at the point where, immediately in front of one of the lodges, the London road meets at right angles

Several years after my father's death an old servant of the family came to me in the library, and, producing a paper parcel, spoke as follows: "Your Grace, I do not believe that I have long to live, and before I die I wish to place in your hands what belongs to you." With no small degree of surprise I inquired what it was, and when he opened the package and produced a horse's hoof he said: "Your Grace, when Copenhagen died I cut off this hoof. None of us imagined that the duke would trouble his head about the body of the war-horse, but, to our great surprise, he walked down to the stables on



WELLINGTON'S WATERLOO CHARGER "COPENHAGEN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES WARD, R.A.

that which connects Reading with Basingstoke. A simple marble tombstone standing under the shadow of a spreading Turkish oak marks the spot where the brave steed was buried with military honors, and bears the following inscription from the pen of the second duke:

Here lies Copenhagen, the charger ridden by the Duke of Wellington the entire day of the battle of Waterloo. Born 1808, died 1836.

God's humbler instrument though meaner clay
Should share the glory of that glorious day.

As we stood by "Copenhagen's" grave in the summer of 1872, the duke said to me: his sudden return from London to see him buried. He instantly observed that his right forefoot was gone, and was in a fearful passion. No one dared tell him how it happened. I have preserved the hoof carefully for thirty years, and I now return it to your Grace."

Lady de Ros, the last survivor of those who danced at the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels on the evening before the battle of Waterloo, also the last among those who had mounted "Copenhagen," published a little volume of recollections of Wellington which contained the following extract:

We often stayed with the duke at Ab-



GRANT'S THREE FAVORITE WAR-HORSES: "EGYPT" (ON THE LEFT), "CINCINNATI" (IN THE MIDDLE), AND "JEFF DAVIS" (ON THE RIGHT)

By permission of "Harper's Weekly"

SHERMAN'S FAVORITE STEED "LEXINGTON"

FROM A DRAWING BY THURE DE THULSTRUP

SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS WAR-HORSE "WINCHESTER"



LEE'S CELEBRATED CHARGER "TRAVELLER"

baye, Mount St. Martin, Cambrai, and one morning he announced that there would be a sham battle, and that he had given orders to Sir George Scovell that the ladies riding should be taken prisoners, so he recommended our keeping close to him. I had no difficulty in doing so, as I was riding the duke's Waterloo charger "Copenhagen," and I found myself the only one within a square where they were firing. To the duke's great amusement, he heard one of the soldiers saying to another: "Take care of that 'ere horse; he kicks out. We knew him well in Spain," pointing to "Copenhagen." He was a most unpleasant horse to ride, but always snorted and neighed with pleasure at the sight of troops. I was jumping with him when the stirrup broke, and I fell off. In the evening the duke had a dance, and said to me, "Here 's the heroine of the day—got kicked off, and did n't mind it."

The first Duchess of Wellington, with whom "Copenhagen" was a great favorite, wore a bracelet of his hair, as did several of her friends. Her daughter-in-law, the second duchess, who died in August, 1894, and who was much admired by the great duke, accompanying him on his last visit to the field of Waterloo, showed the writer a bracelet and breastpin made of "Copenhagen's" mane. On my last sojourn of several days at Strathfieldsaye in September, 1883, I received from the second duke as a parting gift a precious lock of the Waterloo hero's hair and a sheaf of the charger's tail. It may be mentioned *en passant* that Sir William Gomm's redoubtable Waterloo charger "Old George," once mounted by Wellington, which lived to the unusual age for warhorses of thirty-three years, is buried beneath a stone seat at Stoke Pogis, the pastoral scene of Gray's familiar and beautiful elegy.

On the authority of his eldest son, who mentioned the circumstance to the writer, it may be stated in conclusion that the last time Wellington walked out of Wal-

mer Castle, on the afternoon of the day previous to his death, it was to visit his stable and to give orders to the groom concerning his horses.

CHIEF among the most celebrated battle-chargers of the nineteenth century was "Marengo," Napoleon's favorite war-horse. He was named in honor of one of the most remarkable victories ever achieved by the illustrious soldier. The day was lost by the French, and then gained by the resistless charges of cavalry led by Desaix and Kellermann. Their success caused the beaten infantry to rally and, taking heart, to attack the Austrians with fury, and the field was finally won. In view of the several hundred biographies of Bonaparte, it is certainly surprising that so little should be known with any degree of certainty concerning the world-famous Arab which he rode for eight hours at Waterloo, and previously in scores of battles, as well as during the disastrous Russian campaign. To an American visitor to the Bonapartes at Chiselhurst in the summer of 1872, Louis Napoleon, in speaking of his own horses and those of his uncle, said:

The emperor's "Marengo" was an Arabian of good size and style and almost white. He rode him in his last battle of Mont St. Jean, where the famous war-horse received his seventh wound. I mounted him once in my youth, and only a short time before his death in England at the age of thirty-six. Another favorite was "Marie," and was used by the emperor in many of his hundred battles. Her skeleton is to be seen in the ancient castle of Ivenach on the Rhine, the property of the Von Plessen family. Of the other sixty or seventy steeds owned by Napoleon and used in his campaigns, perhaps the most celebrated were "Ali," "Austerlitz," "Jaffa," and "Styrie." He had nineteen horses killed under him.

The American might have mentioned, but did not, that Field-Marshal Blücher had twenty shot in battle, while in the American Civil War Generals Custer of the North and Forrest of the South are believed to have lost almost as many in the short period of four years. "Marie" is thus described by Victor Hugo in the words of a soldier of the Old Guard:

On the day when he [Napoleon] gave me the cross, I noticed the beast. It had its ears very far apart, a deep saddle, a fine head marked with a black star, a very long neck, prominent knees, projecting flanks, oblique shoulders, and a strong crupper. She was a little above fifteen hands high.

When "Marengo" was slightly wounded in the near haunch, Napoleon mounted "Marie," and finished his final battle on her. On his downfall, a French gentleman purchased "Jaffa" and "Marengo" and sent them to his English estate at Glastonbury, Kent. The tombstone of the former may be seen there, with the inscription, "Under this stone lies Jaffa, the celebrated charger of Napoleon."

The last trumpet-call sounded for "Marengo" in September, 1829. After his death the skeleton was purchased and presented to the United Service Institution at Whitehall, London, and is at present among its most highly treasured relics. Another interesting souvenir of the famous steed is one of his hoofs, made into a snuff-box, which makes its daily rounds after dinner at the King's Guards, in St. James's Palace. On its silver lid is engraved the legend, "Hoof of Marengo, barb charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the Russian campaign, and at Waterloo," and round the silver shoe the legend continues: "Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him in the hollow road in advance of the French. He had frequently been wounded before in other battles." Near his skeleton may be seen an oil painting of "Marengo," by James Ward, R.A., who also was commissioned by Wellington to paint a picture of "Copenhagen," Napoleon's pocket-telescope, and other articles found in his carriage at Genappe, near Waterloo, where he was nearly captured, but escaped by mounting the fleet "Marengo." In the museum is also displayed the saddle used by Blücher at Waterloo, and a letter written by the fiery old field-marshal, the day after the fierce battle, of which the following is a translation:

Gossalines June 19, 1815.

You remember, my dear wife, what I promised you, and I have kept my word. The superiority of the enemy's numbers

obliged me to give way on the 17th; but yesterday, in conjunction with my friend Wellington, I put an end forever to Bonaparte's dancing. His army is completely routed, and the whole of his artillery, baggage, caissons, and equipage are in my hands. I have had two horses killed under me since the beginning of this short campaign. It will soon be all over with Bonaparte.

From a recent Paris publication, written by General Gourgaud, we learn that at St. Helena Napoleon said that the finest charger he ever owned was not the famous "Marengo," but one named "Mourad Bey," of which, unfortunately, no further information is afforded by the French general. In his St. Helena diary, Gourgaud writes:

L'Empereur passé à l'equitation. Il n'avait pas peur à cheval, parce qu'il n'avait jamais appris. "J'avais de bons chevaux le Mourad-Bey etait le meilleur et le plus beau à l'armée d'Italie. J'en avait un excellent: Aussi, pour invalide, l'ai-je mis à Saint-Cloud, où il passait en liberté."

The last horse used by Napoleon was purchased at St. Helena. He was a small bay of about fifteen hands called "King George," but afterward named by the emperor "Scheik," which became much attached to him. Captain Frederick Lahrbush of the Sixtieth Rifles, who was then stationed on the island and who, as he could speak French, became intimate with Napoleon, gave me a description of "Scheik" and bequeathed to me his silver Waterloo medal and a lock of the emperor's hair, received as a parting gift on his departure from St. Helena.

As far as I am aware, no great commander ever possessed so valuable a charger as "Cincinnati," General Grant's favorite during the fourth year of the Civil War, and after his great victory at Chattanooga, during which he rode "Egypt," another of his six war-horses. A few weeks later, when in Cincinnati, Grant received the gift of the noble steed, which he named after that city. He was a son of "Lexington," with a single exception the fastest four-mile thoroughbred that ever ran on an American race-course, having made the distance in 7:19¾ minutes. The general was offered $10,000 for the horse, as his record almost equaled that of his sire and his half-brother "Kentucky." He was a spirited and superb dark bay of great endurance, Grant riding him almost daily during the Wilderness campaign of the summer of 1864, and until the war closed in the following spring. "Cincinnati" was seventeen hands, and, in the estimation of the illustrious soldier, the grandest horse that he had ever seen, perhaps the most valuable ever ridden by an army commander from the time of Alexander down to our own day.

The general very rarely permitted any person but himself to mount him. Only two exceptions are recalled by the writer, once when Admiral Daniel Ammen, who saved Grant when a small boy from being drowned, visited him at his headquarters at City Point on the James River, and when, a little later, President Lincoln came to the same place from Washington to spend a week with the general. On the admiral's return from a two-hours' ride, accompanied by a young aide-de-camp, Grant asked how he liked "Cincinnati."

Ammen answered, "I have never backed his equal."

"Nor have I," said the general.

In his "Personal Memoirs" Grant writes:

Lincoln spent the last days of his life with me. He came to City Point in the last month of the war, and was with me all the time. He lived on a despatch-boat in the river, but was always around headquarters. He was a fine horseman, and rode my horse "Cincinnati" every day. He visited the different camps, and I did all that I could to interest him. The President was exceedingly anxious about the war closing, and was apprehensive that we could not stand another campaign.

Soon after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee and his army at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, in April, 1865, "Cincinnati" was retired from active service, thereafter enjoying almost a decade of peace and comfort on Admiral Ammen's Maryland estate near Washington until the end came in September,

1874, and he then received honorable burial. The charger is fully entitled to a prominent place among the most celebrated chargers of the nineteenth century, which includes General Lee's "Traveller," General Sherman's "Lexington," and General Sheridan's "Winchester," which died in 1878, and was skilfully mounted by a taxidermist. "Winchester" is included among the relics of the Mexican and later wars in the interesting collection of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, New York Harbor.

It is interesting to record that Washington, who was six feet and two inches in stature, weighed at the time of the siege of Yorktown 195 pounds; Wellington, five feet seven inches, weighed at Waterloo 140 pounds; Napoleon, five feet six inches, at the same date, 158 pounds; and Grant, five feet eight inches, weighed at Appomattox Court House 145 pounds; General Lee at Gettysburg weighed 180 pounds; Sherman at Atlanta 165 pounds; and Sheridan, in the battle of Cedar Creek, about 150 pounds. Washington was the tallest, and Sheridan the shortest of the seven generals whose war-horses are described in this article. It will be seen, therefore, that Washington's war-horse "Nelson" had a much heavier weight to carry than the chargers "Copenhagen," "Marengo," and "Cincinnati," in their masters' concluding campaigns.

THE most celebrated charger in the Confederacy during our four years' war was General Robert E. Lee's "Traveller," described to the writer by Sheridan, who first saw him on the day of surrender at Appomattox, as "a chunky gray horse." He was born near Blue Sulphur Springs in West Virginia in April, 1857, and when a colt won the first prize at the Greenbrier Fair under the name of "Jeff Davis." When purchased by the great Virginian early in February, 1862, his name was changed by Lee to "Traveller," his master being very careful always to spell the word with a double *l*. The horse was sixteen hands, above half bred, well developed, of great courage and kindness, and carried his head well up. He liked the excitement of battle, and at such times was a superb and typical war-steed. General Fitzhugh Lee said to me that "Traveller" was much admired for his rapid, springy walk, high spirit, bold carriage, and muscular strength.

It may be doubted if any of the great commanders mentioned in American history possessed greater admiration for a fine horse than General Lee, who said, "There is many a war-horse that is more entitled to immortality than the man who rides him." On the third day of the battle of Gettysburg, when Pickett's gallant charge had been successfully repulsed by Hancock, and the survivors of his broken and decimated command were returning to the Confederate position, Lee appeared and spoke encouragingly to his defeated troops. While he was thus occupied, observing an officer beating his horse for shying at the bursting of a shell, he shouted: "Don't whip him, Captain! Don't whip him! I have just such another foolish horse myself, and whipping does no good." A moment later an excited officer rode up to Lee and "Traveller," and reported the broken condition of his brigade. "Never mind, General," responded Lee, cheerfully; "all this has been my fault. It is I that have lost the battle, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can."

As with Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo, so was it with Grant and Lee, who saw each other but once during their many fierce encounters about Richmond in the eleven months previous to the final surrender, and then only at a great distance, Grant, as he told me, recognizing the gray horse, but not his rider. The illustrious soldiers had met in Mexico while serving under General Scott, but after separating in April, 1865, never saw each other again but once—when General Lee called at the White House to see President Grant.

Soon after the close of the Civil War, Lee accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee University. For five years, until his death, he almost daily rode or fed his favorite charger. At the hero's funeral, "Traveller" was equipped for service and placed close to the hearse. When the flower-covered coffin was carried out from the church, the faithful horse put his nose on it and whinnied! He survived his attached master for two years, when a nail penetrated his right forefoot while grazing in a field, and, although it was immediately removed, and everything possible was done to save him, lockjaw developed,

and he died during the summer of 1872. "Traveller's" skeleton was preserved, and is to be seen at Lexington, Virginia, as well as Stonewall Jackson's famous "Sorrel," which was skilfully set up by a veteran taxidermist. "Traveller," like Sheridan's celebrated charger "Winchester," enjoyed the very great distinction of having his illustrious master for a biographer. In the sketch Lee mentions his other horses, saying: "Of all, 'Traveller's' companions in toil,—'Richmond,' 'Brown Roan,' 'Ajax,' and quiet 'Lucy Long,'—he is the only one that retained his vigor. The first two expired under their onerous burdens, and the last two failed." During the Mexican War, the general's favorite was "Grace Darling," a handsome and powerful chestnut, which was seven times wounded, but never seriously.

Referring to the photograph of "Traveller," General Custis Lee wrote to me:

> You will observe that my father's position in the picture which I send you, is that "to gather the horse," in order to keep him quiet. The legs are crossed behind the girth, and the hand is slightly raised. "Traveller" injured both my father's hands at the second battle of Manassas, and General Lee could not thereafter hold the reins in the regulation manner.

The brilliant Sherman's favorite warhorse was killed under him in the first day of the bloody battle of Shiloh, and two others were shot while in charge of his orderly. Later in the four years' contest his most famous steeds were "Lexington" and "Sam." The former was a Kentucky thoroughbred, and is mentioned in his memoirs. Sherman was photographed on "Lexington" in Atlanta, and he rode him in the grand review in Washington, May 24, 1865. The horse that under the homely name of "Sam" most firmly established himself in the affection and confidence of the general was a large, half-thoroughbred bay, sixteen and a half hands, which he purchased soon after losing his three steeds at Shiloh. "Sam" possessed speed, strength, and endurance, and was so steady under fire that Sherman had no difficulty in writing orders from the saddle and giving attention to other matters. While as steady as a rock under fire, "Sam" was nevertheless prudent and sagacious in his choice of shelter from hostile shot and shell. The charger was wounded several times when mounted, and the fault was wholly due to his master. He acquired wide reputation as a forager, and always contrived to obtain a full allowance of rations, sometimes escaping on independent expeditions for that purpose.

What first endeared "Sam" to Sherman was that he became a favorite with his son Willie, whom the writer well remembers when he came to Vicksburg on a visit during the siege only a brief period before his untimely death. The general told us that he always felt safe when his boy was absent on "Sam," knowing that he would keep out of danger and return in time for dinner. Sherman rode him in many pitched battles, and placed him on an Illinois farm, where he was pensioned, dying of extreme old age in the summer of 1884. The general's son Tecumseh writes: "Sam was hardly the heroic horse to place with the others you mention, but he was a strong, faithful animal who did perfectly the varied and dangerous work allotted to him, and made a march as long and difficult as any recorded in history—that from Vicksburg to Washington," via Atlanta, Savannah, Columbia, and Richmond.

A few months before his death Sherman said to me: "Now remember, Wilson, when I am gone, you are not to hand around a hat for a monument. I have paid for one in St. Louis, and all you have to do is to place me under it."

"General," was the reply, "your wishes shall be respected; but of course your troops of friends and admirers will certainly erect statues in New York and Washington, and I am certain our Society of the Army of the Tennessee will expect to honor their great commander with a statue in some city of the West."

"Oh, well, that 's all right," said the old hero, "if they think I am worthy of them; but don't put me on a circus horse."

This comment I repeated at the Metropolitan Club luncheon which followed the unveiling of Saint-Gaudens's equestrian statue of the illustrious soldier. While McKim, who designed the pedestal, the poet Stedman, and others smiled, the gifted sculptor looked solemn. The steed, whose feet are not all where Sherman

wished them to be, is supposed to be a counterfeit presentment of "Lexington."

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, who was in half a hundred battles and skirmishes without ever being wounded, wrote to an army friend in January, 1876:

In regard to the black horse, I am glad to say that he is still living, and is now in my stable. He has been a pensioner for the past eight years, never being used save in the way of necessary exercise. He is of the Black Hawk stock, was foaled at, or near, Grand Rapids, Michigan, and was brought into the army by one of the officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry, of which I was made Colonel in 1862. Early in the spring of that year, while the regiment was stationed at Rienzi, Miss., the horse was presented to me by the officers, and at that time was rising three years old. He is over seventeen hands in height, powerfully built, with a deep chest, strong shoulders, has a broad forehead, a clear eye, and is an animal of great intelligence. In his prime he was one of the strongest horses I have ever known, very active, and the fastest walker in the army, so far as my experience goes.[1] I rode him constantly from 1862 to the close of the war, in all the actions and in all the raids, as well as campaigns in which I took part. He was never ill, and his staying powers were superb. At present he is a little rheumatic, fat and lazy; but he has fairly earned his rest, and so long as I live he will be taken care of.

The celebrated charger died in October, 1878, when Sheridan made a slight addition to his biography, saying:

He always held his head high, and by the quickness of his movements gave many persons the impression that he was exceedingly impetuous. This was not the case, for I could at any time control him by a firm hand and a few words, and he was as cool and quiet under fire as one of my old soldiers. I doubt if his superior for field service was ever ridden by any one.

The poet-painter Buchanan Read, Herman Melville, and many minor writers made "Winchester" the subject of poems and sketches, while several sculptors and painters delineated him in marble and bronze and on canvas. On every returning Memorial day many gray-haired survivors of Sheridan's rough-riders who remember the services of his

Steed as black as the steeds of night,

cross over from New York to Governor's Island museum, and place flowers on the glass case containing the celebrated charger, whose body, after being set up by a skilled taxidermist, was, accompanied by his accoutrements, presented by the general to the United States Military Service Institution.

Near the close of his career, when General Grant lost his fortune in Wall Street, he voluntarily surrendered all his property with a single exception. He retained Read's spirited painting of Sheridan's "Ride," representing "Winchester" and his master, the greatest *sabreur* that our country has produced, perhaps not surpassed by any cavalry commander since the days of Murat. Read's poem of "Sheridan's Ride" will probably outlive his famous picture.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

May I be permitted, in conclusion, to mention that none of the hundreds of battle-chargers ridden by Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, Lee, Sherman, and Sheridan, suffered mutilation by the barbarous modern practice of docking their tails, which even uncivilized savages never perpetrate on their horses.

[1] I doubt if "Winchester," previously known as "Rienzi," could have outwalked Sherman's "Sam," a terror to staff-officers, General Meade's "Baldy," or McClellan's "Black Dan," for it was asserted they could all walk five miles an hour.



MRS. LONGBOW'S BIOGRAPHY

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD

MY acquaintance with Mrs. Longbow was due to my early friendship with her son Charles. Mrs. Longbow and her two daughters swung into my orbit quite unimportantly at first as shadowy persons to whom Charlie wrote letters home while we were boys at school; later I came to know the mother as an imposing figure, shiny with black jet, who eyed the school from a platform on those great occasions when Charlie received prizes and I did not. I never learned her weight, but I saw that her displacement was enormous. By successive stages, as I increased in stature and in years, my knowledge of her grew. I visited her son, I danced with her daughters, I frequently conversed with her,—she preferred to converse rather than to talk,—and I came to know as much of her habit and attitude of mind, perhaps, as one could who was thirty years her junior, not actively engaged in reforming the world, and of the despised sex.

Mrs. Longbow—Amelia E. Longbow, to designate her at once by the name that she made illustrious—was of the older school of philanthropists, who combined militant activity with the literary graces and a tremendous sense of personal dignity. She could despise men and yet receive them in her drawing-room without embarrassment; she could wage a bitter warfare on wickedness and, when deeply stirred, write a tolerable sonnet. She was indefatigable in her labors, but she was never, to my knowledge, flurried or hurried. A large presence, she moved through life with the splendid serenity of a steam-roller. She was capable of prodigious labor, but not of idleness. Whatever her hands found to do she did with all her might—and in her own way. At one time or another she was engaged in reforming most things that are susceptible of improvement or of disturbance. If she did not leave the world better than she found it, the fault was the world's, not hers.

It was a considerable shock to me that she should leave the world at all, so necessary had she seemingly become to its proper administration, let alone its progress. I read the news of her death in London just as I was sailing for home after a summer's holiday, and I felt a touch of pride that I had known the woman whose career was written large that day in the journals of a sister nation. But, as I reflected, neither America nor England had waited till her death to pay their homage. She had lived long, and on many great occasions during three decades she had been signally and publicly honored as the most remarkable of her sex. The cable-despatches announced that she left a comfortable fortune, and leading articles agreed that she was wholly admirable. I felt sure that she would have regarded the praise as unmerited if she had not shown her ability by leaving a respectable inheritance to her children. I had reason also to believe that she never lost her self-confident assurance of her own worth: she died, the newspapers said, quite peacefully.

Once back in New York, I took an early occasion to call on my friend Charles Longbow. I had always liked him ever since the day that I fished him, a shivering mite, out of the skating-pond at school. I

had been his chum thereafter until the end of my college course. Though I could not emulate his distinction in scholarship or public speaking, I could at least be useful to him, by virtue of my year's seniority, in protecting him from the consequences of his mother's celebrity. I even did him some service by pushing him into the thick of undergraduate life. I was really very fond of him, and I was sure he liked me.

If I had seen less of Charlie in later years, it was merely because our paths did not often cross in a natural way. We boast about our civilization a good deal, but we keep to our trails much as savages do—or animals, for that matter. Besides, for some years I had a good reason, not connected with Charlie's mother or himself, for keeping away from the Longbow house. So I had been with him less than I could have wished, though I had never lost the habit of his friendship. I was busy in my own way, and he was occupied in his. He had never been the conspicuous success that his youth had promised, but he was more widely known than many men with a greater professional reputation. To the larger public he was always, of course, his mother's son. At forty he was what one might call a philanthropic lawyer. He did a certain amount of ordinary business, and he wrote on many topics of contemporary interest for the reviews, made many addresses to gatherings of earnest people, served on many boards and commissions. He had retained the modesty and generosity of his boyhood, which made some of us devoted to him even though we were not in full sympathy with all of his activities. Pride and vainglory in him were purely vicarious: he was a little conceited about his mother.

As far back as my college days I had begun to distrust the estimate in which Mrs. Longbow was held by her family and, as well as one could judge, by herself. All of them, be it said, were supported in their opinion of her greatness and her abounding righteousness by the world at large. It was one of my earliest disillusionments to discover the yawning vacuity that lay behind her solid front of fame; it was a sad day for me, though it fostered intellectual pride, when I found out that she was not such a miracle of goodness as she seemed. Though Charles, as a matter of course, knew her much more intimately than I, I think that he never penetrated her disguise.

With his sisters the case was somewhat different, as I began to suspect not long after my own private discovery. They were a little older than Charles, and had better opportunities of watching their mother at close range. Helen married, when she was about twenty-five, a man of her own age, who eventually became one of the most prominent editors in New York—Henry Wakefield Bradford. She made him a good wife, no doubt, and had some share in his success both as debtor and as creditor. Whether she loved him or not, she supported his interests loyally. Though she had made an escape from her mother's house, she did not desert her. Indeed, in Helen's marriage Mrs. Longbow might truly have been said to have gained a son rather than to have lost a daughter. The Bradfords were ardent worshipers at the shrine, and they worshiped very publicly. In private, however, I detected a faint acidity of reference, a tinge of irony, that made me suspect them of harboring envious feelings. Perhaps they resented the luster of satellites, and would have liked to emulate Mrs. Longbow's glow of assured fame. Helen never seemed to me a very good sort, though we were accounted friends. She had many of her mother's most striking qualities.

Margaret, who was only a year older than Charles, never married. She was her mother's secretary and a most devoted daughter. She received with her, traveled with her, labored for her without apparent repining. Whether she ever had time to think seriously of marrying, or of leaving her mother on other terms, always seemed to me doubtful. At all events, she said as much to me repeatedly when at the age of twenty-five I proposed to her. Without question, she had a great deal to do in helping Mrs. Longbow to transact efficiently the business of the universe. She was prettier than Helen, who grew large and stately by her thirtieth year and was of too bold and mustached an aquiline type for beauty. Margaret was fair, and retained the girlish lines of her slender figure until middle age. She was clever, too, like the rest of the family, and had seen much of the world in her mother's company. She wrote stories that had considerable success, and she would have had

personal distinction as a member of any other family. My only reason for suspecting that she sometimes wearied of her filial rôle was a remark that she once made to me when I complimented her on a pretty novel she had published.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "one has to do something on one's own account in self-defense. Mother swallows everybody—she is so wonderful." The final phrase, I thought, did not altogether let Mrs. Longbow out.

They were all writers, you see, all well known on the platform and in the press, all active in good works and reform; but the children's celebrity shone mainly with a borrowed light. Irreverently enough, I used to think of the mother as being like a hen with chicks. The hen's maternal clucking calls less attention to her brood than to herself.

When I went to see Charles, I expected to find him overwhelmed with genuine grief, and Margaret, if she appeared at all, endeavoring to conceal the relief that was sure to be mixed with her natural sense of loss. Of course, Helen—Mrs. Bradford, that is—I should not see, for she had her own house. I should have to pay her a visit of condolence separately. I dreaded this first meeting, though I was really very sorry for Charles, whose devotion to his mother could not be doubted. I knew that he would expect me to say things at once consoling and laudatory, which would be difficult to frame. With so vocal a family, the pressure of a hand and a murmured word would be insufficient expressions of sympathy.

When I reached the old house rather too far east on Thirty-eighth Street, I was in a state of mind so craven that I would gladly have shirked my duty on any pretext whatsoever; but I could think of none. Instead, I had to tell both Margaret and Charles how deeply I felt their loss. I found them up-stairs in the library, a dismal room with too much furniture of the seventies, a mean grate, and heavy bookcases filled with an odd collection of standard sets, reports of philanthropic societies and commissions, and presentation copies of works in all fields of literature and learning. I cherished a peculiar dislike for this room, and I found no help in its dreadful reminders of Mrs. Longbow's active life. I did not quit myself well, but I managed to speak some phrases of commonplace sympathy.

Charles, lean, dark, and bearded, took up my words, while Margaret drooped in her chair as though some spring had gone wrong inside her.

"It was good of you to come so soon," he said. "I 'm sorry that you could n't have been here for the funeral. Our friends were magnificent. We were overwhelmed by the tide of sympathy. I think I might say that the whole country mourned with us. You would have appreciated it, as we did. It made one proud of America to see how she was revered; it made me personally ready to ask forgiveness for all my cheap outbursts of temper when I 've thought the country was going wrong."

"The papers on the other side were full of praises for her," I remarked uncomfortably.

"I know," returned Charles. "The world must be better than we have thought. I 'd like to believe that the moral awakening in which she was a leader has stirred men and women everywhere to right the wrongs of humanity. But it will take more lives like hers to complete the work."

"She interested a great many people in reform who would n't have taken it up if it had n't been for her influence. And all of you are carrying on work along the same lines." I had to say something, and I could think of nothing less inane.

"Yes," Charlie answered, wrinkling his forehead; "we must go on as well as we can. But it 's like losing a pilot. She had genius."

Margaret Longbow suddenly straightened herself and began to wipe her eyes delicately.

"Mother had strength for it," she said in a broken voice; "she had wonderful energy."

"But think what you have done—all of you!" I protested. "As a family, you are the most active people I know."

"I can't go on—now. I 'm going away as soon as things are straightened out. I 'm going to Italy to rest." Margaret's figure relaxed as suddenly as it had stiffened. She lay back against a pile of cushions with the inertness of utter fatigue.

"Margaret!" Charles exclaimed sharply. "What would mother have said?"

Margaret's thin lip curled. She made me wonder what explosion was going to follow.

"It does n't matter about Robert," she said, turning her head ever so slightly in my direction. "He knows that I 've tagged behind mother all my life; he knows that I never could keep up. He even knows how hard I used to try. I 'm not good enough and I 'm not clever enough. She was a whirlwind. I feel her death more than any of you,—I understood her better,—but you don't know what it has been like."

She was sobbing now, gently, indeed, but with every sign of an hysterical outburst, save that her voice never rose above its ordinary key. I felt sure that she was not being histrionic even for her own benefit, sure that she was filled with despairing grief, sure that she was holding hard to the crumbling edge of self-control; but I wondered what martyrdom of stifled individualism she was keeping back. Evidently Charles and I did not understand.

Pale, horrified, obviously angry at the sudden exposure of his sister's weakness, Charles Longbow rose from his chair and confronted her.

"Margaret," he said, and I detected in him, as he spoke, a comical resemblance to Mrs. Longbow, "I can't see, to be sure, why you should behave so childishly. You ought to know better than any one else the importance of mother's work, and you owe it to her not to drop out now that she is dead. She liked Italy, too, but she had a sense of duty."

"She had—oh, I know all about it!" Margaret had suddenly grown calm, and spoke with something like scorn. "But you don't know what it was to live with her so many hours every day—to be so dependent on her. I have n't cultivated any sense of duty of my own."

"You must need to rest," I remarked, wishing more than ever that I could go away, and feeling sure that Charles would give anything to get me out of the house. "A winter in Italy would do both of you a lot of good, I feel sure, after all the strain you 've been through. Why don't you go with Margaret, Charlie?"

He looked at me, sad-eyed and a little wondering.

"I could n't possibly take the time, Bob; but I dare say Margaret does need a change. I 'm sorry if I spoke impatiently. Only I can't stand it, Sister, when you speak as though mother were somehow to blame."

"It 's all right, Charlie," said Margaret, smiling from her cushions. "I should n't have broken out so. My nerves are on edge, I suppose. Perhaps I shall come back from Italy after a while quite ready to take hold. And one can write even in Italy."

"That reminds me." Charles turned again to me. "I 've been hoping to see you soon about one thing. We agreed the other day that you ought to be asked about it before we made any move. The public naturally expects an authorized biography of mother. The demand for it has already begun. Don't you think Henry Bradford is the person to do it? Helen thinks he would be willing to."

"He would do it well, undoubtedly," I answered, rather startled by the abruptness of the question. I was really unprepared to give a judicial opinion about the matter.

"Henry would like to do it," said Margaret, "and he would give a very just estimate of her public life. Helen could look after the English; she always does. Only I won't have Henry or anybody else rummaging through all mother's private papers."

"Of course we should—I mean, you ought to look them over first," returned Charles, uneasily.

"Henry has no discretion whatever," commented Margaret. "Besides, mother never liked him particularly, as both of you know perfectly well. She liked you, Robert, a great deal better. Helen would be furious if I said it to her, but it 's true."

"Yes, yes, Henry tried her sometimes," Charles murmured; "but he knows about everything in which she was interested."

"Why should n't *you* do it?" I asked him.

"Oh, it ought to be some one further removed from her," he answered—"some one who could speak quite freely. I could n't do it."

"There 's one other possible plan," I remarked. "Have n't you thought of it? Why should n't the three of you collaborate in a life? It seems to me that might be the most suitable arrangement. All of

you write; you have all been associated with your mother in her work. Why should n't you?"

"That plan has n't occurred to us," returned Charles, hesitatingly. "It might be appropriate: 'The Life of Mrs. Longbow, by Her Children.' What do you think, Margaret? Would Helen think well of it?"

"Helen might," replied Margaret. "I don't quite know. I 'd rather be left out of it myself."

"Oh, I could n't work with Helen alone," said Charles. "She would overrule me at every turn."

"There you are!" Margaret put in. "It would be a beautiful idea, no doubt; but we should find it hard to agree."

"Yet we ought to consider the plan before we ask any one else to do the book," said Charles, looking at me as though for confirmation. He had been walking about while we talked, and now stood facing us from behind the library table.

"You certainly ought," I agreed, rising to go.

A few days later I paid a visit to the Bradfords. Helen was alone. She received me graciously and spoke of her mother with much feeling and pride. Very soon, however, she turned the conversation to her sister.

"I 'm troubled about Margaret," she said. "You 've seen her. I 'd like to know exactly what you think. She seems to me to be on the edge of a nervous collapse, but she won't see a doctor."

"She is very tired, evidently," I responded, "but I thought she had herself well in hand. Perhaps it may be a good thing for her to put through her plan of going to Italy."

"Perhaps so. The poor child needs a rest, certainly. But I 'm not at all sure that she ought to be allowed to go away by herself." Helen Bradford eyed me significantly. "What worries me is her fixed idea that mother has somehow been unjust to her. It is almost insane, this idea, and it distresses me more than I can say. You see, I should n't speak of it at all except that you have known her so long. You see how absurd the idea is. Margaret has had greater advantages from mother's society than any one else, as you know. It was a great privilege."

"Undoubtedly." I could not bring myself to say more than that, for I had a swift vision of what forty-two years of constant association with Mrs. Longbow must have been like. "But the strain on her these last two months must have been very great."

"Hardly greater than for me," remarked Helen Bradford, stiffly. "I relieved her at every turn. I think I did my full duty to mother. Besides, mother never gave trouble; she was almost painfully anxious to avoid doing so."

"I am sure of it," I hastened to say; "but I suspect that Margaret has not the strength of Mrs. Longbow. You are more like your mother in many respects." I was not quite sure whether Helen would take this as a compliment, whether she might not detect a flavor of irony in the speech; but I was relieved when it brought to her lips an amiable smile.

"That is very good of you," she said. "Margaret—poor dear!—has always been perfectly well, but she has never had much vitality. That is very important for us who are busy with so many kinds of work. Charles does n't get tired in the same way, but he gets worried and anxious. Mother never did. Margaret and Charles are more like my father. You never knew him, I think?"

All through her speech Helen Bradford had been pluming herself much as I have seen fat geese do. The comparison is inelegant, but it conveys the impression she gave me. At the end she sighed.

"No," I answered, "he died before I knew Charlie."

"I remember him vividly," said Helen, "though I was a mere girl when he died, and I have often heard mother say that he fretted himself to death over non-essentials, quite selfishly. I am, I hope and believe, whatever my faults may be, not like that."

I could truthfully say that she was not, and I added some commonplace about Margaret's restoration.

"I shall have to look after her," she went on. "Charles can't be depended on to do so. It is a great pity she has never married. A great deal will come on me, now that mother is gone. For instance, there is her biography. I must arrange for it without too much delay. I am aware that people will be waiting for it eagerly."

"We can hardly hope to have the complete record of so active a life immediately," I said, thinking to be polite.

"Perhaps not," she answered, "but my husband says that the success of a biography depends very largely on when it is issued. It must n't be too long delayed. You may not know that mother kept a copious journal all through the years, from her earliest girlhood. With the letters she saved, it will be of the greatest service to her biographer, I feel sure."

"I am convinced of it," I returned. Indeed, I could picture to myself the amazing confessions that must be hidden in any really intimate journal by Mrs. Longbow. I suspected that the revelation of it would shock right-minded persons; but I did not doubt that the spectacle of self-immolation finding its reward in worldly success and fame would give to thousands the thrill of true romance.

"Charles tells me," proceeded Mrs. Bradford, "that you suggested the possibility of our collaborating—the three of us—in the biography. It is a very beautiful idea. 'Mrs. Longbow, by Her Children!' The great public servant as seen by those nearest and dearest to her, by those whom she brought into the world and trained to follow in her steps! Mother would have appreciated your thinking of it, Robert, I feel sure. But you must see how impracticable it would be. Margaret is in such a state, and Charles would never get anything done. He is very busy with his work, of course, as all of us are; and he is apt to weigh things very critically. I should have great trouble in getting the biography written within a reasonable time. I have thought that perhaps we ought to get Henry to do it."

"He would no doubt do it very effectively," I said, and rose to go.

"We must consider carefully a great many things, must n't we?" she remarked brightly. "And the matter is so very important! It is a great responsibility for one to be the child of such a mother. So kind of you to come, Robert! I prize your sympathy not only for itself, but because I know how greatly you admired mother. It has been a great consolation to see you."

I left the house, glad that the interview was over and determined to see as little of the Longbows as possible, unless I could get Charles by himself. It struck me that, in donning her mother's prophetic mantle, of which she obviously considered herself the rightful heiress, Mrs. Bradford found compensation for her responsibilities. I could not see why I should be troubled about the question of a proper tribute to Mrs. Longbow, whose personality I disliked as cordially as I disliked most of her agitations. I wondered whether other friends had suffered in the same way.

I was, indeed, not altogether pleased the following week when I received from Margaret Longbow an invitation to dine informally with her brother and herself.

"Helen and her husband are to be here Friday night," she wrote, "and I feel the need of outside support. They seem to think me harmlessly insane, but will perhaps treat me less like a mental invalid if you are here. I 'm sure you will be bored; but I hope you will come, if you can, for old friendship's sake." I could think of no polite excuse for not responding to this signal of distress, and accordingly found myself once more gathered to the collective bosom of the Longbows. I could only hope that they would have the decency not to appeal to me for any further advice.

The family was assembled before I arrived at the house. Margaret and Charles looked a little uneasy, I thought; but the Bradfords, as usual, were superbly aware only of their superiorities. Henry Bradford, well-fed and carefully dressed, exuded success at every pore, but only the delicate aroma of success. As an experienced editor, he had learned to be tactful, and he had made himself the plump embodiment of tact. His features composed themselves on this occasion with a becoming trace of regretful melancholy and an apparent willingness to be as cheerful as seemed proper. The only discordant note in his whole well-rounded presentation of a journalist in easy circumstances was the top of his head. Seen through a sparse thicket of hair, it was shiny, like a coat worn too long. His wife had the impressive exterior of a volcano in repose.

During the simple dinner we talked pleasantly about a variety of things that were within the province of the Longbows: municipal reform, Tolstoy, labor-unions, a plain-spoken novel by Mrs. Vir-

gin, Turkish misgovernment, the temperance movement. We did not mention Mrs. Longbow's name, but we felt, I am sure, that her spirit hovered over us. I, at least, had an abiding sense of her immanence. When we went back to the drawing-room together, I expected that her virtues would become the topic of general conversation, and I dreaded the hour to follow.

My fears were relieved, however, by the prompt withdrawal of Mrs. Bradford and Charles. He wished her to sign some document. Margaret and I were left for Henry Bradford to amuse, which he did to his own satisfaction. He was kind enough to be interested in my humble efforts to live honestly by my pen: he expressed himself almost in those terms. When his wife appeared in the doorway and announced briefly, "Henry dear, I want you," I saw him waddle away without feeling myself moved to sympathy.

"Henry is insufferable, is n't he?" said Margaret, quietly. "I don't see how Helen can stand him except that he stands her."

"Oh, come," I answered, "you 're too hard on them. Besides, you would n't like it if I agreed with you."

"Really, I should n't mind at all. I 've stood by the family all my life, and I 'll stand by Charlie now; but I 've never been deceived into believing that I cared for Helen or Henry. I would n't hurt them even by saying what I think of them to anybody except you, but I prefer not to see them. That 's one reason why I 'm going abroad. We sha'n't be so intimate after I get back."

She rose languidly from her chair and fidgeted nervously with some books on the table.

"How long do you plan to stay?" I asked, crossing the room to her side.

"You think it will take me a good while to get free of their clutches? I 'm going to stay till I feel safe, that 's all. I don't want to do anything for anybody again, and I sha'n't come back as long as there 's a chance of my being asked."

She spoke vindictively, with more vehemence than I had ever seen in her. She gave me the impression that the stifled flame of rebellion was breaking free at last, but only when the food for it was exhausted. In her trim and faded prettiness she was mildly tragic—futilely tragic would perhaps be the better phrase. Life and Mrs. Longbow had sapped her vitality; that was clear. They had taken much from her, and given her little in exchange. I wondered fatuously whether she had chosen well twenty years before in devoting herself to reform and her mother rather than to me.

Doubtless I hesitated longer than was conventionally polite over framing my reply, for she turned to me with a rather mocking laugh and went on:

"It 's very sad about me, is n't it? But you need n't pity me, Robert. You gave me a chance to get out once, you remember, and I chose to do good to all the world instead of battening on you. It was foolish of me, but it was probably a lucky thing for you."

"I 've never married, Margaret," I answered, feeling somewhat grim and a little uncomfortable.

"Pure habit, I suppose," she answered lightly, "but it ought to give you satisfaction that I 'm sorry both of us have n't. You need n't be frightened, even though Helen has the absurd notion of throwing me at your head now. You see what I am—just dregs. Mother and Helen have never got over thinking me a young girl, and they 've always planned for you to marry whatever was left of me after they 'd finished."

"I 've never been very proud of my own behavior," I put in. "I ought to have been able to make you marry me back there, but—"

"You were no match for mother." Margaret ended the sentence for me. "Nobody ever was. But even she should n't have expected to keep that old affair in cold storage for twenty years. I 'm a baby to be complaining, but I can't help it this once. Things are so terribly dead that I can safely tell you now that you ought to marry—not that I suppose you have been restrained on my account for some fifteen years! I 'm merely showing you my death-certificate in the hope that you 'll avoid my unhappy end."

"But, Margaret, what *are* you going to do?" I cried, too disturbed by the situation not to realize that she had diagnosed it correctly.

"Oh, as I 've said, I 'm going to inter myself decently in Italy, where I shall

probably write a book about my mother. I can stay away just so much longer."

At that moment the others came in and stopped whatever reply I could have made.

"So sorry we had to leave you like this," said Mrs. Bradford, sailing majestically into the room; "but you are such an old friend that we treat you like one of the family, you see." She smiled in a way that made her meaning plain.

"It does n't matter about Bob, of course," said Charles, who was clearly so much engrossed by his own affairs as to be impervious to anything else. "He and Margaret ought to be able to entertain each other."

"I think we do very well, thank you," I remarked with a flicker of amusement. "At least I do."

Charles, quite serious and earnest, planted himself in full view of the group of us.

"Look here," he said "—all of you. I wish to talk to you about mother's biography."

"Yes, indeed," responded Mrs. Bradford, settling heavily into a chair, "we ought to consider the matter at once. It was largely on account of it that Henry and I took the time to come here tonight." She assumed her most businesslike expression.

"There 's really nothing more to consider," went on Charles, puckering his forehead. "I simply wish to tell you that I have received an excellent offer from Singleton for a work in two volumes, and have accepted it. He will give a large sum for the book—a very large sum."

"Charles," said Helen Bradford, severely, "how can you speak of money in such a connection? I think that you acted very unwisely in not first consulting your family. As a matter of fact, your precipitate action is very embarrassing, is n't it, Henry?"

"You certainly should have told us that the offer had been made," concurred Bradford, looking aggrieved. "It does complicate things."

"I can't see why," said Charles, with a sudden burst of anger. "I 'm mother's executor, as well as her only son, and I surely have the right to make my own arrangements about her biography. I thought at first that some one outside the family ought to write it, but I 've been shown quite clearly that it is my duty to do it."

Mrs. Bradford's firm jaw dropped a little.

"*You* do it!" she cried. "I 've decided that it will be most suitable for me to write it myself. In point of fact, Henry has already made satisfactory arrangements for me with Banister. So you see—"

"I see," said Charles, impatiently, "that you and Henry have been meddling in the most unwarrantable fashion, quite as usual. You 'll have to get out of it with Banister the best way you can, that 's all."

Margaret's even voice broke in on the dispute.

"It may interest you to know that I 'm proposing to write a book about mother myself. The Henrysons naturally wish one to go with their edition of her writings, and they pay quite handsomely. What they want is n't a complete biography, you know—just the recollections of a daughter. They seem to think me the one best qualified to do it. Perhaps, after all, I am."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Helen Bradford. "I cannot allow this thing to go on. At great personal inconvenience I have agreed to do the book; and I refuse to be placed in the undignified position into which you are trying to force me. I decided that I 'd better write it myself, partly because you seemed to be jealous about having Henry do it. I have prepared to give valuable time to it. And what is my reward? You have gone ahead secretly and made arrangements on your own account not for one biography, but for two. I think it most selfish and inconsiderate of you."

"It will injure sales," put in Henry Bradford, knowingly.

"Of course you don't need to go ahead with yours, Helen, if you feel like that," said Margaret.

"I don't see why—" began Mr. Bradford, but he was interrupted by his wife.

"I don't see why either. There *is* no reason. I 'm not going to let you get all the honor and reward of it. What would people think of me?"

Margaret laughed.

"Only that you were too busy to write, my dear," she remarked; "that you had

left it to less important members of the family."

"I shall write the book in spite of you," Mrs. Bradford replied. She was furiously angry and a quite unlovely spectacle. A volcano in eruption is not necessarily beautiful. "Mother always taught me," she continued, "never to be too busy to do my duty. I could n't bear to think of leaving her great personality in the hands of either of you. You are undutiful children."

Charles Longbow's frown had deepened, but he had regained his composure.

"I think, Helen," he said, "that mother would n't like to see us quarreling like this. She believed in peace and calm." For a moment his natural generosity seemed to assert itself. "You are so much like her that I can't bear to have anything come between us. I 'm sorry I did n't know you wanted to write the book."

"You did very wrong in not consulting me," replied Helen, with angry dignity. "I was at least mother's eldest child, and took a considerable share in her great work. You ought to see Singleton and get him to release you from your contract."

"Perhaps Helen ought to have her own way," remarked Margaret, wearily. "She always has."

"I 'm certainly not going to change my arrangements now," Charles returned, with sudden stiffness. "I shall bring out a work in suitable form, something on a scale worthy of mother. What is more, her journal and all her papers are mine to do what I please with."

"Come, Henry!" cried Mrs. Bradford. "You may like to have insults heaped upon me, but I won't remain to hear them."

Magnificently, explosively, she swept from the room, followed close by her husband. For a moment the brother and sister stood looking at each other like naughty children apprehended in a fault. I was forgotten. At length Margaret sank into the chair from which her sister had risen and gave a nervous laugh.

"I hope you have enjoyed the entertainment we 've been giving you, Robert," she said, turning her head in my direction. "This will be the end of everything. All the same, Charlie dear, I hope you 'll let me sort mother's papers before I go away."

"Oh, come, Charlie,"—I plucked up my courage to play the peacemaker, for I felt that this dance on a newly made grave would disturb even Mrs. Longbow's serene and righteous soul,—"there 's no reason why Helen should n't write a book as well as you. The public will stand for it. I hope you 'll tell her so."

Charles's solemn face cracked with a grin.

"I sha'n't have to," he said. "But I 'm sorry you were here—you know what I mean. I 'm ashamed."

I could not fail to see that his pride was touched to the bleeding-point, and that Margaret was utterly weary. With only a hand-shake and a word of parting I went away, glad enough, you can understand, to make my escape.

I met none of them again till I went to the docks, a month later, to say farewell to Margaret. Charles was with her, but Helen was not there. Margaret looked very old and ill, I thought. Just before the boat sailed, she managed to screen herself from her brother, and hurriedly slipped an envelop into my hand.

"Please give this to Charlie when I 'm well out to sea," she whispered. "I can't bear to send it through the post-office."

"How soon?" I asked under my breath, supposing her secrecy to be the whim of a nervous invalid.

"Give me three days," she replied, glancing furtively at her brother, who was just then absorbed by the spectacle of a donkey-engine on a lower deck. "It 's about mother's journal and her papers. Don't you see? I looked them over,—Charlie told me to,—but I could n't bear to explain to him, and I have n't had time yet to copy them. My letter tells about it."

She turned from me quickly and took her brother's arm, insisting that both he and I must leave the ship at once. Twenty minutes later she waved gaily to us as the cables slackened and the boat swung out into the river.

I disliked my new commission, but I had been given no opportunity to refuse it. At the time appointed I carried the letter to Charles, whom I found in the family library amid heaps of faded and disorderly manuscript. As I entered the room, he rose excitedly.

"It 's extraordinary!" he exclaimed. "Mother's journals are gone, and so is all her intimate correspondence. Where can Margaret have put them? She went through everything."

"Perhaps this will tell you," I said, handing him the letter. "Margaret gave it to me just before we left the boat, and told me to keep it till to-day."

He read the letter, frowning.

"What does the girl think!" he cried when he had ended. "It 's extremely careless of her—she has carried off all of mother's really important papers; says she had n't finished arranging them, and will return them when that 's done. She must be out of her head to think of trusting such invaluable documents to any carrier in the world. And how does she suppose I 'm to go on with my book in the meantime? It 's mad."

"I don't quite see, myself," I responded, though in reality I was able to understand her motives: evidently she wished to spare Charles the full light of their mother's self-revelation.

"No one could see," he returned, his lean cheeks flushed with anger. "It 's impossible. It 's going to be a great inconvenience, even if the things don't get lost, and it may cost me a lot of money."

"Can't you be working through what 's left?" I asked. "There seems to be a lot of material."

"That 's just the trouble," he replied. "Margaret has sorted everything, and she 's left the rubbish—papers that could n't be of any use for the book I 'm engaged to write."

I was sympathetic, and willing to give Margaret her due measure of blame. If she had been less worn and flurried, she might have found some more discreet way of protecting her brother's happiness and her mother's reputation. Yet I rather admired her courage. I wondered how she would manage to Bowdlerize the journal without exciting her brother's suspicions. I awaited the outcome with curiosity and some misgivings. When I left Charles, he was writing a peremptory demand for the immediate return of the papers.

My curiosity was amply satisfied, and my misgivings were realized, when I received a letter from Margaret three weeks after she sailed. It was post-marked Gibraltar, and it ran astoundingly:

Dear Robert:

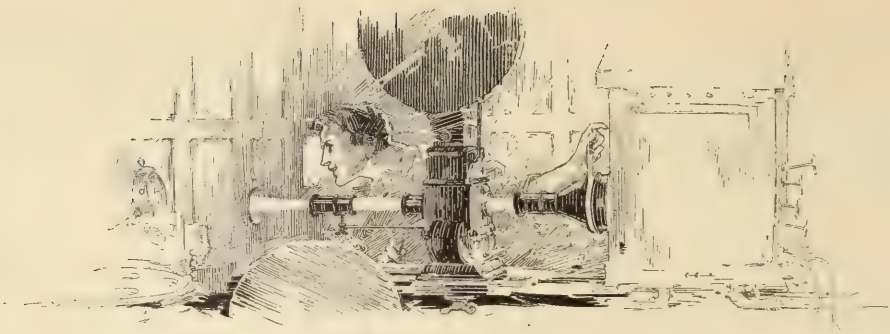
I 'm too ill to write, but I must. Try, if you can, to invent some plausible excuse for me, and tell Charlie about it. I can't possibly write to him. I tried—I really tried—to arrange the papers so that he 'd get only a favorable impression from them; but I could n't—and I could n't let him find mother out. If he had, he 'd have been hurt, and he 'd have filled his book with reservations. He 's terribly conscientious. I could n't bear to have poor mother's name injured, even if she did treat me badly. She did a lot of good in her way, and she was rather magnificent. So one night I dropped the papers overboard, journal and all. It 's a great deal better so.

I sha'n't stop till I get to Assisi. Don't let Charlie be angry with me. I trust you to understand.

Ever sincerely yours,
MARGARET LONGBOW.

I give the letter in full because it explains why no complete biography of Mrs. Longbow has ever been published. Conscientious Charles, naturally, has been unwilling to write a two-volume life without the essential documents, and Margaret has never put her recollections into a book. Helen Bradford's pompous work, "The Public and Private Life of My Mother," hardly serves as a biography: it really gives more information about Mrs. Bradford than about Mrs. Longbow. To supply the public's need of an intimate picture of the great philanthropist I have here set down my impressions of her.





THE WIDENING FIELD OF THE MOVING-PICTURE

ITS COMMERCIAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND ARTISTIC VALUE

BY CHARLES B. BREWER

IT has been variously estimated that there are already from fifteen thousand to thirty thousand moving-picture show-places in the United States. Greater New York alone has six hundred. Their development as an industry has been very recent. For while as early as 1864 a French patent was granted to Ducos for a battery of lenses, which, actuated in rapid succession, depicted successive stages of movement, this device could not have fulfilled the requirements of the moving-picture of to-day for the important reason, if for no other, that the dry, sensitized plate of that day could not receive impressions with sufficient rapidity. With the advent of instantaneous photography came what was probably the direct forerunner of the motion-picture in the work of Eadweard Muybridge, a photographer who, about 1878, began his camera studies of "The Horse in Motion," [1] "Animal Locomotion," [2] and other motion studies. His work was begun in California, on the private race-course of Governor Leland Stanford. Here he employed a battery of twenty-four cameras, spaced a foot apart, the shutters of which were sprung by the horse coming in contact with threads stretched across the track.

Mr. Edison's kinetoscope camera, begun in 1889, was described in court [3] as "capable of producing an indefinite number of negatives on a single, sensitized, flexible film, at a speed theretofore unknown." In his patent specification, Mr. Edison refers to this speed by saying, "I have been able to take with a single camera and tape film as many as forty-six photographs per second."

A recently published account of what seemed a novel development served to show that other inventors were also busy on the subject nearly twenty years ago. The innovation makes use of glass plates instead of the ordinary films. The pictures are taken in rows, 162 to a plate, and the finished plate resembles a sheet of postage-stamps. Provision is made for carrying eighteen plates and for automatically shifting the plates to take the pictures in proper sequence.

Mr. Edison first showed the world his completed invention at the world's fair in Chicago in 1893; but it was nearly 1900 before this infant industry could be said to be fairly started, though one enterprising manager had a regular place of exhibition as early as 1894. Two years ago it was estimated that in a single year the country paid over a hundred million dollars in admissions. There are no defi-

[1] THE CENTURY for July, 1882. [2] THE CENTURY for July, 1887. [3] Federal Reporter, Vol. 110, page 660.



From a photograph, copyright by The Biograph Co.

TABLEAU: THE DEPARTURE OF ENOCH ARDEN

nite figures available, though the census officials contemplate gathering such statistics this year. It is probably safe, however, to place the present revenue from admissions at close to two hundred million dollars.

The Department of Justice, which has recently instituted action for alleged combination of the ten leading film-makers of the country, states that the total of pictures printed by these ten leading companies, which handle between seventy and eighty per cent. of the country's business, fill between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 feet of film every week. This means between 25,000 and 30,000 miles of pictures annually.

There is an ever-increasing demand for films, and many manufacturers are kept busy. From an original film about two hundred positives are usually reproduced and sent broadcast to the forty-five distributing agencies of the general company, which do the work formerly done by about one hun-



From a photograph, copyright by The Biograph Co.

SCENE FROM "THE LAST DROP OF WATER." AN ATTACK BY HOSTILE INDIANS IN THE DESERT



By permission of the Jungle Film Company From a photograph, copyright by Paul J. Rainey

BEAR-HOUNDS PURSUING A CHETAH (FROM THE LIFE)



From a photograph, copyright by the Famous Players Film Co.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS QUEEN ELIZABETH SIGNING THE DEATH WARRANT OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER

dred and fifty independent exchanges in the various cities of the country. The reels were formerly sold; but are now leased to various theaters. Dates of exhibition are arranged with as much care and business acumen as are the great plays of the stage.

The larger places attempt to have one "first-night" reel among the several shown at every performance. The reels usually rent to the exhibitor for from $20 to $25 for the first night, the price being scaled down each succeeding night about twenty per cent., until finally the rent is as low as a dollar a night. Hence a reel may travel every day, much the same as a theatrical troop in visiting small cities. The writer once had occasion to trace one of the Edison films, known as "Target Practice of the Atlantic Fleet." The exchange had a complete schedule of just where this film would be shown for three weeks. It had been shown in several places in Washington, where it was scheduled to return, but was then in Richmond, Virginia, and was billed to appear the next day in Frederick, Maryland.

The admissions are small, but the expenses are usually not great. Most of the exhibition places are cared for by an operator, usually paid not more than twenty-five dollars per week; a piano-player, a doorkeeper, and a ticket-seller, varying from fifteen to eight dollars per week. Many proprietors operate a chain of several places, and many fenced-in city lots are pressed into service in summer.

The moral tone of the pictures now exhibited has been greatly benefited by the movement started in New York by those public-spirited citizens, headed by the late Mr. Charles Sprague-Smith, known as the National Board of Censorship, which wisely serves without compensation. The film-makers voluntarily submit their work, and are more than glad to have it reviewed, and it is said on good authority that no manufacturer has ever refused to destroy a film which did not receive the indorsement of the board. In a recent letter to "The Outlook," Mr. Darrell Hibbard, director of boys' work, Y. M. C. A., Indianapolis, discusses this phase of the subject. He writes: "Why is it



Produced by Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

A SCENE FROM "THE BLACK ARROW"

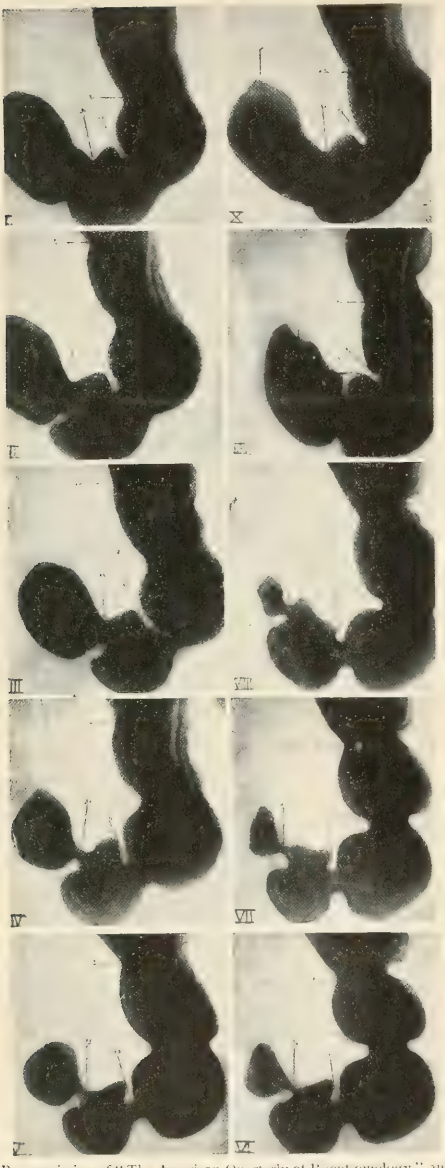
This picture, showing the "Battle of Shorebytown," was posed near New York City.

that from juvenile, divorce, and criminal courts we hear constant blame for wayward deeds laid on the 'five-cent shows'? The one answer is the word 'Greed.'" He adds that when a film has passed the National Board of Censors, copies of it go to distributing agencies, in whose hands "it can be made over uncensored, strips can be inserted, or any mutilation made that fancy or trade may dictate. . . . A so-called class of 'pirated' films are the extreme of irresponsibility. . . . They are either manufactured locally or smuggled in from Europe, and thus miss the National Board of Censors. . . . The only way that the people, and especially the children, can be safeguarded from the influence of evil pictures is by careful regulation of the places of exhibition. . . . The nation-wide supervision of public exhibitions should be under the Department of Education or Child Welfare at Washington."

There are now many auxiliary boards. Some are under the city governments, and are compulsory, as in Chicago. Last year this board passed on more than 3000 reels of pictures, comprising 2,604,000 feet of films. They found it necessary to reject less than three per cent. If, however, on investigation Mr. Hibbard's fears are found to be justified, the recently organized Children's Bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor will here obtain an early chance to justify its existence, as probably ninety-five per cent. of the films, as articles of interstate commerce, can now be subjected to its jurisdiction. Such supervision should also be welcomed by filmmakers as an important step in furthering an advancement in the moral tone of films, long since on the upward grade, and thus to open up an even wider field of usefulness than they now exert.

THE FILMS

THE smaller illustrations show the exact size of the pictures as they appear on the film. They are an inch wide and three quarters of an inch deep. A reel is usually a thousand feet long, and contains sixteen thousand pictures. On a screen twelve feet square, which is smaller than the usual size, there is surface enough to show twenty-seven thousand of the pictures side by side if they are reproduced without en-



By permission of "The American Quarterly of Roentgenology" and "The Archives of the Roentgen Ray"

SERIES OF RADIOGRAPHS SHOWING THE MOTIONS OF A STOMACH SUFFERING FROM GASTRIC PERISTALSIS

largement. Yet if every enlarged picture were shown on a separate twelve-foot screen, a single reel would require a stretch of canvas thirty-six miles long. Likewise a screen twenty feet square would accommodate over seventy-six thousand of the little pictures, and the stretch of canvas required for the enlarged pictures would be sixty miles long. After witnessing a performance, few realize that they have seen any such stretch of pictures as the figures show.

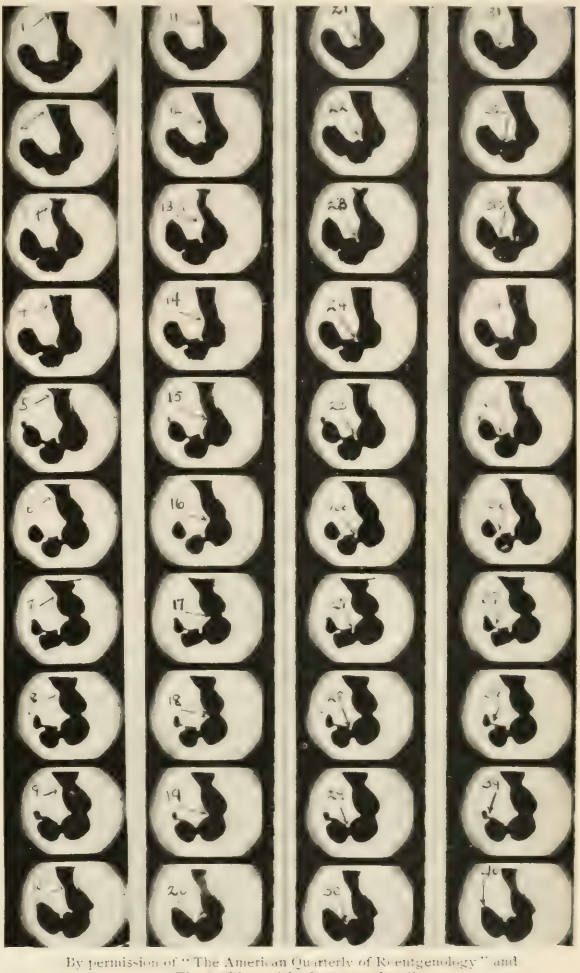
The life of a film is usually from three to six months, though varying, of course, with the treatment in handling. "The Scientific American" gives credit for superiority to films of French make, and attributes their excellence to the many tests to which they are subjected to secure exact dimensions, adequate strength, and other properties.

It is almost as vain to speak of the cost of producing a film as it is to speak of the cost of producing a painting. We know the cost of the canvas of the latter, and we also know the cost of the bare film is three cents per foot; but the cost of what is on the film may be represented only by the cost of developing and the labor of the machine-operator, as, for example, in such pictures as "An Inaugural Parade," or the famous pictures showing the "Coronation of George V." Sometimes, however, the cost runs as high as fifty thousand dollars, as did the film known as "The Landing of Columbus." These films require many people, necessitate the taking of long journeys to provide an appropriate setting, and need from two to three years to finish them. Before the film known as "The Crusaders" was ready for the public, six hundred players and nearly three hundred horses had appeared in front of the lens. The film of "The Passion Play," now in preparation, will cost, it is said, a hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Paul Rainey has stated that his wonderful animal pictures, which showed his happenings from the unloading of his expedition from an Atlantic steamer on the coast of Africa, through the various hunts, and up to his departure, likewise cost fifty thousand dollars. Some of these wonderful films demonstrated how practical was his much-laughed-at theory that the Mississippi hounds used for hunting bear could successfully hunt the destructive African lion and the chetah. These pictures, which were taken with the idea of permitting Mr. Rainey's friends at home to journey with him in spirit in his travels, were first shown publicly last winter at the National Geographic Society in Washington to illustrate a lecture

by Mr. Rainey. Those who then enjoyed them can feel only satisfaction to know that they have now been placed on public exhibition, to show to the people at large what Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, has declared to be "the greatest contribution to natural history of the last decade." The writer recently saw these pictures, and while the films are naturally not as perfect as when first shown in Washington, all the essentials are faithfully reproduced.

It is only recently that the streaky, flickering, eye-straining series of pictures first brought out have been supplanted by pictures so improved and so steady and continuous that the setting of a room or a landscape made up of hundreds of pictures appears as a single photograph. This is admirably illustrated by a portion of Mr. Rainey's pictures, which show, through the peculiarly clear African atmosphere, a range of mountains ninety miles away. Again, his picture of the drinking-place, where, owing to a long drought, some of the animals had come eighty miles to scratch in the sand for water, shows the stillness of an immense landscape broken only by the swaying of the nests of half a hundred weaver-birds in a single tree, and by the scamper of monkeys, baboons, and other small animals two hundred and fifty yards from the camera. The same still background is shown as these little animals cautiously approach, drink, and are driven away by those of larger size, who in turn give way to companies of zebras, giraffes, rhinos, and elephants.



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SERIES OF RADIOGRAPHS SHOWING MOTIONS OF THE STOMACH DURING DIGESTION

In a recent lecture given to benefit a fund to establish an animal hospital in New York, Dr. Joseph K. Dixon is credited with having shown a rare set of films which took his audience on a most interesting trip through the Yellowstone Park, and showed them an animal hospital which nature had provided in a secluded spot of aspen-trees, where injured creatures went for rest and convalescence. Many vivid pictures showed lame deer, wounded elk, and bears having their cuts and bruises healed by their own applications of oil taken from the trees.

SCIENTIFIC AND EDUCATIONAL,—MICROCINEMATOGRAPH FILMS AND ROENTGENCINEMATOGRAPHY

THOUGH the work of the cinematograph is only in its infancy, the range of its possibilities seems almost boundless. When

the target-practice pictures mentioned above were taken, it was said that some of the pictures showed a twelve-inch shell actually in flight. The writer saw these pictures, and while he did not see this point illustrated, possibly due to the breaking and imperfect repairing of the film, the statement can be credited, as it is feasible to see this with the naked eye if the observer is well in the line of flight. Another remarkable instance which illustrates the capabilities and speed of the lens has been cited in the case of a picture which shows a rifle-bullet on the inside of a soap-bubble, from which it was learned that the bubble does not break until the bullet leaves the opposite side from which it entered.



Produced by Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

SCENE FROM "WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE"

The moving-picture is more and more being used for educational and scientific purposes. It has been used for recruiting, and pictures were taken of the convention at Chicago for use in the national campaign. Pictures showing the methods of teaching in New York schools have been shown in many parts of the country. Dr. William M. Davidson, superintendent of public schools in the District of Columbia, is strongly advocating the passage of a bill now pending before Congress to use the schools as social centers for exhibiting educational moving-pictures. Likewise Superintendent Maxwell is urging their use in the New York public schools. Mr. Edison has very recently been quoted as saying: "I intend to do away with books in the school; that is, I mean to try to do away with school-books. When we get the moving-pictures in the school, the child will be so interested that he will hurry to get there before the bell rings, because it 's the natural way to teach, through the eye. I have half a dozen fellows writing scenari now on A and B." An eight-year course is being planned which it is expected will be started in Orange, New Jersey, in about a year.

By the use of the moving-picture, the St. Louis Medical Society has recently shown the method of inoculating animals with disease-germs and the effect of the germs on the blood. Circulation of the

blood and action of numerous species of bacilli were also illustrated. In a micro-cinematograph film showing the circulation of the blood in a living body, prepared by M. Camandon, a French scientist, and exhibited by MM. Pathe Frères, the London "Nature" states that the white corpuscles of the blood are shown gradually altering their shape and position and fulfilling one of their best-known functions in acting as scavengers and absorbing such abnormal substances as microbes, disease-cells, and granules of inert matter. "By reproducing at a slower pace the changes," this journal continues, "the cinematograph can assist us to attain a clearer perception of the nature of the alteration as it takes place. . . . No amount of imagination can supply the clearness and comprehension which actual seeing can give. The cinematograph might well become a most sufficient aid to the teaching of very many biological and especially medical subjects."

Utilizing the moving-picture with the microscope has given the layman an insight into a world almost beyond comprehension, and yet this field particularly is only in its infancy. At the recent World's Hygienic Congress in Washington, the large attendance at the lecture of Dr. Fullerborn of Hamburg, illustrated with microscopic moving-pictures, demonstrated the keen public interest in this subject. The pictures showed the skin of a guinea-pig being shaved, how it was inoculated with the hook-worm, the surgeon cutting out a piece of the skin and preparing his microscope. The remainder of the film showed just how the rapid multiplication of the much-talked-of hook-worm is revealed through the microscope.



Produced by Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

SCENE FROM "THE LAND BEYOND THE SUNSET"

This picture shows the fairies guiding a little newsboy to the land of his dreams.

The peculiar opaqueness necessary for the X-ray is obtained by administering to a patient, who is in a fasting condition, two ounces of bismuth subcarbonate mixed with two glasses of buttermilk. Many radiographs are then made in rapid succession. These are reduced to cinematographic size and projected upon a screen,



Produced by Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

SCENE FROM "THE STARS AND THE STRIPES"

This picture shows the surrender of the British captain to John Paul Jones in the famous fight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*. The scene was arranged in the Edison Studio, the American ship being stationary and the other arranged to run on rollers.

giving a very graphic representation of the motions of the stomach during digestion. The films used in this paper were made by Dr. Lewis Gregory Cole, Radiologist to Cornell University Medical College, and were shown at a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, and published in the Journal of that society and in the Archives of Roentgen Ray. This procedure is termed "Roentgencinematography" by Kaestle, Rieder, and Rosenthal, to whom Dr. Cole gives much credit for previous work along the same line. In the articles referred to above Dr. Cole advises this method of examination for determining the presence of cancers and ulcers of the stomach.

"Photographing time" has a spectacular sound, yet patents were recently issued to the writer which virtually accomplished this. Between the shutter and the film of the moving-picture machine are introduced the marked edges of revolving transparent dials, actuated by clock-movement. The figures in the three dials denote the hour, minute, second, and smaller divisions, and are arranged to come to a prescribed position as the shutter opens. By this means the exact time at which any motion is photographed is imprinted on the different pictures of the film independent of the varying speed of the hand-crank. Such records promise to be most useful in the "scientific management" field and medical pictures, from which comparative time studies can be made from a number of films at the same time or from a single film by reproducing it on the screen in the usual manner.

Over twenty years ago, Mr. Edison stated in his patent specification in referring to his ability to take forty-six photographs per second, "I have also been able to hold the tape at rest for nine tenths of the time." It was probably not intended to convey the impression that he

could take anything approaching ten times the number of pictures, as it is of course necessary to provide for rest periods; but it is significant that very recently a machine has been perfected for portraying such rapid motion as projectiles in flight, etc., which takes the almost inconceivable number of two hundred and fifty pictures per second. Indeed, experiments are in progress which promise even four hundred per second.

Films are also being utilized to show the news of the day. A member of THE CENTURY staff was in Rome last year when the king was fired upon. Two days later, in Perugia, he saw a moving-picture of the king appearing on the balcony of the palace before an enormous crowd assembled to congratulate him on his escape. More recently a London theater which shows the news of the day in motion-pictures is regularly opened and important events are shown on the screen two hours after their occurrence, a promptness approaching that of the press "extra."

TRICK FILMS

THE old saying is that figures do not lie; but a modern one is that they can be made to. Just so the trick film places before one's very eyes what to one's inner consciousness is impossible. Two favorite devices of the trickster are brought into play in a recent film which shows a cleverly produced romance woven about such an absurdity as the painting of a landscape by the switching of a cow's tail. The film tells the story of a ne'er-do-well, in love, pretending to study art. The father frowns on the match, but promises his favor if the son will produce an example of his skill. In desperation the brush and palette are taken to a field, and while the lovers are despairing, a friendly cow approaches the easel. The switching begins at once, and a change in the canvas is seen with every movement until a creditable painting appears. What has appeared astonishing would have attracted less attention had the audience seen that the pictures showing the restless cow were taken at intervals, between which, while the camera was stopped, a real artist worked on the picture, and stepped to one side when the camera was put into action.

The work of the trickster is shown to advantage in reversing a film depicting a building operation. When run backward, a brand-new structure is seen to be pulled to pieces, and its various members hauled away in wagons running backward.

One operator, who had shown boys diving from a high spring-board, has related how, by reversing the film, he let his audience see the boys come out of the water feet foremost, rise through the air the same way, and by a graceful turn land on their feet on the spring-board. Another has told how, by the same reverse motion, firemen, who a moment before had rescued occupants from a burning building, were seen to carry their victims back into the flames. We may perhaps look for some of these enterprising tricksters to illustrate the possibility of that expression of impossibility, "the unscrambling of eggs," or for one of them, with rare presence of mind, to catch on his lens an accident shattering a number of valuable cut-glass pieces, and then to convert a loss into profit by exhibiting the film reversed, and showing with wonderful effectiveness a mass of broken glass ascend through space and form itself on the table into the perfect originals.

THE PHOTO-PLAY

THE moving-picture has developed an important branch in the field of literature. Several periodicals are devoted entirely to the subject, and in many of the standard magazines can be found regular advertisements for short "photo-plays." The scenario-writers engaged in the work do not seem to be able to keep up with the increasing demand. Standard plays are pressed into service, and the leading managers and actors of the world are found among those producing the 5000 plays which moving-picture audiences require every year.

The drama on the white sheet dates back to the autumn of 1894, when Alexander Black of New York brought out the first "picture-play" before a distinguished literary audience. This first picture-play, called "Miss Jerry," like later white-sheet plays by the same author and artist, was accompanied by a spoken monologue giving all the speeches and covering all the transitions of the action. The pictures, the making of which was begun be-

fore the appearance of the motion-picture device, were produced in series, indoors and out, from a living cast, as in the present plays, and were put on the screen with registered backgrounds by the aid of a double stereopticon at the rate of from three to five per minute, thus presenting stages of action—a prophecy of the continuous action perfected in the plays of to-day.

When Mr. Black gave "Miss Jerry" for the first time in Boston, Edward Everett Hale, greeting the author after the performance, exclaimed, "Black, it 's so *inevitable* that I 'm chagrined to think that I did n't invent it myself." It seemed inevitable, also, that the motion-picture machine would take up the play idea; yet for a considerable time motion exploitation was confined to short, episodic films. Indeed, the early motion films were far less smooth in effect than the modern product, and at the beginning a prolonged run appeared like a hazardous undertaking for the eyes. Within the present season certain films have been run in almost unbroken continuity (as in Bernhardt's "Queen Elizabeth") for an hour and a half, which is to say that the motion-pictures are now giving the full dramatic progression suggested by the original lantern-play as seen by Dr. Hale.

Doubtless the value of the moving-picture drama will be greatly enhanced if speaking and singing parts in moving-picture performances, with the aid of the phonograph, have been made thoroughly practical by means of an instrument known as the "magnaphone," as is claimed by promoters of the device. The promoters are so well satisfied with the outcome of their experiments that they claim it will soon be used in all parts of the country. The instruments are not sound-magnifiers, but consist of a number of instruments resembling the megaphone which are placed in various parts of the audience, and the voice from the phonograph, which comes over a wire, is thus brought close enough to all parts of the house to make it plainly audible to every one.[1]

The following progress of "Picture Plays" has been kindly furnished by Mr. Alexander Black:

1—First "plays," in three acts, written, photographed, and presented by Alexander Black—1894.

2—Episodic motion-pictures placed in series.

3—Short five-minute comedies in motion pictures.

4—Scenes of travel in motion-pictures.

5—Scenes from novels in motion-pictures ("Vanity Fair," for example, presented in consecutive series—1911).

6—Scenes from "Odyssey" in consecutive series—1911–12.

7—Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"—1912.

PICTURES IN NATURAL COLORS

With other improvements have come the admirable pictures in natural colors, all mechanically produced. For some time we have had hand-colored films, but these have required extraordinary patience on the part of the colorist, who had to treat each of the sixteen thousand pictures one at a time. Excessive care was also necessary as an overlap of a thirty-second part of an inch would show the color many inches out of place when the picture was shown enlarged on the screen. The work is so tedious that the capacity of the colorist is said to be limited to about thirty-five feet of film per day; the cost is thus made excessive. And the market needs, which frequently require two hundred reproductions of a reel, render the hand-colored film commercially impracticable.

The machine which now produces beautiful color pictures is known as the "kinemacolor." It is the joint work of Mr. Charles Urban, an American who went to London a few years ago as a representative of manufacturers of an American motion-picture machine, and a London photographer. The machine differs from the ordinary cinematograph in several important particulars. The most noticeable difference is a rapidly driven, revolving skeleton frame known as a color-filter, which is located between the lens and the shutter. This color-filter is made up of different sections of specially prepared gelatin, two sections of which are colored, one red and the other green. The filter-screen is revolved while the pictures are taken, as well as when they are repro-

[1] Since this was written a device accomplishing the same purpose has been placed in public service.

duced, being so geared that the red section of the filter appears in line with the lens for one photograph, and the green section for the next.

The photographs are all in pairs, and twice the number of pictures are taken and reproduced as in the ordinary machine, and the speed is also twice as great, the kinemacolor taking and reproducing thirty-two—and sometimes as many as fifty-five—per second, and the ordinary machine sixteen. Incidentally, to care for the greater speed the kinemacolor machine is also driven by a motor instead of by the ordinary hand-crank.

When a negative is produced through the red screen, red light is chiefly transmitted, and red-colored objects in the original will appear transparent on the copy produced from the negative. Where the next section of negative has moved into place the green section of the filter has come into position, and the red-colored objects on this part of the negative will appear dark. This can be noticed in the illustrations, where such objects as the red coats of the horsemen and the red of the flowers, as shown in the enlarged pictures, in the small pictures appear light in every second view, and dark in each succeeding one. When the pictures are thrown on a screen, the transparent parts allow the colors of the filter to pass through, and the revolutions of the filter are arranged for showing the appropriate color for every picture. This will cause confusion, if, in repairing a broken kinemacolor film, an uneven number of pictures are cut out and the "pairs" thus interfered with.

The successful reproducing of these wonderful colors is largely due to what we know as "persistence of vision" (the same principle on which the kinetoscope is based), and is easily recognized when we remember that the lighted point of a stick appears to our vision as a ring of fire when the stick is rapidly revolved. Just so with these pictures: they are produced so rapidly that the red of one lingers on the retina of the eye until the green appears, and the red of the first picture melts into the green of the next, which does not appear, however, until the red one has passed away. The green selected for the filter has in it a certain amount of blue, and the red a certain amount of orange, and in the fusion of the colors may be seen pleasing combinations of greenish-yellow, orange, grays, blues, and even rich indigos.

The early products of this kinemacolor process were the pictures of the George V "Coronation" and the "Durbar." The coronation pictures are noteworthy for the brilliancy of the scenes, showing in action thousands of horses, some bay, some chestnut, while others are pure white, black, or of a peculiar cream color, all of them carrying gay horsemen, with bright red coats, before a sea of color shown in the gorgeous hats and exquisite gowns of the spectators and court attendants. The durbar pictures, of course, are more recent. They consist of 64,000 feet of pictures taken in Bombay, Calcutta, and Delhi, where the actual durbar ceremonial of coronation was held. The pictures at Calcutta, showing the royal elephants, are probably those which will most impress Americans, particularly those showing the superb control displayed when, at the mahout's bidding, the elephants go into and under the water, head and all, and leave the mahout on his back apparently standing on the water's surface. One set of pictures shows the elephants in the pageant, and illustrates the wonderful color capabilities of the process by distinctly reproducing on the enormous cloth of gold covering the elephants the sheen as its folds move with the elephants' steps.

In another part of these durbar pictures is shown a sea of color where fifty thousand troops pass in review before the eyes of the spectator in ten minutes. Two sets of the pictures show how quick is the action of this particular process. These are the polo tournament at Delhi and the cavalry charge, the action in which was so rapid as to require the machine to take fifty-five pictures a second, in order to show faithfully all of the movement.

After witnessing pictures so full of interest and so wonderful in color effect and action, one accustomed to democratic ideas could but wonder to see moving upon the screen, on a mechanically revolved table, so inanimate an object as a crown of jewels. Interest, however, was aroused when it was learned that the appearance of this picture was due to the fact that, as a mark of high appreciation of the coronation and durbar pictures, the king broke many precedents and permitted his crown

to be taken for photographing to the private studio of Mr. Urban, the inventor of the process. Incidentally, too, the crown was more wonderful than its appearance at a distance indicated; for the company informed the writer that it is made up of 6170 diamonds, 24 rubies, and 25 emeralds, the largest of which weighs thirty-four carats.

Another mark of the king's appreciation was his storing away in the "Jewel Office" of the Tower of London, in hermetically sealed vessels, a complete set of the pictures, to show posterity at successive coronations the exact manner in which George V became King of England and Emperor of India.

FROM BUD TO BLOSSOM

A RARE set of pictures taken by this color process which had not been given to the public was courteously shown to the writer in the private theater of the company. These, which are called "From Bud to Blossom," show a stream of pictures in such rapid succession that they simulate the trick of the Eastern magician who makes flowers grow into being before the eyes of the spectator. The pictures are taken in intervals of about three minutes by an automatic arrangement which continues the work for a period required for the flower to blossom, which is usually about three days. The speed of the growth, as seen by the spectator, is thus magnified about from six thousand to nine thousand times the actual growth of the flowers. So faithfully has the camera performed its task that even the loosening of the petals can be counted one by one, and in one picture, where two buds of a poppy are shown, the growth of one is far enough ahead of the other to show its shattered petals wither and drop while the companion is left in its magnificence. In another picture the water in the glass is seen to evaporate to one fourth its quantity before the flowers have fully blossomed.

As a fitting climax, to excel in gorgeousness the pictures of the flowers, there were retained until the last a series of pictures of a battle "unto death" in an aquarium between water-beetles and a magnificently marked snake. It almost passes the imagination to see the distinct preservation of the many and varied colors of the snake as it writhes and twists among the rocks on the bottom in its endeavor to loose the hold of the beetles. The thought is delayed too long, for soon after the bottom is reached one of the beetles finishes his well-planned attack, and the neck of the snake is shown where these vigorous little insects of the water have chewed it half-way through. Vanquished, the snake gives up the battle as its lifeless form is stretched on the rocks at the bottom.

THE YOUNG HEART IN AGE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

LET fall the ashen veil
On locks of ebon sheen;
And let Time's furrowing tale
On once-smooth brows be seen.

And let my eyes forego
Their once-keen shaft of sight;
Let hands and feet not know
Their former skill or might.

Take all of outward grace,
Ye Aging Powers—but hold!
Touch not the inner place,
Let not my heart be old!

Then, Youth, to me repair;
And be my soothéd guest;
All things with you I share
Save one,—that wild unrest!



HER OWN LIFE

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

SHE paid the landlady five dollars from a plump little purse of gold mesh.

"And I 'm expecting a—a gentleman to see me within the next half-hour," she said.

"Certainly, ma'am; I 'll show him right into the drawring-room and call you. I hope you 'll like the surroundings, ma'am; I have nobody in my house but the most refined—"

"Oh, I 'm sure I shall. Good day."

She sat on the edge of the bed in the furnished room she had just rented, and her face had the look of the girl's face in a little autotype of "The Soul's Awakening through Books" that hung on the wall opposite her. At last *her* soul was awake; she could hear it whispering, whispering in her bosom. Or was that sound merely the exultation of her excited heart?

At any rate, her soul was awake. She knew it, she could feel it, and it made her tingle. At last she had broken her bonds, she had proclaimed herself a real person in a real world. Her doll existence and her doll-self were further behind than the doll's house she had left. She was free—free to be herself, free to live her own life as her own desires decreed.

"Free! free!" she repeated under her breath. "Free!"

Her very presence gave a glamour to the shabby little room, so palpitating with life was she, so dainty and pretty and sweet, and so palpably young The coils of her bright-brown hair were smooth and artfully simple, as only the fingers of an expert hair-dresser could have made them; her clear-skinned, brunette coloring showed the fine hand of nature given every chance to produce its best; the delicate, dark curves of her eyebrows, the carmine bows of her lips, the changing, liquid velvet of her gold-brown eyes, were masterpieces of the same supreme artist. She was as fair as an April morning that has somehow strayed into the luxuriance of June.

Suddenly she realized that the air in the little room was close, that the single tall window was closed top and bottom. With a quick rustle of silken draperies, she fluttered over to it and threw it wide. The sounds that came in were not the metallic tenor shriek of the "elevated," the rumbling of wagons on cobblestones, the whining of surface cars: they were voices of the world. She held out her arms to them before returning to her perch on the bed.

There was such a dazzling host of things to be done that she could not begin to do anything. Her two big cowhide suitcases, standing in rather disdainful opulence beside the shabby chiffonier, invited her to unpack; but she dismissed the invitation with a toss of her head. How could she desecrate her first hour of freedom by putting clothing into bureau drawers? A mote-filled streak of sunshine, oblique with late afternoon, offered more congenial occupation. She let her eyes rest on it, and dreamed. It was pale

golden, like hope, like the turrets of castles in Spain, like the wealth awaiting claimants at the foot of a rainbow. For a long time she looked into it, and her face put off its first flush of exultation for the wistful doubtfulness of reverie.

There was a knock at her door.

"Yes?" she answered.

"Your gentleman friend is a-waiting for you in the drawring-room, ma'am," announced the landlady's voice from outside.

"All right; thank you. I 'll be right down," she said.

She arose in a small flutter of excitement, and patted her faultless hair before the mirror, turning her head this way and that. Gone was her doubtfulness, her wistfulness; she had brightened like a mirror when a lamp is brought into the room. The warm color in her cheeks deepened, and her eyes felicitated their doubles in the mirror. Lightly she fluttered down the broad stairway to the tiled hall below. At the entrance to the parlor she paused a moment, then swept back the heavy curtain with such an air as one might use in unveiling a statue.

A man, sitting in the big Turkish rocking-chair between the front windows, rose hastily to his feet. He was a compact, short-statured, middle-aged man, with a look of grave alertness behind the friendly set of his face.

"Mrs. Wendell?" he murmured, coming forward.

"And so you," she said, still poising between the curtains, "are Ames Hallton!" Immediately she laughed. "That sounds like melodrama," she exclaimed. "I 'm very glad to see you."

They shook hands. Her eyes continued to regard him with the puzzled interest that wonderful objects frequently inspire when seen closely. There was a faint shadow of disappointment on her face, but she did not allow it to linger.

"It was kind—it was awf'ly kind of you to come," she said. "Sha'n't we sit down? Do you know, I almost thought you would n't come."

"Your letter was very interesting," he returned dryly.

"I tried to make it that way—so interesting that you just could n't keep from coming." She folded her hands in her brown-silk lap and gravely bowed her head so that light from the window could bring out the copper tints in her hair. She felt the judicial expression of the gray eyes watching her, and chose the simplest means of making partizans of them. "I was quite desperate, and after I 'd read your 'Love's Ordeal' I knew you were the one person who could help me."

"Have you already left your husband?" he inquired.

She winced a little, and her brows protested. "You remind me of a surgeon," she said; "but that 's what I need—that 's what attracted me to you in your book. It 's all so calm and simple and scientific. It made me realize for the first time what I was—it and Ibsen's 'Doll's House.' I was nothing but a plaything, a parasite, a mistress, a doll." She bowed her head in shame. The warm color flooding her cheeks was as flawless as that in the finest tinted bisque.

"What you say is very, very interesting," murmured Hallton; and she knew from his changed tone that the fact of her beauty had at last been borne in upon him.

With renewed confidence, almost with boldness, she lifted her head and continued: "You see, I was married when I was only eighteen—just out of boarding-school. I was already sick of hearing about love; everybody made love to me."

"Of course," said Hallton, slightly sarcastic.

"I could n't help that, could I?" she complained, turning the depths of her gold-brown eyes full upon him.

He lowered his own eyes and pursed his lips.

"No, of course not," he admitted. "And then, when you realized that you were—inconveniently situated, you decided to imitate *Nora* in the 'Doll's House,' and get out? Is that it?"

"Well, yes; but—"

"So you explained to your husband how you felt, and left him?"

"I did n't exactly explain; my thoughts seemed to be all mixed up: I thought it would be better to write, after I 'd thought a little more." Again she allowed the glory of her eyes to be her best apologist. "I was going to write as soon as I 'd had a talk with you. You see, I came away only two hours ago, and Harry—my husband—will just think I 've gone to visit somewhere." Her beauty made a

confident appeal that he would sanction her position.

But Hallton looked out of the window.

"And what do you expect to do to earn your living," he asked, "now that you 've decided to quit being a parasite?"

It was cruelly unfamiliar ground, this necessity he put upon her of answering questions with mere words; she had become accustomed to use glances as a final statement of her position, as a full and sufficient answer for any question that a man could ask her. Nevertheless, she drew herself together and addressed Hallton's unappreciative profile:

"My husband will give me an allowance, I 'm sure, until I decide on some suitable occupation; or, if he is mean enough not to, there 'll be alimony or— or something like that, won't there?" Her eyebrows began to arch a little as Hallton continued to look out of the window, and her lips lost some of their softness. "That is one of the things I wished to speak to you about," she explained. "I thought perhaps I might take up writing, and I thought you might tell me the best way to begin."

Hallton put one hand to his forehead.

"However, of course the most important thing," she resumed steadily, "is for me to live my own life. That 's what I 've come to realize: I must express myself, I must be free. Why, I did n't know I had a soul until I found myself alone a short time ago in the little room that I had rented myself, all for myself. I 've been a chattel—yes, a chattel!" Her voice quavered; she hesitated, waiting for at least a glance of encouragement.

"I hoped you 'd understand, that you 'd advise me," she murmured. "I 'm afraid I 'm frightfully helpless; I 've always been that way."

"My God! yes, madam!" he exploded, facing her; "I should think you were!"

She made no reply; she did not even show surprise by a change of expression; she simply sat up very straight and faced him with the look of clear-eyed intelligence that she had found best suited to situations utterly beyond her comprehension. She waited, calm-browed, level-eyed, judicious-mouthed, for him to explain, to apologize.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

Her silence demanded more.

"I was rather overcome; I was about to take a cheap, narrow view of your—your dilemma," he explained. "I was about to say that your troubles were as common as dirt, and that you were wrong to take them so idealistically, and not to realize the simplest fundamentals of— Women are going through a period of readjustment just now, of course. Your troubles probably are n't much greater than those of any woman, or man, who goes out to hunt a job. You don't need to smash things, to kick up a row."

She watched, with the penetrating gaze of a Muse, his half-disgusted attempts to be polite. She had not the slightest idea what he was driving at; she merely understood that only his regard for her beauty and womanhood kept him from saying wild, irrational things. It occurred to her that he might be mentally unbalanced; geniuses often were.

"Look here," he continued, growing increasingly excited under her look of beautiful, understanding aloofness, "would n't it be a good thing if you decided, before beginning to live your own life, just what sort of life your own life is—what you want to make of it? You 're breaking away from a beastly artificial environment; are n't you afraid you 'll have as hard a time as, say, a pet canary turned out to make a living among the sparrows? Besides, canaries are quite as useful as sparrows."

"I hardly think," she said with great determination, "that I can be compared to a pet canary; and I 'll have to ask you to be more considerate in referring to my husband. He may not understand me, but he is kind, and as good as he knows—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Hallton, putting his hand to his forehead; "but I have no recollection of referring to your husband at all."

"You spoke of my breaking away from him," she said, "and you called him a beastly artificial—I won't repeat what you said." The delicate curves of her cheeks warmed with the memory of the unfamiliar appellation, with faint doubt as to her first idea of its value. "However, that 's neither here nor there. I wish to ask you a simple, straightforward question, Mr. Hallton: do you, or do you not, think it is right for persons to live their own lives?"

For a moment she thought she had succeeded in bringing him back to a humble consideration of her case; he looked at her with something like consternation in his face, his alert, gray eyes blinking rapidly. Light from the window made her massed hair a soft, golden glimmer above the sweet, injured, girlish seriousness of her face; her lips softened, curved downward, like a troubled child's.

But Hallton turned from her to look out of the window.

"Your own life, your own life!" he exploded again. "Why, you great, big, beautiful doll, that 's your own life—a doll's life! When is a doll not a doll?" He got out of his chair and jerked his coat together at the throat. His lower jaw protruded; he looked through rather than at her, and his eyes were sick and tired. "Even your talk is the talk of an automaton; you have n't an idea without a forest of quotation-marks around it," he said. "If you were n't so good-looking, you 'd be a private in that big brigade of female nincompoops who write their soul-troubles to the author of the latest successful book. Your beauty removes you from that class—at least as long as I look at you."

He bowed to her, with an expression slightly resembling a sneer.

"Your beauty makes you a temptation; for you 'd soon be looking for another cage, or another doll's house, and any man might be glad to feed you. If I were n't so busy, and you were n't so devoid of character, common sense, everything else that—"

"Oh, you brute!" she cried, recoiling from the crassly material admiration in his eyes. "How dare you speak to me like that?"

"Perfect!" He bowed with his hand on his heart. "I press the button, and you utter the absolutely obvious remarks. You are a masterpiece—such a doll as would grace any home of the middle of the last century. And my advice to you is to go back to your home and to your devoted husband. I take it for granted that he is devoted: the prices which you mechanical beauties command usually include devotion by the bucketful. But perhaps I 'm unnecessarily harsh because I see you slipping through my fingers. Good day, Mrs. Wendell; and good luck!"

She saw him go with a feeling that the universe had suddenly been inverted and that she was scrambling around amid a Noah's ark load of displaced properties. It was not so much that he had disturbed her ideals, her plans, her dream of freedom, but that he could have treated her so cavalierly; that he could have been so impolite, so unreasonable, so brutal; that he could so completely have failed to understand her—that was what left her as dazed and terrified as a lost child.

"Oh, he is a cad, a perfect beast!" she gasped to herself as she fled up the broad stairway to her room.

She threw herself down on the hard little bed, crumpled silks, crumpled hair, crumpled rose-petals of cheeks, crumpled pansies-and-dew of eyes. All her sweetness and delicacy wilted and drooped and quivered in the cold, gathering gloom of the little room. The city snarled and rumbled and hissed and groaned outside, and its great composite voice was the voice of loneliness incarnate.

"Oh, there 's no one to take care of me!" she sobbed suddenly, and burst into a flood of tears.





Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A CORNER OF THE TABLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES CHABAS

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ART)



Drawn by André Castaigne

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS AT SUNSET

SKIRTING THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM TRIEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE

THIRD PAPER: THE ENVIRONS OF ATHENS

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land," "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN AND PHOTOGRAPHS

UPON the southern slope of the Acropolis, beneath the limestone precipices and the great golden-brown walls above which the Parthenon shows its white summit, are many ruins; among them the Theater of Dionysus and the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, the rich Marathonian who spent much of his money in the beautification of Athens, and who taught rhetoric to two men who eventually became Roman emperors. The Theater of Dionysus, in which Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides produced their dramas, is of stone and silver-white marble. Many of the seats are arm-chairs, and are so comfortable that it is no uncommon thing to see weary travelers, who have just come down from the Acropolis, resting in them with almost unsuitable airs of unbridled satisfaction.

It is evident to any one who examines this great theater carefully that the Greeks considered it important for the body to be at ease while the mind was at work; for not only are the seats perfectly adapted to their purpose, but ample room is given for the feet of the spectators, the distance between each tier and the tier above it being wide enough to do away with all fear of crowding and inconvenience. The marble arm-chairs were assigned to priests, whose names are carved upon them. In the theater I saw one high arm-chair, like a throne, with lion's feet. This is Roman, and was the seat of a Roman general. The fronts of the seats are pierced with small holes, which allow the rain-water to escape. Below the stage there are some sculptured figures, most of them headless. One which is not is a very striking and

powerful, though almost sinister, old man, in a crouching posture. His rather round forehead resembles the very characteristic foreheads of the Montenegrins.

Herodes Atticus restored this theater. Before his time it had been embellished by Lycurgus of Athens, the orator, and disciple of Plato. It is not one of the gloriously placed theaters of the Greeks, but from the upper tiers of seats there is a view across part of the Attic plain to the isolated grove of cypresses where the famous Schliemann is buried, and beyond to gray Hymettus.

Standing near by is another theater, Roman-Greek, not Greek, the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, said to have been built by him in memory of his wife. This is not certain, and there are some authorities who think that, like the beautiful arch near the Olympieion, this peculiar, very picturesque structure was raised by the Emperor Hadrian, who was much fonder of Athens than of Rome.

The contrast between the exterior, the immensely massive, three-storied façade with Roman arches, and the interior, or, rather, what was once the interior, of this formerly roofed-in building, is very strange. They do not seem to belong to each other, to have any artistic connection the one with the other.

The outer walls are barbarically huge and heavy, and superb in color. They gleam with a fierce-red gold, and are conspicuous from afar. The almost monstrous, but impressive, solidity of Rome, heavy and bold, indeed almost crudely imperious, is shown forth by them—a solidity absolutely different from the Greek massiveness, which you can study in the Doric temples, and far less beautiful. When you pass beyond this towering façade, which might well be a section of the Colosseum transferred from gladiatorial Rome to intellectual Athens, you find yourself in a theater which looks oddly, indeed, almost meanly, small and pale and graceful. With a sort of fragile timidity it seems to be cowering behind the flamboyant walls. When all its blanched marble seats were crowded with spectators it contained five thousand persons. As you approach the outer walls, you expect to find a building that might accommodate perhaps twenty-five thou-



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THEATER OF DIONYSUS ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE ACROPOLIS

sand. There is something bizarre in the two colors, fierce and pale, in the two sizes, huge and comparatively small, that are united in the odeum. Though very remarkable, it seems to me to be one of the most inharmonious ruins in Greece.

The modern Athenians are not very fond of hard exercise, and except in the height of summer, when many of them go to Kephisia and Phalerum, and others to the islands, or to the baths near Corinth for a "cure," they seem well content to remain within their city. They are governed, it seems, by fashion, like those who dwell in less-favored lands. When I was in Athens the weather was usually magnificent and often very hot. Yet Phalerum, perhaps half an hour by train from Constitution Square, was deserted. In the vast hotel there I found only two or three children, in the baths half a dozen swimmers. The pleasure-boats lay idle by the pier. I asked the reason of this—why at evening dusty Athens was crammed with strollers, and the pavements were black with people taking coffee and ices, while delightful Phalerum, with its cooler air and its limpid waters, held no one but an English traveler?

"The season is over," was the only reply I received, delivered with a grave air of finality. I tried to argue the matter, and suggested that anxiety about the war had something to do with it. But I was informed that the "season" closed on a certain day, and that after that day the Athenians gave up going to Phalerum.

The season for many things seemed "over" when I was in Athens. Roundabout the city, and within easy reach of it, there is fascinating country—country that seems to call you with a smiling decision to enjoy all Arcadian delights; country, too, that has great associations connected with it. From Athens you can go to picnic at Marathon or at Salamis, or you can carry a tea-basket to the pine-woods which slope down to the Convent of Daphni, and come back to it after paying a visit to Eleusis. Or, if you are not afraid of a "long day," you can motor out and lunch in the lonely home of the sea-god under the columns at Sunium. If you wish to go where a king goes, you can spend the day in the thick woods at Tatoï. If you are full of social ambition, and aim at "climbing," a train in not many minutes will set you down at Kephisia, the summer home of "the fifty-two" on the slope of a spur of Mou Pentelicus.

Thither I went one bright day. But, as at Phalerum, I found a deserted paradise. The charming gardens and arbors were empty. The villas, Russian, Egyptian, Swiss, English, French, and even now and then Greek in style, were shuttered and closed. All in vain the waterfalls sang, all in vain the silver poplars and the yellow-green pines gave their shade. No one was there. I went at length to a restaurant to get something to eat. Its door was unlocked, and I entered a large, deserted room, with many tables, a piano, and a terrace. No one came. I called, knocked, stamped, and at length evoked a thin elderly lady in a gray shawl, who seemed alarmed at the sight of me, and in a frail voice begged to know what I wanted. When I told her, she said there was nothing to eat except what they were going to have themselves. The season was over. Eventually she brought me *mastika* and part of her own dinner to the terrace, which overlooked a luxuriant and deserted garden. And there I spent two happy, golden hours. I had sought the heart of fashion, and found the exquisite peace that comes to places when fashion has left them. Henceforth I shall always associate beautiful Kephisia with silence, flowers, and one thin old woman in a gray shawl.

Greece, though sparsely inhabited, is in the main a very cheerful-looking country. The loneliness of much of it is not depressing, the bareness of much of it is not sad. I began to understand this on the day when I went to the plain of Marathon, which, fortunately, lies away from railroads. One must go there by carriage or motor or on horseback. The road is bad both for beasts and machinery, but it passes through country which is typical of Greece, and through which it would be foolish to go in haste. Go quietly to Marathon, spend two hours there, or more, and when you return in the evening to Athens you will have tasted a new joy. You will have lived for a little while in an exquisite pastoral—a pastoral through which, it is true, no pipes of Pan have fluted to you,—I heard little music in Greece,—but which has been full of that lightness, brightness, simplicity,



THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON AND ATHENE AT SUNIUM

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

THE PLAIN OF MARATHON

and delicacy peculiar to Greece. The soil of the land is light, and, I believe, though Hellenes have told me that in this I am wrong, that the heart of the people is light. Certainly the heart of one traveler was as he made his way to Marathon along a white road thickly powdered with dust.

Has not each land its representative tree? America has its maple, England its oak, France its poplar, Italy its olive, Turkey its cypress, Egypt its palm, and so on. The representative tree of Greece is the pine. I do not forget the wild olive, from which in past days the crowns were made, nor the fact that the guide-books say that in a Greek landscape the masses of color are usually formed by the silver-green olive-trees. It seemed to me, and it seems to me still in remembrance, that the lovely little pine is the most precious ornament of the Grecian scene.

Marathon that day was a pastoral of yellow and blue, of pines and sea. On the way I passed through great olive-groves,

in one of which long since some countrymen of mine were taken by brigands and carried away to be done to death. And there were mighty fig-trees, and mulberry-trees, and acres and acres of vines, with here and there an almost black cypress among them. But the pines, more yellow than green, and the bright blue sea made the picture that lives in my memory.

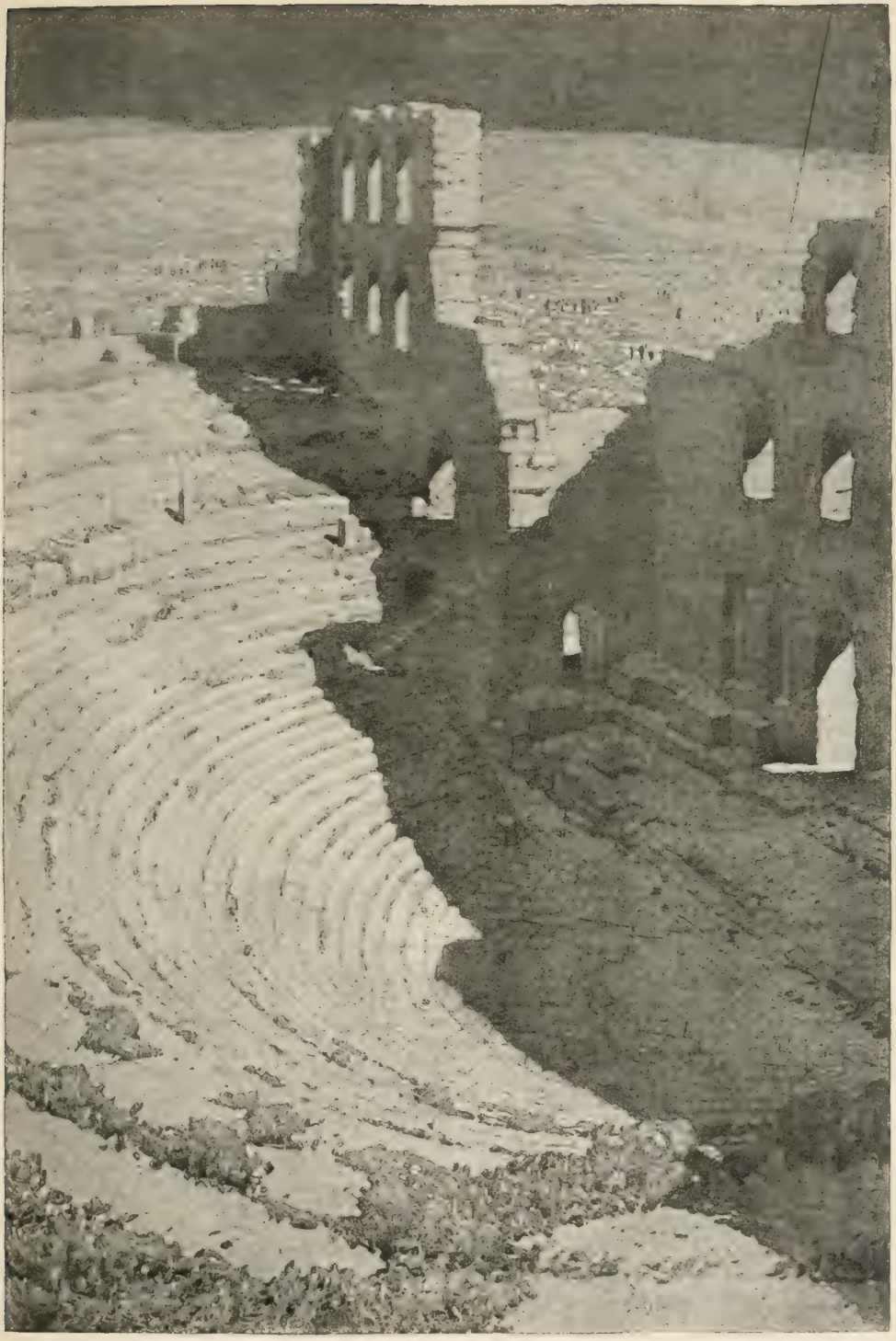
Not very long after we were clear of the town we passed not far from the village of "Louis," who won the first Marathon race that was run under King George's scepter, Marousi, where the delicious water is found that Athens loves to drink. And then away we went through the groves and the little villages, where dusty soldiers were buying up mules for the coming war; and Greek priests were reading newspapers; and olive-skinned children, with bright, yet not ungentle, eyes, were coming from school; and outside of ramshackle cafés, a huddle of wood, a vine, a couple of tables, and a few bottles, old gentlemen, some of them in native dress, with the white fustanelle, a sort of short skirt not reaching to the knees, and shoes with turned-up toes ornamented with big black tassels, were busily talking politics. Carts, not covered with absurd but lively pictures, as they are in Sicily, lumbered by in the dust. Peasants, sitting sidewise with dangling feet, met us on trotting donkeys. Now and then a white dog dashed out, or a flock of thin turkeys gobbled and stretched their necks nervously as they gave us passage. Women, with rather dingy handkerchiefs tied over their heads, were working in the vineyards or washing clothes here and there beside thin runlets of water. Two German beggars, with matted hair uncovered to the sun, red faces, and fingers with nails like the claws of birds, tramped by, going to Athens. And farther on we met a few Turkish Gipsies, swarthy and full of a lively malice, whose tents were visible on a hillside at a little distance, in the midst of a grove of pines. All the country smiled at us in the sunshine. One jovial man in a fustanelle leaned down from a cart as we passed, and shouted in Greek: "Enjoy yourselves! Enjoy yourselves!" And the gentle hills, the olive- and pine-groves, the stretching vineyards, seemed to echo his cry.



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

RUINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE MYSTERIES AT ELEUSIS

What is the magic of pastoral Greece? What is it that gives to you a sensation of being gently released from the cares of life and the boredom of modern civilization, with its often unmeaning complications, its unnecessary luxuries, its noisy self-satisfactions? This is not the tremendous, the spectacular release of the desert, an almost savage tearing away of bonds. Nothing in the Greece I saw is savage; scarcely anything is spectacular. But, oh, the bright simplicity of the life and the country along the way to Marathon! It was like an early world. One looked, and



Hadstone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE ODEUM OF HERODES ATTICUS IN ATHENS

FROM THE PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

longed to live in those happy woods like the Turkish Gipsies. Could life offer anything better? The pines are small, exquisitely shaped, with foliage that looks almost as though it had been deftly arranged by a consummate artist. They curl over the slopes with a lightness almost of foam cresting a wave. Their color is quite lovely. The ancient Egyptians had a love color: well, the little pine-trees of Greece are the color of happiness. You smile involuntarily when you see them. And when, descending among them, you are greeted by the shining of the brilliant-blue sea, which stretches along the edge of the plain of Marathon, you know radiance purged of fierceness.

The road winds down among the pines till, at right angles to it, appears another road, or rough track just wide enough for a carriage. This leads to a large mound which bars the way. Upon this mound a habitation was perched. It was raised high above the ground upon a sort of tripod of poles. It had yellow walls of wheat, and a roof and floor of brushwood and maize. A ladder gave access to it, and from it there was a wide outlook over the whole crescent-shaped plain of Marathon. This dwelling belonged to a guardian of the vineyards, and the mound is the tomb of those who died in the great battle.

I sat for a long time on this strange tomb, in the shadow of the rustic watch-house, and looked out over the plain. It is quite flat, and is now cultivated, though there are some bare tracts of unfruitful ground. In all directions I saw straggling vines. Not far away was one low, red-tiled house belonging to a peasant, whose three small, dirty, and unhealthy-looking children presently approached, and gazed at me from below. In the distance a man on a white horse rode slowly toward the pine-woods, and to my left I saw a group of women bending mysteriously to accomplish some task unknown to me. No other figures could I see between me and the bright-blue waters that once bore up the fleet of Persia. Behind me were stony and not very high hills, ending in the slopes down which Miltiades made his soldiers advance "at a running pace." One hundred and ninety-two brave men gone to dust beneath me; instead of the commemorative lion, the little watch-house of brushwood and wheat and maize, silence the only epitaph. The mound, of hard, sun-baked earth, was yellow and bare. On one side a few rusty-looking thorn-bushes decorated it harshly. But about it grew aloes, and the wild oleander, with its bright-pink flowers, and near by were many great fig-trees. A river intersects the plain, and its course is marked by sedges and tall reeds. Where the land is bare, it takes a tawny-yellow hue. Some clustering low houses far off under the hills form the Albanian village of Marathon. Just twenty-two miles from Athens, this place of an ancient glory, this tomb of men who, I suppose, will not be forgotten so long as the Hellenic kingdom lasts, seems very far away, hidden from the world between woods and waters, solitary, but not sad. Beyond the plain and the sea are ranges of mountains and the island of Eubœa.

A figure slowly approaches. It is the guardian of the vineyards, coming back to his watch-house above the grave of his countrymen, smiling, with a cigarette between his white teeth. As I go, he calls out "Addio!" Then he mounts his ladder carefully and withdraws to his easy work. How strange to be a watcher of vineyards upon the tumulus of Marathon!

If you care at all for life in the open, if you have the love of camping in your blood, Greece will call to you at every moment to throw off the dullness of houses, to come and stay under blue heaven and be happy. Yet I suppose the season for all such joys was over when I was in Greece, for I never met any citizens of Athens taking their pleasure in the surrounding country. In Turkey and Asia Minor, near any large town, when the weather is hot and fine, one may see cheerful parties of friends making merry in the open air, under trees and in arbors; or men dreaming idly in nooks that might have made old Omar's delight, shaded, and sung to by a stream. In Greece it is not so. Once you are out in the country, you come upon no one but peasants, shepherds, goatherds, Gipsies, turkey-drivers, and, speaking generally, "sons of the soil."

In the very height of summer, I am told, the Athenians do condescend to go to the pine-woods. They sleep during part of the day, and stay out of doors at night, often driving into the country, and eating under the trees or by the sea. But even in



THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE, ISLAND OF ÆGINA

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

the heat of a rainless September, if I may judge by my own experience, they prefer Constitution Square and "the Dardanelles" to any more pastoral pleasures.

I did not imitate them, but followed the Via Sacra one morning, past the oldest olive-tree in Greece, a small and corrugated veteran said to have been planted in the time of Pericles, to the Convent of Daphni, now fallen into a sort of poetic decay.

Once more I was among pine-trees. They thronged the almost park-like slopes under Ægaleos. They crowded toward the little Byzantine church, which stands on the left of the road on the site of a vanished temple of Apollo, with remains of its once strongly fortified walls about it. Lonely, but smiling, as though with a radiant satisfaction at its own shining peace, is the country in whose bosom the church lies. A few sheep, small, with shaggy coats of brown and white, were grazing near it; a dog lay stretched out in the sun; and some lean, long-tailed horses were standing with bowed heads, as if drowsing. An ancient and very deep well was close by. In the marble well-head the friction of many drawn cords has cut grooves, some of them nearly an inch in depth. The court of the convent is roughly paved and is inclosed within rough walls. In it are a few trees, an acacia or two, a wild pepper-tree, and one gigantic cypress. From a branch near the entrance a big bell hung by a chain. But the only sound of bells came to me from without the walls, where some hidden goats were moving to pasture. Fragments of broken columns and two or three sarcophagi lay on the hot ground at my feet. To my right, close to the church, a flight of very old marble steps led to a rustic loggia with wooden supports, full of red geraniums and the flowers of a plant like a very small convolvulus. From the loggia, which fronted her abiding-place, a cheerful, kindly faced woman came down and let me into the church, where she left me with two companions, a black kitten playing with a bee under the gilded cupola.

The church, like almost all the Byzantine churches I saw in Greece, is very small, but it is tremendously solid and has a tall belfry. The exterior, stained by weather, is now a sort of earthy yellow; the cupola is covered with red tiles. The interior walls look very ancient, and are blackened in many places by the fingers of Time. Made more than eight hundred years ago, the remains of the Byzantine mosaics are very curious and interesting. In the cupola, on a gold ground, is a very large head of a Christ ("Christos Pantokrator"), which looks as though it were just finished. The face is sinister and repellent, but expressive. There are several other mosaics, of the apostles, of episodes in the life of the Virgin, and of angels. None of them seemed to me beautiful, though perhaps not one looks so wicked as the Christos, which dominates the whole church. Until comparatively recent times there were monks attached to this convent, but now they are gone.

I passed through a doorway and came into a sort of tiny cloister, shaded by a huge and evidently very ancient fig-tree with enormous leaves. Here I found the remains of an old staircase of stone. As I returned to the dim and massive little church, glimmering with gold where the sunlight fell upon the mosaics, the eyes of the Christos seemed to rebuke me from the lofty cupola. The good-natured woman locked the door behind me with a large key, handed to me a bunch of the flowers I had noticed growing in the loggia, and bade me "Addio!" And soon the sound of the goat-bells died away from my ears as I went on my way back to Eleusis.

There is nothing mysterious about this road which leads to the site of the Temple of the Mysteries. It winds down through the pine-woods and rocks of the Pass of Daphni into the cheerful and well-cultivated Thriasian plain, whence across a brilliant-blue stretch of water, which looks like a lake, but which is the bay of Eleusis, you can see houses and, alas! several tall chimneys pouring forth smoke. The group of houses is Eleusis, now an Albanian settlement, and the chimneys belong to a factory where olive-oil soap is made. The road passes between the sea and a little salt lake, which latter seems to be prevented from submerging it only by a raised coping of stone. The color of this lake is a brilliant purple. In the distance is the mountainous and rocky island of Salamis.

When I reached the village, I found it a cheery little place of small white, yellow, and rose-colored houses, among which

a few cypress-trees grow. Although one of the most ancient places in Greece, it now looks very modern. And it is difficult to believe, as one glances at the chimneys of the soap factory, and at two or three black and dingy steamers lying just off the works to take in cargo, that here Demeter was worshiped with mysterious rites at the great festival of the Eleusinia. Yet, according to the legend, it was here that she came, disguised as an old hag, in search of her lost Persephone; here that she taught Triptolemus how to sow the plain, and to reap the first harvest of yellow wheat, as a reward for the hospitable welcome given to her by his father Celeus.

The ruins at Eleusis are disappointing to the ordinary traveler, though interesting to the archæologist. They have none of the pathetic romance which, notwithstanding the scoldings of many vulgar persons set forth in a certain visitors' book, broods gently over poetic Olympia. Above the village is a vast confusion of broken columns, defaced capitals, bits of wall, bits of pavement, marble steps, fallen medallions, vaults, propylæa, substructures, scraps of architraves carved with inscriptions, and subterranean store-rooms. In the pavement of the processional way, by which the chariots came up to the Temple of Demeter, the chief glory and shrine of Eleusis, are the deep ruts made by the chariot-wheels. The remnants of the hall of the initiated bears witness to the long desire of poor human beings in all ages to find that peace which passeth our understanding. Of beauty there is little or none. Nevertheless, even now, it is not possible in the midst of this tragic *débâcle* to remain wholly unmoved. Indeed, the very completeness of the disaster that time and humanity have wrought here creates emotion when one remembers that here great men came, such men as Cicero, Sophocles, and Plato; that here they worshiped and adored under cover of the darkness of night; that here, seeking, they found, as has been recorded, peace and hope to sustain them when, the august festival over, they took their way back into the ordinary world along the shores of sea and lake. Eleusis is no longer beautiful. It is a home of devastation. It is no longer mysterious. A successful man is making a fortune out of soap there. But it is a place one cannot easily forget. And just above the ruins there is a small museum which contains several very interesting things, and one thing that is superb.

This last is the enormous and noble upper part of the statue of a woman wearing ear-rings. I do not know its history, though some one assured me that it was a caryatid. It was dug up among the ruins, and the color of it is akin to that of the earth. The roughly undulating hair is parted in the middle of a majestic, goddess-like head. The features are pure and grand; but the two things that most struck me, as I looked at this great work of art, were the expression of the face and the deep bosom, as of the earth-mother and all her fruitfulness. In few Greek statues have I seen such majesty and power, combined with such intensity, as this nameless woman shows forth. There is indeed almost a suggestion of underlying fierceness in the face, but it is the fierceness that may sometimes leap up in an imperial nature. Are there not royal angers which flame out of the pure furnaces of love? This noble woman seems to me to be the present glory of Eleusis.

The mountainous island of Salamis, long and calm, with gray and orange rocks, lies like a sentinel keeping guard over the harbor of the Piræus. It is so near to the mainland that the sea between the two shores looks like a lake, lonely and brilliant, with the two-horned peak called "the throne of Xerxes" standing out characteristically behind the low-lying bit of coast where the Greeks have set up an arsenal. Whether Xerxes did really watch the famous battle from a throne placed on the hill with which his name is associated is very doubtful. But many travelers like to believe it, and the kind guides of Athens are quite ready to stiffen their credulity.

The shores of this beautiful inclosed bit of sea are wild. The water is wonderfully clear, and is shot with all sorts of exquisite colors. The strip of mainland, against which the liquid maze of greens and blues and purples seems to lie motionless, like a painted marvel, is a tangle of wild myrtle and dwarf shrubs growing in a sandy soil interspersed with rocks. Gently the land curves, forming a series of little shallow bays and inlets, each one of which seems more delicious than the last as you coast along in a fisherman's boat.

But, unfortunately, the war-ships of Greece often lie snug in harbor in the shadow of Salamis not far from the arsenal, and, as I have hinted already, their commander-in-chief has little sympathy with the inquiring traveler. I shall not easily forget the expression that came into his face when, in reply to his question, "What did you come here for?" I said, "To visit the scene of the celebrated battle." A weary incredulity made him suddenly look very old; and I believe it was then that, taking a pen, he wrote on the margin of his report about me that I was "a very suspicious person."

It is safer, especially in war-time, to keep away from Salamis; but if you care for smiling wild places where the sea is, where its breath gives a vivid sense of life to the wilderness, you may easily forget her myrtle-covered shores and the bays of violet and turquoise.

Of the many wonderful haunts of the sea which I visited in Greece, Cape Sunium is perhaps the most memorable, though I never shall forget the glories of the magnificent drive along the mountains between Athens and Corinth. But Sunium has its ruined temple, standing on a great height. And in some of us a poet has wakened a wondering consciousness of its romance, perhaps when we sat in a Northern land beside the winter fire. And in some of us, too, an immortal painter has roused a longing to see it, when we never thought to be carried by our happy fate to Greece.

In going to Sunium I passed through the famous mining district of Laurium, where now many convicts work out their sentences. In ancient times slaves toiled there for the benefit of those citizens who had hereditary leases granted by the state. They worked the mines for silver, but now lead is the principal product. It happened that just as we were in the middle of the dingy town, or village, where the miners and their families dwell, for only some of them are convicts, a tire of the motor burst. This of course delayed us, and I was able to see something of the inhabitants. In Athens I had heard that they were a fierce and ill-mannered population. I found them, on the contrary, as I found almost all those whom I met in Greece, cheerful, smiling, and polite. Happy, if rather dirty, children gathered round us, delighted to have something to look at and wonder about. Men, going to or coming from the works, paused to see what was the matter and to inquire where I came from. From the windows of the low, solid-looking houses women leaned eagerly out with delighted faces. Several of the latter talked to me. I could not understand what they said, and all they could understand was that I came from London, a circumstance which seemed greatly to impress them, for they called it out from one to another up the street. We carried on intercourse mainly by facial expression and elaborate gesture, assisted genially by the grubby little boys. And when I got into the car to go we were all the best of friends. The machine made the usual irritable noises, but from the good people of Laurium came only cries of good-will, among them that pleasant admonition which one hears often in Greece: "Enjoy yourself! Enjoy yourself!"

When Laurium was left behind, we were soon in wild and deserted country. Now and then we passed an Albanian on horseback, with a gun over his shoulder, a knife stuck in his belt, or we came upon a shepherd watching his goats as they browsed on the low scrub which covered the hills. All the people in this region are Albanians, I was told. They appeared to be very few. As we drew near to the ancient shrine of Poseidon we left far behind us the habitations of men. At length the car stopped in the wilderness, and on a height to my left I saw the dazzling white marble columns of the Temple of Sunium.

Almost all the ruins I saw in Greece were weather-stained. Their original color was mottled with browns and grays, with saffron, with gold and red gold. But the columns of Sunium have kept their brilliant whiteness, although they stand on a great, bare cliff above the sea, exposed to the glare of the sun and to the buffeting of every wind of heaven. They are raised not merely on this natural height, but also on a great platform of the famous Poros-stone. In the time of Byron there were sixteen columns standing. There are now eleven, with a good deal of architrave. These columns are Doric, and are about twenty feet in height. They have not the majesty of the Parthenon columns, but, on the contrary, have a

peculiar delicacy and even grace, which is lacking both in the Parthenon and in the Theseum. They do not move you to awe or overwhelm you; they charm and delight you. In their ivory-white simplicity, standing out against the brilliant blue of sea and sky on the white and gray platform, there is something that allures.

Upon one of the columns I found the name of Byron carved in bold letters. But I looked in vain for the name of Turner. Byron loved the Cape of Sunium. Fortunately, nothing has been done to make it less wonderful since his time. It is true that fewer columns are standing to bear witness to the old worship of the sea-god; but such places as Sunium are not injured when some blocks of marble fall, but when men begin to build. Still the noble promontory thrusts itself boldly forward into the sea from the heart of an undesecrated wilderness. Still the columns stand quite alone. All the sea-winds can come to you there, and all the winds of the hills—winds from the Ægean and Mediterranean, from crested Eubœa, from Melos, from Hydra, from Ægina, with its beautiful Doric temple, from Argolis and from the mountains of Arcadia. And it seems as though all the sunshine of heaven were there to bathe you in golden fire, as though there could be none left over for the rest of the world. The coasts of Greece stretch away beneath you into far distances, curving in bays, thrusting out in promontories, here tawny and volcanic, there gray and quietly sober in color, but never cold or dreary. White sails, but only two or three, are dreaming on the vast purple of Poseidon's kingdom —white sails of mariners who are bound for the isles of Greece. Poets have sung of those isles. Who has not thought of them with emotion? Now, between the white marble columns, you can see their mountain ranges, you can see their rocky shores.

Behind and below me I heard a slight movement. I got up and looked. And there on a slab of white marble lay a snow-white goat warming itself in the sun. White, gold, and blue, and far off the notes of white were echoed not only by the mariner's sails, but by tiny Albanian villages inland, seen over miles of bare country, over flushes of yellow, where the pines would not be denied.

There is an ineffable charm in the landscape, in the atmosphere, of Greece. No other land that I know possesses an exactly similar spell. Wildness and calm seem woven together, a warm and almost caressing wildness with a calm that is full of romance. There the wilderness is indeed a haven to long after, and there the solitudes call you as though with the voices of friends.

As I turned at last to go away from Poseidon's white marble ruin, a one-armed man came up to me, and in English told me that he was the guardian of the temple.

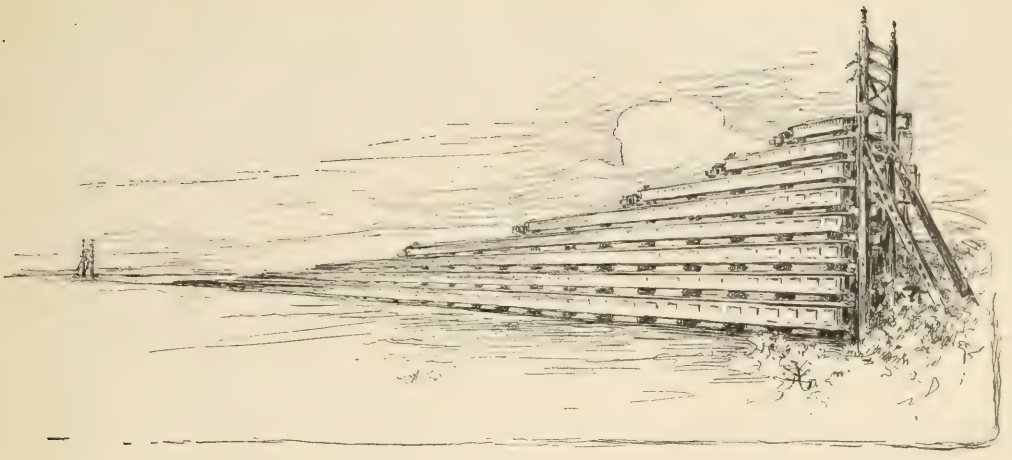
"But where do you live?" I asked him, looking over the vast solitude.

Smiling, he led the way down to a low whitewashed bungalow at a little distance. There, in a rough but delicious loggia, paved and fronting the sea, I found two brown women sitting with a baby among some small pots of flowers. Remote from the world, with only the marble columns for neighbors, with no voice but the sea's to speak to them, dwell these four persons. The man lived and worked for many years in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he lost his arm in some whirring machinery. Now he has come home and entered the sea-god's service. Pittsburgh and the Hellenic wilderness—what a contrast! But my one-armed friend takes it philosophically. He shrugs his shoulder, points to his stump, and says, "I guess I could n't go on there like this, so I had to quit, and they put me here."

They put him "here," on Cape Sunium, and on Cape Sunium he has built himself a house and made for himself a loggia, white, cool, brightened with flowers, face to face with the purple sea, and the isles and the mountains of Greece. And at Sunium he intends to remain because, unfortunately, having lost an arm, he is no longer wanted in Pittsburgh.

I gave him some money, accepted the baby's wavering but insistent hand, and left him to his good or ill fortune in the exquisite wilderness.

(To be continued)



THE TACHYPOMP[1]

A MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION

(NOTEWORTHY STORIES OF THE LAST GENERATION)

BY EDWARD P. MITCHELL

WITH A PORTRAIT, AND NEW DRAWINGS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THERE was nothing mysterious about Professor Surd's dislike for me. I was the only poor mathematician in an exceptionally mathematical class. The old gentleman sought the lecture-room every morning with eagerness, and left reluctantly. For was it not a thing of joy to find seventy young men who, individually and collectively, preferred x to XX; who had rather differentiate than dissipate; and for whom the limbs of the heavenly bodies had more attractions than those of earthly stars upon the spectacular stage?

So affairs went on swimmingly between the professor of mathematics and the junior class at Polyp University. In every man of the seventy the sage saw the logarithm of a possible La Place, of a Sturm, or of a Newton. It was a delightful task for him to lead them through the pleasant valleys of conic sections, and beside the still waters of the integral calculus. Figuratively speaking, his problem was not a hard one. He had only to manipulate and eliminate and to raise to a higher power, and the triumphant result of examination day was assured.

But I was a disturbing element, a perplexing unknown quantity, which had somehow crept into the work, and which seriously threatened to impair the accuracy of his calculations. It was a touching sight to behold the venerable mathematician as he pleaded with me not so utterly to disregard precedent in the use of cotangents; or as he urged, with eyes almost tearful, that ordinates were dangerous things to trifle with. All in vain. More theorems went on to my cuff than into my head. Never did chalk do so much work to so little purpose. And, therefore, it came that Furnace Second was reduced to zero in Professor Surd's estimation. He looked upon me with all the horror which an unalgebraic nature could inspire. I have seen the professor walk around an entire square rather than meet the man who had no mathematics in his soul.

For Furnace Second were no invitations

[1] Reprinted from "Scribner's Monthly" (now THE CENTURY) for March, 1874.

to Professor Surd's house. Seventy of the class supped in delegations around the periphery of the professor's tea-table. The seventy-first knew nothing of the charms of that perfect ellipse, with its twin bunches of fuchsias and geraniums in gorgeous precision at the two foci.

This, unfortunately enough, was no trifling deprivation. Not that I longed especially for segments of Mrs. Surd's justly celebrated lemon pies; not that the spheroidal damsons of her excellent preserving had any marked allurements; not even that I yearned to hear the professor's jocose table-talk about binomials, and chatty illustrations of abstruse paradoxes. The explanation is far different. Professor Surd had a daughter. Twenty years before, he made a proposition of marriage to the present Mrs. S. He added a little corollary to his proposition not long after. The corollary was a girl.

Abscissa Surd was as perfectly symmetrical as Giotto's circle, and as pure withal as the mathematics her father taught. It was just when spring was coming to extract the roots of frozen-up vegetation that I fell in love with the corollary. That she herself was not indifferent I soon had reason to regard as a self-evident truth.

The sagacious reader will already recognize nearly all the elements necessary to a well-ordered plot. We have introduced a heroine, inferred a hero, and constructed a hostile parent after the most approved model. A movement for the story, a *deus ex machina,* is alone lacking. With considerable satisfaction I can promise a perfect novelty in this line, a *deus ex machina* never before offered to the public.

It would be discounting ordinary intelligence to say that I sought with unwearying assiduity to figure my way into the stern father's good-will; that never did dullard apply himself to mathematics more patiently than I; that never did faithfulness achieve such meager reward. Then I engaged a private tutor. His instructions met with no better success.

My tutor's name was Jean-Marie Rivarol. He was a unique Alsatian, though Gallic in name, thoroughly Teuton in nature; by birth a Frenchman, by education a German. His age was thirty; his profession, omniscience; the wolf at his door, poverty; the skeleton in his closet, a consuming but unrequited passion. The most recondite principles of practical science were his toys; the deepest intricacies of abstract science, his diversions. Problems which were foreordained mysteries to me were to him as clear as Tahoe water. Perhaps this very fact will explain our lack of success in the relation of tutor and pupil; perhaps the failure is alone due to my own unmitigated stupidity. Rivarol had hung about the skirts of the university for several years, supplying his few wants by writing for scientific journals or by giving assistance to students who, like myself, were characterized by a plethora of purse and a paucity of ideas; cooking, studying, and sleeping in his attic lodgings; and prosecuting queer experiments all by himself.

We were not long discovering that even this eccentric genius could not transplant brains into my deficient skull. I gave over the struggle in despair. An unhappy year dragged its slow length around. A gloomy year it was, brightened only by occasional interviews with Abscissa, the Abbie of my thoughts and dreams.

Commencement day was coming on apace. I was soon to go forth, with the rest of my class, to astonish and delight a waiting world. The professor seemed to avoid me more than ever. Nothing but the conventionalities, I think, kept him from shaping his treatment of me on the basis of unconcealed disgust.

At last, in the very recklessness of despair, I resolved to see him, plead with him, threaten him if need be, and risk all my fortunes on one desperate chance. I wrote him a somewhat defiant letter, stating my aspirations, and, as I flattered myself, shrewdly giving him a week to get over the first shock of horrified surprise. Then I was to call and learn my fate.

During the week of suspense I nearly worried myself into a fever. It was first crazy hope, and then saner despair. On Friday evening, when I presented myself at the professor's door, I was such a haggard, sleepy, dragged-out specter that even Miss Jocasta, the harsh-favored maiden sister of the Surds, admitted me with commiserate regard, and suggested penny-royal tea.

Professor Surd was at a faculty meeting. Would I wait?

Yes, till all was blue, if need be. Miss Abbie?

Abscissa had gone to Wheelborough to visit a school-friend. The aged maiden hoped I would make myself comfortable, and departed to the unknown haunts which knew Jocasta's daily walk.

Comfortable! But I settled myself in a great uneasy chair, and waited with the contradictory spirit common to such junctures, dreading every step lest it should herald the man whom, of all men, I wished to see.

I had been there at least an hour and was growing right drowsy.

At length Professor Surd came in. He sat down in the dusk opposite me, and I thought his eyes glinted with malignant pleasure as he said, abruptly:

"So, young man, you think you are a fit husband for my girl?"

I stammered some inanity about making up in affection what I lacked in merit, about my expectations, family, and the like. He quickly interrupted me.

"You misapprehend me, sir. Your nature is destitute of those mathematical perceptions and acquirements which are the only sure foundations of character. You have no mathematics in you. You are fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils—Shakspere. Your narrow intellect cannot understand and appreciate a generous mind. There is all the difference between you and a Surd, if I may say it, which intervenes between an infinitesimal and an infinite. Why, I will even venture to say that you do not comprehend the Problem of the Couriers!"

I admitted that the Problem of the Couriers should be classed rather without my list of accomplishments than within it. I regretted this fault very deeply, and suggested amendment. I faintly hoped that my fortune would be such—

"Money!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Do you seek to bribe a Roman senator with a penny whistle? Why, boy, do you parade your paltry wealth, which, expressed in mills, will not cover ten decimal places, before the eyes of a man who measures the planets in their orbits, and close crowds infinity itself?"

I hastily disclaimed any intention of obtruding my foolish dollars, and he went on:

"Your letter surprised me not a little. I thought *you* would be the last person in the world to presume to an alliance here. But having a regard for you personally," —and again I saw malice twinkle in his small eyes,—"and still more regard for Abscissa's happiness, I have decided that you shall have her—upon conditions. Upon conditions," he repeated, with a half-smothered sneer.

"What are they?" cried I, eagerly enough. "Only name them."

"Well, sir," he continued, and the deliberation of his speech seemed the very refinement of cruelty, "you have only to prove yourself worthy an alliance with a mathematical family. You have only to accomplish a task which I shall presently give you. Your eyes ask me what it is. I will tell you. Distinguish yourself in that noble branch of abstract science in which, you cannot but acknowledge, you are at present sadly deficient. I will place Abscissa's hand in yours whenever you shall come before me and square the circle to my satisfaction. No, that is too easy a condition. I should cheat myself. Say perpetual motion. How do you like that? Do you think it lies within the range of your mental capabilities? You don't smile. Perhaps your talents don't run in the way of perpetual motion. Several people have found that theirs did n't. I 'll give you another chance. We were speaking of the Problem of the Couriers, and I think you expressed a desire to know more of that ingenious question. You shall have the opportunity. Sit down some day when you have nothing else to do and discover the principle of infinite speed. I mean the law of motion which shall accomplish an infinitely great distance in an infinitely short time. You may mix in a little practical mechanics, if you choose. Invent some method of taking the tardy courier over his road at the rate of sixty miles a minute. Demonstrate me this discovery (when you have made it!) mathematically, and approximate it practically, and Abscissa is yours. Until you can, I will thank you to trouble neither myself nor her."

I could stand his mocking no longer. I stumbled mechanically out of the room and out of the house. I even forgot my hat and gloves. For an hour I walked in the moonlight. Gradually I succeeded to a more hopeful frame of mind. This was due to my ignorance of mathematics. Had I understood the real meaning of what he

asked, I should have been utterly despondent.

Perhaps this problem of sixty miles a minute was not so impossible, after all. At any rate, I could attempt, though I might not succeed. And Rivarol came to my mind. I would ask him. I would enlist his knowledge to accompany my own devoted perseverance. I sought his lodgings at once.

The man of science lived in the fourth story back. I had never been in his room before. When I entered, he was in the act of filling a beer-mug from a carboy labeled *aqua fortis*.

"Seat you," he said. "No, not in that chair. That is my Petty-Cash-Adjuster."

But he was a second too late. I had carelessly thrown myself into a chair of seductive appearance. To my utter amazement, it reached out two skeleton arms, and clutched me with a grasp against which I struggled in vain. Then a skull stretched itself over my shoulder and grinned with ghastly familiarity close to my face.

Rivarol came to my aid with many apologies. He touched a spring somewhere, and the Petty-Cash-Adjuster relaxed its horrid hold. I placed myself gingerly in a plain cane-bottomed rocking-chair, which Rivarol assured me was a safe location.

"That seat," he said, "is an arrangement upon which I much felicitate myself. I made it at Heidelberg. It has saved me a vast deal of small annoyance. I consign to its embraces the friends who bore, and the visitors who exasperate, me. But it is never so useful as when terrifying some tradesman with an insignificant account. Hence the pet name which I have facetiously given it. They are invariably too glad to purchase release at the price of a bill receipted. Do you well apprehend the idea?"

While the Alsatian diluted his glass of *aqua fortis*, shook into it an infusion of bitters, and tossed off the bumper with apparent relish, I had time to look around the strange apartment.

The four corners of the room were occupied respectively by a turning-lathe, a Rhumkorff coil, a small steam-engine, and an orrery in stately motion. Tables, shelves, chairs, and floor supported an odd aggregation of tools, retorts, chemicals, gas-receivers, philosophical instruments, boots, flasks, paper-collar boxes, books diminutive, and books of preposterous size. There were plaster busts of Aristotle, Archimedes, and Compte, while a great drowsy owl was blinking away, perched on the benign brow of Martin Farquhar Tupper. "He always roosts there when he proposes to slumber," explained my tutor. "You are a bird of no ordinary mind. *Schlafen Sie wohl.*"

Through a closet door, half open, I could see a human-like form covered with a sheet. Rivarol caught my glance.

"That," said he, "will be my masterpiece. It is a microcosm, an android, as yet only partly complete. And why not? Albertus Magnus constructed an image perfect to talk metaphysics and confute the schools. So did Sylvester II; so did Robertus Greathead. Roger Bacon made a brazen head that held discourses. But the first named of these came to destruction. Thomas Aquinas got wrathful at some of its syllogisms and smashed its head. The idea is reasonable enough. Mental action will yet be reduced to laws as definite as those which govern the physical. Why should not I accomplish a manikin which will preach as original discourses as the Rev. Dr. Allchin, or talk poetry as mechanically as Paul Anapest? My android can already work problems in vulgar fractions and compose sonnets. I hope to teach it the Positive philosophy."

Out of the bewildering confusion of his effects Rivarol produced two pipes, and filled them. He handed one to me.

"And here," he said, "I live and am tolerably comfortable. When my coat wears out at the elbows, I seek the tailor and am measured for another. When I am hungry, I promenade myself to the butcher's and bring home a pound or so of steak, which I cook very nicely in three seconds by this oxy-hydrogen flame. Thirsty, perhaps, I send for a carboy of *aqua fortis*. But I have it charged, all charged. My spirit is above any small pecuniary transaction. I loathe your dirty greenbacks and never handle what they call scrip."

"But are you never pestered with bills?" I asked. "Don't the creditors worry your life out?"

"Creditors!" gasped Rivarol. "I have learned no such word in your very ad-

mirable language. He who will allow his soul to be vexed by creditors is a relic of an imperfect civilization. Of what use is science if it cannot avail a man who has accounts current? Listen. The moment you or any one else enters the outside door this little electric bell sounds me warning. Every successive step on Mrs. Grimler's staircase is a spy and informer vigilant for my benefit. The first step is trod upon. That trusty first step immediately telegraphs your weight. Nothing could be simpler. It is exactly like any platform scale. The weight is registered up here upon this dial. The second step records the size of my visitor's feet. The third his height, the fourth his complexion, and so on. By the time he reaches the top of the first flight I have a pretty accurate description of him right here at my elbow, and quite a margin of time for deliberation and action. Do you follow me? It is plain enough. Only the A B C of my science."



EDWARD P. MITCHELL

From a photograph taken in 1872, the year in which he wrote "The Tachypomp." Mr. Mitchell is now the editor of the New York "Sun."

"I see all that," I said, "but I don't see how it helps you any. The knowledge that a creditor is coming won't pay his bill. You can't escape unless you jump out of the window."

Rivarol laughed softly. "I will tell you. You shall see what becomes of any poor devil who goes to demand money of me—of a man of science. Ha! ha! It pleases me. I was seven weeks perfecting my Dun-Suppressor. Did you know," he whispered exultingly—"did you know that there is a hole through the earth's center? Physicists have long suspected it; I was the first to find it. You have read how Rhuyghens, the Dutch navigator, discovered in Kerguellen's Land an abysmal pit which fourteen hundred fathoms of plumb-line failed to sound. Herr Tom, that hole has no bottom! It runs from one surface of the earth to the antipodal surface. It is diametric. But where is the antipodal spot? You stand upon it. I learned this by the merest chance. I was deep-digging in Mrs. Grimler's cellar to bury a poor cat I had sacrificed in a galvanic experiment, when the earth under my spade crumbled, caved in, and, wonder-stricken, I stood upon the brink of a yawning shaft. I dropped a coal-hod in. It went down, down, down, bounding and rebounding. In two hours and a quarter that coal-hod came up again. I caught it, and restored it to the angry Grimler. Just think a minute. The coal-hod went down faster and faster, till it reached the center of the earth. There it would stop were it not for acquired momentum. Beyond the center its journey was relatively upward, toward the opposite surface of the globe. So, losing the velocity, it went slower and slower till it reached that surface. Here it came to rest for a second, and then fell back again, eight thousand odd miles, into my hands. Had I not interfered with it, it would have repeated its journey time after time, each trip of shorter extent, like the diminishing oscillations of a pendulum, till it finally came to eternal rest at the center of the sphere. I am not slow to give a practical application to any such grand discovery. My Dun-Suppressor was born of it. A trap just outside my

chamber door, a spring in here, a creditor on the trap—need I say more?"

"But is n't it a trifle inhuman," I mildly suggested, "plunging an unhappy being into a perpetual journey to and from Kerguellen's Land without a moment's warning?"

"I give them a chance. When they come up the first time I wait at the mouth of the shaft with a rope in hand. If they are reasonable and will come to terms, I fling them the line. If they perish, 't is their own fault. Only," he added, with a melancholy smile, "the center is getting so plugged up with creditors that I am afraid there soon will be no choice whatever for 'em."

By this time I had conceived a high opinion of my tutor's ability. If anybody could send me waltzing through space at an infinite speed, Rivarol could do it. I filled my pipe and told him the story. He heard with grave and patient attention. Then for full half an hour he whiffed away in silence. Finally he spoke.

"The ancient cipher has overreached himself. He has given you a choice of two problems, both of which he deems insoluble. Neither of them is insoluble. The only gleam of intelligence old Cotangent showed was when he said that squaring the circle was too easy. He was right. It would have given you your *Liebchen* in five minutes. I squared the circle before I discarded pantalets. I will show you the work; but it would be a digression, and you are in no mood for digressions. Our first chance, therefore, lies in perpetual motion. Now, my good friend, I will frankly tell you that, although I have compassed this interesting problem, I do not choose to use it in your behalf. I, too, Herr Tom, have a heart. The loveliest of her sex frowns upon me. Her somewhat mature charms are not for Jean-Marie Rivarol. She has cruelly said that her years demand of me filial rather than connubial regard. Is love a matter of years or of eternity? This question did I put to the cold, yet lovely, Jocasta."

"Jocasta Surd!" I remarked in surprise, "Abscissa's aunt!"

"The same," he said sadly. "I will not attempt to conceal that upon the maiden Jocasta my maiden heart has been bestowed. Give me your hand, my nephew, in affliction as in affection!"

Rivarol dashed away a not discreditable tear, and resumed:

"My only hope lies in this discovery of perpetual motion. It will give me the fame, the wealth. Can Jocasta refuse these? If she can, there is only the trap-door and—Kerguellen's Land!"

I bashfully asked to see the perpetual-motion machine. My uncle in affliction shook his head.

"At another time," he said. "Suffice it at present to say that it is something upon the principle of a woman's tongue. But you see now why we must turn in your case to the alternative condition, infinite speed. There are several ways in which this may be accomplished theoretically. By the lever, for instance. Imagine a lever with a very long and a very short arm. Apply power to the shorter arm which will move it with great velocity. The end of the long arm will move much faster. Now keep shortening the short arm and lengthening the long one, and as you approach infinity in their difference of length, you approach infinity in the speed of the long arm. It would be difficult to demonstrate this practically to the professor. We must seek another solution. Jean-Marie will meditate. Come to me in a fortnight. Good night. But stop! Have you the money—*das Gelt?*"

"Much more than I need."

"Good! Let us strike hands. Gold and knowledge, science and love, what may not such a partnership achieve? We go to conquer thee, Abscissa. *Vorwärts!*"

When at the end of a fortnight I sought Rivarol's chamber, I passed with some little trepidation over the terminus of the air line to Kerguellen's Land, and evaded the extended arms of the Petty-Cash-Adjuster. Rivarol drew a mug of ale for me, and filled himself a retort of his own peculiar beverage.

"Come," he said at length, "let us drink success to the Tachypomp."

"The Tachypomp?"

"Yes. Why not? *Tachu,* quickly, and *pempo, pepompa,* to send. May it send you quickly to your wedding-day! Abscissa is yours. It is done. When shall we start for the prairies?"

"Where is it?" I asked, looking in vain around the room for any contrivance which might seem calculated to advance matrimonial prospects.

"It is here," and he gave his forehead a significant tap. Then he held forth didactically.

"There is force enough in existence to yield us a speed of sixty miles a minute or even more. All we need is the knowledge how to combine and apply it. The wise man will not attempt to make some great force yield some great speed. He will keep adding the little force to the little force, making each little force yield its little speed, until an aggregate of little forces shall be a great force, yielding an aggregate of little speeds, a great speed. The difficulty is not in aggregating the forces; it lies in the corresponding aggregation of the speeds. One musket-ball will go, say, a mile. It is not hard to increase the force of muskets to a thousand, yet the thousand musket-balls will go no farther and no faster than the one. You see, then, where our trouble lies. We cannot readily add speed to speed, as we add force to force. My discovery is simply the utilization of a principle which extorts an increment of speed from each increment of power. But this is the metaphysics of physics. Let us be practical or nothing.

"When you have walked forward on a moving train from the rear car toward the engine, did you ever think what you were really doing?"

"Why, yes, I have generally been going to the smoking-car to have a cigar."

"Tut! tut! not that! I mean did it ever occur to you on such an occasion that absolutely you were moving faster than the train? The train passes the telegraph-poles at the rate of thirty miles an hour, say. You walk toward the smoking-car at the rate of four miles an hour. Then *you* pass the telegraph-poles at the rate of thirty-four miles. Your absolute speed is the speed of the engine, plus the speed of



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"THAT SHE HERSELF WAS NOT INDIFFERENT I SOON HAD REASON TO REGARD AS A SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH"

your own locomotion. Do you follow me?"

I began to get an inkling of his meaning, and told him so.

"Very well. Let us advance a step. Your addition to the speed of the engine is trivial, and the space in which you can exercise it, limited. Now, suppose two stations, A and B, two miles distant by the track. Imagine a train of platform cars, the last car resting at station A. The train is a mile long, say. The engine is therefore within a mile of station B. Say the train can move a mile in ten minutes. The last car, having two miles to go, would reach B in twenty minutes, but the engine, a mile ahead, would get there in ten. You jump on the last car at A in a prodigious hurry to reach Abscissa, who is at B. If you stay on the last car, it will be twenty long minutes before you see her. But the engine reaches B and the fair lady in ten. You will be a stupid reasoner and an indifferent lover if you don't put for the engine over those platform cars as fast as your legs will carry you. You can run a mile, the length of the train, in ten minutes. Therefore you reach Abscissa when the engine does, or in ten minutes—ten minutes sooner than if you had lazily sat down upon the rear car and talked politics with the brakeman. You have diminished the time by one half. You have added your speed to that of the locomotive to some purpose. *Nicht wahr?*"

I saw it perfectly; much plainer, perhaps, for his putting in the clause about Abscissa.

He continued:

"This illustration, though a slow one, leads up to a principle which may be carried to any extent. Our first anxiety will be to spare your legs and wind. Let us suppose that the two miles of track are perfectly straight, and make our train one platform car, a mile long, with parallel rails laid upon its top. Put a little dummy engine on these rails, and let it run to and fro along the platform car, while the platform car is pulled along the ground track. Catch the idea? The dummy takes your place. But it can run its mile much faster. Fancy that our locomotive is strong enough to pull the platform car over the two miles in two minutes. The dummy can attain the same speed. When the engine reaches B in one minute, the dummy, having gone a mile atop the platform car, reaches B also. We have so combined the speeds of those two engines as to accomplish two miles in one minute. Is this all we can do? Prepare to exercise your imagination."

I lit my pipe.

"Still two miles of straight track between A and B. On the track a long platform car, reaching from A to within a quarter of a mile of B. We will now discard ordinary locomotives and adopt as our motive power a series of compact magnetic engines, distributed underneath the platform car all along its length."

"I don't understand those magnetic engines."

"Well, each of them consists of a great iron horseshoe, rendered alternately a magnet and not a magnet by an intermittent current of electricity from a battery, this current in its turn regulated by clockwork. When the horseshoe is in the circuit, it is a magnet, and it pulls its clapper toward it with enormous power. When it is out of the circuit, the next second, it is not a magnet, and it lets the clapper go. The clapper, oscillating to and fro, imparts a rotatory motion to a fly-wheel, which transmits it to the drivers on the rails. Such are our motors. They are no novelty, for trial has proved them practicable.

"With a magnetic engine for every truck of wheels, we can reasonably expect to move our immense car, and to drive it along at a speed, say, of a mile a minute.

"The forward end, having but a quarter of a mile to go, will reach B in fifteen seconds. We will call this platform car number I. On top of number I are laid rails on which another platform car, number II, a quarter of a mile shorter than number I, is moved in precisely the same way. Number II, in its turn, is surmounted by number III, moving independently of the tiers beneath, and a quarter of a mile shorter than number II. Number II is a mile and a half long; number III a mile and a quarter. Above, on successive levels, are number IV, a mile long; number V, three quarters of a mile; number VI, half a mile; number VII, a quarter of a mile, and number VIII, a short passenger-car on top of all.

"Each car moves upon the car beneath it, independently of all the others, at the



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'THIS IS THE TACHYPOMP. DOES IT JUSTIFY THE NAME?'"

rate of a mile a minute. Each car has its own magnetic engines. Well, the train being drawn up with the latter end of each car resting against a lofty bumping-post at A, Tom Furnace, the gentlemanly conductor, and Jean-Marie Rivarol, engineer, mount by a long ladder to the exalted number VIII. The complicated mechanism is set in motion. What happens?

"Number VIII runs a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds, and reaches the end of number VII. Meanwhile number VII has run a quarter of a mile in the same time, and reached the end of number VI; number VI, a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds, and reached the end of number V; number V, the end of number IV; number IV, of number III; number III, of number II; number II, of number I.

And number I, in fifteen seconds, has gone its quarter of a mile along the ground track, and has reached station B. All this has been done in fifteen seconds. Wherefore, numbers I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, and VIII come to rest against once, during the same fifteen seconds. Consequently we have been whizzed through the air at the somewhat startling speed of seven and a half seconds to the mile. This is the Tachypomp. Does it justify the name?"



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"IN FRONT OF ME STOOD PROFESSOR SURD HIMSELF, LOOKING DOWN WITH A NOT UNPLEASANT SMILE"

the bumping-post at B, at precisely the same second. We, in number VIII, reach B just when number I reaches it. In other words, we accomplish two miles in fifteen seconds. Each of the eight cars, moving at the rate of a mile a minute, has contributed a quarter of a mile to our journey, and has done its work in fifteen seconds. All the eight did their work at

Although a little bewildered by the complexity of cars, I apprehended the general principle of the machine. I made a diagram, and understood it much better. "You have merely improved on the idea of my moving faster than the train when I was going to the smoking-car?" I said.

"Precisely. So far we have kept within the bounds of the practicable. To satisfy

the professor, you can theorize in something after this fashion: if we double the number of cars, thus decreasing by one half the distance which each has to go, we shall attain twice the speed. Each of the sixteen cars will have but one eighth of a mile to go. At the uniform rate we have adopted, the two miles can be done in seven and a half instead of fifteen seconds. With thirty-two cars, and a sixteenth of a mile, or twenty rods difference in their length, we arrive at the speed of a mile in less than two seconds; with sixty-four cars, each traveling but ten rods, a mile under the second. More than sixty miles a minute! If this is n't rapid enough for the professor, tell him to go on increasing the number of his cars and diminishing the distance each one has to run. If sixty-four cars yield a speed of a mile inside the second, let him fancy a Tachypomp of six hundred and forty cars, and amuse himself calculating the rate of car number 640. Just whisper to him that when he has an infinite number of cars with an infinitesimal difference in their lengths, he will have obtained that infinite speed for which he seems to yearn. Then demand Abscissa."

I wrung my friend's hand in silent and grateful admiration. I could say nothing.

"You have listened to the man of theory," he said proudly. "You shall now behold the practical engineer. We will go to the west of the Mississippi and find some suitably level locality. We will erect thereon a model Tachypomp. We will summon thereunto the professor, his daughter, and why not his fair sister Jocasta as well? We will take them a journey which shall much astonish the venerable Surd. He shall place Abscissa's digits in yours and bless you both with an algebraic formula. Jocasta shall contemplate with wonder the genius of Rivarol. But we have much to do. We must ship to St. Joseph the vast amount of material to be employed in the construction of the Tachypomp. We must engage a small army of workmen to effect that construction, for we are to annihilate time and space. Perhaps you had better see your bankers."

I rushed impetuously to the door. There should be no delay.

"Stop! stop! *Um Gottes Willen,* stop!" shrieked Rivarol. "I launched my butcher this morning and I have n't bolted the—"

But it was too late. I was upon the trap. It swung open with a crash, and I was plunged down, down, down! I felt as though I were falling through illimitable space. I remember wondering, as I rushed through the darkness, whether I should reach Kerguellen's Land or stop at the center. It seemed an eternity. Then my course was suddenly and painfully arrested.

I opened my eyes. Around me were the walls of Professor Surd's study. Under me was a hard, unyielding plane which I knew too well was Professor Surd's study floor. Behind me was the black, slippery haircloth chair which had belched me forth much as the whale served Jonah. In front of me stood Professor Surd himself, looking down with a not unpleasant smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Furnace. Let me help you up. You look tired, sir. No wonder you fell asleep when I kept you so long waiting. Shall I get you a glass of wine? No? By the way, since receiving your letter I find that you are a son of my old friend Judge Furnace. I have made inquiries, and see no reason why you should not make Abscissa a good husband."

Still, I can see no reason why the Tachypomp should not have succeeded. Can you?





THE LANDSCAPE-PAINTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL MARR, IN THE MODERN GALLERY, BUDAPEST

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)



"SCHEDULE K"

THE EFFECT OF THE TARIFF ON THE WOOL-GROWER, THE MANUFACTURER, THE WORKMAN, AND THE CONSUMER



BY N. I. STONE

Formerly Chief Statistician of the Tariff Board

NO part of our tariff has been more scathingly denounced in Congress and by the press than what is known as "Schedule K." No schedule that has received half the attention bestowed on Schedule K has managed to withstand the fierce onslaughts of the united tariff reformers of both political parties so successfully as the schedule covering wool and its manufactures. Repeatedly raised during the Civil War, when the urgent need of additional revenue was the sole motive of frequent tariff revision, slightly reduced in 1872 and 1883, scaled down still more in the Democratic Wilson act of 1894, it managed in the intervals between these acts to recover lost ground and, since 1897, to eclipse all previous records for high-tariff climbing.

The secret of this exceptional record in our tariff history is not far to seek. It lies in the peculiar interlacing of interests between the sheep-grower of the West and the manufacturer of the East, which has no parallel in other industries. Most of the farm products are either left on the free list, like cotton, or, if protected by a duty, are not affected by it. Thus we have duties on corn, wheat, oats, rye, and meat, but no one familiar with the situation has ever seriously maintained that the duty has been more than a convenient embellishment of our tariff for the use of campaign spellbinders in farm districts. As long as we produce more cereals, meats, and other farm products than we consume, and send the surplus to the world's markets, the prices of these products, under free competition at home, will be regulated by conditions of world supply and demand, leaving the duties a dead letter on the statute-books. Wool is a conspicuous exception in the list of American farm products. After half a century of exceptionally high protection, fixed by the beneficiaries of the tariff themselves, the American wool-grower still falls short in his output to the extent of more than one third of the domestic demand. The deficit must be covered by importation from foreign countries, the price of imported wool being enhanced by the amount of the duty. Under these conditions the duty on raw wool acts as a powerful lever in increasing the price of the domestic wool furnishing the remaining two thirds of our consumption. No wonder that the wool-grower has always been an enthusiastic advocate of a duty on raw wool.

On the other hand, the New England manufacturer, himself a believer in high duties on woolen goods, has been rather skeptical as to the merits of a duty on a raw material of which we have never been able to produce enough, and are producing an ever diminishing share. Hence the New England woolen manufacturer has been as enthusiastic for free wool as the New England shoe manufacturer is for free hides, without losing at the same time his faith in high duties on woolen goods. However, the manufacturers discovered at an early stage in the game that unless they were willing to acquiesce in a duty on their raw material, the representatives from the wool-growing States in Congress could not see any advantage in high duties on woolens. This is what led to the powerful combination of these two great interests to which the late Senator Dolliver, in his memorable speech in the Senate in the extra session of Congress in 1909, referred as "that ceremony when the shepherd's crook and the weaver's distaff were joined together in the joyous wedlock which no man has been able to put asun-

der." At that joint meeting of the representatives of wool-growers and woolen-cloth manufacturers held at Syracuse in December, 1865, when it was supposed that, with the disappearance of the need for extraordinary revenue, the war duties would be reduced, "it was agreed between them," in the words of the late John Sherman, who had a great deal to do with the shaping of the tariff, "after full discussion, that the rates of duty reported by the Senate bill should be given them, and they were satisfied with them, and have never called them in question."

It remained for a long-suffering public finally to call those rates in question. And when a Republican President called Congress in extraordinary session in March, 1909, to fulfil the pledges of his party for a downward revision, he found, to use his own words, uttered in the now famous Winona speech, that "Mr. Payne, in the House, and Mr. Aldrich, in the Senate, although both favored reduction in the schedule, found that in the Republican party the interests of the wool-growers of the far West and the interests of the woolen manufacturers in the East and in other States, reflected through their representatives in Congress, was sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the woolen tariff, and that, had it been attempted, it would have beaten the bill reported from either committee."

However, the President thought that Schedule K should receive the attention of Congress after the newly created Tariff Board had made a thorough investigation of the woolen industry. Taking the President at his word, the country waited two years more with great impatience for the result of the findings of his board. But once more was the country baffled by the united beneficiaries of Schedule K in its efforts looking to the lowering of the rates. When a majority in Congress composed of Democrats and Republican insurgents laid aside party differences in a common effort to reduce the woolen duties, the same leaders of whose tactics President Taft had complained were able to persuade him that the revised schedule was so much at variance with the findings of the Tariff Board as to justify his veto. Thus the country is facing the new situation in the extraordinary session of the Sixty-third Congress, with Schedule K still proudly holding the fort on the pinnacle of the American tariff wall. The present is, therefore, just the time for an analysis of the situation in which the claims of the conflicting interests may be reviewed in the light of now well-established facts.

WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS

ANY one who has traveled abroad or had occasion to compare foreign prices of cloths and dress-goods with those prevailing in this country knows that on the average they can be bought in Europe, particularly in free-trade England, at about half the price usually asked for similar goods at home. As the investigation of the Tariff Board has shown, there are many cloths on which the difference in price is not so great, particularly on the finer grades, while, on the other hand, the American price is more than double the English on some of the medium and cheap grades of cloth. But, on the whole, it is safe to state that our prices on woolen and worsted cloths are about double those in England. The difference in price represents largely the toll paid by ninety-odd million Americans for the support of the half-century-old infant worsted and the century-old woolen industry. We have all been vaguely aware of that fact, and yet have submitted to it for the ultimate good of creating a raw-wool supply and a fine woolen and worsted industry that would make us independent of the rest of the world and give employment to American labor at American wages. Not until the two wings of the industry, the woolen and the worsted, fell out among themselves, and the carded-wool manufacturers showed to an astonished public that the tariff, as it stood, throttled an important branch of the industry, instead of building it up, was the layman given an opportunity of getting a deeper insight into the workings of Schedule K.

The woolen industry in the United States is as old as the country itself. Carried on first as a household industry among the early colonists, it entered the factory stage with the introduction of mechanical power, first in connection with carding-machines in 1794, then with its application to spinning between 1810 and 1820, and later to weaving in the following decade.

Before the Civil War, all woolens were made by what is known as the carded-woolen process, which produces a cloth with a rough surface. Such cloths as tweeds, cheviots, cassimeres, meltons, and kerseys are among the best-known types of woolen cloth. Just before the Civil War the worsted industry made its appearance in this country. The worsted fabric differs from the woolen cloth in being made of combed yarn, as distinguished from the carded yarn which goes into the woolen cloth. The combing process involves, to a greater or less extent, the use of finer and longer grades of wool, and yields a fabric with a smooth surface, on which the weave is plainly visible. Among the best-known types of these cloths are the serges and the unfinished clay worsteds, which constitute the plain varieties, and the so-called fancy worsteds, showing a distinct pattern produced by the weave and the use of colored yarn.

How different the course of these two branches of the woolen industry has been, since the adoption of Schedule K substantially in its present form, is shown very strikingly by the figures of the United States Census. In 1859, the last census year preceding the adoption of Schedule K virtually in its present form, the value of the products of the woolen industry was nearly $62,000,000, while the worsted could boast of less than three and three quarter millions. In 1909, exactly half a century later, the woolen industry produced $107,000,000 worth of cloth, while the value of the worsteds exceeded $312,000,000. Put in another form, while fifty years ago the worsted industry was only one twentieth the size of the woolen, to-day it is three times as large as its older rival. Nor does this tell the whole story. The decline of the woolen industry has been not only relative, but absolute. Thus, after increasing from $62,000,000 in 1859 to $161,000,000 in 1879, it dropped to $134,000,000 in 1889, to $118,000,000 in 1899, and to $107,000,000 in 1909. On the other hand, the worsted industry showed a marked increase in each succeeding decade, beating all previous records in the first decade of the present century, when the value of its output rose from $120,000,000 in 1899 to more than $312,000,000 in 1909.

A large part of the growth of the worsted industry at the expense of the woolen is said to be due to change in fashion and taste, people generally preferring the smooth, smart-looking worsteds to the rough woolens. While this is, no doubt, true, the woolen-goods manufacturers assert that the change of fashion is only partly responsible for the decline of their industry. They insist that but for the unfair discrimination of the tariff against their industry in favor of the worsted it would continue to increase with the growth of population, since it alone can turn out an all-wool cloth that is within the means of poor people.

A feature which goes far to explain the superior advantage which the worsted industry has over the woolen is that the former is essentially the big capitalist's field, while the woolen mills are still run to a large extent by people of moderate means. According to the last census report, in 1909 the average output per mill in the worsted industry was nearly one million dollars, which was more than five times as large as that of the average woolen mill. The prevailing type in the former is the large corporation, managed by high-salaried officials; in the latter, the typical mill is a comparatively small establishment, personally managed by the owner or owners, who form a partnership which in many cases has come down from earlier generations in the family and has not improved much on the old ways.

The great factor in the worsted industry to-day is the American Woolen Company, popularly known as the Woolen Trust, which was said to control sixty per cent. of the country's output at the time of its formation in 1899, and can boast of the largest and best-equipped mills not only in the United States, but in the entire world. Outside of the so-called trust are other large concerns, such as the Arlington Mills, largely owned by Mr. William Whitman, the most conspicuous figure in the industry, who has probably had more to do with the shaping of Schedule K than any other man in the country, and who has amassed a large fortune in the business, most of the capital invested in his mill having been built up from the profits of the business.

If the quarrel between the woolen and worsted manufacturers had no other consequences than to affect our fashions, the

rest of us could well afford to let the rival forces fight it out among themselves. But it affects the consumer very vitally, and particularly that part of the consuming public that can ill afford to pay high prices for its clothes. For woolen is distinctly the poor man's cloth, while worsted is the cloth of the well-to-do. As will be shown presently, our tariff on raw wool is designed to keep out of this country the cheap, short staple wools which our woolen industry could use to great advantage. The tariff thus artificially restricts the manufacture of woolens, while stimulating the production of worsteds, and, as the poor man cannot afford a genuine worsted cloth, it has to be adulterated with cotton to the extent of at least one half. Many of the "cotton worsteds" contain only a small fraction of wool, most of the material being cotton. It is this aspect of the effect of the tariff on the consumer that has made the family quarrel between the two branches of the wool manufacturing industry a matter of national concern.

THE DUTIES ON RAW WOOL

THE root of all the evils springing from Schedule K is the specific duty of eleven cents a pound on all clothing wools used by the woolen industry and most of the wools used by the worsted industry. Wools differ greatly in value. They may be long or short, fine or coarse, comparatively clean, or so full of grease and dirt, which the sheep accumulates in its shaggy coat while roaming in the fields, as to shrink to one fifth of its purchased weight after it has been washed and scoured in the mill.

Yet all of these wools, when brought to the gates of the United States customhouse, would have to pay the same duty of eleven cents per pound. On fine English wool, which contains only ten per cent. of grease and dirt, this is equivalent to a little over twelve cents a pound of clean wool. On a wool shrinking in weight, in the course of scouring, to only one fifth of its raw weight, the eleven-cents duty is equivalent to fifty-five cents per pound of clean wool, a figure which no manufacturer can afford to pay, and which, therefore, keeps the wool out of this country. Taken in connection with the price of wool, the discrimination against the coarse, heavy-shrinking wools used primarily by the woolen industry appears even more striking. Thus, on the finer grades of wool quoted in London at forty-seven cents per pound, the duty of eleven cents would be equivalent to twenty-three per cent. ad valorem; while on the lower-priced wools, the only kind that is available for the poor man's cloth, the eleven-cents duty would be equivalent to the prohibitive figure of anywhere from one hundred to five hundred and fifty per cent. The result is that the durable, weather-proof, and health-protecting cheap woolen cloth which the English and Continental working-man can afford to wear, must give way to the short-lived but dressy cotton worsted, which leaves the American workman, compelled to work outdoors in all sorts of weather, poorly protected against its inclemencies.

THE DUTY ON CLOTH

So much for the raw wool, which does not concern the consumer directly, but which he must consider in order to understand the conditions under which the woolen manufacturer is laboring.

When we come to cloth, the discrimination against the woolen manufacturer and the burden imposed upon the consumer is no less striking.

On the theory that all wool in this country is enhanced in price to the extent of the duty,—a theory, by the way, which every protectionist stoutly combats when discussing the effect of the tariff on domestic prices,—the manufacturer of cloth is allowed not only a protective duty of from fifty to fifty-five per cent. of the value of the imported cloth, but, in addition to that, a "compensatory" duty on account of the duty on raw wool. This compensatory duty is fixed at forty-four cents per pound of cloth on most of the cloths imported into this country.

It is based on the assumption that it takes four pounds of raw wool to make one pound of cloth. This compensatory duty adds to the discrimination against the woolen manufacturer in favor of the worsted manufacturer in several ways.

In the first place, as already explained, the wool used by the worsted manufacturer does not shrink as much as that which

goes into the cloth produced by the woolen manufacturer. Yet the compensatory duty is fixed at a uniform rate for both cloths, which is equivalent to giving to the worsted manufacturer about twice as much "compensation" as to his less fortunate rival, and giving him, in most cases, compensation for a greater loss than he actually sustains.

In the second place, the law takes no account of the admixture of materials other than wool of which the cloth is made. A cotton worsted may contain cotton to the extent of one half or more of its total weight, yet the worsted manufacturer is allowed forty-four cents a pound "compensation" on the entire weight of the cloth. Mr. Dale, editor of "The Textile World Record," quotes a typical instance of a cotton worsted. In turning out 8750 pounds of this cloth, 3125 pounds of raw wool were used, the remainder being cotton. Assuming that the price of the wool in this country was enhanced to the extent of the duty of eleven cents a pound, the manufacturer would be entitled to a compensatory duty of 3125 times eleven, or $343.75. But the law, on the four-to-one theory, allows a compensatory duty of forty-four cents per pound of cloth, or 8750 times forty-four, which is equal to $3850. The manufacturer is thus granted an extra protection of more than three and one half thousand dollars in the guise of compensation for the duty on wool which never entered the cloth.

In the discussion of the question in Congress, the stand-pat senators stoutly maintained that the four-to-one ratio was only a fair compensation to the American manufacturer. But the report of the Tariff Board, which no one has yet accused of being unfair to the manufacturers, has settled this point authoritatively by sustaining in most emphatic terms every charge made here against the system of levying duties under Schedule K.

In addition to the so-called compensatory duties, the tariff provides a distinct protective duty of from fifty to fifty-five per cent. on cloths. High as this duty appears in comparison with protective duties in most of the European countries, it is not exceptionally high as compared with the rates under other schedules of our tariff. It is only when taken in combination with the compensatory duties, which the official report of the Tariff Board has shown to be largely protective, that the prohibitive character of the duties in Schedule K comes to light. The figures of annual imports published by the Bureau of Statistics throw an interesting light on this aspect of the case. They show, for instance, that the duties on blankets in the fiscal year 1911 ranged from sixty-eight to one hundred and sixty-nine per cent. of their foreign selling price; on carpets, from fifty to seventy-two per cent., being the lowest duties imposed on any manufactures of wool; on women's dress-goods the duties varied from ninety-four to one hundred and fifty-eight per cent.; on flannels, from seventy-one to one hundred and twenty-one per cent.; on woolen and worsted cloths, from ninety-four to one hundred and fifty per cent.; on knit fabrics, from ninety-five to one hundred and fifty-three per cent.; on plushes and pile fabrics, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-two per cent.

None of these rates tells the whole story: they all understate the duties to which foreign goods are subject under the law; for they represent the duties on goods that were able to get into this country over our tariff wall. In some cases the imports represent vanishing quantities, only a few dollars' worth, being probably the personal purchases of returning travelers. The duties that are high enough to keep foreign goods out of the country naturally do not find their way into the returns of the Bureau of Statistics. An illustration of this feature is furnished by the report of the Tariff Board. The duties upon woolen and worsted cloths just cited from the report of the Bureau of Statistics are shown to vary from ninety-four to one hundred and fifty per cent. The Tariff Board, in making a comparative study of the industry at home and abroad, obtained a set of representative samples of English cloths with prices at which they are sold in England, the duty they would have to pay if imported into the United States, and the prices at which similar cloths are sold in the United States. Sixteen of the samples, representing the cheapest cloths sold in England at prices of from twelve to fifty-four cents a yard, are not imported into the United States at all, owing to prohibitive duties

ranging from one hundred and thirty-two to two hundred and sixty per cent. Thirteen out of the sixteen samples would have paid duties higher than the highest rate of one hundred and fifty per cent. given in the report of the Bureau of Statistics for cloths actually imported. This illustration will suffice to explain why the rates quoted above for various woolen products from the report of the Bureau of Statistics are understatements of the duties imposed under Schedule K.

An invariable feature of this schedule is that the duties rise in inverse ratio to the value of the commodities, so that the poor man's grades pay the highest rates, while those intended for people who can best afford to pay the duties are subject to the lowest rates. In the set of English samples collected by the board, the cheapest cloth selling in England for twelve cents a yard would pay a duty in the United States equal to two hundred per cent. ad valorem, while the highest-priced fabric selling at $1.68 a yard would pay a duty of only eighty-seven per cent.

Small wonder that under the fostering care of Schedule K imports have been reduced to next to nothing. With a total domestic consumption of women's dress-goods valued at more than $105,000,000, we imported six and one third million dollars' worth of these goods in 1911. The imports of woolen and worsted cloth were only two and one half per cent. of the total domestic consumption. We imported blankets and flannels in 1909 worth $125,000 as against a domestic production of more than $10,500,000, making the imports only slightly more than one per cent. of our total consumption; even in carpets, which are subject to the lowest rates of duty imposed on manufactures under Schedule K, our imports were only $195,000 worth against a domestic production of $45,475,889, making the imports less than one half of one per cent. of our own production.

THE STATE OF THE AMERICAN WOOL INDUSTRY

After enjoying for nearly half a century a protection averaging forty-five per cent. and amounting to from one hundred to five hundred and fifty per cent. on the cheaper grades of wool, the American wool-grower is not able to satisfy as great a part of the national demand for his product as he was at the time of the Civil War. During the sixties we had to depend upon imports to the extent of little over one fourth (26.8 per cent.) of our total consumption of wool. To-day nearly one half of our needs have to be covered by foreign wools (about forty-five per cent. in 1910). When wool was placed on the free list under the Wilson Bill in 1894, it was charged that the abolition of the duty was responsible for the increase in our imports. But our growing dependence on imported wool despite the restoration of the duty under the Dingley Act, in 1897, goes to show that the tariff is no remedy for the shortage.

The wool-grower argues, however, that wool can be produced so much cheaper in Argentina and Australia that, if admitted free of duty to the United States, it would bring about the total disappearance of the American wool industry. The latest available figures given in the report of the Tariff Board show a world production of about 2,500,000,000 pounds of wool, of which the United States produces about one eighth. The world supply would furnish less than a pound of clean wool per head of population, not enough to give each of us more than one suit in three years. Of course the latter estimates are only approximate, but they are not far from the truth. If it were not for the plentiful admixture of cotton and shoddy to the annual stock of new wool, there would not be enough wool to clothe the people of the earth. Under these conditions, there is no danger of the world failing to make use of American wool. Any considerable curtailment in the production of American wool would have the tendency of raising the world's price of wool to such an extent as to offer renewed encouragement to the American wool-grower. So much for that. But is it true that it costs so much to raise wool in the United States?

The Tariff Board reported that the average cost of production of wool in this country is about three times as high as in Australia and about double that in South America. On that basis our present duty is ridiculously low, and it is a wonder that our wool industry has not long gone out of existence. What is the secret of its miraculous escape from total extinction?

The Tariff Board average represents widely different conditions of production. A large part of the wool grown in this country—no less than eleven per cent. of the wool covered by the board's investigation—is raised without any cost whatever to the wool-grower; in fact, he gets "a net credit," to quote the board, or a premium, with each pound of wool coming from his sheep's back. This is true of sheep-growers who are employing up-to-date methods in their business and have substituted the cross-bred merino sheep for the old-type pure merino. The cross-bred sheep is raised primarily to meet the enormous and rapidly growing demand for mutton. The price realized from the sale of mutton is sufficient not only to cover the entire expense of raising the sheep, but leaves the farmer a net profit, before he has sold a pound of his wool, which has become a by-product with him, and the proceeds from which represent a clear gain. It will be easily seen that the up-to-date mutton-sheep breeder can do very well without any duty on wool.

The mutton-sheep has come to stay, because we are fast getting to be a mutton-eating people. Despite the enormous increase in population, fewer cattle and hogs are being slaughtered to-day than twenty years ago, while the number of sheep killed has more than doubled in the same period. In 1880, for every sheep slaughtered at the Chicago stock-yards, four heads of cattle and twenty-one hogs were killed. In 1900 the number of sheep received at the stock-yards exceeded that of cattle, and in 1911, for every sheep slaughtered, there was only one half of a beef carcass and one and one quarter of a hog. The rapid increase in the demand for and supply of sheep out of all proportion to other animals is in itself the best refutation of the cry that sheep-growing is unprofitable. In his recent book on "Sheep Breeding in America," Mr. Wing, one of the foremost authorities on the subject in this country, who investigated the sheep-breeding industry for the Tariff Board in every part of the country where it is carried on, as well as abroad, says that sheep-breeding is profitable despite the woefully neglectful manner in which it is conducted in the United States. Unlike some United States senators who have grown rich in the business of raising sheep, Mr. Wing remains cheerful at the prospect of a reduction of wool duties, and even their total abolition has no terrors for him. His attitude is very significant, when it is considered that he is a practical sheep-grower, still engaged in that business, in addition to writing on the subject, and that all his interests, both business and literary, are intimately wound up with the sheep industry.

Not all growers, it is true, have adopted modern methods. The report of the board shows five additional groups of farmers whose cost of production of wool varies from less than five cents a pound to more than twenty. Accepting these figures at their face-value, although they are only approximate, and assuming that a raw material like wool of which we cannot produce enough to satisfy our needs is a proper object of protection, the question still remains whether the tariff is to be high enough to afford protection to every man in the business, even when the results obtained by his neighbors show that he has his own inefficiency or backwardness to blame for his high costs, or whether the duty is to measure the difference between the cost of production of our efficient producers and that of their foreign competitors. If the former be taken as a standard, then the present duty on raw wool is not sufficiently high, and should be greatly increased; if the latter be accepted as a basis in tariff-making, then, there being no cost in raising wool on up-to-date American ranches, there seems to be no valid reason for any duty, except possibly one of a transitory nature, to allow sufficient time to the sheep-growers who need it to adjust themselves to modern conditions of business.

MILL EFFICIENCY

THE same general considerations which apply to raw wool hold good as to its manufactures. There is no such thing as an average cost of production of woolen cloth in the United States. The enormous variety of cloths produced in the same mill proved an insuperable obstacle to the Tariff Board, which gave up the attempt to ascertain the actual cost of production. Instead, it undertook to obtain estimates from manufacturers of the cost of producing cloths, samples of which were furnished to them by the board. As-

summing that all the estimates were made in good faith and that the agents of the board were all competent and equal to the task of checking them with the meager means at their command, the average costs given to the board represent widely differing conditions of industrial efficiency.

Industrial efficiency depends on a great many conditions an adequate discussion of which would take us far afield. One fact, however, stands out preëminently, and must be emphasized until it is seared into the consciousness and conscience of the American citizen, and that is that industrial efficiency, which is synonymous with low labor cost, does not mean, or depend upon, low wages. Yet the lower wages in Europe constitute the stock argument in every plea for protection that is flowed into the ears of Congress.

Not being in a position to make a comprehensive inquiry into the efficiency of American mills in the woolen industry, the Tariff Board made a study of labor efficiency in the various processes of wool manufacture in connection with output and wages paid. Almost invariably the mill paying higher wages per hour showed lower costs than its competitor with lower wages.

Thus, in wool scouring the lowest average wages paid to machine-operatives in the thirty mills examined was found to be 12.16 cents per hour, and the highest 17.7¢. Yet the low-wage mill showed a labor cost of twenty-one cents per hundred pounds of wool, while the high-wage mill had a cost of only fifteen cents. One of the reasons for this puzzling situation was that the low-wage mill paid nine cents per hundred pounds for supervisory labor, such as foremen, etc., while the high-wage mill paid only six cents. Apparently well-paid labor needs less driving and supervising than low-paid labor.

In the carding department of seventeen worsted mills the mill paying its machine-operatives an average wage of 13.18 cents per hour had a machine labor cost of four cents per hundred pounds, while the mill paying its machine-operatives only 11.86 cents per hour had a cost of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. This was due largely to the fact that the lower-cost-high-wage mill had machinery enabling every operator to turn out more than 126 pounds per hour, while the high-cost-low-wage mill was turning out less than forty-eight pounds per hour.

The same tendency was observed in the carding departments of twenty-six woolen mills. The mill with the highest machine output per man per hour, namely 57.7 pounds, had a machinery-labor cost of twenty-three cents per hundred pounds, while the mill with a machine output of only six pounds per operative per hour had a cost of $1.64 per hundred pounds. Yet this mill, with a cost seven times higher than the other, paid its operatives only 9.86 cents per hour, as against 13.09 cents paid by its more successful competitor.

These examples could be repeated for every department of woolen and worsted mills, but will suffice to illustrate the point that higher wages do not necessarily mean higher costs. They show that mill efficiency depends more on a liberal use of the most improved machinery than on low wages. Thoughtful planning in arranging the machinery to save unnecessary steps to the employees, careful buying of raw materials, the efficient organization and utilization of the labor force in the mill, systematic watching of the thousands of details, each affecting the cost of manufacture, will reduce costs to an astonishing degree. When the board, therefore, states that the labor cost of production in this country is, on the average, about double that in foreign countries, we must bear in mind the difference in costs in our own country, and the causes to which high costs are due. The fact is that the woolen industry, being one of the best, if not the best, protected industry in the country, shows an exceptional disposition to cling to old methods and to use machinery which long ago should have been consigned to the scrap-heap. That is where the chief cause of the comparatively high cost of production in a large part of the industry is to be looked for.

But, disregarding the question of mill efficiency, let us accept the figure of the Tariff Board, which found the labor cost in England to be one half that here, taking the manufacture from the time the wool enters the mill until it is turned out as finished cloth. The entire labor cost varies from twenty to fifty per cent. of the total cost of making cloth, according to the character of the cloth, and but seldom exceeds or approaches fifty per cent. If the protec-

tive duty is to measure the difference in labor cost, it should be fixed at not above twenty-five per cent. of the cost, that being the highest difference between the American and English labor cost. As against that, we now have a duty of about fifty-five per cent. of the selling price of the foreign cloth, in addition to the concealed protection in the so-called compensatory duty.

For decades we have been assured that all the manufacturer wanted was a duty high enough to compensate him for the higher wages paid in this country. In 1908 the Republican party laid down the formula that the tariff is to measure the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, including a "reasonable profit to the manufacturer." To-day the party has advocates of all kinds of protection, from those who wish the tariff to measure the difference in labor cost of the most efficient mills in this and foreign countries, as advocated by Senator La Follette, to those who wish a tariff high enough to keep out foreign importations.

Whatever may be done with Schedule K by the Democratic Congress, it is time that we dismiss the hoary legend that the duties are maintained solely in the interest of the highly paid American working man. The assertion comes with specially poor grace from the woolen and worsted industry, the most highly protected industry in the United States, paying the lowest wages to skilled labor. With the earnings of the great bulk of its employees averaging through the year less than ten dollars a week, while wages are about double that figure in less protected industries; with its workmen compelled to send their wives and children to the mills as an alternative to starvation on the man's earnings; with the horrors of living conditions of the Lawrence mill-workers still ringing in our ears, it is time that we face the situation squarely and, whatever degree of protection we decide to maintain, that we frankly admit that it is primarily for the benefit of the capital invested in our industries.

Russia, Germany, and France do so frankly, and free-trade England manages to compete with them in the markets of the world, while paying higher wages to its employees. In turn we beat these nations in their own and in the world's markets in the products of the very industries in which we pay the highest wages.

THE WINE OF NIGHT

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

COME, drink the mystic wine of Night,
Brimming with silence and the stars;
While earth, bathed in this holy light,
Is seen without its scars.
Drink in the daring and the dews,
The calm winds and the restless gleam—
This is the draught that Beauty brews;
Drink—it is the Dream. . .

Drink, oh my soul, and do not yield—
These solitudes, this wild-rose air
Shall strengthen thee; shall be thy shield
Against the world's despair.
Oh, quaff the stirrup-cup of stars
Trembling with hope and high desire—
Then back into the hopeless wars
With faith and fire!

"THEM OLD MOTH-EATEN LOVYERS"

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," "Where the Battle was Fought," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HAIR snow-white, the drifts of many a winter, eyes sunken amid a network of wrinkles, hands hardened and veinous, shoulders bent, and step laggard and feeble, the old lovers were as beautiful to each other, and as enthralled by mutual devotion, as on their wedding-day forty-five years before. They were beautiful also to more discerning eyes—to a wandering artist in quest of material, who painted them both in divers poses, and carried off his canvases. As a recompense of some sort, he left a masterly depiction of the god of love burned in the wood of the broad, smooth board of the mantelpiece above the hearth, where the fickle little deity, though furnished with wings for swiftest flight, had long presided in constancy.

Doubtless some such sentiment had prompted the pyrography, but its significance failed to percolate through the dense ignorance of the old mountain woman.

"Folks from the summer hotel over yander nigh the bluffs air always powerful tickled over that leetle critter," she was wont to reply to an admiring comment, "but he 'pears ter me some similar ter a flying-squirrel. I never seen no baby dee-formed with wings nohow, an' I tol' the painter-man at the time that them legs war too fat ter be plumb genteel. But, lawsy! I jes hed ter let him keep on workin'. He war powerful saaft-spoken an' perlite, though I war afeared he 'd disfigure every plain piece o' wood about the house afore he tuk hisself away."

Years before, the romance of the old couple had been the idyl of the countryside. They had indeed been lovers as children. They had made pilgrimages to their trysting-place when the breadth of the dooryard was a long journey. They had plighted their vows as they sat in juvenile content, plump, tow-headed, barefooted among the chips of the wood pile. As they grew older it was the object of their lives to save their treasures to bestow on each other. A big apple, a chunk of maple-sugar, a buckeye of abnormal proportions, attained a certain dignity regarded as *gages d'amour*. They were never parted for a day till Editha was seventeen years old, when she was summoned to the care of a paralytic aunt who dwelt in Shaftesville, twelve miles distant, and who, in the death of her husband, had been left peculiarly helpless and alone.

The separation was a dreary affliction to the lovers, but it proved the busiest year of Benjamin Casey's life, signalized by his preparations for the home-coming of the bride to be. All the country-side took a share in the "house-raising," and the stanch log cabin went up like magic on the rocky bit of land on the bluff, thus utilized to reserve for the plow the arable spaces of the little farm. Every article of the rude furniture common to the region was in its appropriate place when Editha first stood on her own threshold and gazed into the glowing fire aflare upon her own hearth; and humble though it was, she confronted the very genius of home.

The guests who danced at the wedding and afterward at the infare felt that the lifelong romance was a sort of community interest, and for many a year its details were familiarized by repetition about the fireside or to the casual stranger. But Time is ever the mocker. The generation which had known the pair in the bloom and freshness of their beauty had in great part passed away. Their idyl of devotion and constancy gradually became farcical as the years imposed their blight. "Them old moth-eaten lovyers" was a phrase so apt in derisive description that it commended itself for general use to a community of later date and newer ideals. What a zest of jovial ridicule would the iconoclasts have enjoyed had it been known that it

was only when one was sixty-five years of age and the other sixty-three that there had occurred their first experience of a lovers' quarrel! For Benjie and Editha now were seriously regarded only by themselves.

A steady, sober man was Benjamin Casey, of a peculiarly sane and reliable judgment, but it occasioned an outburst of unhallowed mirth in the vicinity when it was bruited abroad that he had been chosen on the venire for the petit jury at the next term of the court.

"I 'll bet Editha goes, too," exclaimed a gossip at the cross-roads store, delighted with the incongruity of the idea.

"Sure," acceded his interlocutor. "Benjie can't serve on no panel 'thout Editha sets on the jury, too."

And, in fact, when the great day came for the journey to the county town, the rickety little wagon with the old white mare stood harnessed before the porch for an hour while Editha, in the toils of perplexity, decided on the details of her toilet for the momentous occasion, and Benjie bent the whole capacity of his substantial mind in the effort to aid her. The finishing touch to her costume of staid, brown homespun had a suggestion of sacrilege in the estimation of each.

"I 'd lament it ef it war ter git sp'iled anyways, Benjie," she concluded at length, "but I dunno ez I will ever hev a more especial occasion ter wear this big silk neckerchief what that painter-man sent me in a letter from Glaston—I reckon fer hevin' let him mark up my mantel-shelf so scandalous. Jus' the color of the sky it is, an' ez big ez a shoulder-shawl, an' thick an' glossy in the weave fer true. See! I hev honed ter view how I would look in it, but I hev never made bold ter put it on. Still, considerin' I ain't been in Shaftesvul sence the year I spent thar forty-six years ago, I don't want ter look tacky in nowise; an', then, I 'll be interjuced ter all them gentlemen of the jury, too."

Benjie solemnly averred himself of like opinion, and this important question thus settled, the afternoon brought them to Shaftesville, where they spent the night with relatives of Editha.

The criminal court-room of the old brick court-house was a revelation of a new and awesome phase of life to the old couple when the jury was impaneled early the next morning. Editha, decorous, though flushed and breathless with excitement, sat among the spectators, who were ranged on each side of the elevated and railed space inclosing the bar, and Benjie, conspicuous among the jury, exercised the high privilege, which most of his colleagues had sought to shirk, of aiding in the administration of his country's laws.

Although the taking of testimony occupied only two or three hours during the morning, the rest of the jury obviously wearied at times and grew inattentive, but Benjie continued alert, fresh, intent on a true understanding of the case. More than once he held up his hand for permission to speak, after the etiquette acquired as a boy at the little district school, and when the judge accorded the boon of a question, the point was so well taken and cut so trenchantly into the perplexities involved, that both the arguments of the lawyers and the charge from the bench were inadvertently addressed chiefly to this single juryman, whose native capacity discounted the value of the better-trained minds of the rest of the panel.

When the jury were about to retire to consider their verdict, the unsophisticated pair were surprised to discover that Editha was not to be allowed to sit with Benjie in the jury-room and aid the deliberations of the panel. She had stood up expectantly in her place as the jury began to file out toward an inner apartment, and had known by intuition the import of Benjie's remark to the constable in charge, happily *sotto voce,* or it might have fractured the decorum of the court-room beyond the possibility of repair. At the reply, Benjie paused for a moment, looking dumfounded; then catching her eye, he slowly shook his white head. The constable, young, pert, and brisk, hastily circled about his "good and lawful men" with much the style of a small and officious dog rounding up a few recalcitrant head of cattle. The door closed inexorably behind them, and the old couple were separated on the most significant instance in their quiet and eventless lives.

For a few minutes Editha stood at a loss; then her interest in the judicial proceedings having ceased with the retirement of Benjie from the court-room, she drifted softly through the halls and thence to the



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"SHE HAD STOOD UP EXPECTANTLY IN HER PLACE AS THE JURY BEGAN TO FILE OUT"

street. There had been many changes in Shaftesville since the twelvemonth she had spent there forty-six years before, and she presently developed the ardor of a discoverer in touring the town with this large liberty of leisure while her husband was engrossed in the public service.

As he sat constrained to the deliberations of the jury, Benjie was beset with certain doubts and fears as to the dangers that might betide her. Through the window beside him once he saw her passing on the opposite side of the square, still safe, wavering to and fro before the display of a dry-goods store, evidently amazed at the glories of the fripperies of the fashion on view at the door.

Benjie sprang to his feet, then, realizing the exigencies of the situation, sank back in his chair.

"Thar," he said suddenly to his colleagues, waving his hand pridefully toward the distant figure—"thar is Mis' Casey, my wife, by Christian name Editha."

The jury, despite the untimeliness of the interruption, had the good grace and the good manners to acknowledge this introduction, so to speak, in the spirit in which it was tendered.

"Taking in the town, I suppose," said the foreman, a well-known grocer of the place.

"Jes so, jes so," said the beaming Casey. "I war determinated that Mis' Casey should visit Shaftesvul an', ef so minded, take in the town."

Editha vanished within the store, and Benjie's mind was free to revert to the matter in hand. It was not altogether a usual experience even for one more habituated to jury service. The deliberations started with some unanimity of opinion, the first three ballots showing eleven to one, Benjie holding out in a stanch minority that bade fair to prevent agreement, and enabling the foreman to perpetrate the time-honored joke in the demand for supper.

"Constable," he roared, "order a meal of victuals for eleven men and a bale of hay for a mule."

Later, however, Benjie was all a-tingle with pride when the foreman, with a knitted brow at a crisis of the discussion observed, "There is something worth considering in *one* point of Mr. Casey's contention."

This impression grew until the jury called in the constable from his station at the door to convey their request for instruction upon a matter of law. Although long after nightfall, the court was still in session, owing to the crowded state of the docket, and when the jury were led into the court-room to receive from the bench an explanation of the point in question, Benjie was elated to find that the information they had sought aided and elucidated his position. The first ballot taken after returning to the jury-room resulted in ten of the jurors supporting his insistence against only two, and of these the foreman was one. They balloted once more just before they started to go to the hotel to bed, still guarded by the constable, who kept them, in a compact body, from any communication with the public. On this ballot only the foreman was in the opposition.

When they were standing in the hallway of the upper story of the hotel, and the officer was assigning them to their rooms and explaining to the foreman that he would be within call if anything was needed, Benjie, now in high spirits, was moved to exclaim, "Never fear, sonny; a muel is always ekal ter a good loud bray."

All the jury applauded this turning of the tables, and laughed at the foreman, and one demanded of Benjie what he fed on "up in the sticks to get so all-fired sharp."

The next morning, to the old mountaineer's great satisfaction, the foreman, having slept on his perplexities, awoke to Benjie's way of thinking, and when they were once more in the court-room he pridefully stated that they had reached an agreement and found the prisoner "Not guilty." The crowd in the court-room cheered; in one moment the prisoner looked like another man, and genially shook hands with each of the jury; the judge thanked them before discharging them from further duty; and as Benjie pushed out of the court-room in the crowd all this was on the tip of his tongue to narrate for the eager wonderment and interest of Editha.

An immediate start for home was essential in order not to tax old Whitey too severely, for the clay roads were heavy as the result of a recent rainfall, and they must reach the mountain before sunset, in view of the steep and dangerous ascent. Therefore he sent word to Editha to meet him at a certain corner, while he repaired to the livery-stable for his vehicle; for he had happened to encounter her hostess, a kinswoman, on his way from the court-room, and had taken ceremonious leave of her on the street.

"I don't want no more hand-shakin' an' farewells," he said to himself, flustered and eager for the start, so delighted was he to be homeward-bound with Editha and fairly launched on the recital of his wondrous experiences while serving on the jury.

His lips were vaguely moving, now with a word, now with a pleased smile, formulating the sequences of his story, as he jogged along in his little wagon and

suddenly caught sight of his wife awaiting him at the appointed corner.

At the first glance he remarked the change. It was Editha in semblance, but not the Editha he knew or had ever known.

"Editha!" he murmured faintly, all his being resolved into eyes, as he checked old Whitey and drew up close to the curb.

No meager old woman this, wont to hold herself a trifle stoop-shouldered, to walk with a slow, shuffling gait. Her thin figure was braced alertly, like some slender girl's. She stepped briskly, lightly, from the high curb, and with two motions, as the soldiers say, she put her foot on the hub of the wheel and was seated beside him in the wagon. Then he saw her face, through the tunnel of her dark-blue sunbonnet, suffused with a pink bloom as delicate as a peach-blossom. Her eyes were as blue and as lustrous as the silk muffler, which the artist had doubtless selected with a realization of the accord of these fine tints. A curl of her silky, white hair lay on her forehead, and another much longer hung down beneath the curtain of her bonnet, scarcely more suggestive of age than if it had been discreetly powdered. Her lips were red, and there was a vibration of joyous excitement in her voice.

"Waal, sir, Shaftesvul!" she exclaimed, turning to survey the vanishing town, for it had required scarcely a moment to whisk them beyond its limited precincts. "It 's the beauty-spot of the whole world, sure. But," she added as she settled herself straight on the seat and turned her face toward the ranges in the distance, "we must try ter put up with the mountings. One good thing is that we air used ter them, else hevin' ter go back arter this trip would be powerful' hard on us, sure. Benjie, who do ye reckon I met up with in Shaftesvul? Now, *who?*"

"I dunno," faltered Benjie, all ajee and out of his reckoning. Luckily old Whitey knew the way home, for the reins lay slack on her back. "War it yer Cousin Lucindy Jane?" Benjie ventured.

"Cousin Lucindy Jane!" Editha echoed with a tone closely resembling contempt. "Of course I met up with Cousin Lucindy Jane, an' war interjuced ter her cow an' all her chickens. Cousin Lucindy Jane!" she repeated slightingly. Then essaying no further to foster his lame guesswork, "Benjie," she laid her hand impressively on his arm, "I met up with Leroy Tresmon'!"

She gazed at him with wide, bright eyes, challenging his outbreak of surprise. But Benjie only dully fumbled with the name. "Leroy Tresmon'?" he repeated blankly. "Who 's him?"

"Hesh, Benjie!" cried Editha in a girlish gush of laughter. "Don't ye let on ez I hev never mentioned Leroy Tresmon's name ter you-'uns. Gracious me! Keep that secret in the sole of yer shoe. He 'd never git over it ef he war ter find that out, vain an' perky ez he be."

"But—but when did ye git acquainted with him?"

"Why, that year 'way back yander when I lived with Aunt Dor'thy in Shaftesvul. My! my! my! why, 'Roy war ez reg'lar ez the town clock in comin' ter see me. But, lawsy! it be forty-six year' ago now. I never would hev dreampt of the critter remembering me arter all these years." She bridled into a graceful erectness, and threw her beautiful eyes upward in ridicule of the idea as she went on: "I war viewin' the show-windows of that big dry-goods store. They call it 'the palace' "—Benjie remembered that he had seen her at that very moment—"an' it war all so enticin' ter the eye that I went inside to look closer at some of the pretties; an' ez I teetered up an' down the aisle I noticed arter awhile a man old ez you-'uns, Benjie, but mighty fine an' fixed up an' scornful an' perky, an' jes gazin' an' *gazin'* at me. But I passed on heedless, an' presently, ez I war about ter turn ter leave, a clerk stepped up ter me—I hed noticed out of the corner of my eye the boss-man whisper ter him—an' this whipper-snapper he say, 'Excuse me, Lady, but did you give yer name ter hev any goods sent up?' An' I say, 'I hev bought no goods; I be a stranger jes viewin' the town.' Then ez I started toward the door this boss-man suddint kem out from behind his desk an' appeared before me. 'Surely,' he said, smiling—he hed the whitest teeth, Benjie, an' a-many of 'em, ez reg'lar ez grains of corn—"

Benjie instinctively closed his lips quickly over his own dental vacancies and ruins as Editha resumed her recital:

" 'Surely,' he said, smiling, 'thar never

war two sech pairs of eyes—made out of heaven's own blue. Ain't this Editha Bruce?'

"An' I determinated ter skeer him a leetle, fer he war majorin' round powerful' brash; so I said ez cool ez a cucumber, 'Mis' Benjamin Casey.'

"But, shucks! the critter knowed my voice ez well ez my eyes. He jes snatched both my hands, an' ef he said 'Editha! Editha! Editha!' once, he said it a dozen times, like he would bu'st out crying an' sheddin' tears in two minutes. He don't call my name like you do, Benjie, short-like, ' 'Ditha.' He says it '*E*editha,' drawn out, saaft, an' sweet. Oh, lawsy! I plumb felt like a fool or a gal seventeen year' old —same thing. Fer it hed jes kem ter me who *he* war, but I purtended ter hev knowed him all along. The conceits of the town ways of Shaftesvul hev made me plumb tricky an' deceitful; I tell ye now, Benjie." She gave a jocose little nudge of her elbow into his thin, old ribs, and so strangely forlorn had Benjie begun to feel that he was grateful even for this equivocal attention.

"Then 'Roy Tresmon' say—Now, Benjie, I dunno whether ye will think *I* done the perlite thing, fer I did n't rightly know *what* ter do myself—he say, 'Editha, fer old sake's sake choose su'thin' fer a gift o' remembrance outen my stock.'

"I never seen no cattle, so I s'posed he war talkin' sorter townified about his goods in the store. But I jes laffed an' say, 'My husband is a man with a free hand, though not a very fat purse, an' I prefer ter spen' a few dollars with ye, ez I expected ter do when I drifted in hyar a stranger.' Ye notice them lies, Benjie. I reckon I kin explain them somehow at the las' day, but they served my turn ez faithful ez the truth yestiddy. I say, 'Ye kin take one penny out of the change an' put a hole through it fer remembrance, an' let old sake's sake go at that.' " Once more her caroling, girlish laughter echoed along the lonely road.

"Though I really hed n't expected ter spen' a cent, I bought me some thread an' buttons, an' some checked gingham fer aperns, an' a leetle woolen shoulder-shawl, an' paid fer them, meanin' of course ter tote 'em along with me under my arm; but 'Roy gin the clerk a look, an' that spry limber-jack whisked them all away, an' remarked, 'The goods will be sent up immejetly ter Mrs. Jarney's, whar ye say ye be stoppin'.' An', Benjie, whenst Cousin Sophy Jarney an' me opened that parcel las' night, what d' ye s'pose we f'und?" She gave Benjie a clutch on the wrist of the hand that held the reins; and feeling them tighten, old Whitey mended her pace.

"Ye oughter been more keerful than ter hev lef' the things at the store arter payin' cash money fer 'em," rejoined Benjie, sagely, not that he was suspicious of temperament, but unsophisticated of training.

"Shucks!" cried Editha, with a rallying laugh. "All them common things that I bought war thar, an' more besides, wuth trible the money, Benjie. A fancy comb fer the hair—looks some similar ter a crown, though jet-black an' shiny—an' a necklace o' beads ter match. O Benjie!" she gave his hand an ecstatic pressure. "I 'll show 'em ter ye when we gits home —every one. They air in my kyarpet-bag thar in the back of the wagon. An' thar war besides a leetle lace cape with leetle black jet beads winkin' at ye all over it, an' a pair o' silk gloves, not like mittens, but with separate fingers. Cousin Sophy Jarney she jes squealed. She say, 'I wish I hed a beau like that!' Ned Jarney, standin' by, watchin' me open the parcel, he say, 'Ladies hev ter be ez beautisome ez Cousin Editha ter hev beaus at command at her time of life.' Oh, my! Oh, my! Cousin Sophy she say, 'Cousin Editha is yit, ez she always war, a tremenjious flirt. I think I 'll try ter practise a leetle bit ter git my hand in, ef ever *I* should hev occasion ter try.' Oh, my! I 'll never furgit this visit ter Shaftesvul, the beauty-spot of the nation."

Editha's admired eyes, alight with all the fervors of retrospection, were fixed unseeing upon the majestic range of mountains, now turning from blue to amethyst with a cast of the westering sun. The fences had failed along the roadside, and for miles it had run between shadowy stretches of forest that, save for now and again a break of fields or pasture-lands, cut off the alluring view. A lovely stream had given the wayfarers its company, flowing beside the highway, clear as crystal, and when once more it expanded into shallows the road ran down to the margin to essay a ford. Here, as old Whitey paused



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'AN' WILL YE TELL ME WHAT 'S THE REASON I COULD N'T HEV HED RICHES—OLD TOM FOOL!'"

to drink from the lustrous depths, the reflection of the deep-green, overhanging boughs, the beetling, gray rocks, and the blue sky painted a picture on the surface too refreshingly vivid and sweet for the senses to discriminate at once all its keen sources of joy.

Old Whitey had seemed to drink her fill, but as Benjie was about to gather up the reins anew she bowed her pendulous lips once more to the shining surface.

"Fust off," resumed Mrs. Casey, with a touch of gravity, "I felt plumb mortified about them presents. I knowed all that stuff had cost 'Roy an onpleasing price of money. But, then, I reminded myself I hed no accountability. He done it of his own accord, an' he could well afford it. I remembered when I war fust acquainted with 'Roy, when I war jes a young gal an' he nuthin' but a peart cockerel, he hed *then* the name of bein' one of the richest men in Shaftesvul. His dad bein' dead, 'Roy owned what he hed his own self. An' jedgin' by his 'stock,' ez he called it, an' his 'palace,' he must hev been makin' money hand over hand ever sence. So I made up my mind ter enjoy the treat whenst he invited me an' Sophy an' her husband, Ned Jarney, ter go ter the pictur'-show last night an eat supper arterward. An', Benjie, I never seen sech fine

men-folks's clothes ez 'Roy Tresmon' stepped out in. He hed on a b'iled shirt stiff ez a board; he mought hev leaned up ag'in' it ef he felt tired. His white collar war ekally stiff, an' ez high ez a staked-an'-ridered fence. Whenst he looked over it he 'peared some similar ter a jumpin' muel in a high paddock. He hed leetle, tiny, shiny buttons in his shirt-front,—Sophy said they war pure gold,—an' his weskit war cut down jes so—lem me show ye how."

She had turned to take hold of Benjie's humble jeans clothing to illustrate the fashion of the garb of the merchant prince of Shaftesville when her hand faltered on the lapel of his coat. "Why, Benjie," she cried sharply, "what makes ye look so plumb pale an' peaked? Air ye ailin' anyways?"

"Naw, naw." Benjie testily repudiated the suggestion. "Tell on yer tale." Then by way of excuse or explanation he added, "I ain't sick, but settin' on a jury is a wearin' business."

"Mought be ter the britches, but not ter the health," Editha rejoined. Then she burst out laughing at her jest, and it brought to her mind a new phase of her triumphs. " 'Roy Tresmon' he said I war the wittiest lady he ever seen. He meant plumb jokified," she explained tolerantly. "An' sure' I did keep him on the grin. He 'lowed it war wuth twice the price of his entertainment ter escort me ter the pictur'-show an' theater-supper arterward; fer when the show war over, me an' him an' Sophy an' Jarney went ter an eatin'-store, whar they hed a whole passel o' leetle tables set out in the floor an' the biggest lookin'-glass I ever see on the wall. But, lawsy! Benjie, be ye a-goin' ter let that old mare stand slobberin' in the river plumb till sunset? Git up, Whitey!"

As the wagon went jolting up the steep bank, Editha resumed:

"But I tell ye now, Benjie, 'Roy Tresmon' did n't do all the fine dressin'. I cut a dash myself. Sophy begged me ter wear a dress of hern ter the pictur'-show an' the theater-supper, ez they called it, arterward, which I war crazy ter do all the time, though I kep' on sayin' ter her, 'What differ do it make what a' old mounting woman wears?' But I let myself be persuaded into a white muslin frock with black spots, an', Benjie, with the lace cape an' the jet necklace, an' the fancy jet comb in my hair, I made that man's eyes shine ekal ter them gold buttons in his shirt-front. Lem me show ye how Sophy did up my hair. I scarcely dared turn my head on the pillow las' night fer fear of gittin' it outen fix, an' I never teched comb nor bresh ter it this mornin' so ez ye mought hev some idee how it looked."

With the word she removed her sunbonnet with gingerly care and sat smiling at him, expectant of plaudits. In fact, the snow-white redundancy of her locks, piled into crafty puffs and coiled in heavy curls by the designing and ambitious Sophy, a close student of the fashion items as revealed in the patent inside of the county paper, achieved a coiffure that might have won even discriminating encomiums. But Benjie looked at her dully and drearily as she sat, all rejuvenated by the artifices of the mode, roseate and bland and suavely smiling. A sudden shadow crossed her face.

"Why, Benjie," she cried anxiously, "what kin ail you-'uns? Ye look plumb desolated."

"Oh, you g' long, g' long!" cried the goaded Benjie. Luckily she imagined the adjuration addressed to the old mare, now beginning the long, steep ascent of the mountain to their home on the bluff, and thus took no exceptions to the discourtesy.

"I 'll be bound ye eat su'thin' ez disagreed with you in the town-folk's victuals. I expec' I 'll hev ter give ye some yarb tea afore ye feel right peart ag'in. Ye would hev a right to the indigestion ef ye hed been feedin' like me nigh on ter midnight. I be goin' ter tell ye about the pictur'-show arter I finish about 'Roy Tresmon' an' me. That supper—waal, sir, he invited Sophy an' Ned Jarney, too, an' paid fer us all, though some o' them knickknacks war likely ter hev been paid fer with thar lives. Toadstools did them misguided sinners eat with thar chicken, an' I expected them presently ter be laid out stiff in death. *I* never teched the rank p'ison, nor the wine nuther. I say ter 'Roy ez I never could abide traffickin' with corn-juice. An' he grinned an' say, 'This is grape-juice, Editha.' But ye mought know it war n't no common grape-juice. The waiter kep' a folded napkin round the bottle ez it poured, an' the sniff of that

liquor war tremenjious fine. It war like a whole flower-gyardin full of perfume. Them two men, 'Roy an' Jarney, war breakin' the dry-town law, I believe. They kep' lookin' at each other an' laffin', an' axin' which brand of soft drinks war the mos' satisfyin'. An' the man what kep' the eatin'-store looked p'intedly skeered as he said ter the waiter, 'Ye need n't put *that* bottle on the table.' An' they got gay fer true; my best cherry-bounce could n't hev made 'Roy mo' glib than he war. An' 'Roy hed no sense lef' nuther. Sophy she say she seen the bill the waiter laid by his plate,—ye know how keen them leetle, squinched-up eyes of hern be,—an' she say it war over ten dollars. Lawsy! —lawsy! what a thing it is ter be rich! 'Roy Tresmon' jes stepped up ter the counter an' paid it 'thout battin' an eye."

The old couple had left the wagon now, and were walking up a particularly steep and stony stretch of the road to lighten the load on old Whitey, dutifully pulling the rattling, rickety vehicle along with scant guidance. Editha kept in advance, swinging her sunbonnet by the string, her elaborately coiffed head still on display. Now and then as she recalled an item of interest to detail, she paused and stepped backward after a nonchalant girlish fashion, while Benjie, old and battered and broken, found it an arduous task to plod along with laggard, dislocated, and irregular gait at the tail-board of the wagon. They were in the midst of the sunset now. It lay in a broad, dusky-red splendor over all the far, green valleys, and the mountains had garbed themselves in richest purple. Sweets were in the air, seeming more than fragrance; the inhalation was like the quaffing of some delicious elixir, filling the veins with a sort of ethereal ecstasy. The balsam firs imbued the atmosphere with subtle strength, and the lungs expanded to garner it. Flowers under foot, the fresh tinkle of a crystal rill, the cry of a belated bird, all the bliss of home-coming in his thrilling note as he winged his way over the crest—these were the incidents of the climb.

"I tell ye, Benjie,"—Editha once more turned to walk slowly backward, swinging her bonnet by the string,—"it 's a big thing ter be rich."

"Oh," suddenly cried the anguished Benjie, with a poignant wail, his fortitude collapsing at last, "I wish you war rich! That be what ye keer fer; I know it now. I wish ye could hev hed riches—yer heart's desire! I wish I hed never seen you-'uns, an' ye hed never seen me!"

Editha stood stock-still in the road as though petrified. Old Whitey, her progress barred, paused not unwillingly, and the rattle of the wagon ceased for the nonce. Benjie, doubly disconsolate in the consciousness of his self-betrayal, leaned heavily against the motionless wheel and gazed shrinkingly at the visible wrath gathering in his helpmate's eyes.

"Man," she cried, and Benjie felt as though the mountain had fallen on him, "hev ye plumb turned fool? Now," she went on with a stern intonation, "ye tell me what ye mean by that sayin', else I 'll fling ye over the bluff or die tryin'."

"Oh, nuthin', nuthin', 'Ditha," said the miserable Benjie, all the cherished values of his life falling about him in undiscriminated wreck.

"Then I 'll make my own understandin' outen yer words, an' I 'll hold the gredge ag'in' ye ez long ez I live," she protested.

"Waal, then," snarled Benjie, "ye take heed ye make the words jes like I said 'em. I 'll stand ter 'em. *I* never f'und out how ter tell lies in Shaftesvul. I 'll stand ter my words."

"Ye wished I could hev hed riches," Editha ponderingly recapitulated his phrases. Then she looked up, her blue eyes severe and her flushed face set. "An' will ye tell me what 's the reason I could n't hev hed riches—old Tom fool!"

Thus the lovers!

"You-'uns, 'Ditha?" Benjie faltered, bewildered by the incongruity of the idea. "You, *riches?*"

"I could hev hed long ago sech riches ez 'Roy Tresmon' hev got, sartain sure," she declared. "An' considerin' ye hev kem in yer old age ter wish ye hed never seen me, 'pears like it mought hev been better ef I hed thought twice afore I turned him off forty-six year' ago."

"Turned off 'Roy Tresmon'! Forty-six year' ago! What did ye do that fer, 'Ditha?" Benjie bungled, aghast. He had a confused, flustered sentiment of rebuke: what had possessed Editha in her youth to have discarded this brilliant opportunity!

"To marry you-'uns, of course," retorted Editha, amazed in her turn.

"An' now, oh, 'Ditha, that we hev kem so nigh the eend of life's journey ye air sorry fer it," wailed Benjie. "But I never knowed ez ye hed the chance."

Editha tossed her head. "The chance! I hed the chance three times whenst he war young an' personable an' mighty nigh ez rich ez he be now." She began to check off the occasions on her fingers. "Fust, at the big barn dance, when the Dimmycrats hed a speakin' an' a percession. Then one night whenst we-'uns war kemin' home together from prayer-meetin' he tol' ag'in 'his tale of love,' ez he called it," she burst forth in a shrill cackle of derision. "Then that Christmus I spent in Shaftesvul the year I stayed with Aunt Dor'thy he begged me ter kem out ter the gate jes at sun-up ter receive my present, which war his heart; an' I tol' him ez I war much obleeged, but I would n't deprive him of it. Ha! ha! ha! Lawsy! we-'uns war talkin' 'bout them old times all 'twixt the plays at the pictur'-show, an' he declared he hed stayed a bachelor all these years fer my sake. I tol' him that ef I war forty-five years younger I 'd hev more manners than ter listen ter sech talk ez that, ha! ha! ha! 'T war all mighty funny an' gamesome, an' I laffed an' laffed."

" 'Ditha," said the contrite Benjie, taking heart of grace from her relaxing seriousness, "I love ye so well that it hurts me to think I cut ye out of any good thing."

"Waal, ye done it, sure," said the uncompromising Editha. "But fer you-'uns I would hev married that man and owned all he hev got from his 'palace' ter his store teeth."

"Did—did you-'uns say his teeth war jes store teeth?" demanded Benjie, excitedly.

"Did you-'uns expec' the critter ter cut a new set of teeth at his time of life?" laughed Editha.

"O 'Ditha, I felt so cheap whenst ye tol' 'bout his fine clothes," Benjie began.

"He used ter wear jes ez fine clothes forty-five years ago," interrupted Editha, "an' he war then ez supple a jumping-jack ez ever ye see, not a hirpling old codger; but, lawsy! I ought n't ter laff at his rheumatics, remembering all them beads on that cape."

As they climbed into the wagon, the ascent being completed, and resumed their homeward way, Benjie was moved to seek to impress his own merits. "I hed considerable attention paid ter my words whenst settin' on the jury, 'Ditha. They all kem round ter my way of thinkin' whenst they heard me talk."

"Waal, I don't follow thar example," Editha retorted. "The more I hear ye talk, the bigger fool ye seem ter be. Hyar ye air now thinkin' it will make me set more store by ye ter know that eleven slack-twisted town-men hearkened ter yer speech. Ye suits me, an' always did. I 'd think of ye jes the same if every juryman hed turned ag'in' ye, stiddier seein' the wisdom of yer words."

A genial glow sprang up in Benjie's heart, responsive to the brusk sincerities of this fling, and when the house was reached, and the flames again flared, red and yellow from the hickory logs in the deep chimney-place, the strings of scarlet peppers swinging from the ceiling, the gaily flowered curtains fluttering at the windows, the dogs fawning about their feet on the hearthstone, Editha's exclamation seemed the natural sequence of their arrival.

"Home fer sure!" she cried with a joyous nesting instinct, and reckless of inconsistency. "An', lawsy! don't it look good an' sensible! 'Pears like Shaftesvul is away, away off yander in a dream, an' 'Roy Tresmon', with his big white teeth an' fine clothes an' rheumatic teeter, is some similar ter a nightmare, though I *oughter* hev manners enough ter remember them beads on that cape, an' speak accordin'. I be done with travelin', Benjie, an' nex' time ye set on a jury ye 'll hev ter do it by yer lone."

The firelight showed the cheery radiance of the smile with which the old "moth-eaten lovyers" gazed at each other, and the quizzical expression of the little Cupid delineated on the mantelpiece, peering out at them from beneath the bandage of his eyes, his useless wings spread above the hearth he hallowed.



T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES A. STEPHENS



CHAPTER XI

Upon the figure of Russell, Tembarom joined "go pleased as Punch." He was one of the large number of men who, apart from all sentimental relations, are made particularly happy by the kindly society of women who respond with quick consciousness to petting when a woman begins to take care of them in one way or another. The sentimentalness is a touching part of the condition. The luxurious creatures complain a primeval human need. The most valuable of men, as well as the sensitive, feel it. It is a survival of days when warm arms held and protected warm lords served, and other women were scarred. An accomplished male servant may perform every domestic service perfectly, but the day that he can put on a woman knows a lesser as he'll. An unmarried bachelor warmth in the surrounding daily atmosphere has caused many a man to marry his housekeeper or even his cook, as circumstances prompted.

Tembarom had known no woman well until he had met Little Ann. His feeling for Mrs. Bowse herself had verged on affection, because he would have been fond of any woman of decent temper and kindliness, especially if she gave him appetizing to do visually service. Little Ann had aroused the gentleness of his nature, she warmly helped, she subtly supporting the kind. She had been to him an amusement and a revelation. She had continually surprised him by revealing new characteristics which seemed to him slight things that he had ever known before, but which, if he had been aware of it, were not really surprising at all. They were only the characteristics of a very nice young feminine creature.

The presence of Miss Alicia, with the long-lashed radiance of her eyelids and her little cap, was delightful to him. He felt as though he would like to take her in his arms and hug her. He thought perhaps it was partly because she was a little

like Ann, and kept repeating his name in Ann's formal little way. Her delicate terror of presuming or intruding he felt in its every shade. Mentally she touched him enormously. He wanted to make her feel that she need not be afraid of him in the least, that he liked her, that in his opinion she had more right in the house than he had. He was a little frightened lest through ignorance he should say things the wrong way, as he had said that thing about wanting to know what she expected him to do. What he ought to have said was, "You 're not expecting me to let that sort of thing go on." It had made him sick when he saw what a break he 'd made and that she thought he was sort of insulting her. The room seemed all right now that she was in it. Small and unassuming as she was, she seemed to make it less over-sized. He did n't so much mind the lofti-ness of the ceiling, the depth and size of the windows and the walls covered with thousands of books he knew nothing whatever about. The innumerable books had been an oppressing feature. If he had been one of those "college guys" who never could get enough of books, what a "cinch" the place would have been for him—good as the Astor Library! He had n't a word to say against books,—good Lord! no,—but even if he 'd had the education and the time to read, he did n't believe he was naturally that kind, anyhow. You had to be "that kind" to know about books. He did n't suppose she—meaning Miss Alicia—was learned enough to make you throw a fit. She did n't look that way, and he was mighty glad of it, because perhaps she would n't like him much if she was. It would worry her when she tried to talk to him and found out he did n't know a darned thing he ought to.

They 'd get on together easier if they could just chin about common sort of every-day things. But though she did n't look like the Vassar sort, he guessed that she was not like himself: she had lived in libraries before, and books did n't frighten her. She 'd been born among people who read lots of them and maybe could talk about them. That was why she somehow seemed to fit into the room. He was aware that, timid as she was and shabby as her neat dress looked, she fitted into the whole place, as he did not. She 'd been a poor relative and had been afraid to death of old Temple Barholm, but she 'd not been afraid of him because she was n't his sort. She was a lady; that was what was the matter with her. It was what made things harder for her, too. It was what made her voice tremble when she 'd tried to seem so contented and polite when she 'd talked about going into one of those "decayed almshouses." As if the old ladies were respectable that had gone wrong, by gee! he thought.

He liked her little modest, delicate old face and her curls and her little cap with the ribbons so much that he smiled with a twinkling eye every time he looked at her. He wanted to suggest something he thought would be mighty comfortable, but he was half afraid he might be asking her to do something which was n't "her job," and it might hurt her feelings. But he ventured to hint at it.

"Has Borrill got to come back and pour that out?" he asked, with an awkward gesture toward the tea-tray.

"Oh, no, unless you wish it," she answered. "Shall—may I give it to you?"

"Will you?" he exclaimed delightedly. "That would be fine. I shall feel like a regular Clarence."

She was going to sit at the table in a straight-backed chair, but he sprang at her.

"This big one is more comfortable," he said, and he dragged it forward and made her sit in it. "You ought to have a foot-stool," he added, and he got one and put it under her feet. "There, that 's all right."

A bootstool, as though she were a royal personage and he were a gentleman in waiting, only probably gentlemen in waiting did not jump about and look so pleased. The cheerful content of his boyish face when he himself sat down near the table was delightful.

"Now," he said, "we can ring up for the first act."

She filled the tea-pot and held it for a moment, and then set it down as though her feelings were too much for her.

"I feel as if I were in a dream," she quavered happily. "I do indeed."

"But it 's a nice one, isn't it?" he answered. "I feel as if I was in two. Living here in this big room with all these fine things about me, and having afternoon tea with a relation! It just about

suits me. It did n't feel like this yesterday, you bet your life!"

"Does it seem—nicer than yesterday?" she ventured. "Really, Mr. Temple Barholm?"

"Nicer!" he ejaculated. "It 's got yesterday beaten to a frazzle."

It was beyond all belief. He was speaking as though the advantage, the relief, the happiness, were all on his side. She longed to enlighten him.

"But you can't realize what it is to me," she said gratefully, "to sit here, not terrified and homeless and—a beggar any more, with your kind face before me. Do forgive me for saying it. You have such a kind young face, Mr. Temple Barholm. And to have an easy-chair and cushions, and actually a buffet brought for your feet!" She suddenly recollected herself. "Oh, I must n't let your tea get cold," she added, taking up the tea-pot apologetically. "Do you take cream and sugar, and is it to be one lump or two?"

"I take everything in sight," he replied joyously, "and two lumps, please."

She prepared the cup of tea with as delicate a care as though it had been a sacramental chalice, and when she handed it to him she smiled wistfully.

"No one but you ever thought of such a thing as bringing a buffet for my feet—no one except poor little Jem," she said, and her voice was wistful as well as her smile.

She was obviously unaware that she was introducing an entirely new acquaintance to him. Poor little Jem was supposed to be some one whose whole history he knew.

"Jem?" he repeated, carefully transferring a piece of hot buttered crumpet to his plate.

"Jem Temple Barholm," she answered. "I say little Jem because I remember him only as a child. I never saw him after he was eleven years old."

"Who was he?" he asked. The tone of her voice and her manner of speaking made him feel that he wanted to hear something more.

She looked rather startled by his ignorance. "Have you—have you never heard of him?" she inquired.

"No. Is he another distant relation?"

Her hesitation caused him to neglect his crumpet, to look up at her. He saw at once that she wore the air of a sensitive and beautifully mannered elderly lady who was afraid she had made a mistake and said something awkward.

"I am so sorry," she apologized. "Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned him."

"Why should n't he be mentioned?"

She was embarrassed. She evidently wished she had not spoken, but breeding demanded that she should ignore the awkwardness of the situation, if awkwardness existed.

"Of course—I hope your tea is quite as you like it—of course there is no real reason. But—shall I give you some more cream? No? You see, if he had n't died, he—he would have inherited Temple Barholm."

Now he was interested. This was the other chap.

"Instead of me?" he asked, to make sure. She endeavored not to show embarrassment and told herself it did n't really matter—to a thoroughly nice person. But—

"He was the next of kin—before you. I 'm so sorry I did n't know you had n't heard of him. It seemed natural that Mr. Palford should have mentioned him."

"He did say that there was a young fellow who had died, but he did n't tell me about him. I guess I did n't ask. There were such a lot of other things. I 'd like to hear about him. You say you knew him?"

"Only when he was a little fellow. Never after he grew up. Something happened which displeased my father. I 'm afraid papa was very easily displeased. Mr. Temple Barholm disliked him, too. He would not have him at Temple Barholm."

"He had n't much luck with his folks, had he?" remarked Tembarom.

"He had no luck with any one. I seemed to be the only person who was fond of him, and of course I did n't count."

"I bet you counted with him," said Tembarom.

"I do think I did. Both his parents died quite soon after he was born, and people who ought to have cared for him were rather jealous because he stood so near to Temple Barholm. If Mr. Temple Barholm had not been so eccentric and bitter, everything would have been done for him; but as it was, he seemed to belong to no

one. When he came to the vicarage it used to make me so happy. He used to call me Aunt Alicia, and he had such pretty ways." She hesitated and looked quite tenderly at the tea-pot, a sort of shyness in her face. "I am sure," she burst forth, "I feel quite sure that you will understand and won't think it indelicate; but I had thought so often that I should like to have a little boy—if I had married," she added in hasty tribute to propriety.

Tembarom's eyes rested on her in a thoughtfulness openly touched with affection. He put out his hand and patted hers two or three times in encouraging sympathy.

"Say," he said frankly, "I just believe every woman that 's the real thing 'd like to have a little boy—or a little girl—or a little something or other. That 's why pet cats and dogs have such a cinch of it. And there 's men that 's the same way. It 's sort of nature."

"He had such a high spirit and such pretty ways," she said again. "One of his pretty ways was remembering to do little things to make one comfortable, like thinking of giving one a cushion or a buffet for one's feet. I noticed so much because I had never seen boys or men wait upon women. My own dear papa was used to having women wait upon him—bring his slippers, you know, and give him the best chair. He did n't like Jem's ways. He said he liked a boy who was a boy and not an affected nincompoop. He was n't really quite just." She paused regretfully and sighed as she looked back into a past doubtlessly enriched with many similar memories of "dear papa." "Poor Jem! Poor Jem!" she breathed softly.

Tembarom thought that she must have felt the boy's loss very much, almost as much as though she had really been his mother; perhaps more pathetically because she had not been his mother or anybody's mother. He could see what a good little mother she would have made, looking after her children and doing everything on earth to make them happy and comfortable, just the kind of mother Ann would make, though she had not Ann's steady wonder of a little head or her shrewd far-sightedness. Jem would have been in luck if he had been her son. It was a darned pity he had n't been. If he had, perhaps he would not have died young.

"Yes," he answered sympathetically, "it 's hard for a young fellow to die. How old was he, anyhow? I don't know."

"Not much older than you are now. It was seven years ago. And if he had only died, poor dear! There are things so much worse than death."

"Worse!"

"Awful disgrace is worse," she faltered. She was plainly trying to keep moisture out of her eyes.

"Did he get into some bad mix-up, poor fellow?" If there had been anything like that, no wonder it broke her up to think of him.

It surely did break her up. She flushed emotionally.

"The cruel thing was that he did n't really do what he was accused of," she said.

"He did n't?"

"No; but he was a ruined man, and he went away to the Klondike because he could not stay in England. And he was killed—killed, poor boy! And afterward it was found out that he was innocent—too late."

"Gee!" Tembarom gasped, feeling hot and cold. "Could you beat that for rotten luck! What was he accused of?"

Miss Alicia leaned forward and spoke in a whisper. It was too dreadful to speak of aloud.

"Cheating at cards—a gentleman playing with gentlemen. You know what that means."

Tembarom grew hotter and colder. No wonder she looked that way, poor little thing!

"But,"— He hesitated before he spoke, —"but he was n't that kind, was he? Of course he was n't."

"No, no. But, you see,"— She hesitated herself here,—"everything looked so much against him. He had been rather wild." She dropped her voice even lower in making the admission.

Tembarom wondered how much she meant by that.

"He was so much in debt. He knew he was to be rich in the future, and he was poor just in those reckless young days when it seemed unfair. And he had played a great deal and had been very lucky. He

was so lucky that sometimes his luck seemed uncanny. Men who had played with him were horrible about it afterward."

"They would be," put in Tembarom. "They 'd be sore about it, and bring it up."

They both forgot their tea. Miss Alicia forgot everything as she poured forth her story in the manner of a woman who had been forced to keep silent and was glad to put her case into words. It was her case. To tell the truth of this forgotten wrong was again to offer justification of poor handsome Jem whom everybody seemed to have dropped talk of, and even preferred not to hear mentioned.

"There were such piteously cruel things about it," she went on. "He had fallen very much in love, and he meant to marry and settle down. Though we had not seen each other for years, he actually wrote to me and told me about it. His letter made me cry. He said I would understand and care about the thing which seemed to have changed everything and made him a new man. He was so sorry that he had not been better and more careful. He was going to try all over again. He was not going to play at all after this one evening when he was obliged to keep an engagement he had made months before to give his revenge to a man he had won a great deal of money from. The very night the awful thing happened he had told Lady Joan, before he went into the card-room, that this was to be his last game."

Tembarom had looked deeply interested from the first, but at her last words a new alertness added itself.

"Did you say Lady Joan?" he asked. "Who was Lady Joan?"

"She was the girl he was so much in love with. Her name was Lady Joan Fayre."

"Was she the daughter of the Countess of Mallowe?"

"Yes. Have you heard of her?"

He recalled Ann's reflective consideration of him before she had said, "She 'll come after you." He replied now: "Some one spoke of her to me this morning. They say she 's a beauty and as proud as Lucifer."

"She was, and she is yet, I believe. Poor Lady Joan—as well as poor Jem!"

"She did n't believe it, did she?" he put in hastily. "She did n't throw him down?"

"No one knew what happened between them afterward. She was in the card-room, looking on, when the awful thing took place."

She stopped, as though to go on was almost unbearable. She had been so overwhelmed by the past shame of it that even after the passing of years the anguish was a living thing. Her small hands clung hard together as they rested on the edge of the table. Tembarom waited in thrilled suspense. She spoke in a whisper again:

"He won a great deal of money—a great deal. He had that uncanny luck again, and of course people in the other rooms heard what was going on, and a number drifted in to look on. The man he had promised to give his revenge to almost showed signs of having to make an effort to conceal his irritation and disappointment. Of course, as he was a gentleman, he was as cool as possible; but just at the most exciting moment, the height of the game, Jem made a quick movement, and—and something fell out of his sleeve."

"Something," gasped Tembarom, "fell out of his sleeve!"

Miss Alicia's eyes overflowed as she nodded her beribboned little cap.

"It"— Her voice was a sob of woe— "it was a marked card. The man he was playing against snatched it and held it up. And he laughed out loud.

"Holy cats!" burst from Tembarom; but the remarkable exclamation was one of genuine horror, and he turned pale, got up from his seat, and took two or three strides across the room, as though he could not sit still.

"Yes, he laughed—quite loudly," repeated Miss Alicia, "as if he had guessed it all the time. Papa heard the whole story from some one who was present."

Tembarom came back to her rather breathless.

"What in thunder did he do—Jem?" he asked.

She actually wrung her poor little hands.

"What could he do? There was a dead silence. People moved just a little nearer to the table and stood and stared, merely waiting. They say it was awful

to see his face—awful. He sprang up and stood still, and slowly became as white as if he were dying before their eyes. Some one thought Lady Joan Fayre took a step toward him, but no one was quite sure. He never uttered one word, but walked out of the room and down the stairs and out of the house."

"But did n't he speak to the girl?"

"He did n't even look at her. He passed her by as if she were stone."

"What happened next?"

"He disappeared. No one knew where at first, and then there was a rumor that he had gone to the Klondike and had been killed there. And a year later—only a year! Oh, if he had only waited in England!—a worthless villain of a valet he had discharged for stealing met with an accident, and because he thought he was going to die, got horribly frightened, and confessed to the clergyman that he had tucked the card in poor Jem's sleeve himself just to pay him off. He said he did it on the chance that it would drop out where some one would see it, and a marked card dropping out of a man's sleeve anywhere would look black enough, whether he was playing or not. But poor Jem was in his grave, and no one seemed to care, though every one had been interested enough in the scandal. People talked about that for weeks."

Tembarom pulled at his collar excitedly.

"It makes me sort of strangle," he said. "You 've got to stand your own bad luck, but to hear of a chap that 's had to lie down and take the worst that could come to him and know it was n't his—just *know* it! And die before he 's cleared! That knocks me out."

Almost every sentence he uttered had a mystical sound to Miss Alicia, but she knew how he was taking it, with what hot, young human sympathy and indignation. She loved the way he took it, and she loved the feeling in his next words:

"And the girl—good Lord!—the girl?"

"I never met her, and I know very little of her; but she has never married."

"I 'm glad of that," he said. "I 'm darned glad of it. How could she?" Ann would n't, he knew. Ann would have gone to her grave unmarried. But she would have done things first to clear her man's name. Somehow she would have cleared him, if she 'd had to fight tooth and nail till she was eighty.

"They say she has grown very bitter and haughty in her manner. I 'm afraid Lady Mallowe is a very worldly woman. One hears they don't get on together, and that she is bitterly disappointed because her daughter has not made a good match. It appears that she might have made several, but she is so hard and cynical that men are afraid of her. I wish I had known her a little—if she really loved Jem."

Tembarom had thrust his hands into his pockets, and was standing deep in thought, looking at the huge bank of red coals in the fire-grate. Miss Alicia hastily wiped her eyes.

"Do excuse me," she said.

"I 'll excuse you all right," he replied, still looking into the coals. "I guess I should n't excuse you as much if you did n't." He let her cry in her gentle way while he stared, lost in reflection.

"And if he had n't fired that valet chap, he would be here with you now—instead of me. Instead of me," he repeated.

And Miss Alicia did not know what to say in reply. There seemed to be nothing which, with propriety and natural feeling, one could say.

"It makes me feel just fine to know I 'm not going to have my dinner all by myself," he said to her before she left the library.

She had a way of blushing about things he noticed, when she was shy or moved or did n't know exactly what to say. Though she must have been sixty, she did it as though she were sixteen. And she did it when he said this, and looked as though suddenly she was in some sort of trouble.

"You are going to have dinner with me," he said, seeing that she hesitated—"dinner and breakfast and lunch and tea and supper and every old thing that goes. You can't turn me down after me staking out that claim."

"I 'm afraid—" she said. "You see, I have lived such a secluded life. I scarcely ever left my rooms except to take a walk. I 'm sure you understand. It would not have been necessary even if I could have afforded it, which I really could n't—I 'm afraid I have nothing—quite *suitable*—for evening wear."

"You have n't!" he exclaimed gleefully. "I don't know what is suitable for evening wear, but I have n't got it either. Pearson told me so with tears in his eyes. It never was necessary for me either. I 've got to get some things to quiet Pearson down, but until I do I 've got to eat my dinner in a tweed cutaway; and what I 've caught on to is that it 's unsuitable enough to throw a man into jail. That little black dress you 've got on and that little cap are just 'way out of sight, they 're so becoming. Come down just like you are."

She felt a little as Pearson had felt when confronting his new employer's entire cheerfulness in face of a situation as exotically hopeless as the tweed cutaway, and nothing else by way of resource. But there was something so nice about him, something which was almost as though he was actually a gentleman, something which absolutely, if one could go so far, stood in the place of his being a gentleman. It was impossible to help liking him more and more at every queer speech he made. Still, there were of course things he did not realize, and perhaps one ought in kindness to give him a delicate hint.

"I 'm afraid," she began quite apologetically. "I 'm afraid that the servants, Burrill and the footmen, you know, will be—will think—"

"Say," he took her up, "let 's give Burrill and the footmen the Willies out and out. If they can't stand it, they can write home to their mothers and tell 'em they 've got to take 'em away. Burrill and the footmen need n't worry. They 're suitable enough, and it 's none of their funeral, anyhow."

He was n't upset in the least. Miss Alicia, who, as a timid dependent either upon "poor dear papa" or Mr. Temple Barholm, had been secretly, in her sensitive, ladylike little way, afraid of superior servants all her life, knowing that they realized her utterly insignificant helplessness, and resented giving her attention because she was not able to show her appreciation of their services in the proper manner—Miss Alicia saw that it had not occurred to him to endeavor to propitiate them in the least, because somehow it all seemed a joke to him, and he did n't care. After the first moment of being startled, she regarded him with a novel feeling, almost a kind of admiration. Tentatively she dared to wonder if there was not something even rather—rather *aristocratic* in his utter indifference.

If he had been a duke, he would not have regarded the servants' point of view; it would n't have mattered what they thought. Perhaps, she hastily decided, he was like this because, though he was not a duke, and boot-blacking in New York notwithstanding, he was a Temple Barholm. There were few dukes as old of blood as a Temple Barholm. That must be it. She was relieved.

Whatsoever lay at the root of his being what he was and as he was, he somehow changed the aspect of things for her, and without doing anything but be himself, cleared the atmosphere of her dread of the surprise and mental reservations of the footmen and Burrill when she came down to dinner in her high-necked, much-cleaned, and much-repaired black silk, and with no more distinguishing change in her toilet than a white lace cap instead of a black one, and with "poor dear mama's hair bracelet with the gold clasp on her wrist, and a weeping-willow made of "poor dear papa's" hair in a brooch at her collar.

It was so curious, though still "nice," but he did not offer her his arm when they were going into the dining-room, and he took hold of hers with his hand and affectionately half led, half pushed, her along with him as they went. And he himself drew back her chair for her at the end of the table opposite his own. He did not let a footman do it, and he stood behind it, talking in his cheerful way all the time, and he moved it to exactly the right place, and then actually bent down and looked under the table.

"Here," he said to the nearest man-servant, "where 's there a footstool? Get one, please," in that odd, simple, almost aristocratic way. It was not a rude or dictatorial way, but a casual way, as though he knew the man was there to do things, and he did n't expect any time to be wasted.

And it was he himself who arranged the footstool, making it comfortable for her, and then he went to his own chair at the head of the table and sat down, smiling at her joyfully across the glass and silver and flowers.

"Push that thing in the middle on one side, Burrill," he said. "It 's too high. I can't see Miss Alicia."

Burrill found it difficult to believe the evidence of his hearing.

"The epergne, sir?" he inquired.

"Is that what it 's called, an apern? That 's a new one on me. Yes, that 's what I mean. Push the apern over."

"Shall I remove it from the table, sir?" Burrill steeled himself to exact civility. Of what use to behave otherwise? There always remained the liberty to give notice if the worst came to the worst, though what the worst might eventually prove to be it required a lurid imagination to depict. The epergne was a beautiful thing of crystal and gold, a celebrated work of art, regarded as an exquisite possession. It was almost remarkable that Mr. Temple Barholm had not said, "Shove it on one side," but Burrill had been spared the poignant indignity of being required to "shove."

"Yes, suppose you do. It 's a fine enough thing when it is n't in the way, but I 've got to see you while I talk, Miss Alicia," said Mr. Temple Barholm. The episode of the epergne—Burrill's expression, and the rigidly restrained mouths of Henry and James as the decoration was removed, leaving a painfully blank space of table-cloth until Burrill silently filled it with flowers in a low bowl—these things temporarily flurried Miss Alicia somewhat, but the pleased smile at the head of the table calmed even that trying moment.

Then what a delightful meal it was, to be sure! How entertaining and cheerful and full of interesting conversation! Miss Alicia had always admired what she reverently termed "conversation." She had read of the houses of brilliant people where they had it at table, at dinner and supper parties, and in drawing-rooms. The French, especially the French ladies, were brilliant conversationalists. They held "salons" in which the conversation was wonderful—Mme. de Staël and Mme. Roland, for instance; and in England, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Sydney Smith, and Horace Walpole, and surely Miss Fanny Burney, and no doubt L. E. L., whose real name was Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon—what conversation they must have delighted their friends with and how instructive it must have been even to sit in the most obscure corner and listen!

Such gifted persons seemed to have been chosen by Providence to delight and inspire every one privileged to hear them. Such privileges had been omitted from the scheme of Miss Alicia's existence. She did not know, she would have felt it sacrilegious to admit it even if the fact had dawned upon her, that "dear papa" had been a heartlessly arrogant, utterly selfish, and tyrannical old blackguard of the most pronounced type. He had been of an absolute morality as far as social laws were concerned. He had written and delivered a denunciatory sermon a week, and had made unbearable by his ministrations the suffering hours and the last moments of his parishioners during the long years of his pastorate. When Miss Alicia, in reading records of the helpful relationship of the male progenitors of the Brontes, Jane Austen, Fanny Burney, and Mrs. Browning, was frequently reminded of him, she revealed a perception of which she was not aware. He had combined the virile qualities of all of them. Consequently, brilliancy of conversation at table had not been the attractive habit of the household; "poor dear papa" had confined himself to scathing criticisms of the incompetence of females who could not teach their menials to "cook a dinner which was not a disgrace to any decent household." When not virulently aspersing the mutton, he was expressing his opinion of muddle-headed weakness which would permit household bills to mount in a manner which could only bring ruin and disaster upon a minister of the gospel who throughout a protracted career of usefulness had sapped his intellectual manhood in the useless effort to support in silly idleness a family of brainless and maddening fools. Miss Alicia had heard her character, her unsuccessful physical appearance, her mind, and her pitiful efforts at table-talk, described in detail with a choice of adjective and adverb which had broken into terrified fragments every atom of courage and will with which she had been sparsely dowered.

So, not having herself been gifted with conversational powers to begin with, and never having enjoyed the exhibition of such powers in others, her ideals had been

high. She was not sure that Mr. Temple Barholm's fluent and cheerful talk could be with exactness termed "conversation." It was perhaps not sufficiently lofty and intellectual, and did not confine itself rigorously to one exalted subject. But how it did raise one's spirits and open up curious vistas! And how good tempered and humorous it was, even though sometimes the humor was a little bewildering! During the whole dinner there never occurred even one of those dreadful pauses in which dead silence fell, and one tried, like a frightened hen flying from side to side of a coop, to think of something to say which would not sound silly, but perhaps might divert attention from dangerous topics. She had often thought it would be so interesting to hear a Spaniard or a native Hindu talk about himself and his own country in English. Tembarom talked about New York and its people and atmosphere, and he did not know how foreign it all was. He described the streets—Fifth Avenue and Broadway and Sixth Avenue—and the street-cars and the elevated railroad, and the way "fellows" had to "hustle" "to put it over." He spoke of a boarding-house kept by a certain Mrs. Bowse, and a presidential campaign, and the election of a mayor, and a quick-lunch counter, and when President Garfield had been assassinated, and a department store, and the electric lights, and the way he had of making a sort of picture of everything was really instructive and, well, fascinating. She felt as though she had been taken about the city in one of the vehicles the conductor of which described things through a megaphone.

Not that Mr. Temple Barholm suggested a megaphone, whatsoever that might be, but he merely made you feel as if you had seen things. Never had she been so entertained and enlightened. If she had been a beautiful girl, he could not have seemed more as though in amusing her he was also really pleasing himself. He was so very funny sometimes that she could not help laughing in a way which was almost unladylike, because she could not stop, and was obliged to put her handkerchief up to her face and wipe away actual tears of mirth.

Fancy laughing until you cried, and the servants looking on!

Though once Burrill himself was obliged to turn hastily away, and twice she heard him severely reprove an overpowered young footman in a rapid undertone.

Tembarom at least felt that the unlifting heaviness of atmosphere which had surrounded him while enjoying the companionship of Mr. Palford was a thing of the past.

The thrilled interest, the surprise and delight, of Miss Alicia would have stimulated a man in a comatose condition, it seemed to him.

The little thing just loved every bit of it—she just "eat it up." She asked question after question, sometimes questions which would have made him shout with laughter if he had not been afraid of hurting her feelings. She knew as little of New York as he knew of Temple Barholm, and was, it made him grin to see, allured by it as by some illicit fascination.

She did not know what to make of it, and sometimes she was obliged hastily to conceal a fear that it was a sort of Sodom and Gomorrah; but she wanted to hear more about it, and still more.

And she brightened up until she actually did not look frightened, and ate her dinner with an excellent appetite.

"I really never enjoyed a dinner so much in my life," she said when they went into the drawing-room to have their coffee. "It was the conversation which made it so delightful. Conversation is such a stimulating thing!"

She had almost decided that it was "conversation," or at least a wonderful substitute.

When she said good night to him and went beaming to bed, looking forward immensely to breakfast next morning, he watched her go up the staircase, feeling wonderfully normal and happy.

"Some of these nights, when she 's used to me," he said as he stuffed tobacco into his last pipe in the library—"some of these nights I 'm darned if I sha'n't catch hold of the sweet, little old thing and hug her in spite of myself. I sha'n't be able to help it." He lit his pipe, and puffed it even excitedly. "Lord!" he said, "there 's some blame' fool going about the world right now that might have married her. And he 'll never know what a break he made when he did n't."



CHAPTER XVI

A FUGITIVE fine day which had strayed into the month from the approaching spring appeared the next morning, and Miss Alicia was uplifted by the enrapturing suggestion that she should join her new relative in taking a walk, in fact that it should be she who took him to walk and showed him some of his possessions. This, it had revealed itself to him, she could do in a special way of her own, because during her life at Temple Barholm she had felt it her duty to "try to do a little good" among the villagers. She and her long-dead mother and sister had of course been working adjuncts of the vicarage, and had numerous somewhat trying tasks to perform in the way of improving upon "dear papa's" harrying them into attending church, chivying the mothers into sending their children to Sunday-school, and being unsparing in severity of any conduct which might be construed into implying lack of appreciation of the vicar or respect for his eloquence.

It had been necessary for them as members of the vicar's family—always, of course, without adding a sixpence to the household bills—to supply bowls of nourishing broth and arrowroot to invalids and to bestow the aid and encouragement which result in a man of God's being regarded with affection and gratitude by his parishioners. Many a man's career in the church, "dear papa" had frequently observed, had been ruined by lack of intelligence and effort on the part of the female members of his family.

"No man could achieve proper results," he had said, "if he was hampered by the selfish influence and foolishness of his womenkind. Success in the church depends in one sense very much upon the conduct of a man's female relatives."

After the deaths of her mother and sister, Miss Alicia had toiled on patiently, fading day by day from a slim, plain, sweet-faced girl to a slim, even plainer and sweeter-faced middle-aged and at last elderly woman. She had by that time read aloud by bedsides a great many chapters in the Bible, had given a good many tracts, and bestowed as much arrowroot, barley-water, and beef-tea as she could possibly encompass without domestic disaster. She had given a large amount of conscientious, if not too intelligent, advice, and had never failed to preside over her Sunday-school class or at mothers' meetings. But her timid unimpressiveness had not aroused enthusiasm or awakened comprehension. "Miss Alicia," the cottage women said, "she 's well meanin', but she 's not one with a head." "She reminds me," one of them

had summed her up, "of a hen that lays a' egg every day, but it 's too small for a meal, and it 'u'd never hatch into anythin'."

During her stay at Temple Barholm she had tentatively tried to do a little "parish work," but she had had nothing to give, and she was always afraid that if Mr. Temple Barholm found her out, he would be angry, because he would think she was presuming. She was aware that the villagers knew that she was an object of charity herself, and a person who was "a lady" and yet an object of charity was, so to speak, poaching upon their own legitimate preserves. The rector and his wife were rather grand people, and condescended to her greatly on the few occasions of their accidental meetings. She was neither smart nor influential enough to be considered as an asset.

It was she who "conversed" during their walk, and while she trotted by Tembarom's side, looking more early-Victorian than ever in a neat, fringed mantle and a small black bonnet of a fashion long decently interred by a changing world, Tembarom had never seen anything resembling it in New York; but he liked it and her increasingly at every moment.

It was he who made her converse. He led her on by asking her questions and being greatly interested in every response she made. In fact, though he was quite unaware of the situation, she was creating for him such an atmosphere as he might have found in a book, if he had had the habit of books. Everything she told him was new and quaint and very often rather touching. She remembered things about herself and her poor little past without knowing she was doing it. Before they had talked an hour he had an astonishing clear idea of "poor dear papa" and "dearest Emily" and "poor darling mama" and existence at Rowcroft Vicarage. He "caught on to" the fact that though she was very much given to the word "dear," —people were "dear," and so were things and places,—she never even by chance slipped into saying "dear Rowcroft," which she would certainly have done if she had ever spent a happy moment in it. As she talked to him he realized that her simple accustomedness to English village life and its accompaniments of county surroundings would teach him anything and everything he might want to know. Her obscurity had been surrounded by stately magnificence, with which she had become familiar without touching the merest outskirts of its privileges. She knew names and customs and families and things to be cultivated or avoided, and though she would be a little startled and much mystified by his total ignorance of all she had breathed in since her birth, he felt sure that she would not regard him either with private contempt or with a lessened liking because he was a vandal pure and simple.

And she had such a nice, little, old polite way of saying things. When, in passing a group of children, he failed to understand that their hasty bobbing up and down meant that they were doing obeisance to him as lord of the manor, she spoke with the prettiest apologetic courtesy.

"I 'm sure you won't mind touching your hat when they make their little curtsies, or when a villager touches his forehead," she said.

"Good Lord! no," he said, starting. "Ought I? I did n't know they were doing it at me." And he turned round and made a handsome bow and grinned almost affectionately at the small, amazed party, first puzzling, and then delighting, them, because he looked so extraordinarily friendly. A gentleman who laughed at you like that ought to be equal to a miscellaneous distribution of pennies in the future, if not on the spot. They themselves grinned and chuckled and nudged one another, with stares and giggles.

"I am sorry to say that in a great many places the villagers are not nearly so respectful as they used to be," Miss Alicia explained. "In Rowcroft the children were very remiss about curtseying. It 's quite sad. But Mr. Temple Barholm was very strict indeed in the matter of demanding proper respectfulness. He has turned men off their farms for incivility. The villagers of Temple Barholm have much better manners than some even a few miles away."

"Must I tip my hat to all of them?" he asked.

"If you please. It really seems kinder. You—you need n't quite lift it, as you did to the children just now. If you just touch the brim lightly with your hand in

a sort of military salute—that is what they are accustomed to."

After they had passed through the village street she paused at the end of a short lane and looked up at him doubtfully.

"Would you—I wonder if you would like to go into a cottage," she said.

"Go into a cottage?" he asked. "What cottage? What for?"

He had not the remotest idea of any reason why he should go into a cottage inhabited by people who were entire strangers to him, and Miss Alicia felt a trifle awkward at having to explain anything so wholly natural.

"You see, they are your cottages, and the people are your tenants, and—"

"But perhaps they might n't like it. It might make 'em mad," he argued. "If their water-pipes had busted, and they 'd asked me to come and look at them or anything; but they don't know me yet. They might think I was Mr. Buttinski."

"I don't quite—" she began. "Buttinski is a foreign name; it sounds Russian or Polish. I 'm afraid I don't quite understand why they should mistake you for him."

Then he laughed—a boyish shout of laughter which brought a cottager to the nearest window to peep over the pots of fuchsias and geraniums blooming profusely against the diamond panes.

"Say," he apologized, "don't be mad because I laughed. I 'm laughing at myself as much as at anything. It 's a way of saying that they might think I was 'butting in' too much—pushing in where I was n't asked. See? I said they might think I was Mr. Butt-in-ski! It 's just a bit of fool slang. You 're not mad, are you?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "Dear me! no. It is very funny, of course. I 'm afraid I 'm extremely ignorant about—about foreign humor." It seemed more delicate to say "foreign" than merely "American." But her gentle little countenance for a few seconds wore a baffled expression, and she said softly to herself, "Mr. Buttinski, Butt-in—to intrude. It sounds quite Polish; I think even more Polish than Russian."

He was afraid he would yell with glee, but he did not. Herculean effort enabled him to restrain his feelings, and present to her only an ordinary-sized smile.

"I should n't know one from the other," he said; "but if you say it sounds more Polish, I bet it does."

"Would you like to go into a cottage?" she inquired. "I think it might be as well. They will like the attention."

"Will they? Of course I 'll go if you think that. What shall I say?" he asked somewhat anxiously.

"If you think the cottage looks clean, you might tell them so, and ask a few questions about things. And you must be sure to inquire about Susan Hibblethwaite's legs."

"What?" ejaculated Tembarom.

"Susan Hibblethwaite's legs," she replied in mild explanation. "Susan is Mrs. Hibblethwaite's unmarried sister, and she has very bad legs. It is a thing one notices continually among village people, more especially the women, that they complain of what they call 'bad legs.' I never quite know what they mean, whether it is rheumatism or something different, but the trouble is always spoken of as 'bad legs.' And they like you to inquire about them, so that they can tell you their symptoms."

"Why don't they get them cured?"

"I don't know, I 'm sure. They take a good deal of medicine when they can afford it. I think they like to take it. They 're very pleased when the doctor gives them 'a bottle o' summat,' as they call it. Oh, I must n't forget to tell you that most of them speak rather broad Lancashire."

"Shall I understand them?" Tembarom asked, anxious again. "Is it a sort of Dago talk?"

"It is the English the working-classes speak in Lancashire. 'Summat' means 'something.' 'Whoam' means 'home.' But I should think you would be very clever at understanding things."

"I 'm scared stiff," said Tembarom, not in the least uncourageously; "but I want to go into a cottage and hear some of it. Which one shall we go into?"

There were several whitewashed cottages in the lane, each in its own bit of garden and behind its own hawthorn hedge, now bare and wholly unsuggestive of white blossoms and almond scent to the uninitiated. Miss Alicia hesitated a moment.

"We will go into this one, where the

Hibblethwaites live," she decided. "They are quite clean, civil people. They have a naughty, queer, little crippled boy, but I suppose they can't keep him in order because he is an invalid. He 's rather rude, I 'm sorry to say, but he 's rather sharp and clever, too. He seems to lie on his sofa and collect all the gossip of the village."

They went together up the bricked path, and Miss Alicia knocked at the low door with her knuckles. A stout, apple-faced woman opened it, looking a shade nervous.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hibblethwaite," said Miss Alicia in a kind but remote manner. "The new Mr. Temple Barholm has been kind enough to come to see you. It 's very good of him to come so soon, is n't it?"

"It is that," Mrs. Hibblethwaite answered rapidly, looking him over. "Wilt tha coom in, sir?"

Tembarom accepted the invitation, feeling extremely awkward because Miss Alicia's initiatory comment upon his goodness in showing himself had "rattled" him. It had made him feel that he must appear condescending, and he had never condescended to any one in the whole course of his existence. He had, indeed, not even been condescended to. He had met with slanging and bullying, indifference and brutality of manner, but he had not met with condescension.

"I hope you 're well, Mrs. Hibblethwaite," he answered. "You look it."

"I deceive ma looks a good bit, sir," she answered. "Mony a day ma legs is nigh as bad as Susan's."

"Tha 'rt jealous o' Susan's legs," barked out a sharp voice from a corner by the fire.

The room had a flagged floor, clean with recent scrubbing with sandstone; the whitewashed walls were decorated with pictures cut from illustrated papers; there was a big fireplace, and by it was a hard-looking sofa covered with blue-and-white checked cotton stuff. A boy of about ten was lying on it, propped up with a pillow. He had a big head and a keen, ferret-eyed face, and just now was looking round the end of his sofa at the visitors.

"Howd tha tongue, Tummas!" said his mother.

"I wun not howd it," Tummas answered. "Ma tongue 's the on'y thing about me as works right, an' I 'm noan goin' to stop it."

"He 's a young nowt," his mother explained; "but he 's a cripple, an' we conna do owt wi' him."

"Do not be rude, Thomas," said Miss Alicia, with dignity.

"Dun not be rude thysen," replied Tummas. "I 'm noan o' thy lad."

Tembarom walked over to the sofa.

"Say," he began with jocular intent, "you 've got a grouch on, ain't you?"

Tummas turned on him eyes which bored. An analytical observer or a painter might have seen that he had a burning curiousness of look, a sort of investigatory fever of expression.

"I dun not know what tha means," he said. "Happen tha 'rt talkin' 'Merican?"

"That 's just what it is," admitted Tembarom. "What are you talking?"

"Lancashire," said Tummas. "Theer 's some sense i' that."

Tembarom sat down near him. The boy turned over against his pillow and put his chin in the hollow of his palm and stared.

"I 've wanted to see thee," he remarked. "I 've made mother an' Aunt Susan an' feyther tell me every bit they 've heared about thee in the village. Theer was a lot of it. Tha coom fro' 'Meriker?"

"Yes." Tembarom began vaguely to feel the demand in the burning curiosity.

"Gi' me that theer book," the boy said, pointing to a small table heaped with a miscellaneous jumble of things and standing not far from him. "It 's a' atlas," he added as Tembarom gave it to him. "Yo' con find places in it." He turned the leaves until he found a map of the world. "Theer 's 'Meriker," he said, pointing to the United States. "That theer 's north and that theer 's south. All the real 'Merikens comes from the North, wheer New York is."

"I come from New York," said Tembarom.

"Tha wert born i' the workhouse, tha run about the streets i' rags, tha pretty nigh clemmed to death, tha blacked boots, tha sold newspapers, tha feyther was a common workin'-mon—and now tha 's coom into Temple Barholm an' sixty thousand a year."

"The last part 's true all right," Tem-

barom owned, "but there 's some mistakes in the first part. I was n't born in the workhouse, and though I 've been hungry enough, I never starved to death—if that 's what 'clemmed' means."

Tummas looked at once disappointed and somewhat incredulous.

"That 's the road they tell it i' the village," he argued.

"Well, let them tell it that way if they like it best. That 's not going to worry me," Tembarom replied uncombatively. Tummas's eyes bored deeper into him.

"Does na tha care?" he demanded.

"What should I care for? Let every fellow enjoy himself his own way."

"Tha 'rt not a bit like one o' the gentry," said Tummas. "Tha 'rt quite a common chap. Tha 'rt as common as me, for aw tha foine clothes."

"People are common enough, anyhow," said Tembarom. "There 's nothing much commoner, is there? There 's millions of 'em everywhere—billions of 'em. None of us need put on airs."

"Tha 'rt as common as me," said Tummas, reflectively. "An' yet tha owns Temple Barholm an' aw that brass. I conna mak' out how the loike happens."

"Neither can I; but it does all samee."

"It does na happen i' 'Meriker," exulted Tummas. "Everybody 's equal theer."

"Rats!" ejaculated Tembarom. "What about multimillionaires?"

He forgot that the age of Tummas was ten. It was impossible not to forget it. He was, in fact, ten hundred, if those of his generation had been aware of the truth. But there he sat, having spent only a decade of his most recent incarnation in a whitewashed cottage, deprived of the use of his legs.

Miss Alicia, seeing that Tembarom was interested in the boy, entered into domestic conversation with Mrs. Hibblethwaite at the other side of the room. Mrs. Hibblethwaite was soon explaining the uncertainty of Susan's temper on wash-days, when it was necessary to depend on her legs.

"Can't you walk at all?" Tembarom asked. Tummas shook his head. "How long have you been lame?"

"Ever since I weer born. It 's summat like rickets. I 've been lyin' here aw my days. I look on at foak an' think 'em over. I 've got to do summat. That 's why I loike the atlas. Little Ann Hutchinson gave it to me onct when she come to see her grandmother."

Tembarom sat upright.

"Do you know her?" he exclaimed.

"I know her best o' onybody in the world. An' I loike her best."

"So do I," rashly admitted Tembarom.

"Tha does?" Tummas asked suspiciously. "Does she loike thee?"

"She says she does." He tried to say it with proper modesty.

"Well, if she says she does, she does. An' if she does, then you an' me 'll be friends." He stopped a moment, and seemed to be taking Tembarom in with thoroughness. "I could get a lot out o' thee," he said after the inspection.

"A lot of what?" Tembarom felt as though he would really like to hear.

"A lot o' things I want to know about. I wish I 'd lived the life tha 's lived, clemmin' or no clemmin'. Tha 's seen things goin' on every day o' thy loife."

"Well, there 's been plenty going on," Tembarom admitted.

"I 've been lying here for ten year'," said Tummas, savagely. "An' I 've had nowt i' the world to do an' nowt to think on but what I could mak' foak tell me about the village. But nowt happens but this chap gettin' drunk an' that chap deein' or losin' his place, or wenches gettin' married or havin' childer. I know everything that happens, but it 's nowt but a lot o' women clackin'. If I 'd not been a cripple, I 'd ha' been at work for mony a year by now, 'arnin' money to save by an' go to 'Meriker."

"You seem to be sort of stuck on America. How 's that?"

"What dost mean?"

"I mean you seem to like it."

"I dun not loike it nor yet not loike it, but I 've heard a bit more about it than I have about the other places on the map. Foak goes there to seek their fortune, an' it seems loike there 's a good bit doin'."

"Do you like to read newspapers?" said Tembarom, inspired to his query by a recollection of the vision of things "doin' " in the Sunday "Earth."

"Wheer 'd I get papers from?" the boy asked testily. "Foak like us has n't got the brass for 'em."

"I 'll bring you some New York pa-

pers," promised Tembarom, grinning a little in anticipation. "And we 'll talk about the news that 's in them. The Sunday 'Earth' is full of pictures. I used to work on that paper myself."

"Tha did?" he cried excitedly. "Did tha help to print it, or was it the one tha sold i' the streets?"

"I wrote some of the stuff in it."

"Wrote some of the stuff in it? Wrote it thaself? How could tha, a common chap like thee?" he asked, more excited still, his ferret eyes snapping.

"I don't know how I did it," Tembarom answered, with increased cheer and interest in the situation. "It was n't highbrow sort of work."

Tummas leaned forward in his incredulous eagerness.

"Does tha mean that they paid thee for writin' it—paid thee?"

"I guess they would n't have done it if they 'd been Lancashire," Tembarom answered. "But they had n't much more sense than I had. They paid me twenty-five dollars a week—that 's five pounds."

"I dun not believe thee," said Tummas, and leaned back on his pillow short of breath.

"I did n't believe it myself till I 'd paid my board two weeks and bought a suit of clothes with it," was Tembarom's answer, and he chuckled as he made it.

But Tummas did believe it. This, after he had recovered from the shock, became evident. The curiosity in his face intensified itself; his eagerness was even vaguely tinged with something remotely resembling respect. It was not, however, respect for the money which had been earned, but for the store of things "doin' " which must have been acquired. It was impossible that this chap knew things undreamed of.

"Has tha ever been to the Klondike?" he asked after a long pause.

"No. I 've never been out of New York."

Tummas seemed fretted and depressed.

"Eh, I 'm sorry for that. I wished tha 'd been to the Klondike. I want to be towd about it," he sighed. He pulled the atlas toward him and found a place in it.

"That theer 's Dawson," he announced. Tembarom saw that the region of the Klondike had been much studied. It was even rather faded with the frequent passage of searching fingers, as though it had been pored over with special curiosity.

"There 's gowd-moines theer," revealed Tummas. "An' theer 's welly nowt else but snow an' ice. A young chap as set out fro' here to get theer froze to death on the way."

"How did you get to hear about it?"

"Ann she browt me a paper onct." He dug under his pillow, and brought out a piece of newspaper, worn and frayed and cut with age and usage. "This heer 's what 's left of it." Tembarom saw that it was a fragment from an old American sheet and that a column was headed "The Rush for the Klondike."

"Why did n't tha go theer?" demanded Tummas. He looked up from his fragment and asked his question with a sudden reflectiveness, as though a new and interesting aspect of things had presented itself to him.

"I had too much to do in New York," said Tembarom.

Tummas silently regarded him a moment or so.

"It 's a pity tha did n't," he said. "Happen tha 'd never ha' coom back."

Tembarom laughed the outright laugh.

"Thank you," he answered.

Tummas was still thinking the matter over and was not disturbed.

"I was na thinkin' o' thee," he said in an impersonal tone. "I was thinkin' o' t' other chap. If tha 'd gone i'stead o' him, he 'd ha' been here i'stead o' thee. Eh, but it 's funny." And he drew a deep breath like a sigh having its birth in profundity of baffled thought.

Both he and his evident point of view were "funny" in the Lancashire sense, which does not imply humor, but strangeness and the unexplainable. Singular as the phrasing was, Tembarom knew what he meant, and that he was thinking of the oddity of chance. Tummas had obviously heard of "poor Jem" and had felt an interest in him.

"You 're talking about Jem Temple Barholm I guess," he said. Perhaps the interest he himself had felt in the tragic story gave his voice a tone somewhat responsive to Tummas's own mood, for Tummas, after one more boring glance, let himself go. His interest in this special subject was, it revealed itself, a sort of obsession. The history of Jem Temple

Barholm had been the one drama of his short life.

"Aye, I was thinkin' o' him," he said. "I should na ha' cared for the Klondike so much but for him."

"But he went away from England when you were a baby."

"The last toime he coom to Temple Barholm wur when I wur just born. Foak said he coom to ax owd Temple Barholm if he 'd help him to pay his debts, an' the owd chap awmost kicked him out o' doors. Mother had just had me, an' she was weak an' poorly an' sittin' at the door wi' me in her arms, an' he passed by an' saw her. He stopped an' axed her how she was doin'. An' when he was goin' away, he gave her a gold sovereign, an' he says, 'Put it in the savin's-bank for him, an' keep it theer till he 's a big lad an' wants it.' It 's been in the savin's-bank ever sin'. I 've got a whole pound o' ma own out at interest. There 's not many lads ha' got that."

"He must have been a good-natured fellow," commented Tembarom. "It was darned bad luck him going to the Klondike."

"It was good luck for thee," said Tummas, with resentment.

"Was it?" was Tembarom's unbiased reply. "Well, I guess it was, one way or the other. I 'm not kicking, anyhow."

Tummas naturally did not know half he meant. He went on talking about Jem Temple Barholm, and as he talked his cheeks flushed and his eyes lighted.

"I would na spend that sovereign if I was starvin'. I 'm going to leave it to Ann Hutchinson in ma will when I dee. I 've axed questions about him reet and left ever sin' I can remember, but theer 's nobody knows much. Mother says he was fine an' handsome, an' gentry through an' through. If he 'd coom into the property, he 'd ha' coom to see me again. I 'll lay a shillin', because I 'm a cripple an' I cannot spend his sovereign. If he 'd coom back from the Klondike, happen he 'd ha' towd me about it." He pulled the atlas toward him, and laid his thin finger on the rubbed spot. "He mun ha' been killed somewheer about here," he sighed. "Somewheer here. Eh, it 's funny."

Tembarom watched him. There was something that rather gave you the "Willies" in the way this little cripple seemed to have taken to the dead man and worried along all these years thinking him over and asking questions and studying up the Klondike because he was killed there. It was because he 'd made a kind of story of it. He 'd enjoyed it in the way people enjoy stories in a newspaper. You always had to give 'em a kind of story; you had to make a story even if you were telling about a milk-wagon running away. In newspaper offices you heard that was the secret of making good with what you wrote. Dish it up as if it was a sort of story.

He not infrequently arrived at astute enough conclusions concerning things. He had arrived at one now. Shut out even from the tame drama of village life, Tummas, born with an abnormal desire for action and a feverish curiosity, had hungered and thirsted for the story in any form whatsoever. He caught at fragments of happenings, and colored and dissected them for the satisfying of unfed cravings. The vanished man had been the one touch of pictorial form and color in his ten years of existence. Young and handsome and of the gentry, unfavored by the owner of the wealth which some day would be his own possession, stopping "gentry-way" at a cottage door to speak good-naturedly to a pale young mother, handing over the magnificence of a whole sovereign to be saved for a new-born child, going away to vaguely understood disgrace, leaving his own country to hide himself in distant lands, meeting death amid snow and ice and surrounded by gold-mines, leaving his empty place to be filled by a boot-black newsboy—true there was enough to lie and think over and to try to follow with the help of maps and excited questions.

"I wish I could ha' seen him," said Tummas. "I 'd awmost gi' my sovereign to get a look at that picture in the gallery at Temple Barholm."

"What picture?" Tembarom asked. "Is there a picture of him there?"

"There is na one o' him, but there 's one o' a lad as deed two hundred year' ago as they say wur the spit an' image on him when he wur a lad hissen. One o' the owd servants towd mother it wur theer."

This was a natural stimulus to interest and curiosity.

"Which one is it? Jinks! I 'd like to

see it myself. Do you know which one it is? There 's hundreds of them."

"No, I dun not know," was Tummas's dispirited answer, "an' neither does mother. The woman as knew left when owd Temple Barholm deed."

"Tummas," broke in Mrs. Hibblethwaite from the other end of the room, to which she had returned after taking Miss Alicia out to complain about the copper in the "wash-'us'—" "Tummas, tha 'st been talkin' like a magpie. Tha 'rt a lot too bold an' ready wi' tha tongue. The gentry 's noan comin' to see thee if tha clacks the heads off theer showthers."

"I 'm afraid he always does talk more than is good for him," said Miss Alicia. "He looks quite feverish."

"He has been talking to me about Jem Temple Barholm," explained Tembarom. "We 've had a regular chin together. He thinks a heap of poor Jem."

Miss Alicia looked startled, and Mrs. Hibblethwaite was plainly flustered tremendously. She quite lost her temper.

"Eh," she exclaimed, "tha wants tha young yed knocked off, Tummas Hibblethwaite. He 's fair daft about the young gentleman as—as was killed. He axes questions mony a day till I 'd give him the stick if he was na a cripple. He moithers me to death."

"I 'll bring you some of those New York papers to look at," Tembarom said to the boy as he went away.

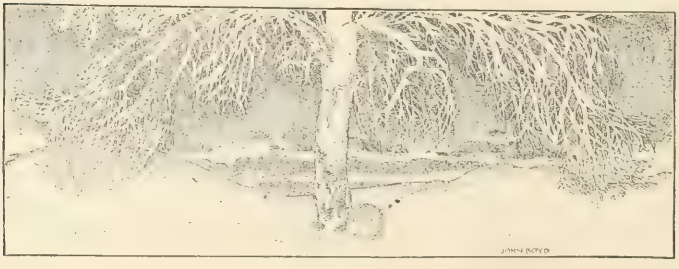
He walked back through the village to Temple Barholm, holding Miss Alicia's elbow in light, affectionate guidance and support, a little to her embarrassment and also a little to her delight. Until he had taken her into the dining-room the night before she had never seen such a thing done. There was no over-familiarity in the action. It merely seemed somehow to suggest liking and a wish to take care of her.

"That little fellow in the village," he said after a silence in which it occurred to her that he seemed thoughtful, "what a little freak he is! He 's got an idea that there 's a picture in the gallery that 's said to look like Jem Temple Barholm when he was a boy. Have you ever heard anything about it? He says a servant told his mother it was there."

"Yes, there is one," Miss Alicia answered. "I sometimes go and look at it. But it makes me feel very sad. It is the handsome boy who was a page in the court of Charles II. He died in his teens. His name was Miles Hugo Charles James. Jem could see the likeness himself. Sometimes for a little joke I used to call him Miles Hugo."

"I believe I remember him," said Tembarom. "I believe I asked Palford his name. I must go and have a look at him again. He had n't much better luck than the fellow that looked like him, dying as young as that."

(To be continued)



TOPICS OF THE TIME

WAR AGAINST WAR

TACTICS THAT THE FRIENDS OF PEACE MAY LEARN FROM THE MILITARISTS

THROUGH Matthew Arnold we have been made familiar with one of the figures clearly limned by Clarendon. It is that of Falkland, whose humane spirit and love of peace made the casting of his lot in the time of the civil war in England seem peculiarly tragic. Often in the course of that bitter and bloody conflict he was heard to "ingeminate" the word "peace."

A similar feeling of grief and frustration in the presence of war is one of the distinguishing marks of our own day. The best and wisest in the world hold peace congresses and conferences on arbitration (as they are to do soon in St. Louis), and seem to gain painful inches only to have all their efforts made apparently vain by some inrush of the war spirit. The Hague Tribunal is founded and The Hague agreement solemnly entered into, but that does not prevent one of the covenanting nations from seizing another's land by the sword. Projects for universal arbitration are mooted, amid the applause of Christendom, and plans for the judicial settlement of international disputes are ripening, at the very time when tens of thousands of men are about to be killed in battle.

So it is that peace seems to be to the civilized world only an unattainable longing. We think of war to-day, in the Scripture phrase, with groanings that cannot be uttered. Never so hated, it sometimes appears as if it were never so fated.

It is well for peace-lovers now and then to put the case thus strongly, in order that they may face the difficulty at its darkest. The fact that the evil they struggle against is persistent is but one argument more for their own persistence. Pacifists must be as ready and resourceful as the militarists. If ever it is right to learn from an enemy, it surely is in this instance. Something has been gained in this way. The late William James, for example, contended that we must admit that there are some good, human weapons in the hands of the war party, and that the peace men must study, not only how to appreciate them, but how to use them. Professor James would have sought in peaceful pursuits the equivalents of the appeal which war makes to certain manly qualities. Heroism in private life, in scientific pursuits, in exploration, in reform—this is what he urged. The patriotic impulse transmuted into great engineering works, vast plans for sanitation, campaigns against disease and misery—that is what peace can offer to ardent youth. All this is sound, and good as far as it goes; but the question arises to-day whether there is not need of something more positive and aggressive, whether the spirit of militarism cannot be turned against itself; whether, in a word, there should not be war against war.

The conduct of a military campaign calls for an enormous amount of preparation and organization. Let the advocates of peace take this to heart. They cannot win simply by wishing to win. It is for them, too, to be far-sighted, to lay careful plans, to enlist every modern method of working in unison to a definite end. War mobilizes men. Peace must muster ideas, sentiments, influences. In the *Kriegspiel* the strategist seeks to mass his troops upon the enemy's weakest point. The tactics of peace should be similar. Argument and persuasion and appeal should be made to converge upon the exposed flank of the militarists. This may be found, at one moment, in the pressure of taxation, which needlessly swollen armaments would make unbearable. At another time, it may appear that the thing to hammer upon is the pressing need of social reforms, even attention to which will be endangered if all the available money and time are squandered upon preparing for a war that may never come. Let peace, too,

acquire a General Staff, whose duty it shall be to survey the whole field, to work out fruitful campaigns, to tell us where to strike and how, to lay down the principles of the grand strategy to be followed.

Nor need individual effort be ruled out. Despite the large and coördinated movements of soldiers in a modern battle, there yet remains room for personal initiative and daring. The shining moment comes when some one in the ranks or in command is called upon to risk all with the possibility of gaining all. And there are still "forlorn hopes" to be led. Why should not these methods and appeals of war be imitated by those who are fighting for peace? They can point to many services calling for volunteers. There is ridicule to be faced, unpopular opinion to be stood up for calmly in the teeth of opposition and even scorn, testimony to be borne, questions to be asked, protests to be made. There is, in short, every opportunity to import from war the heroic element and give it scope and effect in the propaganda of peace. The very wrath of man can be made to praise the growth of civilization.

War against war can be made very concrete and practical. Committees can be formed to watch the military authorities and Congress, and to elicit an expression of opinion when it will be most useful. It is a matter of frequent lamenting on the part of peace men in the House of Representatives that their hands are so feebly held up by the opponents of war. The other side is alert and active. When big-navy or big-army bills are pending, the mail of congressmen is loaded with requests—usually, of course, interested requests—to vote for them. The lovers of peace, on the other hand, appear to be smitten with writer's cramp. They act as if they were indifferent. This state of things should not be permitted to go on. There should be minute-men of the cause all over the land ready to spring into action. That a sound opinion of the country exists, only needing concerted effort to call it forth, has been shown again and again. It was proved at the time when President Taft's treaties of universal arbitration were pending in the Senate. In those days the desire of the best people of the United States came to Washington like the sound of the voice of many waters. Schools and colleges, chambers of commerce and churches, sent in petition piled on petition, and remonstrance heaped on protest. One of the senators who opposed ratification admitted to the President that he had never had so formidable a pressure from his own State as on this question.

That lesson should not be lost. By organization, by watchfulness, by determination, the peace spirit of the land can be given much more effective expression than it has yet had. The situation is not at all one that justifies discouragement; it simply calls for fresh and more intelligent action, with heightened resolution. If only the genius of a Von Moltke could be devoted to organizing and directing the forces that make against war, we might reasonably hope for a realization of the poet's vision of peace lying like level shafts of light across the land.

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MIDDLE WEST

WITH THE RENEWED SUGGESTION OF A WIDE-REACHING PROJECT OF FLOOD-MITIGATION

ONE cannot read of the recent disastrous overflow of the rivers of the Ohio Valley watershed without a sinking of the heart, to think how near is happiness to grief. That thousands, apparently through no fault of their own, should be overwhelmed by the relentless powers of nature, takes us back to a pagan conception of the universe, until we begin to sum up the unpagan-like solidarity in the sympathy of mankind, the touch of human nature that makes the whole world kin. Senator Root recently said that "the progress of civilization is marked by the destruction of isolation," meaning, of course, by the drawing together of men through common ideas, interests, and even sorrows. It is no perfunctory thought that out of such calamities come many of the heroisms, the sacrifices, the lightning-like-flashes of spiritual revelation that ennoble humanity.

With becoming awe at what seems to have been unpreventable, it is sadly appropriate to inquire what might have been done in past years to lessen the recurrent tragedy of the western floods. To be sure, one cannot by a gesture bid the tempest stand, but nothing is more demon-

strable than that the greed and neglect of man have greatly contributed to the destructiveness of floods. The devastation of the ax leads direct to the devastation of the waters. The excessive deforesting of Ohio and Indiana for a hundred years is no illusory or negligible factor in the crisis of death and desolation that has fallen upon those States.

In this magazine for August, 1912, in an article entitled "A Duty of the South to Itself," written apropos of the Mississippi floods of last year, we renewed a suggestion which we first made in 1904 and have since several times repeated, looking toward the mitigation of the annual peril to the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It presented the urgent necessity of setting on foot a policy of coöperation among the Eastern States to save from destruction the flood-restraining upper reaches of the entire Appalachian range. As a matter of public interest, this article was sent to all senators and members of Congress, to the Southern and other newspapers, and to the governors and Chambers of Commerce in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Although the suggestion was in the plainest conformity with scientific opinion, it apparently fell upon deaf ears. The imagination of no governor or legislator has been roused to the point of action. After we have reckoned up the cost of the recent floods in lives and money, shall we lie down again to pleasant dreams, oblivious of the fact that to sow neglect is to reap calamity?

COMMON SENSE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

NON-PARTIZAN QUESTIONS ON WHICH PRESIDENT WILSON BEGINS WELL

HE is a poor patriot who can wish a new administration anything but success—at least in policies unrelated to party differences—and it is creditable to the American people that the new President enters upon his difficult task amid general good-will. His lack of previous acquaintance with "the way the thing is done" in Washington, though it excited the apprehension of some of his warmest friends, proves to be a positive advantage. If precedents are broken they are not his, and sometimes the breaking is done with a naïveté just this side of innocence, as in the discountenancing of the time-honored but expensive and meaningless inaugural ball. The President evidently realizes his responsibilities and the conventional obstacles that must be cleared out of his path if he is to accomplish much for the good of the country. The idealism of his inaugural address, with its appeal for the coöperation of "honest, patriotic, and forward-looking men," is already being supplemented by practical action so fraught with "saving common sense" as to seem revolutionary.

Seen in the retrospect, what could be done more wise or simple than the shunting of the office-seekers to the heads of departments? What more useful or self-respecting than the announced policy of disapproval of legislation carrying "riders"—of which, by the way, a flagrant example is found in the Panama tolls exemption, to which both the President and the Vice-President have announced their opposition? What more direct or reassuring than the kindly words of warning to Central American revolutionists? What more prompt than the announcement through the Secretary of State that the United States cannot ignore its responsibilities toward Cuba? or, again, through the Postmaster-General, that there is to be no wholesale looting of the offices, with the object-lesson of the retention or promotion of several public servants of marked efficiency? or, still again, the immediate action through the Secretary of War and the Attorney-General toward the safeguarding of the public interests in Niagara Falls? What more prudent than the disentanglement of our relations in the Far East from financial loans to China? These events, occurring in the first fortnight of the administration, display a point of view of government as an instrument of public service which, though it may do violence to traditions, makes thoughtful citizens exclaim, "Why not?"

It is not to be expected that we are to have another Era of Good Feeling, or that, when questions of party policy arise, Mr. Wilson's opponents will yield their convictions. He cannot fail to meet with many a storm, within and without party lines; but he will do much to advance his ideas if he shall preserve the poise of direct and unsophisticated common sense which he has shown at the beginning.

LAWLESSNESS IN ART

THE EXPLOITATION OF WHIMSICALITY AS A PRINCIPLE

THE recent admirably arranged exhibition in New York made by the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, and including a full representation of the work of the Cubists and the Post-Impressionists, has proved in one respect a veritable success, namely, in point of attendance. If not, as one critic puts it, a *succès de scandale,* it has been a *succès de curiosité.* It contained pieces of historic work of great beauty by eminent painters of France and America—Ingres, Daumier, Puvis de Chavannes, Childe Hassam, Alden Weir, and others, but no great point was made of their inclusion and they were not the attraction for the crowds. What drew the curious were certain widely talked-of eccentricities, whimsicalities, distortions, crudities, puerilities, and madnesses, by which, while a few were nonplussed, most of the spectators were vastly amused.

At the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, which followed, one unaccustomed visitor was heard to say to another, "Oh, come on, Bill, there 's nothing to laugh at here." It will be impossible to repeat the Parisian sensation another season; and, happily, the eccentricities have served to awaken a new interest in genuine types of art, both in and out of their own exhibition, and have furnished that element of contrast which is useful if not essential in the formation of a robust taste.

Meanwhile, for the benefit of the young and unthinking, it is well to keep on inculcating the fact that while art is not a formula, nor even a school, it is subject, whether in painting, sculpture, poetry, architecture, or music, to certain general principles tending to harmony, clarity, beauty, and the stimulus of the imagination. A fundamental error is that its laws are hampering, the fact being that it is only as one learns them that he can acquire the freedom of individual expression. The exploitation of a theory of discords, puzzles, uglinesses, and clinical details, is to art what anarchy is to society, and the practitioners need not so much a critic as an alienist. It is said that a well-known Russian musician has begun a new composition with (so to speak) a keynote of discord involving the entire musical scale, as a child might lay his hand sidewise upon all the notes of the piano it can cover. A counterpart of this could have been found in more than one ward of the recent exhibition. One can fancy the laughter over the absinthe in many a Latin Quarter café of those who are not mentally awry, but are merely imitators, poseurs, or charlatans, at learning that their monstrosities, which have exhausted the interest of Paris, have been seriously considered by some American observers. They have only been trying to see how far they could go in fooling the public. But he laughs best who laughs last, and we believe that Americans have too much sense of humor not to see the point of this colossal joke of eccentricity, or to endure its repetition.

NIAGARA AGAIN IN DANGER

THE COMMERCIALIZING OF GREAT SCENERY

ONE need not be afraid of exaggerating the peril to the beauty of Niagara in allowing its waters to be used for commercial purposes when a man of such moderation and public esteem as Senator Burton of Ohio says, as he did in the Senate on the fourth of March:

> I want to say, Mr. President, that in all my experience in either house of Congress I have never known such an aggregation of persons to come here seeking to rob and to despoil as those who have come here after this power. If there is any one who wishes them to succeed he must answer to the country for it. They not only desired the water above the Falls, but they now desire to withdraw the waters below in the rapids, which are second in beauty only to the Falls themselves. Persons have come here under the guise of public spirit, or even of philanthropy, when it was but a thin veil to conceal a scheme to get possession of the waters of the Niagara River. We ask that for a year this law be continued to stay the hand of the despoiler.

The law referred to was the Burton Act under which for three years the assaults of the commercial interests have been stayed. Even with a concession to the companies of 250,000 horse-power in-

stead of 160,000, Mr. Burton, owing to a filibuster by Senator O'Gorman, was not able to secure the desired extension, and the Falls seem to be at the mercy of those who are interested in turning great scenery into dividends. We are much mistaken if the new administration does not find some way of thwarting this form of vandalism. Meanwhile it is well that public opinion should be directed upon senators and representatives.

Of the damage that has already been done Senator Burton says: " . . . The ruthless hand of the promoter has been laid upon this river; and thus the cataract has been diminished in size and the scenic effect has been impaired not only by diminishing the flow and the quantity of the water, but by structures on the banks." A question of jurisdiction has been raised as between the State of New York and the National Government, though the river as a boundary line has long been the subject of an international treaty. The fact that the taking of water for commercial purposes whether on the Canadian or the American side has virtually the same effect on the river makes joint action of the two countries imperative.

The willingness to destroy or impair great scenery by commercializing it, whether at Niagara or in the Yosemite National Park, makes it necessary that the fight for our natural treasures should be kept up with vigilance. Happily, the good judgment of the late Secretary of the Interior, Warren L. Fisher, has blocked the attempt of the city of San Francisco to destroy the wonderful Hetch Hetchy valley by converting it into a reservoir of water for drinking and power purposes,—which confessedly can be had elsewhere in the Sierra "by paying for it,"—the Secretary wisely holding that such a diversion of the valley from the original purpose of its reservation is too important a matter to be determined by any power but Congress. Three Secretaries of the Interior—Hitchcock, Ballinger, and Fisher—are thus on record against the ruthless project of the city authorities, and we believe it will not be more successful with Secretary Lane. Should its advocates go to Congress, it must be remembered that the same principle underlies the defense of Niagara and of Hetch Hetchy—the conservation of great scenery for the ultimate benefit of mankind.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE COLLAPSE OF THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

My dear MacWhittlesey:



No, I have not become a pessimist. If I ever was an optimist, I am certainly one still. But to my mind the only use of being an optimist about the universe is that one can the more boldly be a pessimist about the world. That you may see I can discern the good signals as well as the bad, I will tell you three recent things with which I am thoroughly delighted. With brazen audacity, I will even put first the one topic you know all about and I know nothing about. I am thoroughly delighted with the election of the American President, with the election of the French President, and with the victory in the Balkans. You may think these three things have nothing to do with one another. Wait till I have done explaining things; it will not last long or hurt much.

Don't imagine I have any newspaper illu-

sions about any of the three. I am a journalist and never believe the newspapers. I know there will be a lot of merely fashionable fuss about the American and the French presidents; I know we shall hear how fond Mr. Wilson is of canaries or how interested M. Poincaré is in yachting. It is truer still, of course, about the Balkan War. I have been anti-Turk through times when nearly every one else was pro-Turk. I may therefore be entitled to say that much of the turnover of sympathy is pure snobbery. Silly fashions always follow the track of any victory. After 1870 our regiments adopted Prussian spikes on their helmets, as though the Prussians had fought with their heads, like bisons. Doubtless there will be a crop of the same sort of follies after the Balkan War. We shall see the altering of inscriptions, titles, and advertisements. Turkish baths may be called Bulgarian baths. The sweetmeat called Turkish Delight may probably be called Servian Delight. A Turkey carpet, very much kicked about and discolored, may be sold again as a Montenegro carpet. These cheap changes may easily occur, and in the same way the international world (which consists of hotels instead of homes) may easily make the same mistake about the French and American presidents. Thousands of Englishmen will read the American affair as a mere question of Colonel Roosevelt. Thousands will read of the Poincaré affair as a mere echo of the Dreyfus case. Thousands have never thought of the near East except as the sultan and Constantinople. For such masses of men Roosevelt is the only American there ever was. For them the Dreyfus question was the only French question there ever was. They had never heard that the Servians had a country, let alone an army.

The fact in which the three events meet is this: they are all realities on the spot. Most Englishmen have never heard of Mr. Woodrow Wilson; so they know that Americans really trust him. Most Englishmen have never heard of M. Poincaré; so they know that Frenchmen know he is a Frenchman. Neither is a member of the International Club, the members of which advertise one another.

Do you know what I mean? Do you not know that International Club? Like many other secret societies, it is unaware of its own existence. But there is a sort of ring of celebrities known all over the world, and more important all over the world than any of them are at home. Even when they do not know one another, they talk about one another. Let me see if I can find a name that typifies them. Well, I have no thought of disrespect to the memory of a man I liked and admired personally, and who died with a tragic dignity fitted for one who had always longed to be a link between your country and mine; but I think the late W. T. Stead was the unconscious secretary of that unconscious International Club. The other members, roughly speaking, were Colonel Roosevelt, the German Emperor, Tolstoy, Cecil Rhodes, and somebody like Mr. Edison. In an interview with Roosevelt, Rhodes would be the most important man in England, the Kaiser (or Tolstoy) the most important man in Europe. In an interview with Rhodes, the Kaiser would be important, Mr. Edison more important, Mr. Stead rather important; Bulgaria and M. Poincaré not important at all. Interview the Kaiser, and you will probably find the only interviewer he remembers is Stead. Could Rhodes have been taken to Russia you would probably find the only Russian he had really heard of was Tolstoy. For the rest, the Nobel prize, the Harmsworth newspaper group, the Marconi inventions, the attempts at a universal language—all these strike the note. I forgot the British Empire, on which the sun never sets, a horribly unpoetical state of things. Think of having a native land without any sunsets!

This International Club is breaking up. Men are more and more trusting men they know to have been honest in a small way; men faithful in one city to rule over many cities. Imperialists like Roosevelt and Rhodes stood for unrealities. Please observe that I do not for one moment say insincerities. Tolstoy was splendidly sincere; but the cult of him was an unreality to this extent, that it left large masses in America and England with a general idea that he was the only Christian in the east of Europe. Since then we have seen Christianity on the march as it was in the Middle Ages, a thing of thousands, ready for pilgrimage and crusade. I don't ask you to like it if you don't like it. I only say it 's jolly different from Tolstoy, and equally sincere. It is a reality on the spot.

Well, just as Russia and the Slavs meant for us Tolstoy, so France and French literature meant for many of us Zola. Poincaré's election represents a France that hates Zola more than the Balkans hate the Turk. The old definite, domestic, patriotic Frenchman has come to the top. I can't help fancying that with you the old serious, self-governing, idealistic, and really republican American has come to the top, too. But there I speak of things I know not, and await your next letter with alarm.

Faithfully yours,

G. K. Chesterton.

ON HOW TO GET SOMETHING BY GIVING SOMETHING UP

From a Victim of the Comparative-Statistics Habit

My dear Harold:



Can a man go in for tobacco and do his duty by the United States Navy? Life seems to be getting more difficult every day. I can no longer enjoy my after-dinner cigar as I used to. The trouble is not physical. My nerves are in good condition. My heart behaves quite as it should, occasionally rising into my mouth with fear, sometimes sinking toward my diaphragm with anticipation, but for the most part going about its work without attracting notice. I sleep as soundly as I ever did. The quality of the tobacco they put into cigars nowadays may be deteriorating, but I am easy to please. No; the trouble is with my conscience. I simply find it impossible to smoke without feeling that I am recreant to my social obligations.

Don't imagine I am referring to my family. It is old-fashioned practice to show how the money disbursed upon tobacco by the head of a household might buy a home in the suburbs and endowment insurance for the children. To-day the sociological implications of a box of cigars are much more serious. To-day no man of conscience can light his pipe without inflicting injury on the United States Navy. All the comfort goes out of a cigar when one reflects upon what one might be doing for the encouragement of education among the Southern mountaineers. Now and then I like the feel of a cigarette between my lips; but can a man go in for cigarettes as long as the country stands in such bitter need of a comprehensive system of internal waterways?

I imagine I am not making myself quite clear. What I mean is that there are so many good causes abroad nowadays, and the advocates of each and every cause have no trouble in showing how easily they might manage to attain the specific thing they are after if only you would consent to sacrifice something that your own heart is rather set upon. Just imagine if all the money that is burned up in tobacco were devoted to the expansion of the fleet! Can there be any doubt that within a year we should take first place among the naval powers? Provided, that is, the English and the Germans and the Japanese did not give up smoking at the same time that we did. It may seem far-fetched to argue any close connection between a ten-cent cigar and a ten-million-dollar dreadnought. That is what I have been trying to say to myself. But I cannot help feeling that if the day of Armageddon does arrive, and the Japanese fleet comes gliding out of Magdalena Bay, and the star of our national destiny goes down into defeat, I shall never be able to forgive myself for the cigar I insisted on lighting every night after the children had been put to bed. As it is, I suffer by anticipation. The Japanese fleet keeps popping out at me from my tobacco-jar.

You will say I am oversensitive to outside suggestion. Perhaps I am. The fact remains that the naval situation in the Pacific is what it is. And there are so many other national obligations. We do need a fifteen-foot channel from the lakes to the gulf. We do need free schools for the poor whites in the Tennessee mountains. We do need millions to rebuild our railroads. All these demands press upon me as I sit facing my wife across the table and timidly light my cigar. Yes, I smoke; but I look at my wife and wonder how she can live in unconscious proximity to such startling moral degradation.

Perhaps I am oversensitive, as you say, but these suggestions from the outside keep pouring in on one in an irresistible stream from many different directions. You simply cannot escape the logic of the comparative mathematicians. A naval officer of high rank shows that because of the wanton destruction of bird-life in the United States our farmers lose $800,000,000 a year from the ravages of insect pests; "so that good bird laws would enable us to sustain an enormous navy." Not so big a navy as this distinguished officer imagines, of course, because the internal-waterways people will want a great deal of that bird money, and the Southern education people will ask for a handsome share. It does not matter that personally I have never slain birds either for their flesh or their plumage, but I share in the indirect responsibility. Instead of idling in my chair with a cigar, I ought to be writing to my congressman, demanding the enactment of adequate bird laws in the name

of our naval supremacy in the Pacific and the defense of the Panama Canal.

Such is the established mode of procedure to-day. If one is planning the expenditure of a very large amount of public money, let him point out how easily the money may be saved or earned by somebody else. If I have seemed to harp too much on the man with the cigar, it is because he is the classic type of the victim in the case. Just consider what a trifling favor one is asked for—merely to give up a nasty, unsanitary habit, and not only be happier oneself, but bring happiness to the big-navy man, the internal-waterways man, the Association for the Encouragement of Grand Opera among the Masses, the Society for the Pensioning of Decayed Journalists, the Society for Damming the Arctic Current on the Banks of Newfoundland, the Society for the Construction of Municipal Airships. These enthusiastic gentry find no habit too hard for the other man to break, no economy too difficult for the other man to adopt, and no remedy too complicated for the other man to put into effect. Smith is amazed that any one could refuse him $200,000,000 for the navy.

"Why, look at your birds and your insect-ridden crops!"

"You grudge me the money for a hundred-foot automobile highway from New York to San Francisco?" says Jones. "Why, consider your wasteful steam-engines, with their ridiculous loss of ninety-seven per cent. of the latent coal energy!

"Double the efficiency of your steam-engines, and you have enough for a dozen automobile highways."

You see, that is all that stands in the way, Harold, a mere trifle like doubling the efficiency of the steam-engine.

"I want $5,000,000 to build a monument twelve hundred feet high to Captain John Smith and Pocahontas," says Robinson. "You can't spare the money? Sir, take the revolving storm-doors in New York City alone, which now represent so much wasted human energy, and harness these doors to a series of storage batteries, and you will have your $5,000,000 back in the course of a year."

Will some one kindly run out and electrify all the revolving doors in New York City?

I have a confession to make. My heart goes out to the shiftless American farmer. He is responsible for almost as many good causes dying of lack of nutrition as is the habitual smoker.

If the American farmer would plow deep instead of merely scratching the soil, we could blow Japan out of the water. If he would study the chemistry of soils, we could give free railroad rides to every man and woman in the United States between the ages of thirty and forty-five. If we would build decent roads, we could pay off the national debt.

In other words, if the American farmer could be persuaded to make his land produce, say, only ten times its present yield, the millennium would be here in a jump.

I sometimes think that to the truly social-minded person the most immoral spectacle in life is an unscientific American farmer smoking a five-cent cigar in a buggy mired up to the axle on a country road.

Yours,

Simeon Strunsky.



OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

THE MOSQUITO

Wid so much Christian blood in 'is veins,
You 'd think Brer 'Skitty would take some pains
To love 'is neighbor an' show good-will,
But he 's p'izenin' an' backbitin' still.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

THE RAT

Brer Rat in de corn-bin overfed
An' underworked, an' now he 's dead;
He craved to live lak a bloated chief,
An' now he ain't nothin' but a ol' dead thief.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat.



Drawn by Oliver Herford

MAY, FROM MY WINDOW

BY FRANCES ROSE BENÉT

A SPARKLING morning after weeks of rain;
All fresh and fragrant glows my world, new-made.
Bluebirds sing ballads; sparrows chirp refrain;
Old Mother Spider, peering from the shade,
With gastronomic joy surveys a fly,
Her table-cloth hung on a bush to dry.

A little lizard creeps from out his crack
To bask in sunshine till he 's done quite brown;
A butterfly starts on her breathless track,
Her errand gay, to lure a lad from town;
Even the garden's foe, the slimy snail,
Leaves on the walk an iridescent trail.

Fat Doctor Robin now comes hurrying by,
His neat attire touched up with claret vest.
"Important case!" I see it in his eye.
"No time to sing, with babies in that nest."
Quick! little doctor! *Will* he catch the train?
Sudden he stops; my heart jumps to my throat.
"Thunder and Mars!" I hear him say quite plain,
"I 've left my wallet in my other coat!"



NOISE EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

WAITER (to single gentleman): "Excuse me, sir, but that lady and gentleman wish me to recommend to you one of those new Maxim soup silencers!"



LIFE'S ASPIRATION

(A more-than-symbolic sonnet for a picture of the same sort by George Wolfe Plank)

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

URGED by the peacocks of our vanity,
Up the frail tree of life we climb and grope;
About our heads the tragic branches slope,
Heavy with time and xanthic mystery.
Beyond, the brooding bird of fate we see
Viewing the world with eyes forever ope',
And lured by all the phantom fruits of hope,
We cling in anguish to this fragile tree.
O lowering skies! O clouds, that point in scorn,
With the lean fingers of a wrinkled wrath!
O dedal moon, that rears its ghostly horn!
O hidden stars, that tread the cosmic path!
Shall we attain the glory of the morn,
Or sink into some awful aftermath!

THE NEW ART

(With apologies to Rossetti)

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

THE cubist damosel leaned out
From a neurotic heaven;
Her face was stranger than the dreams
Of topers filled at even:
She had four facets to her nose,
And the eyes in her head were seven.

Her robe, concrete from clasp to hem,
Six angles did adorn,
With a white parallelogram
For trimming neatly worn:
Her hair rose up in pentagons,
Like yellow ears of corn.

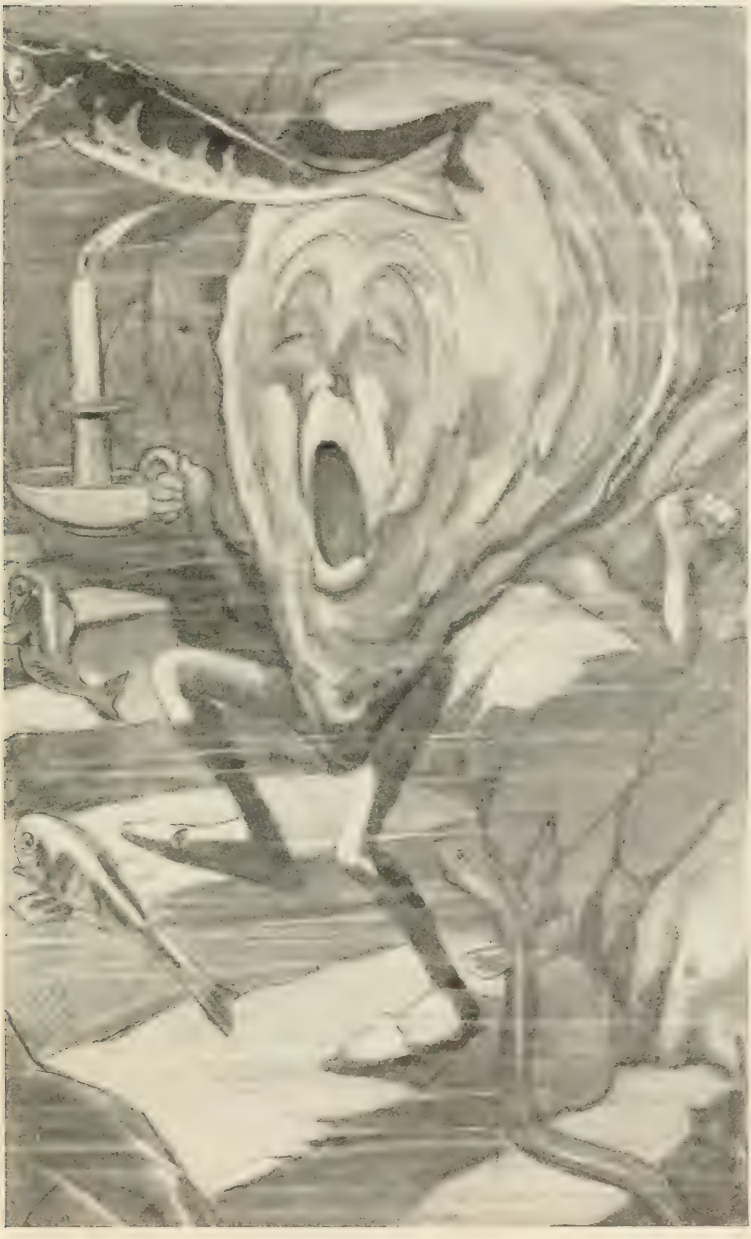
It was a post-impression house
That she was standing on;
While maudlin quadrilateral clouds
O'er mystic gardens spun,
And three denatured greyhounds ran
Circlewise round the sun.

"I wish that they could draw," she moaned,
"Nor throw such fits as this;
Souza-Cardosa, and the five
Who love weird symphonies:
Fiebig, Picabia, Picasso,
D'Erlanger, and Matisse."

She smiled, though her amorphous mouth
Was vague beyond her ears;
Then cast her beveled arms along
The rhomboid barriers,
And shedding asymmetric plinths,
She wept. (I heard her tears.)

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE SOMNOLENT BIVALVE

Said the oyster: "To-morrow 's May-day;
But don't call me early, I pray.
Just tuck me instead
In my snug oyster-bed,
And there till September I 'll stay."



THE OUNCE OF DETENTION

ONCE a pound-keeper chanced to impound
An ounce that was straying around.
The pound-keeper straight
Was fined for false weight,
Since he 'd only one ounce in his pound.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

TRAVEL NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

BY ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IN a popular guide-book to Switzerland, it is stated that of all Alpine passes the Great St. Bernard is the least interesting. With this view the traveling public does not seem to agree, for the St. Bernard is crossed every year by more people than any other pass. On an average, twenty thousand annually arrive at the hospice on the summit, and nine tenths of them during the short summer season, from the beginning of July to the end of August, which means over three hundred daily.

Now, the whole district of the St. Bernard for many miles around possesses not one of the vast caravansaries characteristic of the picturesque mountain-tops in Switzerland,—indeed, not even a modest inn,—where tourists may find shelter for a few days. Why, then, should these armies of tourists invade the pass every summer, if it really offers little of interest?

To me, who have seen almost all the passes from one end of the Alps to the other, the trip over the Great St. Bernard was most enjoyable. Though the scenery may not be so beautiful as that of the St. Gotthard, for instance, it surpasses by far even that and most of the others in wild grandeur; for nowhere else in the Alps can be found mountains of bolder aspect and greater height. On the west, near the French boundary, I need only mention Mont Blanc and Mont Dolent; on the east, the glacier-covered peaks of Mont Velan, and the towering masses of the Grand Combin.

The valley of the river Dranse, which is followed by the traveler from Martigny, in the Rhone valley, to very near the summit, more than eight thousand feet above the sea, is full of romantic beauty and wildness, closed in by snow-covered mountains of fantastic shapes, their steep slopes partly covered with dark pine forests. Nestling on the rocks or sleeping in the valleys there are a few straggling settlements, with heavy-visaged natives, apparently of a different race from the Swiss, and entirely untouched by modern life. They live in tottering, wooden houses of the quaintest shapes, dark brown with age, and with wooden barns on stilts attached to them. Only a few villages, as Orsières,

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Liddes, and Bourg St. Pierre on the Swiss side, and St. Rémy on the Italian side, have stone houses along their narrow main thoroughfares.

During the summer months these roads are daily traversed by a motley crowd of tourists from all parts of the world, traveling on foot, or in private carriages or postal diligences, for the road is kept in capital order. Many wayfarers stop at the modest inns to rest and take a glass of *kirsch,* or even to seek shelter in the old houses when storms spring up suddenly, blowing furiously down the valleys; or they may repose on the rotten thresholds of the houses side by side with old matrons working at their spinning-wheels or with young girls knitting stockings, and converse with them in their French patois. The men are frequently employed as guides, and all are in constant intercourse with modern people from the great capitals of both continents, yet they do not depart from their ancient manners and ways.

The uncommon tenacity of these mountaineers is surprising, as the St. Bernard traffic is by no means new. True, the new carriage-road connecting central Europe, by way of Switzerland, with Italy was opened only in the first days of August, 1905, when the King of Italy himself was present, together with the authorities of the neighboring countries. But the St. Bernard has been a highway for thousands of years; it has seen many armies in war-time and many caravans with merchandise in times of peace. More than two hundred years before Christ, the great Hannibal passed over it with his Carthaginian legions; over the winding road which Hannibal had constructed Julius Cæsar led his Roman army down the valley of the Dranse for the conquest of Gallia and Germania. Emperor Augustus II improved and rebuilt the road, portions of which are still seen by the side of the new carriage-road wherever the latter has not been built on the foundation of the Roman highway.

At the beginning of the Christian era, the summit of the pass was crowned with a temple in honor of Jupiter, with rest-houses for travelers. Vestiges of this temple still exist, and in the large and well-stocked library of the present Hospice of St. Bernard the prior of the religious order in charge showed me a number of gold and silver coins, ex-voto figures, tablets, vessels, statuettes, and other objects found by the priests on the temple site. Indeed, owing to its situation on the direct geographical line between Italy and the North, the St. Bernard has been crossed in the course of time by more people than has any other pass.

The traveler of to-day, arriving at the hospice in a comfortable carriage within ten hours from the nearest railway-station, and provided with all the luxuries of modern life, can hardly picture to himself the terrible privations of the traveler in ancient times, when settlements were scarce. Provisions had to be carried along for many miles to these icy regions, most of the time covered with deep snow which obliterated every trace of roads.

On the evening of my arrival, I went to the plateau where once Jupiter was worshiped. The small lake beyond which it is situated had still some ice-cakes floating on its placid surface. Resting there on a stone, my fancy enlivened this scene of solitude and desolation with the savage soldiers of heathen times. I imagined that I heard the cracking and screaking of heavy cart-wheels, the clattering of armor, the clanking of spears, as the legions toiled wearisomely upward to the beating of drums and blowing of trumpets. My eyes pictured strange, stalwart warriors, exhausted from the arduous pull up those steep valleys, shivering with intense cold, fainting, sinking into the deep snow. And then an avalanche, breaking loose from the towering mountains above, came thundering down, dispersing this glittering array, and burying many under the soft, white, yet deadly, mass.

It was with the object of offering shelter to the weary and of rescuing those who succumbed to the inclemencies of these forbidding heights that in the year 962 a pious monk, Bernard, Count of Menthon, whose home was in Savoy, near Annecy, resolved to devote his life and fortune to the founding of a hospice on the summit of the pass. He succeeded in persuading other monks to share with him the dreary life, and thus founded a holy order, named to-day "Les Chanoines reguliers de St. Augustin." Bernard of Menthon himself, afterward canonized by the pope, was elected first prior, and lived



Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AN AVALANCHE ON THE ST. BERNARD PASS

forty years at the hospice. His tomb is still standing in the Italian town of Novara. According to the keeper of the royal archives at Turin, whom I consulted on the history of the hospice, it is first mentioned in a document in the year 1108.

In the Middle Ages the hospice, being of great importance in the intercourse between the north and south of Europe, enjoyed the powerful support and protection of the great rulers of that period, notably the German emperors. In return for valuable services, the order was richly endowed, and became in time exceedingly wealthy and prosperous. At the beginning of the sixteenth century it possessed no fewer than ninety-eight livings. The Reformation, however, ended this prosperity, and since then various misfortunes have carried away most of its once very large revenues. Its total income is now about eight thousand dollars, and without the aid received from the Italian and Swiss governments it would be impossible to offer hospitality to the large number of tourists that come every year. As many as five hundred have received free board and lodging in a single day.

It is to be regretted that so few visitors take notice of the collection-box in the pretty little church. Many well able to pay for the hospitality they receive do not give even so much as they would pay for their entertainment in a third-rate inn. The total amount given by tourists is only a small fraction of the actual expense incurred in entertaining them. The present King of England, who visited the hospice when Prince of Wales, sent a piano, and I could not help wondering how this bulky instrument was brought up the steep mountains. Emperor Frederick of Germany, with his consort, came in 1883, and the prior showed me one of their valuable gifts—a volume of Thomas à Kempis, bearing their signatures.

One must bear in mind that provisions, wood, and all other necessities of life have to be brought up eight thousand feet from the valleys below. For miles about the hospice there is not a tree, not a bush or a single blade of grass, and the view from my window offered nothing but barren rocks, bleak mountains, glaciers, and snowfields. The mean annual temperature is below the freezing-point, being about the same as Spitzbergen, within the Arctic Ocean! One cannot help admiring the little group of monks, about twelve in number, who, with an equal number of lay brothers and servants, live here, in this highest human habitation of Europe, summer and winter, year after year, till they die. They do not wear the monk's capouch, but the ordinary black sacerdotal robe, with a white cord falling from the neck as a special distinction.

Their sufferings are sometimes intense. The climate is so severe, and their duties are so arduous, that their constitutions would soon be broken down if they were not allowed to recuperate temporarily at their house in Martigny, their places being taken by other members of this brave and devoted brotherhood.

On the St. Bernard summit the seasons are unknown. Winter is, so to speak, perpetual, without spring or autumn or summer, the only indication of our warm seasons being the melting of the snow, which sometimes drifts about the three tall stone buildings to a height of forty feet. The cold is often twenty degrees below zero Fahrenheit and has been in one instance twenty-nine degrees. When I stayed at the hospice early in August, the lake behind it was frozen over during the night, and the monks told me that there have been years when the ice on its surface did not melt.

Under these conditions, I was not surprised to find among the occupants of the hospice mostly young men, only one of them being over fifty, and he had spent twenty consecutive years on the St. Bernard. The hardest labors of these pious men are during the winter months, notably in November and February, when numerous poor laborers from Italy venture to cross in search of work. Unfamiliar with the hardships and dangers they have to face, they ascend from Aosta over St. Rémy, plodding wearily through the deep snow, which obliterates all traces of the road, sometimes covering even the telegraph-poles. At last their strength gives out, or they are buried under an avalanche, or they lose their way and cannot proceed from sheer exhaustion. Those who do not perish owe their lives to the zeal of the monks and the alertness of the famous dogs of St. Bernard.

Day after day all the monks are out on

their beat through the "Valley of Death" on the north side opening immediately below the hospice, and the steep snowfields to the south, each accompanied by a servant and a dog. They search the surroundings, where every dell, every rock is familiar to them, with powerful field-glasses. Breaks or dark spots are detected at once on the white surface, but the surest and never-failing discoverers of unfortunate victims are the dogs. Their extraordinary fine scent indicates to them the exact direction in which it is necessary to search, and the men follow on snowshoes. Arrived at the supposed spot, the dogs begin to bark and to scratch in the snow, the men take to their shovels, and soon the poor wayfarer is discovered. If life has fled from him, the body is carried up to the hospice and placed in the little low, desolate stone hut standing at a short distance from the buildings, the abode of the dead. In this "morgue" rest the victims of the Alps till their bodies crumble to ashes. There is no other way of disposing of the dead, since for miles about the hospice not enough soil can be found to furnish a grave.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL IN THE HOSPICE

At the time of my visit, only one body of the preceding winter was lying among the remains of the victims of former years. The others who had been found had been restored to life.

Many thousands have been rescued from certain death, principally owing to the cleverness of the dogs, carefully trained to their work. According to the register kept at the hospice, these dogs, originally a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrenean, were employed first in the fifteenth century, and the present breed is undoubtedly descended from them. To preserve it pure, several dogs are also kept at the two other settlements of the brotherhood, the Simplon hospice and Martigny. The expediency of this is shown by the accident of 1825, when nearly all the dogs at the St. Bernard hospice, together with three lay brothers, perished in a terrible avalanche on the Swiss slope near the present "Cantine de Proz," the highest inn on the way to the hospice, kept by the Swiss Government as a postal station. Only two or three dogs survived, and they perpetuated the race.

Now there are about fifteen dogs at the hospice. They are objects of much petting on the part of travelers, especially ladies, to which they indulgently submit. In appearance they differ considerably from what we picture them to be. They are much smaller than the St. Bernard dog of other countries, but heavier-set and stronger. The hair is white, coarse, and tight to the skin, with large yellow or reddish-brown spots, the chest and the lower part of the body being always white. The long tail is heavy and shaggy, the



Drawn by André Castaigne

A ST. BERNARD DOG

neck short-set and uncommonly strong, carrying a large head, with the muzzle short and broad. The front teeth are mostly visible, and the dogs would look rather ferocious without the intelligent and withal docile expression of their large, bright eyes. Many of them have been reproduced on postal cards, for sale in the large reception-room, one of the few rooms furnished with a stove. The prior, who is also Swiss postmaster, told me that on the average one thousand postal cards, mostly with pictures of the dogs, are daily sent "with hearty greetings" to all parts of the world. But in the "season," as many as fifteen hundred have been mailed in a single afternoon, especially when snow-storms or rain keep the tourists indoors with nothing to do.

The best type of a St. Bernard dog was famous Bary, who, after saving thirty-nine lives, was unfortunately shot by an English traveler he was trying to rescue, who mistook him for a wolf. His stuffed skin is now in the museum at Bern. Since then there has always been a "Bary" among the dogs. The present dog of that name has already saved three lives, while Pallas and Diana have saved two each.

St. Bernard dogs, imported mostly from England in recent years, have become decidedly popular in America. They are chiefly of the long-haired kind, much larger and with rather flatter heads and longer muzzles than the dogs at the St. Bernard hospice. Nevertheless, they are genuine St. Bernards, and are descended from those originally brought to England from Switzerland for Lord Dashwood, about one hundred years ago.

In their home country this breed of dogs is by no means confined to the St. Bernard mountain. Raised in most Alpine valleys, they have become, so to speak, the



Drawn by André Castaigne

THE ST. BERNARD HOSPICE

national dog of Switzerland, and are foremost in public favor. While the long-haired type prevails in the lower cantons, nothing but the short-haired variety are employed at the hospice, the former type being unfitted for the peculiar mountain work. Enormous snowfalls in spring and autumn force them sometimes to dig their way under the snow for two or three days; on occasions they remain in the icy fields for a week or two, returning to the hospice reduced to mere skeletons. The coat of the long-haired dogs dries much slower, and the dripping from the fur congeals, causing rheumatism and other ailments and making them soon unfit for their work.

The general belief that the original St. Bernard race died out long ago is unfounded. There can be no doubt that the present dogs are descended from those kept at the hospice in the Middle Ages, crossed with Danish bulldogs and Pyrenean dogs about five centuries ago, that they might inherit size and strength from the former and intelligence and keen scent from the latter. St. Bernard, the founder of the hospice, is represented in ancient pictures accompanied by a large white dog. The insecurity of the much frequented route between Italy and the North in early times caused the monks to keep dogs for their own protection, till their usefulness for life-saving purposes made them indispensable companions.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A BAND OF GIPSIES TRAVELING ALONG THE ST. BERNARD PASS

Unfortunately, most of the early documents in regard to the dogs were destroyed by fire, but the existing traditions of the antiquity of the race are confirmed by the escutcheon of an ancient Swiss family which I discovered in the archives of the city of Zurich. Four families of the fourteenth century have dogs as ornaments of the escutcheon helmet. They are Stubenweg, Aichelberg, Hailigberg, and the counts of Toggenburg, the latter famous in history and still flourishing in Austria. The escutcheons are most carefully painted, and show four distinct and clearly defined types of dogs. The type over the escutcheon of the family of Hailigberg shows a striking resemblance to the St. Bernard dog of to-day, with all the characteristic signs. Mountains crowned by hospices used to be called sacred mountains or Hailigberg (present style Heiligberg) during the Middle Ages, and from this it may safely be deducted that the knights of Hailigberg took the picture of a hospice dog for their helmet ornament.

For ages the St. Bernard dogs have been trained for their service in a peculiar manner: one old and one young dog are sent together daily down the Valley of Death toward the nearest human habitation; two others on the south side toward St. Rémy, their footprints in the snow indicating to lost travelers with unfailing certainty the exact line of the road buried under the snow. The younger dogs are taught by the older ones to show to travelers the way to the hospice by barking and jumping and running ahead of them toward the summit of the pass. If they happen to find a poor half-frozen victim, they try to restore animation by licking the hands and face. Then they hasten back to the hospice and announce their discovery by barking.

Great credit is due to the Kynological Society of Switzerland for the preservation, improvement, and popularization of the hospice dogs in their pure type. In the latter part of the last century the English type, as described above, threatened to become generally established as the correct one. At an international Kynological Congress convened by that society in Zurich in 1887, the characteristic marks of the pure hospice type were laid down and acknowledged by the delegates of all countries, England included. In 1885 the first pure St. Bernard dogs were introduced into Germany by Prince Albrecht of Solms-Braunfels, and as they became very popular in a short time, a St. Bernard Club was organized in Munich in 1891 for the express purpose of improving the St. Bernard breed by organizing an exposition with competent judges, and publishing annually a book of genealogy.

The first Napoleon, who crossed the St. Bernard with his army, cavalry, artillery, and all, between the fifteenth and twenty-first of May, 1800, was very fond of these dogs and kept some in his room while resting at the hospice. Near the entrance of the largest building, erected in the seventeenth century, there is a big bell, rung by travelers to announce their arrival. Opposite the bell a large marble tablet commemorates the passage of Napoleon, dedicated by the government of the then republic, now the Swiss canton of Valais. His army was the last to cross the St. Bernard, and in the place of armies of soldiers, those of tourists invade the historic pass every year. They are most numerous in August, for the snow rarely melts before July and begins to fall again early in September, to stay till the following July. The poor priests are then left to themselves for about ten months, when the next summer's sun makes the carriage-road again practicable.

The founder of the hospice, with its brotherhood, has at last received a monument, which he well deserved. His statue was unveiled during the summer of 1905, and stands on the spot which the many thousands have had to pass who, after being rescued by his successors, have resumed their journey to the valleys below and to renewed life.





THE TRAINING OF A JAPANESE CHILD

BY FRANCES LITTLE

Author of "The Lady of the Decoration," "The Lady and Sada San," etc.

THE stork has no vacation in Japan, neither does he sleep; and if he rests, the time and place are known of no man. On the stroke of the hour, nay, of the quarter, he is faithfully at his work distributing impartially among rich and poor small bits of humanity. He may be a wise bird, but if he thinks by the swiftness of his wings to find a home beneath roof of straw or palace tile unprepared for his coming, he is mistaken. He will discover that he has failed utterly to comprehend the joy of the mother to be. A childless woman is of no value in a land where the perpetuation of the family name is the most vital law prescribed in its religious and moral teachings. For a Japanese woman, therefore, the pinnacle of desire is reached when the white bird taps at her door and lays its precious bundle in her outstretched arms. For a time at least she has been able to forget the great terror of her life, divorce, and to make ready for the coming of the child with high hope and tender joy.

Only two little garments are prepared previously. For the inside, a tiny kimono of bright yellow, the color supposed to give health and strength to the body; and for an outer covering, a coat of red, which color means congratulation. Until the sex of the baby is known, the wardrobe is thus limited as a matter of economy in time and cloth. If a boy, he has the sole right to every shade of blue. To the girl fall the softest pinks and reds. Whichever the sex, every available member of the family lends a willing hand to the busy task of cutting and stitching into many shapes the flowered cloth necessary to decorate the small body.

The tiny wardrobe complete, the household turns its attention to the preparation of the feast with which to make merry and give thanks to the gods for so good a gift as a little child, whether it be boy or girl. The house is swept and garnished. Out in the kitchen, maids run hither and thither, hurrying the boiling pot, cleansing the already spotless rice, and scampering to bring the best wine. It is glad service. The happiness in the coming of the baby is shared by everybody from the parents to the water-coolie. Hence the eagerness with which the little house shrine is decorated and offerings of food and sake set before the benign old image who is responsible for this great favor. For days preparations go joyfully on, and though the small guest cannot indulge, a special table is set for him at the feast given in his honor, when neighbors and friends as-



JAPANESE GIRLS PLAYING THEIR FAVORITE GAME, *ONIGOTO*



SUPPER-TIME



DRAWING ON A NEW WHITE SHOJI

semble to offer congratulations and presents. Later, each present must be acknowledged by the parents sending one in return.

The baby is excused from being present at the festival, but custom demands that no other engagement interfere with the shaving of his head on the third day. In the olden days styles in hair-cutting were as rigidly adhered to as the wearing of a samurai's sword, but progress must needs tamper even with the down on a baby's head. Now the fashion has lost much of its quaintness, and is mostly uniform. The sides and back of the head are shaved smooth, while from the crown a fringe is left to sprout like the long petals of a ragged chrysanthemum. The length and seriousness of the hair-cutting ceremony depend upon the self-control of the young gentleman. Regardless of conduct, however, or of the cost to the nervous system, certain fixed rules are enforced, which are virtually the only training the child receives in early years.

After the little stranger, all shaven and shorn, is returned to his private apartments, the elders of the family consult on the grave matter of choosing a name for him. Often the naming of the baby is a simple matter, the father or grandfather speaking before the company the name of some famous man, if the child is a boy, or of some favorite flower, if it is a girl. For girls, *Hana,* flower, *Yuki,* snow, *Ai,* love, are the favorites of parents with a poetical strain. The sterner country-folk choose for their daughters, *Matsu,* pine, *Take,* bamboo (the bamboo joints are exact; hence the exactness of virtue), *Ume,* plum, since the plum bears both cold and snow bravely. For boys, *Ichiro,* first boy, *Toshio,* smart, *Iwao,* strong, and *Isamu,* brave, are very popular.

Where belief is strong in the power of a name, the family, in holiday dress, often assembles in a large room. Each writes a name upon a slip of paper and lays it reverently before the house shrine. From the group a very young child is chosen and led before this shrine, and the fate of the name is decided by the small hand which reaches out for a slip. Though it is a festive occasion, the selection of a name is made with a seriousness worthy the election of a bishop. Many believe devoutly that this rite influences the baby's entire future, and therefore the one whose

slip is chosen incurs from the moment of choice great responsibility for the child's welfare.

The next great event in the baby's existence is on the thirtieth day, when he is taken to the temple to be offered to the god that rules over that particular village or city. Dressed in his best suit of clothes, he is strapped to the back of his mother or nurse, with his body wrapped almost to suffocation, and usually with his head dangling from side to side with no protection for face or eyes. Why all Japanese babies are not blind is one of the secrets of nature's provision. With tender women for mothers and affectionate servants for nurses, it is strange that the little face is seldom shielded from the direct rays of the sun or the piercing winds of winter. Possibly it is a training for physical endurance that later in life is a part of his education.

Arrived at the temple, the child is presented to the priest. This dignitary, with shaven head and clad in a purple gown, reads very solemnly a special prayer to the god whose image, enshrined in gilt and ebony, rests within the deep shadows of the temple. He asks his care and protection for the helpless little creature that lies before him. At the end of the reading the priest shakes a *gohei* to and fro over the child. A *gohei* resembles nothing so much as a paper feather duster. Its fluffy whiteness is supposed to represent the pure spirit of the god, and through some mysterious agency a part of this spirit is transferred to the child by the vigorous shaking.

For a few more coins, further protection can be purchased for the little wayfarer. The guaranty of his success and happiness comes in two small paper amulets on which the priest has drawn curious characters decipherable only to the priest and the god. Both amulets are given to the mother, who, with the baby on her back, trots home on her high wooden geta, or clogs, her face aglow with the contentment possible only to one whose faith in prayer and priest is sublime. One amulet, carefully wrapped with the cuttings of the first hair and with the name, is laid away safely in the house shrine, that the god may not forget. The other is carried in a gay little bag of colored crape, which is tied to the sash of the child; for it is believed that it will ward off sickness and hold all evil spirits at bay.

It must be with a sigh of relief that the baby comes to this stage of his existence. The numerous rites necessary to a fair start on life's highway have been conscientiously performed, the watchful care of the spirits invoked. Now it is his sole business to kick and grow and feed like any small healthy animal, to be served as a young prince and to be adored as a young god. He is the pivot on which the whole household turns. Often, in the soft shadows of evening, on the paper doors of a Japanese house is silhouetted a picture where the child is the center about which the family is grouped in the great act of adoration. It is a bit of inner life that finds a tender response in the heart of any beholder.



"SEEKING SOME OBJECT ON WHICH TO BESTOW HIS ADORABLE SMILE"



FERTILE SOIL FOR MISCHIEF

The attitude of the usual family is that obedience is not to be expected of one so young, consequently nobody is disappointed, and the effect on the child is telling. He quickly learns his power, and becomes in turn the trainer and the ruler of the household. In fact, he is a small king, with only a soft ring of dark hair for a crown, and a chop-stick in his chubby fist for a scepter. His lightest frown or smile is a command to all the house, from the poodle with the ingrown nose to the bent old grandmother. But more willing subjects never bent before a king of maturer growth. Father and mother, with a train of relatives, yield glad obedience and stand ever ready for action at the merest suggestion of a wish.

Alas! for the tried and true theories on early training that have held for generations in other countries! Alas! for the scores of learned volumes on child culture! Useless the work of the greatest psychologists, who sound grave warning as to the direful results should one fail to observe certain hard-and-fast rules in the training of mind and body. Grant a few months to a fat, well-fed Japanese baby, and with one wave of his pink heels he will kick into thin air every tested theory that scholarly men have grown gray in proving. He snaps in twain the old saw, "As the twig is bent," and sends to eternal oblivion that oft-repeated legend, "Give me a child till its seventh year, and neither friend nor foe can change his tendencies." Even the promise of old, "Children, obey your parents," loses its value as a recipe for long life when applied to the baby citizen of old Nippon. It is a rare exception if he obeys. He lives neither by rule nor regulation, eats when, where, and what he pleases, then cuddles down to sleep in peace.



"SPECIAL LESSONS FOR THE YOUNG IN HOW TO BOW"

To the specialist, one such ill-regulated day in a baby's life would augur a morning after with digestion in tatters and a ragged temper. He does not take into account the strange mental and physical contradictions of the race. Unchecked, the baby has been permitted to shatter every precept of health, but he awakens as happy as a young kitten. Fresh, sweet, and wholesome, he crawls from his soft nest of comfortables and goes about seeking some object on which to bestow his adorable smile. He is ready to thrive on another lawless day.

There is a mistaken, but popular, belief that a Japanese baby never cries. There is really no reason why he should. Replete with nourishment and rarely denied a wish, he blossoms like a wild rose on the sunny side of the hedge, as sweet and as unrestrained. His life is full of rich and varied interests. From his second day on earth, tied safely to his mother's back under an overcoat made for two, he finds amusement for every waking hour in watching the passing show. He is the honored guest at every family picnic. No matter what the hour or the weather, he is the active member in all that concerns the household amusements or work. From his perch he participates in the life of the neighborhood, and is a part of all the merry festivals that turn the streets into fairy-land. Later, his playground is the gay market-place or the dim old temples.



"UNDER AN OVERCOAT MADE FOR TWO"

Up to this time the child has had no suggestion of real training. His innate deftness in the art of imitation has taught him much. Continual contact with a wide-awake world has effectively quickened the growth of his brain, but the strings that have held him steadily to his mother's back have stunted the growth of his body. The result is that when the time comes for that wonderful first day in the kindergarten, into the play-room often toddles a self-confident youngster whose legs refuse to coöperate when he makes his quaint bow, but whose keen brain and correspondingly deft hand work small miracles with blocks and paint-brush.

In Japan only a blind child could be insensible to color, after long days under the pink mist of the cherry-blossoms and the crimson glory of the maples, in the sunny green and yellow fields, or with mountain slopes of wild azalea for a romping-place and a wonderful sky of blue for a cover. By inheritance and environment he is an artist in the use of color. Form, too, is as easy, for when crude toys have failed to please, it is his privilege to build ships, castles, gunboats, and temples with every conceivable household article from the spinning-wheel to the family rice-bucket.

His instinct for play is strong, and after his legs grow steady he quickly masters games, and to his own satisfaction he can sing any song without tune or words. In the kindergarten he finds at first new joys in a play paradise of which he is, as at home, the ruler. Alas! for the swift coming of grief! For the first time in his life his will clashes with law, and for the first time he meets defeat, though he rises to conquer with all his fighting blood on fire. The struggle is swift and fierce, then behold the mystery of a small Ori-



ARRANGING FLOWERS



CHILDREN IN A CHRYSANTHEMUM ARBOR

F·C·G

ental! After the first encounter, and often before the tears of passion have dried, he bends to authority, and with only occasional lapses soon becomes a devotee of the thing he has so bitterly fought. Henceforth *kisoku,* or law, becomes his meat and drink, the very foundation of living.

It is difficult to say whether this sudden change of heart comes from an inherited belief in the divine right of rulers or is the first cropping-out of that Eastern fatalism forcibly expressed in the word "Shikataganai" ("There is no help for it"). A partial explanation might be found in the attitude of most Japanese parents to the teacher in both kindergarten and school. By some strange reasoning they argue that it is the teacher's business in life to train children; therefore from its earliest days the teacher is held before the child as a power from whose word there is no appeal. Frequently a mother says to her unmanageable offspring:

"What will happen when the *sensei* [teacher] hears of your rudeness?" or, "I shall speak to your teacher to command you to obey me." Often the appeal is made direct to the teacher: "My daughter does not bow correctly," or "She is neglectful of duty. Please remind her."

The value of using the teacher as a prop or commander-in-chief lies in the fact that most of the profession realize their responsibility and earnestly endeavor to live up to the trust. They seek to share every experience of the pupil's life, and are faithful leaders to the highest ideals they know.

There is a tendency in most Japanese kindergartens to make of them elementary schools in which much of the spirit of play is lost in an effort on the part of the teachers to give formal instruction. The inclination is to fit the child to the rule; to follow to the last detail a written law, at the sacrifice of spontaneity. Formality finds steady resistance in the buoyancy of youth; and how childhood will have its fling, refusing to wear the shackles till it must, is expressed in the despair of a little Japanese teacher who had worked in vain to make an unessential point in posture: "I have the great trouble. They just *will* kick up their heels spiritually [spiritedly]."

In addition to the gifts, games, and songs usually found in the kindergartens, there is a specific training in patriotism, loyalty, and physical endurance by the constant repetition of certain stories emphasizing these virtues that have been told from generation to generation. Stories of brave men and women are dramatized. Day after day the child takes part in these simple plays. So earnest is the acting, so unwavering are the ideals presented at this very early age, that the mind is saturated with the principle of the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the whole.

In all circumstances, stress is laid upon outward courtesy, regardless of time or consequences. The key-note in the mimic plays is kindness to a fallen foe. Often there is an organized band of tiny Red Cross workers, who in full uniform are ever on the alert in the games to render quick aid to the supposedly wounded. The play is very real and sincere, and it fosters a spirit of kindness and sympathy never wholly lost in later years.

From babyhood the diminutive subject hears stories of his glorious ruler; but sometimes it is in the kindergarten that he is trained to perform his first great act of reverence to the throne in bowing before the picture of the emperor. It is a ceremony that touches deeply the most skeptical heart. On certain days groups of little children, many still unsteady on their feet, dressed in gay holiday clothes, come before the pictured image and pay homage to his Majesty by a low, reverent bow. It is like a flower-garden bending before the greater brilliancy of the sun. It is the tribute of innocence to power, and no sovereign lives who would not be a better man for having seen it.

As the first day in the kindergarten is wonderful, so to the child is the last. He is leaving babyhood behind, and half a day is barely sufficient for the imposing ceremonies. For weeks he has been patiently drilled. At the proper hour, with the precision of a mechanical doll and the dignity of a field-marshal, he graciously accepts from the hand of the teacher a roll of parchment only slightly shorter than himself. It is his certificate of graduation, stamped with a large seal, which inspires a deeper joy than comes later with the Order of the Rising Sun.

The transition from the kindergarten

to the primary grade is accomplished easily, and as the pupil is never supposed or expected to take the initiative, he has only to follow where he is led. A Japanese child is as responsive as are the strings of a samisen to the fingers of a skilled musician, and the leader has only to touch the notes to create the harmony desired.

During the period of elementary school, the training for boys and girls is much the same except in special cases when very young boys are instructed in fencing and jiu-jutsu. In these first years it is a sharing of all experiences, and the girls pluckily take their chances in the rough-and-tumble games with the boys. Then comes the parting of the ways. The sign-post for each points to a difference in school and subjects. For the boys, the road leads to the sterner things of life. Every step of the girls' path is trained for the inevitable end—marriage. Whatever the future, it never yields—to the girl, at least—the same golden hours of freedom and equal right to joy and pleasure as in the glory days of youth. Every boy in Japan is a prospective soldier or sailor, every girl, a wife; and a training toward the end best fitting each for the duties involved is the principal aim of the carefully planned curriculum. In all grades the teaching is en masse; individual attention is rare.

From the first year of the primary course, through every grade, the study of morals heads the list. This rather formidable subject is presented to the very youthful in a most attractive way. Large pictures are shown illustrating in a charming manner the virtues to be emphasized. The teacher tells a set story. It is short, but so dramatic is the manner of telling it, so alluring the trick of hand and voice, the child's interest is held as if by magic. The subjects of these early moral lessons are the "Teacher," the "Flag," "Attitude." Later, family relations are studied; as, for instance, that of father and mother, grandparents, etc.

Training in pronunciation and simple lessons in drawing are included in the first year, with manual work for the boys. The girls begin preparation for their calling with the first principles of sewing and the first stitches of crocheting or knitting. In the latter part of the year practice begins in writing the *kana,* gradually intermixed with the Chinese ideographs. There are many thousands of these characters, and they are usually difficult. Necessarily the first steps are simple. The awkward little fist must be trained to lightness and poise of brush, delicacy and sureness in touch, for one false stroke in the intricate structure brings grief. Ignorant of the difficulties in store for him, the child begins his task merrily, delighted with the lines, big and bold at first, which resemble funny pictures more than an alphabet. He practises on everything at hand, from the fresh sand on the playground to the nearest new, white shoji.

A system of calisthenics, too, is begun early with the child, and only the unconquerable grace of childhood saves it from a permanent stiffening of bone and muscle. Happily, studies and gymnastics are interspersed with generous hours for free play. In all the training of Japanese children a great deal of outdoor life is planned. There are historical excursions, geographical excursions for practical instruction, and jolly ones merely for pleasure, when with a luncheon of cold rice and pickled plum tied in a *furoshiki,* or handkerchief, everybody scampers away to the river or mountain for a long happy day.

Every year at school means increased hours and more difficult studies. Added to these long periods are special lessons for the young in how to bow, how to stand, how to enter a room, how to lower the eyes, the placing of each finger on a book when reading, and endless other regulations. These rules are published in a text-book for the teacher, who is expected to drill them into the student to the minutest detail. It seems folly to expect anything from such training but a group of automata; but underlying this fixed formality is an air of controlled freedom that is really the foundation of the tremendous respect for law cherished by the entire nation. Nor is it to be imagined that continuous training in repression means permanent suppression of high spirits. This light-hearted race takes joy in the simplest pleasures, and the imp of mischief finds fertile soil in the brain of any healthy boy or girl.

During these years the hand of discipline is lightly laid in the home. The attitude of father and mother is kindly indulgent, and punishments, if any, cause

neither pain nor inconvenience. Current topics involving the welfare of the country and intimate matters of family life are freely discussed in the child's presence. At an early age he absorbs much information, both wholesome and other. But whatever else may be neglected in his training, so insistently is held before the heir day by day the requirements necessary as a man to bear the honors of the family name, it often works something of a miracle in regulating conduct.

Next in reverence for the emperor is veneration for ancestors. There is one form of entertainment and instruction in the home which as an educative factor plays a large and delightful part in the life of the children. In the evenings, after the books have been put away, they gather around the glowing hibachi to hear the grandfather or grandmother weave the nondescript tales of gods and goddesses, of loyal, wise, and brave men. If any deed of the day calls for emphasis, it is skilfully marked by a special story cleverly worded by the aged narrator. Thus reward or punishment is effectively recited rather than administered.

But the training of the Japanese child is not all play and easy studies. Very soon the girls in the home begin lessons in light household duties, sewing, weaving, and cooking. Koto-playing is an accomplishment in the education of a girl, flower arrangement a necessity. To this most difficult art is usually allotted a period of five years. By tedious and patient practice the small hand must learn delicacy of touch and deftness in twists, that each leaf and blossom may express the symbol for which it stands. Every home festival and feast calls for a certain "poem" in arrangement. This is the duty of the young daughter of the house, who early must be well versed in the legends and meaning of flowers.

In ceremonial tea, "O Cha No Yu," there are especial lessons in etiquette, which mean days and months of constant application and repetition of certain attitudes and definite postures, before supple muscles and youthful spirits are toned to the graceful formality and modest reserve requisite to every well-bred Japanese girl. Should the girl's destiny point to the calling of geisha, or professional entertainer, the training is severe. At the age of three or four she is taken in hand by an expert in the business, and the strict discipline of the training soon robs childhood of its rights. Should a foolish law compel attendance for a year or so at school, it does not in the least interfere with long hours of music lessons, dancing lessons, flower arrangement, lessons in tea-serving, and the etiquette peculiar to tea-houses. The girl is persuaded or forced into quiet submission to the hard, tedious work by the glowing pictures of the butterfly life that awaits her. There is only one standard in the training of a geisha—attractiveness, and often the price of its attainment is an irretrievable tragedy.

Education for the child of the East calls for different methods from that of the West, and fully to understand the training of the Japanese child one must know the influence and demand for ancestor-worship, ethics, and the passion for patriotism. In fact, to understand any part of the system of training, it must be remembered that the whole moral and national education of the Japanese is based on the imperial rescript given the people by the emperor in 1890. The rescript is read in all the schools four times a year. The manner of reading, the silence, breathless with reverence, in which it is received by the students, young and old, is a profound testimony to the sacredness of the emperor's desires for his people.

The following is a translation, given by the president of the Tokio University:

Know ye, Our Subjects:

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue; Our Subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of Our Empire, and herein also lies the source of Our education. Ye, Our Subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious; as friends, true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate the arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe

the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth.

So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages, and true in all places. It is Our Wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our Subjects, that we may all attain to the same virtue.

From the early days to the present, the educational system, which enters more vitally into the training of a Japanese child than any other influence, has survived many changes. The authorities have sought earnestly in every country for the plan best adapted to the peculiar demands of a country that was progressing by leaps. After the Restoration, when every sentiment was swinging away from old customs and traditions, there was a reorganization with the American plan as a model. Soon, however, the wholesale doctrine of freedom proved too radical for a country lately emerged from isolation and feudalism, and much of the German system was introduced, and more rigid control was exercised over the students. The schools assumed something of a military atmosphere and the dangers of a too new liberty were laid low for a while.

It would be difficult in a brief space to estimate the whole influence of European and American methods on Japanese education. While these influences, especially those of America, have enjoyed successive waves of favor and disrepute, it is undoubtedly true that the educational department is slowly but surely feeling its way to the final adoption of a general American plan. So far, the most marked tendency of the Western spirit has been a bolder assertion of individual freedom, less tolerance of the teacher's supreme authority, a demand for a more practical education and not so much eagerness for the Chinese classics.

While to an outsider the present system in many instances seems needlessly complex, and in frequent danger of a sad and sudden death from strangulation by its endless red tape, yet a glimpse of the internal workings of the department is reassuring.

Whatever criticism might be offered as to the methods of training or defects thereof in school or home, one undeniable truth stands out boldly: despite its faults, or because of its virtues, the system has produced men splendidly brave and noble, and women whose lives stand for all that is tender and beautiful in womanhood and motherhood.

BROTHER LEO

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

WITH PICTURES BY W. T. BENDA

IT was a sunny morning, and I was on my way to Torcello. Venice lay behind us a dazzling line, with towers of gold against the blue lagoon. All at once a breeze sprang up from the sea; the small, feathery islands seemed to shake and quiver, and, like leaves driven before a gale, those flocks of colored butterflies, the fishing-boats, ran in before the storm. Far away to our left stood the ancient tower of Altinum, with the island of Burano a bright pink beneath the towering clouds. To our right, and much nearer, was a small cypress-covered islet. One large umbrella-pine hung close to the sea, and behind it rose the tower of the convent church. The two gondoliers consulted together in hoarse cries and decided to make for it.

"It is San Francesco del Deserto," the elder explained to me. "It belongs to the little brown brothers, who take no money and are very kind. One would hardly believe these ones had any religion, they are such a simple people, and they live on fish and the vegetables they grow in their garden."

We fought the crooked little waves in silence after that; only the high prow rebelled openly against its sudden twistings and turnings. The arrowy-shaped gondola is not a structure made for the rough jostling of waves, and the gondoliers put forth all their strength and skill to reach the tiny haven under the convent wall. As we did so, the black bars of cloud rushed down upon us in a perfect deluge of rain, and we ran speechless and half drowned across the tossed field of grass and forget-me-nots to the convent door. A shivering beggar sprang up from nowhere and insisted on ringing the bell for us.

The door opened, and I saw before me a young brown brother with the merriest eyes I have ever seen. They were unshadowed, like a child's, dancing and eager, and yet there was a strange gentleness and patience about him, too, as if there was no hurry even about his eagerness.

He was very poorly dressed and looked thin. I think he was charmed to see us, though a little shy, like a hospitable country hostess anxious to give pleasure, but afraid that she has not much to offer citizens of a larger world.

"What a tempest!" he exclaimed. "You have come at a good hour. Enter, enter, Signore! And your men, will they not come in?"

We found ourselves in a very small rose-red cloister; in the middle of it was an old well under the open sky, but above us was a sheltering roof spanned by slender arches. The young monk hesitated for a moment, smiling from me to the two gondoliers. I think it occurred to him that we should like different entertainment, for he said at last:

"You men would perhaps like to sit in the porter's lodge for a while? Our Brother Lorenzo is there; he is our chief fisherman, with a great knowledge of the lagoons; and he could light a fire for you to dry yourselves by—Signori. And you, if I mistake not, are English, are you not, Signore? It is probable that you would like to see our chapel. It is not much. We are very proud of it, but that, you know, is because it was founded by our blessèd father, Saint Francis. He believed in poverty, and we also believe in it, but it does not give much for people to see. That is a misfortune, to come all this way and to see nothing." Brother Leo looked at me a little wistfully. I think he feared that I should be disappointed. Then he passed before me with swift, eager feet toward the little chapel.

It was a very little chapel and quite bare; behind the altar some monks were chanting an office. It was clean, and there were no pictures or images, only, as I knelt there, I felt as if the little island in its desert of waters had indeed secreted some vast treasure, and as if the chapel, empty as it had seemed at first, was full of invisible possessions. As for Brother Leo, he had stood beside me nervously for a moment; but on seeing that I was prepared to kneel, he started, like a bird set

free, toward the altar steps, where his lithe young impetuosity sank into sudden peace. He knelt there so still, so rapt, so incased in his listening silence, that he might have been part of the stone pavement. Yet his earthly senses were alive, for the moment I rose he was at my side again, as patient and courteous as ever, though I felt as if his inner ear were listening still to some unheard melody.

We stood again in the pink cloister. "There is little to see," he repeated. "We are *poverelli;* it has been like this for seven hundred years." He smiled as if that age-long, simple service of poverty were a light matter, an excuse, perhaps, in the eyes of the citizen of a larger world for their having nothing to show. Only the citizen, as he looked at Brother Leo, had a sudden doubt as to the size of the world outside. Was it as large, half as large, even, as the eager young heart beside him which had chosen poverty as a bride?

The rain fell monotonously against the stones of the tiny cloister.

"What a tempest!" said Brother Leo, smiling contentedly at the sky. "You must come in and see our father. I sent word by the porter of your arrival, and I am sure he will receive you; that will be a pleasure for him, for he is of the great world, too. A very learnèd man, our father; he knows the French and the English tongue. Once he went to Rome; also he has been several times to Venice. He has been a great traveler."

"And you," I asked—"have you also traveled?"

Brother Leo shook his head.

"I have sometimes looked at Venice," he said, "across the water, and once I went to Burano with the marketing brother; otherwise, no, I have not traveled. But being a guest-brother, you see, I meet often with those who have, like your Excellency, for instance, and that is a great education."

We reached the door of the monastery, and I felt sorry when another brother opened to us, and Brother Leo, with the most cordial of farewell smiles, turned back across the cloister to the chapel door.

"Even if he does not hurry, he will still find prayer there," said a quiet voice beside me.

I turned to look at the speaker. He was a tall old man with white hair and eyes like small blue flowers, very bright and innocent, with the same look of almost superb contentment in them that I had seen in Brother Leo's eyes.

"But what will you have?" he added with a twinkle. "The young are always afraid of losing time; it is, perhaps, because they have so much. But enter, Signore! If you will be so kind as to excuse the refectory, it will give me much pleasure to bring you a little refreshment. You will pardon that we have not much to offer?"

The father—for I found out afterward that he was the superior himself—brought me bread and wine, made in the convent, and waited on me with his own hands. Then he sat down on a narrow bench opposite to watch me smoke. I offered him one of my cigarettes, but he shook his head, smiling.

"I used to smoke once," he said. "I was very particular about my tobacco. I think it was similar to yours—at least the aroma, which I enjoy very much, reminds me of it. It is curious, is it not, the pleasure we derive from remembering what we once had? But perhaps it is not altogether a pleasure unless one is glad that one has not got it now. Here one is free from things. I sometimes fear one may be a little indulgent about one's liberty. Space, solitude, and love—it is all very intoxicating."

There was nothing in the refectory except the two narrow benches on which we sat, and a long trestled board which formed the table; the walls were whitewashed and bare, the floor was stone. I found out later that the brothers ate and drank nothing except bread and wine and their own vegetables in season, a little macaroni sometimes in winter, and in summer figs out of their own garden. They slept on bare boards, with one thin blanket winter and summer alike. The fish they caught they sold at Burano or gave to the poor. There was no doubt that they enjoyed very great freedom from "things."

It was a strange experience to meet a man who never had heard of a flying-machine and who could not understand why it was important to save time by using the telephone or the wireless-telegraphy system; but despite the fact that the father seemed very little impressed by our modern urgencies, I never have met a more

intelligent listener or one who seized more quickly on all that was essential in an explanation.

"You must not think we do nothing at all, we lazy ones who follow old paths," he said in answer to one of my questions. "There are only eight of us brothers, and there is the garden, fishing, cleaning, and praying. We are sent for, too, from Burano to go and talk a little with the people there, or from some island on the lagoons which perhaps no priest can reach in the winter. It is easy for us, with our little boat and no cares."

"But Brother Leo told me he had been to Burano only once," I said. "That seems strange when you are so near."

"Yes, he went only once," said the father, and for a moment or two he was silent, and I found his blue eyes on mine, as if he were weighing me.

"Brother Leo," said the superior at last, "is our youngest. He is very young, younger perhaps than his years; but we have brought him up altogether, you see. His parents died of cholera within a few days of each other. As there were no relatives, we took him, and when he was seventeen he decided to join our order. He has always been happy with us, but one cannot say that he has seen much of the world." He paused again, and once more I felt his blue eyes searching mine. "Who knows?" he said finally. "Perhaps you were sent here to help me. I have prayed for two years on the subject, and that seems very likely. The storm is increasing, and you will not be able to return until to-morrow. This evening, if you will allow me, we will speak more on this matter. Meanwhile I will show you our spare room. Brother Lorenzo will see that you are made as comfortable as we can manage. It is a great privilege for us to have this opportunity; believe me, we are not ungrateful."

It would have been of no use to try to explain to him that it was for us to feel gratitude. It was apparent that none of the brothers had ever learned that important lesson of the worldly respectable —that duty is what other people ought to do. They were so busy thinking of their own obligations as to overlook entirely the obligations of others. It was not that they did not think of others. I think they thought only of one another, but they thought without a shadow of judgment, with that bright, spontaneous love of little children, too interested to point a moral. Indeed, they seemed to me very like a family of happy children listening to a fairy-story and knowing that the tale is true.

After supper the superior took me to his office. The rain had ceased, but the wind howled and shrieked across the lagoons, and I could hear the waves breaking heavily against the island. There was a candle on the desk, and the tiny, shadowy cell looked like a picture by Rembrandt.

"The rain has ceased now," the father said quietly, "and to-morrow the waves will have gone down, and you, Signore, will have left us. It is in your power to do us all a great favor. I have thought much whether I shall ask it of you, and even now I hesitate; but Scripture nowhere tells us that the kingdom of heaven was taken by precaution, nor do I imagine that in this world things come oftenest to those who refrain from asking.

"All of us," he continued, "have come here after seeing something of the outside world; some of us even had great possessions. Leo alone knows nothing of it, and has possessed nothing, nor did he ever wish to; he has been willing that nothing should be his own, not a flower in the garden, not anything but his prayers, and even these I think he has oftenest shared. But the visit to Burano put an idea in his head. It is, perhaps you know, a factory town where they make lace, and the people live there with good wages, many of them, but also much poverty. There is a poverty which is a grace, but there is also a poverty which is a great misery, and this Leo never had seen before. He did not know that poverty could be a pain. It filled him with a great horror, and in his heart there was a certain rebellion. It seemed to him that in a world with so much money no one should suffer for the lack of it.

"It was useless for me to point out to him that in a world where there is so much health God has permitted sickness; where there is so much beauty, ugliness; where there is so much holiness, sin. It is not that there is any lack in the gifts of God; all are there, and in abundance, but He has left their distribution to the

soul of man. It is easy for me to believe this. I have known what money can buy and what it cannot buy; but Brother Leo, who never has owned a penny, how should he know anything of the ways of pennies?

"I saw that he could not be contented with my answer; and then this other idea came to him—the idea that is, I think, the blessèd hope of youth: that this thing being wrong, he, Leo, must protest against it, must resist it! Surely, if money can do wonders, we who set ourselves to work the will of God should have more control of this wonder-working power? He fretted against his rule. He did not permit himself to believe that our blessèd father, Saint Francis, was wrong, but it was a hardship for him to refuse alms from our kindly visitors. He thought the beggars' rags would be made whole by gold; he wanted to give them more than bread, he wanted, *poverino!* to buy happiness for the whole world."

The father paused, and his dark, thought-lined face lighted up with a sudden, beautiful smile till every feature seemed as young as his eyes.

"I do not think the human being ever has lived who has not thought that he ought to have happiness," he said. "We begin at once to get ready for heaven; but heaven is a long way off. We make haste slowly. It takes us all our lives, and perhaps purgatory, to get to the bottom of our own hearts. That is the last place in which we look for heaven, but I think it is the first in which we shall find it."

"But it seems to me extraordinary that, if Brother Leo has this thing so much on his mind, he should look so happy," I exclaimed. "That is the first thing I noticed about him."

"Yes, it is not for himself that he is searching," said the superior. "If it were, I should not wish him to go out into the world, because I should not expect him to find anything there. His heart is utterly at rest; but though he is personally happy, this thing troubles him. His prayers are eating into his soul like flame, and in time this fire of pity and sorrow will become a serious menace to his peace. Besides, I see in Leo a great power of sympathy and understanding. He has in him the gift of ruling other souls. He is very young to rule his own soul, and yet he rules it. When I die, it is probable that he will be called to take my place, and for that it is necessary he should have seen clearly that our rule is right. At present he accepts it in obedience, but he must have more than obedience in order to teach it to others; he must have a personal light.

"This, then, is the favor I have to ask of you, Signore. I should like to have you take Brother Leo to Venice to-morrow, and, if you have the time at your disposal, I should like you to show him the towers, the churches, the palaces, and the poor who are still so poor. I wish him to see how people spend money, both the good and the bad. I wish him to see the world. Perhaps then it will come to him as it came to me—that money is neither a curse nor a blessing in itself, but only one of God's mysteries, like the dust in a sunbeam."

"I will take him very gladly; but will one day be enough?" I answered.

The superior arose and smiled again.

"Ah, we slow worms of earth," he said, "are quick about some things! You have learned to save time by flying-machines; we, too, have certain methods of flight. Brother Leo learns all his lessons that way. I hardly see him start before he arrives. You must not think I am so myself. No, no. I am an old man who has lived a long life learning nothing, but I have seen Leo grow like a flower in a tropic night. I thank you, my friend, for this great favor. I think God will reward you."

Brother Lorenzo took me to my bedroom; he was a talkative old man, very anxious for my comfort. He told me that there was an office in the chapel at two o'clock, and one at five to begin the day, but he hoped that I should sleep through them.

"They are all very well for us," he explained, "but for a stranger, what cold, what disturbance, and what a difficulty to arrange the right thoughts in the head during chapel! Even for me it is a great temptation. I find my mind running on coffee in the morning, a thing we have only on great feast-days. I may say that I have fought this thought for seven years, but though a small devil, perhaps, it is a very strong one. Now, if you should hear our bell in the night, as a favor pray that I may not think about coffee. Such



Drawn by W. T. Benda

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HE WAS LOOKING OUT OVER THE BLUE STRETCH OF LAGOON INTO THE DISTANCE, WHERE VENICE LAY LIKE A MOVING CLOUD AT THE HORIZON'S EDGE"

an imperfection! I say to myself, the sin of Esau! But he, you know, had some excuse; he had been hunting. Now, I ask you—one has not much chance of that on this little island; one has only one's sins to hunt, and, alas! they don't run away as fast as one could wish! I am afraid they are tame, these ones. May your Excellency sleep like the blessed saints, only a trifle longer!"

I did sleep a trifle longer; indeed, I was quite unable to assist Brother Lorenzo to resist his coffee devil during chapel-time. I did not wake till my tiny cell was flooded with sunshine and full of the sound of St. Francis's birds. Through my window I could see the fishing-boats pass by. First came one with a pair of lemon-yellow sails, like floating primroses; then a boat as scarlet as a dancing flame, and half a dozen others painted some with jokes and some with incidents in the lives of patron saints, all gliding out over the blue lagoon to meet the golden day.

I rose, and from my window I saw Brother Leo in the garden. He was standing under St. Francis's tree—the old gnarled umbrella-pine which hung over the convent-wall above the water by the island's edge. His back was toward me, and he was looking out over the blue stretch of lagoon into the distance, where Venice lay like a moving cloud at the horizon's edge; but a mist hid her from his eyes, and while I watched him he turned back to the garden-bed and began pulling out weeds. The gondoliers were already at the tiny pier when I came out.

"*Per Bacco,* Signore!" the elder explained. "Let us hasten back to Venice and make up for the Lent we have had here. The brothers gave us all they had, the holy ones—a little wine, a little bread, cheese that could n't fatten one's grandmother, and no macaroni—not so much as would go round a baby's tongue! For my part, I shall wait till I get to heaven to fast, and pay some attention to my stomach while I have one." And he spat on his hands and looked toward Venice.

"And not an image in the chapel!" agreed the younger man. "Why, there is nothing to pray to but the Signore Dio Himself! *Veramente,* Signore, you are a witness that I speak nothing but the truth."

The father superior and Leo appeared at this moment down the path between the cypresses. The father gave me thanks and spoke in a friendly way to the gondoliers, who for their part expressed a very pretty gratitude in their broad Venetian patois, one of them saying that the hospitality of the monks had been like paradise itself, and the other hasting to agree with him.

The two monks did not speak to each other, but as the gondolier turned the huge prow toward Venice, a long look passed between them—such a look as a father and son might exchange if the son were going out to war, while his father, remembering old campaigns, was yet bound to stay at home.

It was a glorious day in early June; the last traces of the storm had vanished from the serene, still waters; a vague curtain of heat and mist hung and shimmered between ourselves and Venice; far away lay the little islands in the lagoon, growing out of the water like strange sea-flowers. Behind us stood San Francesco del Deserto, with long reflections of its one pink tower and arrowy, straight cypresses, soft under the blue water.

The father superior walked slowly back to the convent, his brown-clad figure a shining shadow between the two black rows of cypresses. Brother Leo waited till he had disappeared, then turned his eager eyes toward Venice.

As we approached the city the milky sea of mist retreated, and her towers sprang up to greet us. I saw a look in Brother Leo's eyes that was not fear or wholly pleasure; yet there was in it a certain awe and a strange, tentative joy, as if something in him stretched out to greet the world. He muttered half to himself:

"What a great world, and how many children *il Signore Dio* has!"

When we reached the piazzetta, and he looked up at the amazing splendor of the ducal palace, that building of soft yellow, with its pointed arches and double loggias of white marble, he spread out both his hands in an ecstasy.

"But what a miracle!" he cried. "What a joy to God and to His angels! How I wish my brothers could see this! Do you not imagine that some good man was taken to paradise to see this great building and brought back here to copy it?"

"Chi lo sa?" I replied guardedly, and we landed by the column of the Lion of St. Mark's. That noble beast, astride on his pedestal, with wings outstretched, delighted the young monk, who walked round and round him.

"What a tribute to the saint!" he exclaimed. "Look, they have his wings, too. Is not that faith?"

"Come," I said, "let us go on to Saint Mark's. I think you would like to go there first; it is the right way to begin our pilgrimage."

The piazza was not very full at that hour of the morning, and its emptiness increased the feeling of space and size. The pigeons wheeled and circled to and fro, a dazzle of soft plumage, and the cluster of golden domes and sparkling minarets glittered in the sunshine like flames. Every image and statue on St. Mark's wavered in great lines of light like a living pageant in a sea of gold.

Brother Leo said nothing as he stood in front of the three great doorways that lead into the church. He stood quite still for a while, and then his eyes fell on a beggar beside the pink and cream of the new campanile, and I saw the wistfulness in his eyes suddenly grow as deep as pain.

"Have you money, Signore?" he asked me. That seemed to him the only question. I gave the man something, but I explained to Brother Leo that he was probably not so poor as he looked.

"They live in rags," I explained, "because they wish to arouse pity. Many of them need not beg at all."

"Is it possible?" asked Brother Leo, gravely; then he followed me under the brilliant doorways of mosaic which lead into the richer dimness of St. Mark's.

When he found himself within that great incrusted jewel, he fell on his knees. I think he hardly saw the golden roof, the jeweled walls, and the five lifted domes full of sunshine and old gold, or the dark altars, with their mysterious, rich shimmering. All these seemed to pass away beyond the sense of sight; even I felt somehow as if those great walls of St. Mark's were not so great as I had fancied. Something greater was kneeling there in an old habit and with bare feet, half broken-hearted because a beggar had lied.

I found myself regretting the responsibility laid on my shoulders. Why should I have been compelled to take this strangely innocent, sheltered boy, with his fantastic third-century ideals, out into the shoddy, decorative, unhappy world? I even felt a kind of anger at the simplicity of his soul. I wished he were more like other people; I suppose because he had made me wish for a moment that I was less like them.

"What do you think of Saint Mark's?" I asked him as we stood once more in the hot sunshine outside, with the strutting pigeons at our feet and wheeling over our heads.

Brother Leo did not answer for a moment, then he said:

"I think Saint Mark would feel it a little strange. You see, I do not think he was a great man in the world, and the great in paradise—" He stooped and lifted a pigeon with a broken foot nearer to some corn a passer-by was throwing for the birds. "I cannot think," he finished gravely, "that they care very much for palaces in paradise; I should think every one had them there or else—nobody."

I was surprised to see the pigeons that wheeled away at my approach allow the monk to handle them, but they seemed unaware of his touch.

"Poverino!" he said to the one with the broken foot. "Thank God that He has given you wings!"

Brother Leo spoke to every child he met, and they all answered him as if there was a secret freemasonry between them; but the grown-up people he passed with troubled eyes.

"It seems strange to me," he said at last, "not to speak to these brothers and sisters of ours, and yet I see all about me that they do not salute one another."

"They are many, and they are all strangers," I tried to explain.

"Yes, they are very many," he said a little sadly. "I had not known that there were so many people in the world, and I thought that in a Christian country they would not be strangers."

I took another gondola by the nearest bridge, and we rowed to the Frari. I hardly knew what effect that great church, with its famous Titian, would have upon him. A group of tourists surrounded the picture. I heard a young lady exclaiming:



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE STOOD QUITE STILL FOR A WHILE, AND THEN HIS EYES FELL ON A BEGGAR"

"My! but I 'd like her veil! Ain't she cute, looking round it that way?"

Brother Leo did not pause; he passed as if by instinct toward the chapel on the right which holds the softest, tenderest of Bellinis. There, before the Madonna with her four saints and two small attendant cherubs, he knelt again, and his eyes filled with tears. I do not think he heard the return of the tourists, who were rather startled at seeing him there. The elder lady remarked that he might have some infectious disease, and the younger that she did not think much of Bellini, anyway.

He knelt for some time, and I had not the heart to disturb him; indeed, I had no wish to, either, for Bellini's "Madonna" is my favorite picture, and that morning I saw in it more than I had ever seen before. It seemed to me as if that triumphant, mellow glow of the great master was an eternal thing, and as if the saints and their gracious Lady, with the stalwart, standing Child upon her knee, were more real than flesh and blood, and would still be more real when flesh and blood had ceased to be. I never have recaptured the feeling; perhaps there was something infectious about Brother Leo, after all. He made no comment on the Madonna, nor did I expect one, for we do not need to assert that we find the object of our worship beautiful; but I was amused at his calm refusal to look upon the great Titian as a Madonna at all.

"No, no," he said firmly. "This one is no doubt some good and gracious lady, but the Madonna! Signore, you jest. Or, if the painter thought so, he was deceived by the devil. Yes, that is very possible. The father has often told us that artists are exposed to great temptations: their eyes see paradise before their souls have reached it, and that is a great danger."

I said no more, and we passed out into the street again. I felt ashamed to say that I wanted my luncheon, but I did say so, and it did not seem in the least surprising to Brother Leo; he merely drew out a small wallet and offered me some bread, which he said the father had given him for our needs.

I told him that he must not dream of eating that; he was to come and dine with me at my hotel. He replied that he would go wherever I liked, but that really he would prefer to eat his bread unless indeed we were so fortunate as to find a beggar who would like it. However, we were not so fortunate, and I was compelled to eat my exceedingly substantial five-course luncheon while my companion sat opposite me and ate his half-loaf of black bread with what appeared to be appetite and satisfaction.

He asked me a great many questions about what everything in the room was used for and what everything cost, and appeared very much surprised at my answers.

"This, then," he said, "is not like all the other houses in Venice? Is it a special house—perhaps for the English only?"

I explained to him that most houses contained tables and chairs; that this, being a hotel, was in some ways even less furnished than a private house, though doubtless it was larger and was arranged with a special eye to foreign requirements.

"But the poor—they do not live like this?" Leo asked. I had to own that the poor did not. "But the people here are rich?" Leo persisted.

"Well, yes, I suppose so, tolerably well off," I admitted.

"How miserable they must be!" exclaimed Leo, compassionately. "Are they not allowed to give away their money?"

This seemed hardly the way to approach the question of the rich and the poor, and I do not know that I made it any better by an after-dinner exposition upon capital and labor. I finished, of course, by saying that if the rich gave to the poor today, there would still be rich and poor to-morrow. It did not sound very convincing to me, and it did nothing whatever to convince Brother Leo.

"That is perhaps true," he said at last. "One would not wish, however, to give all into unready hands like that poor beggar this morning who knew no better than to pretend in order to get more money. No, that would be the gift of a madman. But could not the rich use their money in trust for the poor, and help and teach them little by little till they learned how to share their labor and their wealth? But you know how ignorant am I who speak to you. It is probable that this is what is already being done even here now in Venice and all over the world. It would not be left to a little one like me



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'IT SEEMS STRANGE TO ME NOT TO SPEAK TO THESE BROTHERS AND SISTERS'"

to think of it. What an idea for the brothers at home to laugh at!"

"Some people do think these things," I admitted.

"But do not all?" asked Brother Leo, incredulously.

"No, not all," I confessed.

"Andiamo!" said Leo, rising resolutely. "Let us pray to the Madonna. What a vexation it must be to her and to all the blessed saints to watch the earth! It needs the patience of the Blessed One Himself, to bear it."

In the Palazzo Giovanelli there is one of the loveliest of Giorgiones. It is called "His Family," and it represents a beautiful nude woman with her child and her lover. It seemed to me an outrage that this young brother should know nothing of the world, of life. I was determined that he should see this picture. I think I expected Brother Leo to be shocked when he saw it. I know I was surprised that he looked at it—at the serene content of earth, its exquisite ultimate satisfaction—a long time. Then he said in an awed voice:

"It is so beautiful that it is strange any one in all the world can doubt the love of God who gave it."

"Have you ever seen anything more beautiful; do you believe there is anything more beautiful?" I asked rather cruelly.

"Yes," said Brother Leo, very quietly; "the love of God is more beautiful, only that cannot be painted."

After that I showed him no more pictures, nor did I try to make him understand life. I had an idea that he understood it already rather better than I did.

When I took him back to the piazza, it was getting on toward sunset, and we sat at one of the little tables at Florian's, where I drank coffee. We heard the band and watched the slow-moving, good-natured Venetian crowd, and the pigeons winging their perpetual flight.

All the light of the gathered day seemed to fall on the great golden church at the end of the piazza. Brother Leo did not look at it very much; his attention was taken up completely in watching the faces of the crowd, and as he watched them I thought to read in his face what he had learned in that one day in Venice—whether my mission had been a success or a failure; but, though I looked long at that simple and childlike face, I learned nothing.

What is so mysterious as the eyes of a child?

But I was not destined to part from Brother Leo wholly in ignorance. It was as if, in his open kindliness of nature, he would not leave me with any unspoken puzzle between us. I had been his friend and he told me, because it was the way things seemed to him, that I had been his teacher.

We stood on the piazzetta. I had hired a gondola with two men to row him back; the water was like beaten gold, and the horizon the softest shade of pink.

"This day I shall remember all my life," he said, "and you in my prayers with all the world—always, always. Only I should like to tell you that that little idea of mine, which the father told me he had spoken to you about, I see now that it is too large for me. I am only a very poor monk. I should think I must be the poorest monk God has in all His family of monks. If He can be patient, surely I can. And it came over me while we were looking at all those wonderful things, that if money had been the way to save the world, Christ himself would have been rich. It was stupid of me. I did not remember that when he wanted to feed the multitude, he did not empty the great granaries that were all his, too; he took only five loaves and two small fishes; but they were enough.

"We little ones can pray, and God can change His world. Speriamo!" He smiled as he gave me his hand—a smile which seemed to me as beautiful as anything we had seen that day in Venice. Then the high-prowed, black gondola glided swiftly out over the golden waters with the little brown figure seated in the smallest seat. He turned often to wave to me, but I noticed that he sat with his face away from Venice.

He had turned back to San Francesco del Deserto, and I knew as I looked at his face that he carried no single small regret in his eager heart.



EX-SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS

Born in Vermont February 1, 1828; Member of the Vermont Legislature 1854–59 and 1861–62; United States Senator from Vermont 1866–91; only surviving member of the Electoral Commission formed in 1877 to settle the disputed Hayes-Tilden election.

THE CENTURY'S AFTER-THE-WAR SERIES

ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST"

A REPLY TO COLONEL WATTERSON IN THE MAY "CENTURY"

BY EX-SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS

The sole surviving member of the Electoral Commission

THE rather astonishing article of Mr. Henry Watterson in the May number of THE CENTURY opens to me the opportunity and the duty of giving my recollections of such of the inside history, as well as of the outside, as came to my knowledge at the time, in connection with the Hayes-Tilden contest for the Presidency. I believe that the time *has* come when, among fair-minded and intelligent Americans who will investigate the public and printed documents and papers in existence on the subject, there will be few divergent opinions touching the justice and lawfulness of the election of Mr. Hayes. They will find that he was lawfully elected and instituted to the office by fair and lawful means. I wish that such investigators could have the benefit of the correspondence and other papers to which Mr. Watterson refers, as well as of all other documents and papers touching the subject. All the papers relating to the action of the Senate committee on the Electoral Bill, and of our conferences with the House committee, are in my possession and are open to the examination of the student, the politician, and the historian.

In the year 1876 many of the States which had been engaged in the war for secession were still in a condition of unrest, and their Negro citizens, as well as many whites who had supported the United States and were lawfully in those of the Southern States under consideration (and opprobriously called "carpet-baggers"), were under great apprehension of personal danger. The Negro citizens in many instances had suffered, and they were continually in danger of violence from the efforts of a secret association known as "the Ku-Klux Klan" to prevent their voting as they were entitled to do under the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment. In this state of things small detachments of the army of the United States were stationed in various places where the greatest danger of intimidation and violence appeared to exist. The civil operations of the Government required the presence of these troops in such places, not only to assist the state authorities in preserving the peace at a national election when there should be one, but also to protect the operations of the United States in carrying on its share of the civil government, such as customs, internal revenues, post-offices, etc. I suppose everybody will agree that the army of the United States must be somewhere, and has a right to be somewhere within the country; and nobody has yet maintained that any State has a right

to exclude their presence. I think not a soldier interfered with any right or peaceable conduct, or was present at any polling-place in the late "Confederate States" in the election of 1876. When the elections came on nothing but violence could prevent either whites or Negroes who were lawfully entitled to vote from doing so in peace, as in most instances they did. In the States where Negro citizens were in great majority the Hayes ticket, naturally, should have prevailed. In some of them it did prevail, and the necessary certificates of the result were sent to the president of the Senate, as required by the Constitution. The "grandfather" legislation had not yet been invented.

The election was very close; and immediately agents of the Democratic party were sent to South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana for *some* purpose. They were at first, apparently, under the direction of Colonel Pelton, a nephew of Mr. Tilden, and by Pelton were authorized, in substance and in effect, to bribe some of the canvassing boards to make false returns of the choice of Tilden electors instead of those electors who had been actually chosen on the Hayes ticket, or to bribe some of the Republican electors. This scheme very early became known to the Republican National Committee, and steps were immediately taken to send Republican gentlemen, well known and of high standing, to those States where, it was feared, efforts at bribery were being, or were to be, attempted, in order to preserve, so far as lawfully could be done, the real results of the election. Among these men so sent were, as stated by Mr. Watterson, John Sherman, Stanley Matthews, James A. Garfield, William M. Evarts, John A. Logan, and some others, one of whom, as I remember, was Senator Howe of Wisconsin, a fine lawyer and a man of absolutely upright private and public life. As everybody knows who reads or remembers the history of those times, none of the gentlemen mentioned would be directly or indirectly a party to intrigue or dishonesty of any kind. They found on investigation that the Hayes electors had been duly chosen and that, unless some one of them, after being elected on the Hayes ticket, should be induced to dishonor himself by Peltonian expedients, all would vote for President Hayes. The corrupt dealers in canvassing boards and votes apparently sought a market only with the Democrats, who, as Mr. Watterson says, declined to buy.

When the Republicans before mentioned returned to Washington I learned from more than one of them, in relating their experiences at New Orleans, that the States had truly gone Republican and that the only danger, if any, was the exertion of evil influences to change the result. The actual experiences related by Mr. Watterson in this connection illustrate and confirm what I have said. The political "book-makers" were undoubtedly on hand, but that they were acting under the authority of any of the Returning Board there was no proof. There are speculators in politics as well as in stocks, and they often act without having a principal behind them or any principle within them. I remember an instance occurring in the Senate at Washington when a bill of much financial importance was under consideration. I learned afterward that a lobbyist whom I did not know had contracted my vote in favor of the bill with one interest, and my vote against the same bill in favor of the opposing interest. He had sold me to both sides, and whichever side lost he would get his lobbyist reward.

Mr. Watterson quotes from a speech of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, in which Mr. Hewitt is made to say that the vote of Louisiana was offered to him for money and that he declined to buy it. So far Mr. Hewitt of course personally knew the truth of what he was saying; but when he says, "The vote of that State was sold for money," he could not have stated what he personally knew, though he doubtless believed what he said. He was careful not to say that he personally knew of the sale of the vote of Louisiana, nor did he refer to any evidence of it. He was evidently at New Orleans when, as he says, the vote of that State was offered him for money. Why did he not, then and there, in the presence of the body of the gentlemen of both parties mentioned by Mr. Watterson, make known the guilty person, and so explode and destroy the corruption which was contemplated and begun by Colonel Pelton, nephew of Mr. Tilden, at the Democratic headquarters in New York and which compelled the sending of Republican gentlemen to New Orleans?

I was invited to go there as one of the Republican Committee, but I thought it better to remain in Washington and help to the best of my ability in framing and passing a law in which the Democratic House of Representatives and the Republican Senate could agree, and which would execute the letter and spirit of the Constitution and preserve the people of the whole United States from the apparent great danger of disorder, tumult—and possibly anarchy—likely to arise from the fire of party passion if a clear and exact law of procedure and final determination should not be enacted speedily.

Historically, it is very unfortunate that Mr. Watterson did not include in his enlivening article copies of his telegraphic and other correspondence with Mr. Tilden from New Orleans, and elsewhere, for it would certainly and truly, so far as it went, throw much light on the existing drama being displayed, as well as the plans and work behind the curtain whereby (we may believe) it was hoped to produce the election of Mr. Tilden. We Republicans at Washington were forced to believe that an effort was being made, by every means that could be employed, to overcome the Hayes majority of one. During that whole period, so far as I personally knew or was informed, there never was any scheme or act of the Republicans to bribe any state canvassing board or elector by money or promise in support of Mr. Hayes's election. We did (if I may borrow an ancient classic simile) fear "the Greeks bearing gifts." We were morally certain that a large majority of the legal voters in the States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana were earnestly in favor of the election of Mr. Hayes, and we believed that if violence or some other kind of unlawful influence were not brought to bear the electoral votes of those States would be cast for him; but when the secret though bold operations of Colonel Pelton became partly known we were astonished and alarmed, though not disheartened, and we went forward in our efforts to provide by law for the final act in the great drama.

The scene of action was now transferred to Washington. Mr. Watterson in his usual charming style gives a clear description of the next steps taken by the Democratic managers to achieve the wished-for triumph of Mr. Tilden. He was advised by Mr. McLane—referring to the contest over the English Reform Bill of 1832, when he had seen the powerful impression produced by "the direct force of public opinion upon law-making and law-makers"—that an analogous situation now existed in America; that the Republican Senate was like the Tory House of Lords, and that the Democrats must organize a movement such as had been so effectual in England. But there was neither precedent nor analogy except violence and riots, for Parliament was engaged in considering discretionary *legislation* enlarging and purifying the franchise, in which peaceful persuasion and petition were right, as they would have been for or against the passage of the Electoral Commission Bill. Mr. Watterson tells us it was agreed that he return to Washington and make a speech "with the suggestion that in the National Capital there should assemble" a mass convention of at least one hundred thousand peaceful citizens exercising the freemen's right of petition. Mr. Watterson tells us that it was a venture in which he had no great faith; but that he prepared the speech, and that, after much reading and revising of it by Mr. Tilden and Mr. McLane, to cover the case and meet the purpose, Mr. Tilden wrote Mr. Randall, Speaker of the House, a letter which was carried by Mr. McLane to Mr. Randall "instructing him what to do in the event that the popular response [which did not come] should prove favorable." It is a great pity that this letter is lost to the historian, for it would doubtless illuminate the real meaning of the speech of Mr. Watterson prepared in New York and there ratified by Mr. Tilden; for the speech that was delivered at Washington soon after Christmas, 1876, was of such a character that "the Democrats at once set about denying the sinister and violent purpose ascribed to it by Republicans." Mr. Watterson says,—I have no doubt with absolute frankness,—that no thought of *violence* had entered *his* mind. But Mr. Pulitzer, who immediately followed him in the speech-making, said without rebuke that he wanted the one hundred thousand to come "fully armed and ready for business."

At the time of the delivery of these

speeches action in all the States must already have been concluded, and the documents required by law, showing the action of the several States, had already been forwarded to the president of the Senate to be held by him to be opened and acted upon as required by the Constitution. These speeches, then, must have been intended to frighten members of Congress by the threatened presence of at least one hundred thousand men assembling at Washington, under color of the right of petition, to persuade them by some means to win a triumph for Mr. Tilden by procuring the rejection of some vote or votes appearing in the electoral documents to have been cast for Mr. Hayes. It would seem that the framers of the speech of Mr. Watterson had overlooked the provisions in the Constitution of the United States on the subject, which left no discretion or policy to be exercised by any one, and the fact that so-called public opinion or partizan wishes had no place in the procedure of receiving and counting the electoral votes.

This great army of petitioning citizens could as well have been assembled to influence the Supreme Court in the consideration of some great cause, or the House of Representatives or the Senate in an impeachment proceeding. This mode of influencing administrative or judicial procedure, which has been and is supposed to be for the ascertainment of the law and the truth, would be retrogression to Roman times, when the populace sometimes flocked into the Forum to influence by their voices and uproar the trial of causes.

I come now in my recollections (which are verified by the volume of the "Proceedings of the Electoral Commission," by the official "Journals" of the two Houses, and by the "Congressional Record") to the details of the proceedings of the two Houses and of the Electoral Commission. On December 14, 1876, the Democratic House of Representatives passed a resolution in the following words:

Whereas there are differences of opinion as to the proper mode of counting the electoral votes for President and Vice-President, and as to the manner of determining questions that may arise as to the legality and validity of returns made of such votes by the several States;

And whereas it is of the utmost importance that all differences of opinion and all doubt and uncertainty upon these questions should be removed, to the end therefore that the votes may be counted and the result declared by a tribunal whose authority none can question and whose decision all will accept as final: Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of seven members of this House be appointed by the Speaker, to act in conjunction with any similar committee that may be appointed by the Senate, to prepare and report without delay such a measure, either legislative or constitutional, as may in their judgment be best calculated to accomplish the desired end, and that said committee have leave to report at any time.

This resolution was sent to the Senate, and in response thereto, on December 18 the Republican Senate passed a resolution in the following words:

Resolved, That the message of the House of Representatives on the subject of the presidential election be referred to a select committee of seven Senators, with power to prepare and report, without unnecessary delay, such a measure either of a legislative or other character, as may, in their judgment, be best calculated to accomplish the lawful counting of the electoral votes, and the best disposition of all questions connected therewith, and the due declaration of the result: and that said committee have power to confer and act with the committee of the House of Representatives named in said message, and to report by bill or otherwise.

On December 21 the Senate appointed, as members of its select committee, Messrs. Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Logan, Republicans; Messrs. Thurman, Bayard, and Ransom, Democrats. (Mr. Logan declined the appointment and Mr. Conkling was appointed in his place.) On December 22 the House of Representatives appointed, as the members of its committee, Messrs. Payne, Hunton, Hewitt, Springer, Democrats, and Messrs. McCrary, Hoar, and Willard, Republicans. These two committees proceeded to consider the subject separately; and they held conferences from time to time with a view to agreeing upon one measure to accomplish the great objects named in the reso-

lutions of the two Houses. After much discussion and deliberation, the two committees agreed that there should be reported in the Senate the bill which, without amendment in either House, became the law under which the procedure of the two Houses and the Electoral Commission took place. This bill was reported by me to the Senate January 18, 1877. After much debate and the rejection of sundry amendments it passed the Senate, January 24, by a vote of forty-seven yeas and seventeen nays. The negative votes were nearly all cast by Republicans. The bill was then sent to the House, where, on January 26, it was referred to the House committee on the subject, and on the same day was reported to the House by Mr. Payne without amendment. After debate it passed the House without any amendment, by a vote of one hundred and ninety-one yeas and eighty nays. The negative vote was composed, as in the Senate, very largely of Republicans. In the Senate, before the final vote was taken, it was perfectly understood that the bill would pass by a large majority in the form in which it came from the committee. It was seen, apparently, that some gentlemen who were supposed to have hopeful visions of their political future felt that they could safely vote against the bill, of which, if it were followed by the success of Mr. Hayes, it could be said to be quite unnecessary; and if it were followed by the success of Mr. Tilden it could be said that disaster to the Republican party had been brought about by the foolish conduct of the Republicans who supported it.

Previous to the passage of the bill no law existed providing what should be done, when in pursuance of the Constitution the two Houses should meet and the president of the Senate open and cause to be read the certificates of electoral votes from the various States, if a difference of opinion between the Houses should arise concerning the validity of any electoral vote. Two radical and opposing contentions were being put forward by the more excited of the two parties. One side said that the Constitution gave the president of the Senate the power and duty to decide the result after the state certificates should be opened and read. The other side maintained that the president of the Senate had no power other than to preside, open the sealed packages received by him from the various States, and cause them to be read; and that it was in the power of the two Houses concurrently to decide what votes should or should not be counted. Both these contentions were thought by the Senate committee—and I hope by the House committee also—to be absolutely erroneous. The Constitution had not made the president of the Senate the judge of election returns. His only duty was to receive, preserve, open, and cause to be read and summed up the certificates of the action of each of the States, which he had received as provided by the Constitution. To decide what persons mentioned in the certificates were lawful electors was no part of his duty.

If the concurrent power of the two Houses to judge of the elections existed, no votes on which the two Houses disagreed could be counted. In such a case how long would each House "in the heat of conflict keep the law"? The only things certain to happen in such instances would be reprisals, and then—anarchy and open war.

I think few sane persons of intelligence can believe that the wise and far-seeing builders of the Constitution intended to leave open such an avenue to destruction; and so they did provide, after granting to Congress affirmative powers on enumerated subjects, that Congress should have power "To make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States or in any Department or officer thereof." On this firm rock the select committees of the two Houses rested the provisions of the Electoral Law which we reported.

In framing this act the two committees carefully and intentionally refrained from changing in any way any law then existing that might affect either way the fundamental merits of the existing controversy; and so, when the bill was under debate in the Senate, and Mr. Morton, a member of the committee, who did not concur in its report or in the passage of the bill, moved to amend the same by providing "That nothing herein contained shall authorize the said commission to go behind the finding and determination of

ne canvassing or returning officers of a tate authorized by the laws of the State o find and determine the result of an elec- on for electors," I moved to amend the mendment so as to make it declare that ne commission should have authority to o behind the returns. The purpose of ny motion was to make it impossible that ny inference should exist from Mr. Mor- on's proposition being rejected that the ommission should be granted by the act ny authority either way that did not al- eady exist. I, of course, voted against ny own amendment and only one senator oted for it. The amendment of Mr. Morton was defeated by a majority of nore than two to one. Thus the bill assed without any amendment at all, as efore stated.

The act provided that the Electoral Commission be composed of fifteen mem- ers consisting of five justices of the Su- reme Court of the United States, five enators, and five members of the House f Representatives. The members of the ommission were the following: Justices, Clifford from Maine, Miller from Iowa, ield from California, Strong from Penn- lvania, and Bradley from New Jersey; enators, Edmunds of Vermont, Morton f Indiana, Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Bayard of Delaware, and Thurman of Ohio; Members of the House, Payne of Ohio, Hunton of Virginia, Abbott of Massachusetts, Hoar of Massachusetts, nd Garfield of Ohio.

The law provided that the fifth of the ve justices to compose that part of the ommission was to be selected by those ustices assigned to the First, Third, ighth, and Ninth Circuits, and that the enior in service should be president of ne commission. It required that each House, by a *viva voce* vote of its members, hould appoint the five senators and the ve representatives provided by the law, hich was done. Mr. Watterson says hat it was believed by the Democratic embers of the House that Justice Davis f Illinois would be appointed as the fifth ustice composing the commission, and that was also believed that Justice Davis ould be "sure for Tilden." I had no elief upon the subject other than that ounded upon my knowledge of the capac- y and character of Justice Davis; and hat led me to believe that he, as well as the other justices, would follow what they thought, after hearing the cases, was the law; and I believed that neither the Constitution nor the law authorized the commission to overthrow the regular returns of any State and make what must necessarily be an endless inquiry into what the votes of the people of any State had been in point of numbers, either for or against the Republican or Democratic electors. That right, by the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, was given to the States alone.

After the Electoral Act had been passed Justice Davis was elected senator from Illinois and consequently became ineligible; and the four justices selected Justice Bradley (from New Jersey) as the fifth justice of the commission. Mr. Watterson thinks that if Justice Davis had been a member of the commission he would have voted as Justice Bradley did. I agree with him in that belief.

Although the act made no provision in respect of the political character of the members of either House to be appointed, it was agreed by those representing the two parties in each House that the members selected for the commission should be three Republicans and two Democrats of the Senate and three Democrats and two Republicans of the House. Each side had faith enough in the honor of the other to be sure such would be the case, as it was. Thus the Electoral Commission was formed.

The commission met and organized January 31, 1877, only thirty-four days before the final ceremony of the election of the President must take place.

All its members were present, and the certificates of the appointments of its members, before named, were presented and recorded, showing that the Senate had by a unanimous vote appointed the persons before mentioned to be members of the commission, and that the House had appointed as its members of the commission the gentlemen named above. All the members of the commission took and subscribed the oath of office required by the statute—that they would "impartially examine and consider all questions submitted to the Commission and a true judgment give thereon, agreeably to the Constitution and the Laws." The commission adopted simple rules of procedure and

notified the two Houses that it was ready for business.

On the first day of February the two Houses met in the Hall of the House, and the opening of the electoral certificates was begun, proceeding in alphabetical order, as the act required. The votes of the States of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, and Delaware were read without objection and recorded as returned. The next State alphabetically was Florida. Three separate packages, which had in due course come to the hands of the president of the Senate from that State, were presented by him, the first one of which, purporting that the electors of the State had voted for Mr. Hayes, was objected to by Democratic members of the House and Senate in the manner authorized by the Electoral Act; and objections to the other certificates were in like manner made by Republican members of both Houses. Whereupon all these papers and objections were transmitted to the commission for consideration and decision. The case was correctly understood to involve substantially the same questions that would arise in respect of Louisiana and South Carolina; and the case was argued on both sides by eminent counsel and patiently heard by the commission until February 9, when, after consultation and discussion, the majority of the commission decided that the certificate showing the election of Hayes and Wheeler was the true and lawful certificate of the State of Florida and should be counted as such, upon the ground stated, as required by the act; "That it is not competent under the Constitution and the law, as it existed at the date of the passage of said act, to go into evidence aliunde the papers opened by the president of the Senate in the presence of the two Houses, to prove that other persons than those regularly certified to by the Governor of the State of Florida, in and according to the determination and declaration of their appointment by the board of state canvassers of said State prior to the time required for the performance of their duties, had been appointed electors, or by counter-proof to show that they had not."

The members of the commission voting in favor of this decision were (alphabetically stated) Mr. Justice Bradley, Messrs. Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Garfield, Hoar, Mr. Justice Miller, Mr. Morton, and Mr. Justice Strong. Those who voted in the negative were Messrs. Abbott, Bayard, Mr. Justice Clifford, Mr. Justice Field, and Messrs. Hunton, Payne, and Thurman.

In the course of the discussions in the consultations of the commission on the Florida case, Senator Frelinghuysen, in support of his view that there was no power to go behind the regular returns, called the attention of the commission to the debates in the Senate on January 7, 1873, as reported in the "Congressional Record," to the opinion expressed by Senator Thurman in the consideration of a resolution authorizing an investigation as to whether the election for President and Vice-President had been conducted in Louisiana and Arkansas in 1872 in accordance with the laws of the United States, in which Mr. Thurman was reported as saying, "There seems to be no way provided by Congress, and no way, I believe, that Congress, as the Constitution stands, can provide to try the title of an elector to his office"; and he proceeded to say, "I take it that the entire control over the manner of appointing the electors is one of the reserved rights of the State."

Mr. Thurman, on hearing this read by Mr. Frelinghuysen, said: "I have changed my mind." Mr. Frelinghuysen, also quoting from the "Congressional Record" reporting the proceedings of the Senate on February 25, 1875, in considering the bill then pending to provide for counting the votes for President and Vice-President, read from the speech of Senator Bayard on the subject, in which Mr. Bayard said, "There is no pretext that for any cause whatever Congress has any power, or all the other departments of the Government have any power, to refuse to receive and count the result of the action of the voters of the States in that election, as certified by the electors whom they have chosen." (See official report of the Proceedings of the Commission compiled and printed by order of Congress, page 847.)

But it is a duty and a pleasure to say that I am sure both Mr. Bayard and Mr. Thurman voted with perfect honesty and sincerity. Thus it will be seen that the fundamental and controlling question in the three disputed elections before mentioned was not new.

That these decisions of the majority of the commission, recognizing the conclusive authority of the several States in holding elections and determining the result of their choice of Presidential electors, were fully in accordance with the Electoral Act and with the Constitution, is absolutely confirmed by the non-partizan action of Congress itself—at a time when there was no possible party bias or emotion upon the subject—in the passage of the act of February 3, 1887, wherein the very principles controlling the decisions of the majority of the commission were recognized and adopted, and whereby the very substance and almost the very form of the Electoral Act was enacted into law so far as it respected the rights of the States and the proceedings of the two Houses, without the intervention of an Electoral Commission. (See Supplement to the "Revised Statutes of the United States," 1874–91, page 525.) If the Republican members of the Electoral Commission needed any vindication of their action, I feel sure (though the "Journals" of 1887 are not available in the city where I write) that this act of Congress, passed without party division, gives it completely.

The case of Florida having been thus disposed of, that of Louisiana was sent to the commission on February 12, and was decided upon the same principle governing the Florida case; but it was not finally determined and the vote counted until February 20. From that time until the second day of March, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the final declaration of the election of Hayes and Wheeler was made, there was a continual and successful effort, growing more and more intense and violent, by the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives to delay final action by the two Houses in counting the whole electoral vote; and in the last case but one the House of Representatives rejected the vote of one of the Vermont electors by a party vote including, I think, that of Mr. Watterson; while the Senate, by a *unanimous* vote on the yeas and nays, declared that the vote should be counted, which under the law validated the disputed vote. (See "Journal of the House," and the "Congressional Record.")

This illustrates the extremities to which the majority of the Democrats in the House went to prevent any final conclusion of the electoral proceedings under the very law that they themselves had almost unanimously voted for. What would have followed had this effort to prevent a regular conclusion of the proceedings been successful it was and is impossible to know. What *might* have followed was a declaration of a majority of the House that there had been no election at all, after which Mr. Tilden (according to the law in case of failure to elect) could have been elected by the House,—as against the inevitable claim of Mr. Hayes that the returns as made to the president of the Senate in accordance with the requirements of the Constitution, showed that he had been elected President of the United States.

In the then state of public feeling I think there can be little, if any, doubt that an armed collision of the supporters of the respective claimants would have taken place.

Mr. Watterson states that when the election by the people in the various States " . . . came to an end, the result showed on the face of the returns 196" votes for Mr. Tilden "in the Electoral College, 11 more than a majority." The returns he speaks of must have been the *newspaper returns,* for, of course, on November 8, 1876, the day after the election, there could have been no official returns of any character in existence excepting, possibly, precinct and district returns of the local votes in some sections. He states that on the evening of the eighth of November Senator Barnum, the financial head of the Democratic National Committee, sent a telegram to "The New York Times" asking for the latest news from Oregon, Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, and that from that unlucky telegram sprang all the woes of the Democratic party! The next day, after some telegraphic correspondence with Mr. Tilden —of the contents of which the public never has been informed—Mr. Watterson left Louisville for New Orleans, being joined en route by Mr. Lamar of Mississippi; and they were soon followed by the body of Democrats chosen by Mr. Tilden to go to the "seat of war." President Grant, having been informed of the Pelton enterprise, appointed a body of Republicans to go there also to ascertain the truth and support a lawful and peaceable course. The names of some or all of these Repub-

licans visiting New Orleans are given in Mr. Watterson's article and have been already mentioned. His recital of what happened I have already referred to, though the object and purpose is not stated. But he does say, "There was corruption in the air," and "It was my own belief that the Returning Board was playing for the best price it could get from the Republicans, and that the only effect of any offer to buy on our part would be to assist this scheme of blackmail."

The last scene in this eventful history mentioned by Mr. Watterson was "the Wormley conference," as the consequence of what he correctly calls the Democratic "bluff" "filibuster" intended merely to induce the Hayes people to make certain concessions touching some of the Southern States; and he says that "It had the desired effect," and that, satisfactory assurances having been given, the count proceeded to the end.

I have no personal knowledge whatever of the doings of the so-called conference, and had then no information even of its existence, and have therefore no comment to make upon it except that the filibuster was a "bluff" and would have died in time without issue from very shame of its bluffing actors.

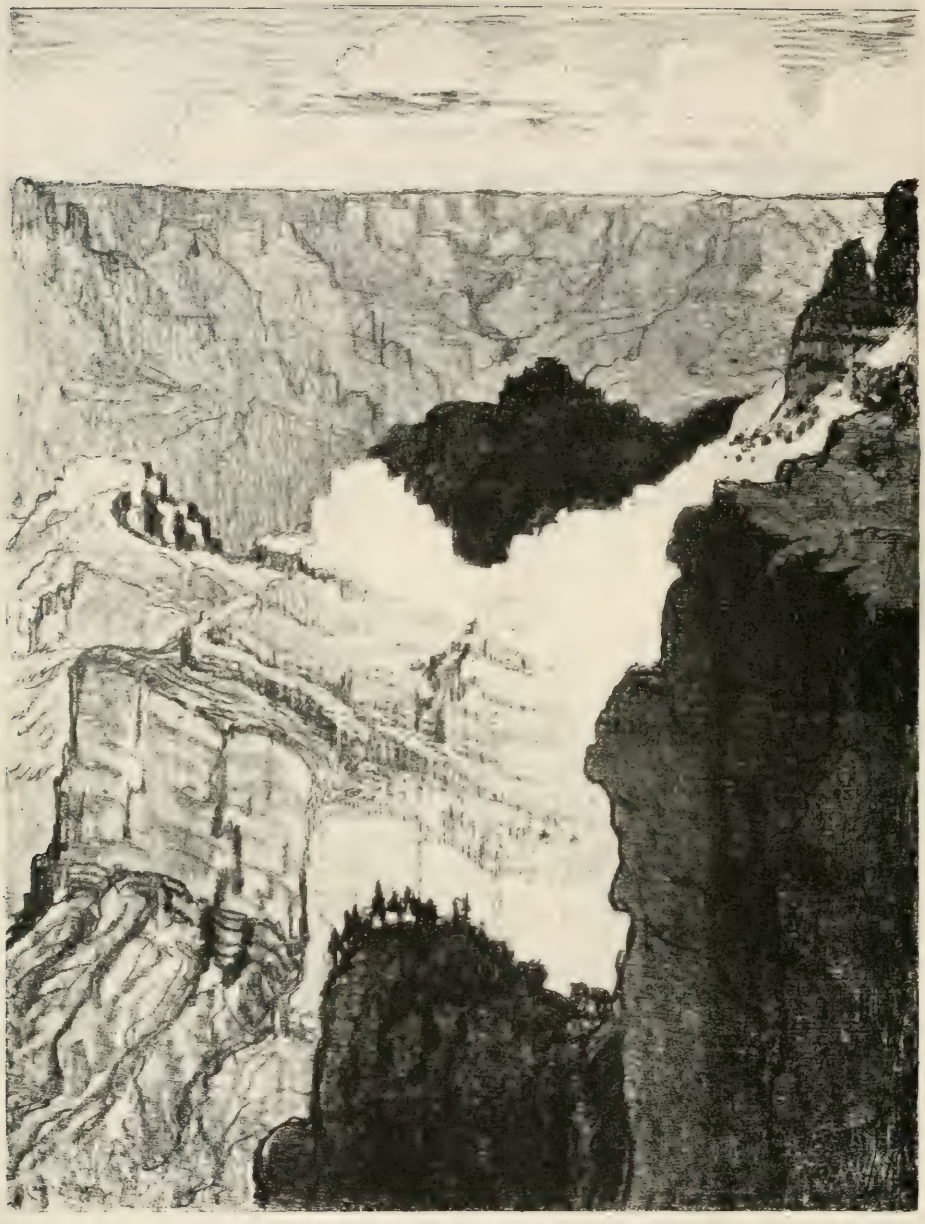
I am glad that Mr. Watterson's article has appeared at this time, before all the gentlemen, who in one form or another were personally connected with public affairs during the years 1876–77, have passed to the future life. Such as survive may now have an opportunity, if they think it worth while to take it, to defend themselves from accusations stated or implied in his article.

Recollections of ancient conversations, hearsays, or traditions are of very little value in showing what the very facts were; while written correspondence or other writings of the time would clarify and illuminate the events supposed to have happened. Mr. Watterson most correctly says that "Once in a while the world is startled by some revelation of the unknown which alters the estimate of the historic event or figure." It is, therefore, very much to be regretted that he did not print every writing (of which he appears to know many) within his reach relative to the subject. He imputes to the members of the Republican party at that time officially or otherwise connected with public affairs the crime of bribing the State canvassing boards of the disputed States "at least in patronage, to make false returns in favor of the Republican electors." As one of the few survivors of that stormy time, as the *last survivor* of the members of the select committees of the two Houses who conducted the passage of the Electoral Bill, and as the last survivor of the members of the Electoral Commission, I feel bound to repel the imputation as wholly groundless. In all our frequent consultations during the whole time there never was a proposal, suggestion, or hint of ours, or on the part of any one of us, resorting to bribery in any form, or of promise of office or other benefit, or influencing or trying to influence any of the canvassing boards or other state officials to depart from their lawful duty.

I, and I believe all the others, thought that the Republican ticket had been truly and lawfully elected; and everything we did was to try by lawful means to save the cause we believed our party had fairly and lawfully won. We had not been educated under, and did not believe in, the standard of political morality Mr. Watterson sympathetically imputes to us; but we feared, as well we might from the Pelton work and other revelations of occurrences in the disputed four Southern States, that unlawful and more practical methods were being resorted to by our adversaries to pervert, if possible, the lawful course and result of the election.

I cannot close this condensed statement without expressing my earnest and grateful admiration of the conduct of all the justices of the Supreme Court who were members of the Electoral Commission. They were pure, high-minded, and patriotic, trying earnestly to expedite our work. The venerable Justice Clifford, the president, performed his arduous duties with promptness and perfect impartiality. My memory of him and of his associates is among the most pleasant of my public life.

(For Colonel Watterson's rejoinder, see page 285.)



The GRAND CAÑON *of the* COLORADO

Six Lithographs drawn from nature in 1912 for the Century by

JOSEPH PENNELL



THE GREAT TEMPLE



A RIFT IN THE WALLS



A STORM PASSING OVER THE CAÑON



IN THE GLOW OF SUNSET



MISTS IN THE CAÑON



From a photograph by Hanfstaengl. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

RICHARD WAGNER

IF RICHARD WAGNER CAME BACK

BY HENRY T. FINCK

Author of "Wagner and His Works," "Chopin," "Success in Music," etc.

THE outcome of the first Bayreuth Festival, in 1876, was a deficit of $37,500. There was need of thirteen hundred subscriptions to cover the expenses, but barely one half that number had been secured, thanks to the hostility of the German press, which for years in advance had systematically decried the project as a humbug, and at the last moment actually got up a fake smallpox scare in order to frustrate the festival. Wagner was only sixty-three years old at that time, and therefore quite too young to be appreciated in a country where it seems to be held that the only real genius is a dead genius. A series of concerts given in London in the hope of covering the deficit referred to resulted in further losses. The plan of repeating the Nibelung performances in Bayreuth every year or two consequently vanished like a rainbow, and it was not till Wagner was ready with his swan-song, "Parsifal," in 1882, that he found it possible again to invite the world to that Bavarian town. This time there was actually a surplus of $1500. Wagner was beginning to be appreciated! Six months later he died.

If he came back to-day, thirty years after, what would he find? If he glanced at the newspapers and the musical periodicals, he would note, perhaps not without some surprise, that no trace is left of the virulent opposition to his music-dramas which had thwarted his plans and made life a burden to him. He would see himself ranked with the classics, the musical world no longer divided into Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites, and most of those who do not personally care for his music yet willing to pay him the tribute of respect which they give to Bach and Beethoven.

It is not generally known that Wagner was forty-four years old and had written all but three of his operas before a single one of them was produced in Vienna, Munich, or Stuttgart, and that he was fifty-six and over before even his early works were staged in France, Italy, and England. He was obliged to publish "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser" at his own expense, and never got his money back. The leading musical firms in Germany were aghast at his asking $7500 for the publishing rights of "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." He needed money, and reduced his demand by one half; but again his offer was declined. Breitkopf and Härtel did buy "Lohengrin," only to be jeered at for so doing by Mendelssohn, who thought it was a bad bargain. The same firm purchased "Tristan und Isolde," but had to wait years to get back the sum expended.

Soon after Wagner's death the tide turned, and if he came back to-day, he would enjoy a spectacle which would perhaps surprise him as much as the disappearance of his detractors. Though he had great faith in his "music of the future" (it was not he, but one of his enemies who dubbed it so), he would hardly be prepared to find that in New York, as in all the cities of Germany, his operas year after year now have a greater number of performances than those of any other composer, and that the same is true even in the cities of Italy, Spain, and France whenever it is possible to secure for them competent singers and conductors. But the most astonishing spectacle would be presented to him in the warehouses of the publishing firms, nearly all of which have whole floors stacked to the ceiling with reprints of his scores ready to be rushed into the markets the moment the copyright on them has expired a few months hence. While he might be wroth at a law which will thus suddenly reduce the income of his heirs, he could not but feel flattered on discovering that no other composer had ever been reprinted in such wholesale fashion, proof of unprecedented popularity.

If it were possible to communicate with him to-day, would he join his widow and son and their followers in petitioning parliament to make an exception to the copyright law in favor of preserving "Parsi-

fal" forever for Bayreuth? I very much doubt if he would. In all probability he would say to them:

"My prose writings and letters should have made it clear to you that my chief reason for building a theater at Bayreuth for special model performances of my music-dramas was that the royal opera-houses of the empire had neither the means nor the good-will to produce these works in a satisfactory manner. To-day I find the situation entirely changed, the opera-houses vying with one another in their efforts to present my works in exact accordance with my wishes. There is therefore no reason for withholding 'Parsifal' from them any longer. They will stage it conscientiously, and henceforth not only those who are wealthy enough to travel to Bayreuth, but hundreds of thousands of others, will be able to hear it. That the Bayreuth atmosphere is not a necessity for the appreciation of my last work I infer from the reports from New York, where 'Parsifal' is always listened to in the devotional attitude which this semi-religious composition calls for."

In 1852, Wagner wrote that a Lohengrin singer was yet to be born. Twenty-four years later, for the Bayreuth performances of the Nibelung dramas and "Parsifal" he selected his singers from all the German opera-houses; yet it is not difficult to read between the lines of his subsequent comments, appreciative and cordial though they were, that few of these singers approximated to his ideal, and in most cases he had to turn instructor to impart correct ideas of his new vocal style, in which melody and declamation are amalgamated. Emil Scaria, the wonderful *Gurnemanz* of the Parsifal festival in 1882, was the nearest approach to his ideal. Lilli Lehmann was too young in 1876 to assume the part of *Brünhild* in which she afterward established a new standard of singing, combining the Italian *bel canto* with German realism of dramatic accent and emotional coloring.

That it was at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York that Lilli Lehmann first revealed this new art is a detail of operatic history which would interest Wagner if he came back to-day. When he composed "Tristan und Isolde" he had in his mind prophetic visions not only of Lehmann, but of Jean de Reszke, who established the same new standard for tenors. While good dramatic singers are still scarce, the general level has been raised, as Wagner would be the first to acknowledge. How happy he would have been could he have had at Bayreuth masters of his style as Nordica, Eames, Ternina, Krauss-Seidl, Gadski, Fremstad, Schumann-Heink, Matzenauer, Homer, Knote, Burrian, Reiss, Goritz, Alvary, the De Reszke brothers, Urlus, Braun, and Fischer, all of whom are or have been associated with the Metropolitan.

One of the most important changes Wagner would note relates to the importance now attached to orchestral conductors. Before he wrote his essay on conducting, the orchestral leaders as a rule were little more than mere time-beaters. He taught them by example and precept to be real interpreters, molding an orchestral performance to their own will as much as a pianist does the piece he plays.

What would Wagner say about the operas composed since his death? Of all of them he would, I believe, like best Humperdinck's "Die Königskinder," which, while written entirely in his own style, nevertheless is charmingly original in its melodies. He would certainly not admire the operas of Richard Strauss, partly because of their repulsive subjects, partly because of the violence they do to the human voice, but chiefly because this composer too often uses his large orchestral apparatus to hide his poverty of invention. On the other hand, he would be likely to denounce Debussy for his boycotting of melody in "Pelléas et Mélisande" and for his neglect of modern orchestral means of expression and coloring. Turning to Italy, he would smile at the two short operas of Mascagni and Leoncavallo, which, when first launched, were supposed to have dethroned him. Possibly he might admire Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" and the last act of "Tosca." In any case, he could not but feel flattered on noting how, after his death, Verdi, who was born in the same year as himself, but lived nineteen years longer, followed his methods in "Otello" and "Falstaff." In other countries Wagner would find no indication of a genius able to alienate the affections of opera-goers from his music-dramas. There has been no progress, no important development, since his death.



PORTRAIT OF DOROTHY McK——

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM FUNK

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES

"BLACK BLOOD"

BY EDWARD LYELL FOX

WITH PICTURES BY WILLIAM H. FOSTER



DRIFTING mists enveloped the landscape, a thousand gray wraiths crawling through the air, their thin bodies changing, contracting, vanishing. Over toward Massapequa the sky was brightening, distant lights of purple and pink fighting their way through the mists, a dim burning of color like that of fire through smoke. Somewhere a rooster crowed; a dog barked drowsily. Already the vague shadows of the night were congealing into trees, a rail fence, farm buildings. Beyond them more trees, a stone wall, a red barn appeared. From the earth rose the fresh odors of a new day.

In the windows of the house on the opposite side of the road lights appeared. The figure of a man moved into shadow on a curtain and was gone. No sound came from within. Then a door creaked open, feet shuffled. Four men, carrying lanterns, issued forth and waited on the porch. They began to talk in hoarse, early morning voices. The door opened again; a powerful, soldierly looking man appeared. He said something in a foreign tongue, and the others, lighting their lanterns, hurried toward the barn.

When they were gone, Léon Giron, whom the newspapers called "the greatest automobile race-driver in the world," lighted a cigarette and scowled. Indeed, he had begun the last ten days in the same way—the cigarette, the scowl. This daybreak practice on the Vanderbilt Cup Course had become distasteful. It was unnecessary, with the race as good as won. Still, his employees had insisted. Scowling again, Giron waited for his mechanicians to roll out the big Saturn.

He had thought of trying the twenty-mile cup course for speed or of studying the turns, most particularly the one just opposite, where the Jericho Turnpike bent into a right angle and continued as a narrow road. He was still undecided when from down the pike came the low rumbling of a motor. Louder and louder it grew, a growing succession of reports that split the quiet air like volleys of musketry. Now Giron could see the flames of its exhausts, the yellow and red flashes, wild fire shining through the mists. Now he saw the white bulk of the machine, the long, lean hood, the tilted steering-post, the two black forms crouched behind.

On it came, faster than the wind, a spew of flame and smoke, a voice-breathing thunder, a monstrous white dragon bursting the dawn. As Giron watched, as his trained eye timed instantly the frightful speed, as his experience whispered that for a car to rush the Jericho turn meant disaster, possible death, the man's face showed only cold interest. Years before men had called him steel-nerved, ruthless, abnormally cruel.

But now the white car crashed past. Swerving, it threw up a wall of flying dirt, skidded terribly, shot across the road, seemed about to go off, but, righting, bellowed round "the Jericho," and rushed toward Westbury. And as it went, as its dust-cloud trembled and fell, as its explosions grew fainter and fainter, Giron stood watching, a startled figure leaning far over the porch-rail, unbelief and venom in his face. And as he watched, waiting until the white car was only a speck dissolving toward Westbury, his lips began to move. To the air he talked doubtfully, musingly, saying aloud:

"I thought there was only one man who could take a turn like that. One man."—his eyes glittered,—"Jean Lescault was his name, and I fixed him seven years ago."

Turning abruptly, he walked toward the garage.

Meanwhile the white car, passing Westbury, had turned off the course and, rumbling contentedly, had come to a stop before Krugs. As you may know, Krugs, an old-fashioned Long Island road-house kept by a tidy German woman, has for

years been the quarters of the cup-racers. Here in spacious stables are kept the machines of two companies, sometimes of three. Here in the uncomfortable rooms of the inn sleep their crews, drivers, mechanics, team-managers. In its low-ceilinged dining-room they sit, a score of them, smudgy-faced and in overalls, a careless, boyish company whose faces, were they not so lined, you would call young.

Nobody paid much attention to the white car as its heavy panting became quieter and then died away, nor did they notice the tall, strapping man with the boyish face who climbed out from the driver's seat, nor the broken little figure who climbed with him. As one of the reporters had said, "Sammy Stevenson always looks as if he had just jumped out of a cold plunge." The expression was very pat. The boyish Stevenson's skin always seemed tingling, coloring; his eyes clear and wide-open; his body tense, full-blown, strong. And as he kept step with his companion in their walk toward the house, one would have said that the contrast was pitiless; for the other man was a cripple. One of his legs was shorter than the other; as he walked, his body swayed from side to side; his left sleeve was empty. His whole frame looked gaunt, emaciated, racked—racked, one thought immediately, by some terrible accident that had disfigured his face, lining it with a long, white scar. Though hideously ugly, broken in body, the little man walked with his head well up, his chin high. And Stevenson regarded him as he might have regarded a deity.

Out in Detroit, at the Mercury Motor-Car Company factory, everybody knew the little man as "Old Lescault." Five years before this time he had appeared mysteriously, and in a few hours the factory had hired him as a "racing expert." He had taken Sammy Stevenson from the testing service, put him on one of the racing-cars, and taught him "the game." In his department his word was law. Even John Willard, the company's gruff and positive president, who never had been known to take advice, obeyed this hideous little Frenchman, who ruled all with a word, a grimace, and made the sturdy, self-reliant Stevenson his personal worshiper and the hostile factory hands his sympathetic friends.

Just now Jean Lescault was busy explaining something to Stevenson. The young man listened intently.

"You 'll lose time on those turns," Lescault was saying, "unless you take them the way I tell you. Instead of swinging wide and describing a curve, I want you to do this: rush the car right into the turn, jam on the brakes, skid around on your front wheels, and then shoot ahead. Look!" He quickly sketched a diagram on the breakfast-cloth. "There," he exclaimed, looking up, "that shows how you 'll cut time on the fellow who curves around. It 's dangerous, but not if you keep your head. You tried it at Jericho this morning and made it. Do it at every turn hereafter."

Stevenson nodded. Jean Lescault would be obeyed.

But Lescault wanted to tell him other things. It was his first morning on the course. For some reason he had seen fit to remain in New York despite Stevenson's urging him to come down. Now, as they finished breakfast, and Stevenson, pushing back his chair, remarked that he was going out to see that the mechanics put away the car properly, a last question came to Lescault's lips:

"How"—he paused—"how is Giron getting along?"

Stevenson hesitated before answering.

"Do you know him?" he asked.

"No," said Lescault.

"I asked," said Stevenson, "because if, being a countryman, he happened also to be a friend of yours, I should n't want to repeat certain things. Most of the American drivers dislike him. They criticize him for not stopping when he knocked down that boy and broke his leg during practice the other morning. They say Giron could n't have known whether he killed him or not, and cared less. They say, too, that his manner is unbearable, conceited, and sneering."

"But his work," interrupted Lescault, impatiently,—"his driving, his skill, his nerve,—what of these things? Of the others I have heard."

"His driving," replied Stevenson, "is really wonderful. He 's a daredevil, cool, thorough, and skilled. The newspapers say nothing like his ability has ever been seen on the Vanderbilt Cup Course."

"Damn the newspapers!" cried Les-

cault in a rage. "We 'll beat him. I tell you, we 'll beat him."

As he slid up abruptly from the table and limped away, Stevenson noticed his eyes. In them was an expression that was not good to see.

Going to his room, Lescault locked the door behind him. He listened for a moment at the keyhole, and then, seizing his traveling-bag, emptied it on the bed. From a confusion of socks and shirts he rooted out a small tin box, set it aside, put back the bag, and composed himself on the edge of the bed. His slightest movement had become eager, stealthy. Holding the tin box on his knee, he patted it fondly. He produced a key, and chuckled as it grated in the lock. His hands were shaking as he threw back the cover and carefully took out the contents. Not gold or precious stones rolled out before him, not the hoard of a miser, the collection of a seeker of rare things, or the sacred relics of a family trust, but a heap of photographs! On the bed he spread them, arranged in some accustomed order, and as he bent over each his breath came with a low, hissing sound. His eyes, half shut, blazed queerly—eyes that looked not upon memoirs of love, but of hate.

It was a full minute before he moved. Then he snatched one of the photographs and held it from him, tearing the edges with his clenched hands. It was a full-length picture of a straight, soldierly looking man who might be called good looking were it not for the curl of his mouth. Below it was written:

"Léon Giron, taken upon his arrival in New York."

As he gazed at the man's straight and powerful figure, Lescault's mutilated face became savage in its hate.

"And I 'd have been like you, Léon Giron, if you 'd played square," he accused the picture. "I 'd have been like you, with my body whole and young and vigorous. Bah!" He threw it from him and picked up another.

"Ho!" he cried, "this is how you looked when you won the Grand Prix, when they pelted you with flowers after you had crossed the line, when with your dirty driving you sent me into a ditch and left me out on that road, dying, as you thought. But I did n't die, Léon Giron."

His voice had fallen to a whisper, strained, harsh, the way a man talks when some overpowering emotion takes him. He snatched up picture after picture,—racing scenes all of them,—only to examine each feverishly and fling it away.

"Here you are when you won the Targa Floria,—" he was talking rapidly, addressing one picture after another,—"when you won the Berlin cup, the Czar's trophy, all *my* races, all of them—mine, if you 'd played square. And this is after you won at Brooklands. That was a year ago. I could have beaten you then, Giron. For three years I 've been training a boy for you, teaching him all I know, more than you 'll ever know, about racing. I 've given him every trick that used to beat you, confound you! that maddened you into throwing me into the ditch.

"And I 've given that boy more. I 've devised new tricks, new strategies, skill you 've never dreamed of; and he 'll beat you, Léon Giron. He 'll beat you in the Vanderbilt. He 'll break you on the greatest day of your career. He, a boy, will make you a laughing-stock—you, the favorite. You 've come from Europe, your great reputation preceding you; but you 'll fail. And it 'll be the clean, strong body of young Stevenson, like mine was. But more than that, the brain of Jean Lescault will break you, Giron—the brain of poor old Lescault, working down in the pits."

As he dropped the pictures one by one back into the box, as, trembling and leering, he gazed and spat upon the image of Giron, it seemed as though the beast in him might be trying to overpower the God. Thus it was Lescault's custom to drink deeply of the vials of hate, to nurse his spleen, to envenom his whole being against this one man.

The idea had come to him one winter morning seven years before, when he had just left the hospital at Lariboisière. In a shop-window he had seen the photograph of Giron, flower-showered, coolly triumphant in his Grand Prix car. With rancor slowly filling his soul, Lescault had bought the picture, carried it to his room, brooded over it, conceived his awful hate, planned the reckoning that alone could satisfy it. Then he happened upon another picture in which Giron was again the central figure, and bought that, too,

placed it alongside the other, and brooded. The overthrow of Giron became an obsession, in time a paranœa. Indeed, during the days immediately preceding the Vanderbilt race, Lescault, when not busy with Stevenson, spent most of his time in his room; and the pictures, shrine of his hatred, were always before him.

Meanwhile Giron had become a byword with those thousands and thousands who a day hence would swarm Hempstead plains and watch him guide the big Saturn on its quest for the cup. The newspapers were full of him. They told of his rise, of his quarters at Jericho, of his mannerisms, of the almost slavish obedience that he exacted of his helpers; but they always spoke, too, of his nerve, his utter fearlessness, his immobile face, his calmness when the wind was singing in his ears and the wheels were sweeping the ground beneath him, as the whirlwind sweeps chaff. Yet of all the "stories" there was only one that presented Giron as he actually was. And that was done by a noted writer who had visited the course for "color." This man saw beyond Giron's indifference and coldness, and guessed ruthlessness and cruelty to be a strong part of him. Telltale lines had long ago written their revelations on Giron's mouth, so that all might read who could.

And so came the eve of the race, with Giron the word on the public's lips. The favorite, conceded beyond all doubt as the winner, he sat alone in his quarters at Jericho, scorning the gossip of the camps, hearing no word of the cripple who had been seen on the course with Stevenson, coolly confident, an eternal sneer on his lips, the ruthless fires of a *Messala* in his eyes. No man could come between him and this greatest triumph of his career; no man could do it and live. He unconsciously felt it.

All that night the spectators descended upon the course, coming by train and trolley, luncheon-boxes and blankets in hand. Numberless droves of them came by motor, an endless, fiery-scaled snake that writhed slowly down the roads from New York, coiled round the course, moaned constantly, and waited. At dawn the race was to start; thirty of the most powerful automobiles ever made would pit their speed for three hundred miles, a harsh test, over an oblong of country road, with half a million people looking on.

Lescault, shivering despite his warm wraps, was in the repair pits as the cars began to come to the line. Tints of violet and pink were creeping over the fields, and in the growing light of morning the headlights of a row of automobiles drawn up behind the grand-stand fence began to look self-conscious and absurd. Behind him, in a box, he saw a party of men, their eyes heavy-lidded for want of sleep. They were drinking something from a metal bottle. Lescault decided it was coffee, and wished he had some. Then he forgot about the coffee, for far in the distance a sound, deep and droning, caught his ear. It was the voice of the Saturn. Lescault recognized it instantly.

In perfect control of himself he waited. He had left hysteria behind at Krugs, locked it in the same drawer with the pictures. Now, if never before, he must restrain himself. This day he must become again the old Lescault of the race-course, calm, emotionless. It would be hard at the sight of Giron, but he must be cool. And now he heard the booming of an engine; saw the fires of the Saturn's exhausts burning the morning; saw the big red car come nearer and nearer, its engine, shutting off, thundering intermittently; saw it advance with its speed throttled, calmly, majestically, as a car of triumph should come; and on the conqueror's seat sat Giron. Slowly it rolled past the repair trenches, past the Jupiter, the Green Dragon; now it was almost abreast the Mercury, and Lescault, timing his move, scrambled suddenly from the pit, and stood waiting on the road.

That Giron had seen him he knew. Lescault had caught the momentary surprise on his face, the exclamation on his lips. But Giron had swiftly regained his habitual sneer—a sneer that curled his lips as he passed the pit and spit deliberately at the feet of the man below him.

But Lescault's self-control was superb, and as the Saturn rolled past, he looked after it, smiled, and spoke as he had spoken to the pictures, saying sweetly under his breath:

"Léon Giron, I 've got you."

The road was now jammed with masses of shaking, smoking steel. One car followed another, manœuvered for position,

choked the course, thickened the bluish haze that, rising from the exhausts, hung almost as motionless as a canopy. Here were the trim-looking Vegas and their French drivers; the Green Dragons, with fierce-looking Italians behind the wheels; a curious cartridge-shaped car entered by an American concern; and the Mercury, called the "Ninety," because of its tremendous horse-power. Stevenson was at the wheel, and as the grand stand saw his boyish, good-looking face, there were exclamations, then a rattle of applause, growing into steady cheering. Waving his hand and grinning, Stevenson stopped before the pit and, swinging himself over the rail, joined Lescault. He was dressed in white,—suit and skull-piece,—with black gloves, black streamers trailing from his hat, black puttees to his knees, a picturesque figure with his broad chest and shoulders. It had been Lescault's wish that Stevenson, like the car, be in white and black. He remembered that some of the crusaders of old used to dress that way.

During those last minutes Lescault's words to Stevenson were as an exhortation. Of technic he could give the boy no more, for his skill had been transmitted completely, astoundingly to him. So now, with his voice lowered, Lescault spoke with all his long-growing, loosened emotions; he impressed upon him that Giron was the one to beat, the only rival he need fear, and commanded him particularly to obey orders, do all that he said, nothing more. And Stevenson, who long ago had caught the fervor of this broken-bodied little Frenchman, felt a fierce yearning to be at the wheel, to be riding the wind, with all others falling as he rode. With an exclamation he sprang from the pit and scrambled into the car. The soul of Jean Lescault would be driving the "Ninety" that day.

By this time chaos had opened its gates. Thirty engines were roaring, their steel throats belching. Flame and smoke burst from them. A clamor of machinery smote the ear. Gears rattled shrilly, levers ground and rasped. A stench of oil assailed the nostrils. Now the bluish canopy, thickening, descended as a curtain. Through it Lescault saw the "Ninety" sliding like a great specter, creeping along until its front wheels almost touched the red tanks of the Saturn.

Above the crash of machinery he heard a man's voice intoning the seconds from one to ten backward. He could not see the man, for the drifting smoke shrouded all; but he listened, and suddenly a voice shouted "Go!" Then came a rattling from the Saturn, a succession of sharp reports, a deep boom, a savage cry from Giron: the Vanderbilt was on.

Three minutes later the white "Ninety" loomed through the smoke, paused on the line, licked at the starter with thin tongues of yellow flame, and, snorting eagerly, crashed away.

Twenty-seven other cars followed, but upon none of them would Lescault deign to glance. With pad and pencil in hand he was busy figuring how fast Stevenson would have to go to lead Giron at the end of the first lap. He knew that the best Giron had done in practice was a circuit of the twenty-mile course in eighteen minutes. This was at the rate of sixty-seven miles an hour. And Lescault grinned, for he had told Stevenson to keep his speedometer at seventy-five miles an hour, gain a two-minute lead at the outset, and confound Giron when the race was only a lap old.

His figures verified, Lescault waited impatiently for the Saturn to appear. If it came just one minute ahead of the "Ninety," his schedule was true. Time dragged; the crowd settled back; the tense vigil disintegrated into stretchings and yawnings. The stage of a Vanderbilt is not reset quickly, but long before the signal "Car coming!" passed for miles from mouth to mouth, grew from a murmur to a shout, and threw the grand stand into tumult, Lescault's trained ear had caught the distant rumble of the Saturn. Giron was driving hard. Lescault saw that he passed the grand stand with the engine "wide open," forcing the car to its utmost. Then the Saturn roared away, and out of the distance came another apparition that, flashing by in a blur of white, cast up dust and was gone. Down in the pits, Lescault, one of few who had recognized the white car, so great was its speed, drew his hideous features into a smile.

His stop-watch had told him that Stevenson's first lap was at seventy-seven miles an hour, a gain of more than two minutes on the unbeaten Giron! And he

grinned again when back of him men began to ask of one another in surprise:

"Who is this Stevenson? He 's beaten the life out of Giron. Who is he?"

No one knew anything but what the program had printed, and down in the pits the crippled little Frenchman was enjoying himself as he never had before. Each bewildered question was as music to his ears.

Quarter of an hour later the white "Ninety" and the red Saturn again crashed past, only this time Giron was behind. Even the advantage that his starting position had given him was gone, and Stevenson led by five minutes. So one lap followed another, a whirligig of blurred wheels and flaming hoods, sweeping round and round that oblong of Long Island country-side, strewing men and machines as it went.

Soon reports of accidents began to come in. In trying to keep up with the awful pace, the other drivers were overtaxing their machines. Already two cars had collapsed on the course, burying their crews beneath them. Others,—a score of them, with the Vegas, and the Germans, painted gray,—limping, had stopped at the repair pits, and Lescault had laughed. What chance had they with the white "Ninety" and his brain?

Complacently he saw Stevenson push his car past the Saturn a second time. Near Westbury he had driven wonderfully, and obtained a lead of more than a length of the course over the favorite. And this time, when the Saturn rushed by, Lescault saw that Giron had stopped his waving to the grand stand. Clever driver that he was, Giron now realized that the early lead of the "Ninety" was more than a fluke, more than sensational forcing of a car beyond its limits, only to have it collapse with the goal miles away. In Stevenson he had come to recognize a new driver of rare power, a rival worthy of his steel. All Giron's attention was demanded on the wheel.

Another swift rimming of the course, and Lescault saw the "Ninety" slacken speed coming up the stretch. Stevenson would stop, probably for gasolene or water. And Lescault was glad. Indeed, fortune seemed to be favoring him that day. It was tremendously important that he have a word with Stevenson at this stage of the race. Lescault had remembered that it was at such a time in the Grand Prix that Giron had broken him—waited on a lonely stretch of road until he had tried to pass and then had ditched him.

"Don't," he told Stevenson, while mechanics swarmed about the throbbing "Ninety"—"don't pass Giron again unless you can do it in front of the judges' stand."

Stevenson showed his amazement. A question was on his lips.

"Obey me!" snapped Lescault, anticipating him. "Remember you 're pledged to that—to carry out my commands. I 've made you, and you must do just what I say," he added.

And Stevenson, excited, abashed, regretting his moment of doubt, nodded, and turned to the men who were pouring gasolene down the thirsty throat of the "Ninety." Then he swung into the seat, threw in his clutch, and went snorting away. Jean Lescault would be obeyed.

As though by telepathy, there came to Giron at this time the same thought that had made Lescault speak his warning. Stevenson must be done away with. As Giron had seen him draw steadily away lap by lap, displaying more and more daring and skill; as he had seen him manœuver as only a master could manœuver, put trick against trick, and, winning, outdo all who would cut him down; as he had watched the big "Ninety" roar by again and again, always about the same time, a "limited" on schedule, the keen Frenchman admitted finally that Stevenson's was no half-charged sensation, but a decided menace.

Setting his mouth in a thin, cruel line, he made his plans. He would wait for this boy—wait as he had waited for Lescault years before. To him it was only an incident, a sweeping aside of an unforeseen obstacle that had risen between him and victory. That Stevenson might die, that a young and wonderfully brilliant driver might be maimed for life, did not interest him. The boy was in the way. He must go.

Giron waited patiently for the "Ninety" to draw near. Just as he was about to pass he would obey the law of the race—turn out and give room. Then he would veer in suddenly, and, to avoid collision,



Drawn by William H. Foster

"ON IT CAME, FASTER THAN THE WIND" (SEE PAGE 218)

Stevenson would be forced into the ditch. In just that way he had disposed of Lescault and of others whose names do not matter. Snarling at his mechanician to warn him of the approach of the "Ninety," Giron drove on. The wait, he felt, would not be long.

But for some reason the "Ninety" never overtook him. It hung so close to his rear wheels that Giron could hear the crunch of the tires, the cries of its mechanician; but it came no nearer. Its front wheels were always just out of reach; but it never came farther. Stubbornly and tenaciously it hung like a shadow that would not shorten.

In his desperation Giron began jockeying. Slackening his speed almost imperceptibly, he waited grimly; but the "Ninety" slackened, too. For a moment Giron was puzzled; then, thinking it might be a coincidence, he lowered his pace even more, but the "Ninety" lowered, too. Suddenly suspicious, he tried again; but still the "Ninety" hung back. Then it burst upon Giron amazingly clear. How blind he had been! This was not Stevenson who refused to be tricked; this was no impetuous, lusty boy who could n't be tempted into the ditch. This was the cool mind of the master driver, the calm, scheming mind of Lescault—old Lescault back in the pits, the hideous cripple at whom he had spat, now pulling him down at the top of his career.

So they rushed into the straightaway, headed for the grand stand, and came booming and pounding until a report from one of the "Ninety's" rear tires brought that car to a stop while the red Saturn whirled away in a screen of dust. Stevenson drove in on a flat tire, and, reaching the pits, shouted to his mechanics to hurry their work; and while he waited, chafing and fretting, Lescault clutched at his arm and said impressively:

"Remember, don't pass Giron unless it 's in front of the judges' stand. Remember you promised to obey."

Then the "Ninety" rushed away. Somewhat nervous now, for the race was drawing to a close, Lescault saw the Saturn appear again and knew that Stevenson must come soon after. Impatiently he strained his ear, hoping to catch the rumble of the "Ninety" before it swung round the "Hairpin" into view of the stands. But no rumble came. Soon Stevenson was overdue. Concern and worry, then fear, followed upon impatience. Seconds grew into minutes, and to Lescault the minutes were as ages. He began to ask himself questions. What was wrong? Had Stevenson disobeyed orders?

Lescault feverishly jotted down some figures. Yes, the boy could have passed Giron over by Westbury; but Giron had swept by, and Stevenson—

The pitmen, now alarmed at the delay, had climbed out upon the side of the track. One of them, a little fellow, standing on the shoulders of the others, was trying to see far down the road. Lescault watched his face for some expression of relief, but the pitman's worry seemed to grow.

"Stevenson 's hurt!"

In a trice the rumor had spread among the crowd. Wild stories spread. The minutes were now dragging on feet of lead

—agonizing minutes to Lescault, who felt an overpowering weakness coming over him, a sickening of the heart, an overwhelming of conscience that undermined his iron nerve. Giron had beaten him again! His painstaking work, his self-denials, all the plans of years, had been for naught. And by using Stevenson,—God help him!—he had sent the boy to a fate perhaps worse than his own. Into the scarred face came sorrow.

Then he heard an exclamation; he saw the pitmen dancing about like children.

"He 's coming! He 's coming!" they cried.

Far down the road Lescault made out the white blur of the "Ninety."

"Busted valve!" cried Stevenson as he jumped down. "Thought we 'd never fix it."

Lescault saw that the boyish face looked old, ages old, that his hands were moving nervously, his whole body tense with repressed eagerness.

"You 've lost the lead," a tireman shouted. "Giron 's a minute ahead!"

Lescault could have killed the speaker. The effect of his words was obvious. Stevenson's nervousness increased.

"As bad as that!" he exclaimed. "Hurry it up, boys! Only two more laps —just enough to catch Giron."

Swinging into the car, he threw on the engine, drowning the warning that Lescault was shouting, and rushed away. The grand stand was in an uproar as he swept past, but Stevenson did not hear. He heard only the words of the tireman, and kept repeating them:

"Giron 's a minute ahead. Giron 's a minute ahead."

He now opened his engine to the limit, and driving faster than he had ever driven before, burst into the "S" turn and reeled round it on two wheels. Past Massapequa he whirled, dirt and oil flying in a trembling wall of brown. Downhill, over bridges, he rushed, the wind shrieking in his ears. Into the straight stretch of the Parkway he burst, the "Ninety" gathering momentum on the smooth road, faster and faster, until the front wheels, bending to the sonorous rhythm of the engine, jumped up and down in a weird dance.

Yes, no speck of red had taken shape on the road ahead. The lead of the Saturn was even greater than he had feared. It must be still miles away, and Giron,



Drawn by William H. Foster

"'DON'T PASS GIRON AGAIN UNLESS YOU CAN DO IT IN FRONT OF THE JUDGES' STAND'"

supreme again, driving like the wind. That streak of red! If he could only see it, just to know that it really was within reach.

Then Stevenson caught a glimpse of a car far ahead. An exclamation escaped him, only to leave him more grimly silent; for the car was gray, one of the Germans. Then he made out other cars,—white, green, and blue cars, the Jupiter, the Vegas, and the Crowns,—and soon he had overtaken them, roared past them, with their crews appalled at the awful speed, the awful daring. Now he began to curse the "Ninety" for not bearing him more swiftly, for not bringing to him that red-painted goal. And so he crashed, skidded, and battered through mile after mile, forgot the perils of "the Jericho," the "S," and the "Hairpin," and drove in the grip of a mania, a boyish giant on whom the race had laid its spell.

Out of the distance there finally came to him the speck of red, a vague, blurry shape that quickly took on the lines of the Saturn. It gave him a sense of fierce pleasure, an unnatural desire to laugh aloud; and then he thought of Lescault, of his warning:

"Don't pass Giron unless it 's in front of the judges' stand."

But surely Lescault could not mean for him to wait now—now when he was behind, when he had caught the red car and in a trice could snatch back a race almost lost! Of course Lescault did n't mean that. Stevenson compressed his lips, pressed down on the accelerator, leaned slightly forward, his eyes peering over the steering-wheel.

A minute of terrific driving, and the "Ninety" had come near enough for Giron to hear the thunder of its exhausts. Employing a signal that racing crews have, he ordered his mechanician to watch its approach. The mechanician, after craning his head, turned swiftly around.

"He 's coming like the wind," he bawled in Giron's ear. "He 's driving like a madman!"

And Giron, who had waited patiently for this moment, who knew even when he had gained the lead that he could not hold it, that the "Ninety" was faster, the brain guiding it craftier, parted his lips as a panther does before the leap; for he thought again that the soul of Lescault was no longer driving the "Ninety," that lusty, unthinking youth, mad with speed, had risen, overwhelming caution and sending Stevenson down into the ditch, as it had another years before.

"I 'll get him," he murmured, and bent lower over the wheel.

Past Hicksville came the two cars, the "Ninety" creeping up at every turn of the wheel.

"Not here," Giron told himself; "the crowd might see."

Round "Death Turn," they shot, skidded, righted in a whirl of dust, bellowed, and were gone down a lonely road, narrow, slippery, black with oil, the "Crossover," which the crowds had avoided because of the marshy land on each side. Half a mile away the road lay over a swamp, and the ditch was deep. Not a soul was there.

As the cars rushed toward it, Giron almost imperceptibly lowered his speed just enough for the "Ninety" to come up before the swamp was crossed. Listening carefully, his ears attuned by long practice, he read the thunder of the "Ninety's" engine, calculated to a foot how much nearer Stevenson was being borne with each detonation. Louder and louder grew the clamor, the harsh shrieking and rasping of machinery, the booming of the exhausts, until it deafened him. Then Giron acted.

Bracing his feet, he sank lower in the seat, gripped the wheel, and made as though to turn out, to obey the law of the race. Up crept the "Ninety" closer and closer, until with a snarl Giron threw over the wheel suddenly, tugged sharply, and, shooting his own car back across the road, blocked the way.

But, hours before that, Fate had made a workman blunder. The workman had put on more oil than safety allowed. The oil had made the surface slippery and dangerous at just this place. No driver had noticed it because none had tried to turn in it. But now, catching the big Saturn veering suddenly under high speed, the treacherous mixture of dirt and oil slid away from under the front wheels. With all the power of inanimate things breaking loose, the huge red car careened across the road. As though possessed, it ran to destruction, dug its flat snout into the embankment, lifted slowly end on end, swayed a moment, and, as the "Ninety"



Drawn by William H. Foster. Half-tone plate engraved by K. Varley

"WITH ALL THE POWER OF INANIMATE THINGS BREAKING LOOSE, THE HUGE RED CAR CAREENED ACROSS THE ROAD"

shot by, lurched forward, somersaulting down into the swamp.

No sooner had Stevenson crossed the finish-line than the Mercury Motor-Car Company's representatives telephoned Garden City and arranged for a banquet. But banquets were not for Stevenson that night. The fate of Giron lay heavy upon him. It had shadowed his joy in winning. The strain of the race over, he had broken down; and in breaking down it seemed to him that he had rushed to success over another man's body.

At the hospital, where he had gone to inquire as soon as he could tear himself away from the swarms at the finish-line, the day nurse had told him that Giron would be a cripple for life. She had added that, oddly enough, a crippled little Frenchman had been there an hour ago, and that he, too, had been anxious to know about Giron.

"Good old Lescault!" thought Stevenson as he drove back to Krugs. "Always the first to think of a man in danger."

Then he found himself wishing that Lescault were at his side. Now more than ever before he felt the need of the strange little Frenchman, the man who had made him, the man to whom he could now turn in this time of depression, of worried conscience, and even of half-guilt, he thought with a start. Had not Giron gone into the ditch to avoid a collision, to save him? He was n't the hero, he thought bitterly. It was Giron—poor Giron!

Stevenson found Lescault in his room. The little fellow had his chair drawn up close to the old-fashioned fireplace, in which wood was burning. He was smoking a cigarette, and if he heard Stevenson enter, he gave no sign. Instead, he gazed steadily at some charred bits of cardboard strewn about the edges of the fire—thick cardboard, and one piece only partly burned appeared to be a photograph.

The red glow of the fire shone on the little man's face as Stevenson drew a chair beside him. In the flickering light the boy thought he saw him grin; but it might have been only the play of the shadows.

"It 's terrible about Giron, is n't it, Jean?" he said abruptly, unable to endure the silence. "Think of it—that man at the height of his power suddenly crippled, never able to drive again, a great career ended so terribly!"

The little man at his side looked up.

"No, he 'll never drive again," said Lescault.

Stevenson wondered at his tone, the look that had come into his face, the queer burning of his eyes, eery, unholy.

"Léon Giron will never drive again," Lescault repeated. "It 's sure? You 're certain of it?" he asked suddenly, clutching Stevenson's sleeve. "It 's sure, is n't it?" he begged.

Bewildered, Stevenson said that it was so. Then he felt his flesh creep, for the little Frenchman had begun to smile, a horrible smile, with a hideous face, changing expression in the fire's glow; began to rub his one hand over his knee, to slide it up and down creepily and unpleasantly, like a snake at play; to leer, and gloat over disaster not like a man, but a beast.

Horrified, unable to understand, Stevenson slid silently from his chair and backed slowly from the room. At the door he stopped, hesitated, and, as though unwilling to believe, looked again at the hunched little figure in the chair. There came to him faintly the sound of a voice chuckling!

OFF CAPRI

BY SARA TEASDALE

WHEN beauty grows too great to bear,
How shall I ease me of its ache?
For beauty, more than bitterness,
Makes the heart break.

O sunlight on the dreaming sea,
With isles like flowers against her breast!
Is there a voice in all the world
To give me rest?

SKIRTING THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM TRIEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE

FOURTH PAPER: DELPHI AND OLYMPIA

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land," "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN (SEE FRONTISPIECE) AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE are two ways of going from Athens to Delphi: by sea from the Piræus to Itea and thence by carriage or by motor. Despite the rough surfaces of the roads and the terrors of dust, I chose the latter; and I was well rewarded. For the drive is a glorious one, though very long and fatiguing, and it enabled me to see a grand monument which many travelers miss—the Lion of Chæronea, which gazes across a vast plain in a solitary place between Thebes and Delphi.

Leaving Athens early one morning, I followed the Via Sacra, left Eleusis behind me, traversed the Thriasian plain, the heights of Mount Geraneia, and the rich cultivated plain of Bœotia, passed through the village of Kriekouki, and arrived at Thebes. There I halted for an hour. After leaving Thebes, the journey became continually more and more interesting as I drew near to Parnassus: over the plain of Livadia, through the village and khan of Gravia, where one hundred and eighty Greeks fought heroically against three thousand Turks in 1821, over the magnificent Pass of Amblema, across the delightful olive-covered plain of Krissa, and up the mountain to Delphi.

Throughout this wonderful journey, during which I saw country alternately intimate and wild, genial and majestic, and at one point almost savage, I had only one deception: that was on the Pass of Amblema, which rises to more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Delphi, I felt, ought to be there. Delphi, I believed, must be there, hidden somewhere among the rocks and the fir-woods, where wolves lurk, and where the eagle circles and swoops above peaks which are cold and austere. Only when we began to descend in serpentine curves, when I saw far below me great masses of olive-trees, and, beyond, the shining of the sea, did I realize that I was mistaken, and that Delphi lay far beyond, in a region less tragically wild, more rustic, even more tender.

During this journey of, I believe, about three hundred kilometers or more, I realized fully the loneliness that happily shadows a great part of Greece. We seemed to be almost perpetually in the midst of a delightful desolation, gloriously alone with nature, now far up on bare flanks of the hills, now traveling through deserted pine-woods or olive-groves, now upon plains which extended to shadowy ranges of mountains, and which here and there reminded me of the plains of Palestine. Strange it seemed to come upon an occasional village of Greeks or Albanians, strayed, surely, and lost and forgotten in the wilderness; stranger still to see now and then some tiny Byzantine church, perhaps with a few cypresses about it, perched on a mountain height that looked as if it never had been trodden by foot of man. The breezes that met us were alive with a tingling purity of hilltop and sea, or sweet and wholesome with the resinous odor of pine. And the light that lay over the face of the land made nearly all things magical.

Again we met Turkish Gipsies. In Greece they have made the wild life their own. No longer one hears of brigands, though only a few years ago these highways were dangerous, and men traversed them armed and at their own peril. Now the Gipsies are in happy possession, and travel from place to place in small caravans, with their mules, donkeys, and dogs, and their tiny peaked tents, telling the *bonne aventure* to the superstitious,



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

VIEW OF MOUNT PARNASSUS

and, so the Greeks declare, stealing whatever they can lay their dark hands on. They look wild and smiling, crafty rather than ferocious; and they greet you with loud cries in an unknown tongue, and with gestures expressive of the perpetual desire to receive which seems inherent in all true vagabonds. They pitch their tents usually on the outskirts of the villages, staying for days or weeks, as the luck serves them. And, so far as I could judge, people receive them with good nature, perhaps grateful for the excitement they bring into lives that know little variation as season follows season and year glides into year. Just outside Thebes I found eleven of their tents set upon some rough ground, the beasts tethered, the dogs on guard, the babies toddling and sprawling, while their mothers were cooking some mysterious compound, and the men were away perhaps on some nefarious errand among



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RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT DELPHI

the excited Thebans. For that day Greek officers were visiting the town, and in front of the café, among the trees, and above the waterside, where we stopped to lunch, there was a parade of horses, mules, and donkeys from all the neighborhood. War was taking its toll of the live-stock, and the whole population was abroad to see the fun.

As soon as I had descended from the car and begun to unpack my provisions, an elderly man came up, asked whether we were from Athens, and then put the question that is forever on the lips of the Greek, "What is the news?" Every Greek has a passion for the latest news. Often, when I was traveling through the country, people I passed on the way called out to me, "What is the news?" or, "Can you give us a newspaper?"

Thebes, where, according to legend, Hercules was born; where the stones gathered themselves together when Amphion struck his lyre; where blind Tiresias proph-

esied; and, seated upon a block of stone, the Sphinx asked her riddle of the passers-by and slew them; where Œdipus ruled and suffered his hideous fate; where the Epigoni took their vengeance; and Epaminondas showed how one man can lift a city and set it on a throne above all the cities of its fatherland—Thebes, where letters were first brought into use among the Greeks, and where weak-voiced Demosthenes by his eloquence persuaded the people to march to their glorious death against Philip of Macedon, is now just a busy village on the flank of a hill. Frequently devastated by earthquakes, which are the scourge of this region, it looks newly built, fairly clean and neat. It dominates the plain in which Plutarch was born, and the murmur of its waters is pleasant to the ear in a dry and thirsty land. But though Thebes is not specially interesting, below it, in that plain once celebrated for its flowers,—iris and lily, narcissus and rose, —beyond all sound of the voices of chattering peasants or determined soldiers, solitary in its noble rage and grief, is that most moving of monuments, the Lion of Chæronea.

I came upon it unexpectedly. If I had not happened to be looking toward the left my chauffeur would have driven me on without pause to Parnassus, the mighty flanks of which were already visible in the distance. When he pulled up we were already almost out of sight of the lion. And I was glad as I walked back alone, still more glad when I stood before it in solitude, surrounded by the great silence of the plain.

There where the lion sits, raised now on a high pedestal and with cypresses planted about him, was fought the great battle of Chæronea between the Greeks and Philip of Macedon; and there the Greeks lost much, but not their honor. Had it been otherwise, would the lion be there now after so many centuries, testifying to the grief of men long since dead, to their anger, even to their despair, but not to their cowardice or shame? I have heard people say that the face of the lion does express shame. It seems to me nobly passionate, loftily angry and sad, but not ashamed. The Thebans raised it to commemorate those of their comrades in arms who died on the battle-field. What shame can attach to such men? For long years the lion lay broken in pieces and buried in the earth. Only in 1902 were the fragments fitted together, though long before that they had lain above ground, where many noted travelers had seen them. The restoration has been splendidly successful, and has given to Greece one of the most memorable manifestations in marble of a state of soul that exists not merely in Greece, but in the world. Lion-hearted men are superbly commemorated by this lion.

The height of the statue from the top of the pedestal is about twenty feet. The material of which it is made, marble of Bœotia, was once, I believe, blue-gray. It is now gray and yellow. The lion is sitting, but in an attitude that suggests fierce vitality. Both the huge front paws seem to grasp the pedestal almost as if the claws were extended in an impulse of irresistible anger. The head is raised. The expression on the face is wonderful. There is in it a savage intensity of feeling that is rarely to be found in anything Greek. But the savagery is ennobled in some mysterious way by the sublime art of the sculptor, is lifted up and made ideal, eternal. It is as if the splendid rage in the souls of all men who ever have died fighting on a losing side had been gathered up by the soul of the sculptor, and conveyed by him whole into his work. The mysterious human spirit, breathed upon from eternal regions, glows in this divine lion of Greece.

Various writers on the scenery of Greece have described it as "alpine" in character. One has even used the word in connection with some of the mountain-ranges that may be seen from the plain of Attica. Such distracting visions of Switzerland did not beset my spirit as I traveled through a more beautiful and far more romantic land, absolutely different from the contented little republic which has been chosen by Europe as its playground. But there were moments, as we slowly ascended the Pass of Amblema, when I thought of the North. For the delicate and romantic serenity of the Greek landscape did here give way to something that was almost savage, almost spectacular. The climbing forests of dark and hardy firs made me think of snow, which lies among them deep in winter. The naked peaks, the severe uplands, the precipices, the dim ravines, bred gloom in

the soul. There was sadness combined with wildness in the scene, which a premature darkness was seizing, and the cold wind seemed to go shivering among the rocks.

It was then that I thought of Delphi, and believed that we must be nearing the home of the oracle. As we climbed and climbed, and the cold increased, and the world seemed closing brutally about us, I felt no longer in doubt. We must be close to Delphi, old region of mysteries and terror, where the god of the dead was thought to be hidden, where Apollo fought with Python, where men came with fear in their hearts to search out the future.

But presently we began to descend, and I learned that we were still a long way from Delphi. The sun set, and evening was falling when we were once more down on the sea-level, traversing one of the most delightful and fertile regions of Greece, the lovely plain of Krissa, which extends to the sea. The great olive-gardens stretch away for miles on every hand, interspersed here and there with plane-trees, mulberry-trees, medlars, cypresses, and the wild oleander. Many battles have been fought in that sylvan paradise, which now looks the home of peace, a veritable Garden of Eden lying between mountains and sea. Pilgrims traveling to Delphi were forced to pay toll there, and eventually the extortion became so intolerable that it led to war. That evening, as we drove along a road cut straight through the heart of the olive-woods, the whole region seemed sunk in a dream. We met no one; we heard no traffic, no voices, no barking of dogs. The thousands of splendid trees, planted symmetrically, were moved by no breeze. Warmth and an odorous calm pervaded the shadowy alleys between them. Here and there a soft beam of light shone among the trees from the window of a guardian's dwelling. And once we stopped to take Turkish coffee under a vine-trimmed arbor, solitary and lost in the sweet silence, in the silver dusk of the forest. A lodge in the wilderness! As I looked at the dark, bright-eyed man who served us, I, perhaps foolishly, envied him his life, his strange little home, remote, protected by his only companions, the trees.

In this plain camels are used for transport, and, I believe, for plowing and other work. They are to be found nowhere else in Greece. I saw none that night; but one morning, after leaving Delphi, I met a train of them pacing softly and disdainfully along the dusty road, laden with bales and with mysterious bundles wrapped round with sacking.

In the dark we began to climb up once more. At last we were actually on Parnassus, were approaching the "navel of the earth." But I was not aware of any wildness, such as that of Amblema, about us. The little I could see of the landscape did not look savage. I heard goat-bells tinkling now and then not far off. Presently some lights beamed out above us, as if in welcome. We passed through a friendly village street, came out on the mountain-side, and drew up before a long house, which stood facing what was evidently a wide view, now almost entirely hidden, though a little horned moon hung in the sky, attended by the evening star. The village was Kastri; the long house was the "Hôtel d'Apollon Pythien."

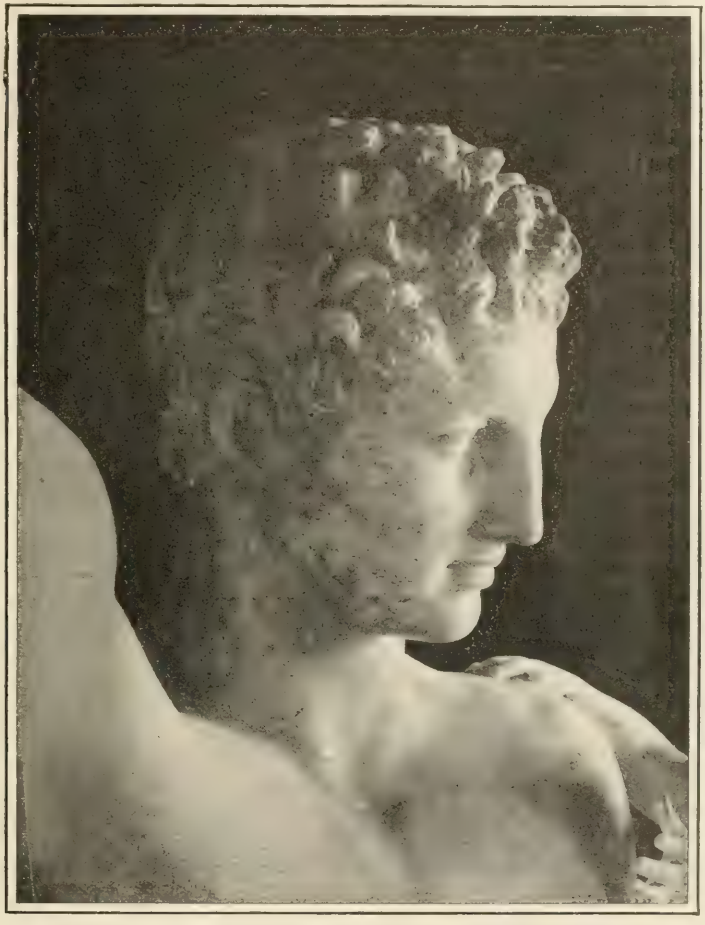
Delphi is memorable, but not because of wildness or terror. In retrospect it rises in my mind as a lonely place of light, gleaming on volcanic rocks and on higher rocks that are gray; of a few mighty plane-trees, pouring a libation of green toward olive-trees on the slopes beneath them; of a perpetual sweet sound of water. And beside the water travelers from the plain of Krissa, and travelers from Arachova, that wonderfully placed Parnassian village, renowned for its beautiful women, are pausing. They get down from their horses and mules to lave their hands and to drink. They cross themselves before the little Christian shrine under the trees by the roadside. They sit down in the shadows to rest.

It is very sweet to rest for long hours by the Castalian fountain of Delphi, remote from all habitations upon the great southern slope of Parnassus, under the tree of Agamemnon; to listen to the voice of the lustral wave. There, in the dead years, the pilgrims piously sprinkled themselves before consulting the oracle; there, now, the brown women of the mountains chatter gaily as they wash their clothes. The mountain is bare behind the shrine, where perhaps is a figure of Mary with Christ in her arms, or some saint with outspread wings. Its great precipices of rock are tawny. They bloom with strong reds and yellows, they shine with scars of

gold. Among the rocks the stream is only a thread of silver, though under the bridge it flows down through the olive-gardens, a broad band of singing happiness.

Delphi has a mountain charm of remoteness, of lofty silence; it has also a seduction of pastoral warmth and gentleness and peace. Far up on the slope of gigantic Parnassus, it faces a narrow valley, or ravine, and a bare, calm mountain, scarred by zigzag paths, which look almost like lines sharply cut in the volcanic soil with an instrument. In the distance, away to the right, the defile opens out into the plain of Krissa, at the edge of which lies a section of sea, like a huge uncut turquoise lying in a cup of the land. Beyond are ranges of beautiful, delicate mountains.

The ruins of Delphi lie above the high-road to the left of it, between Kastri and the Castalian fountain, unshaded, in a naked confusion, but free from modern houses and in a fine loneliness. At one time, and not very long ago, the village of Kastri stood close to the ruins, and some of it actually above them. But when excavations were undertaken seriously, all the houses were pulled down, and set up again where they stand to-day. Like the ruins at Eleusis and Olympia, the remains at Delphi are fragmentary. The ancient Hellenes believed that the center of the earth was at a certain spot within the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, where the eagles of Zeus, flying from the two ends of the earth, had met. The foundations,



THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES (FOUND AT OLYMPIA AND NOW IN THE MUSEUM THERE)

and some portions of the walls of this celebrated shrine, in which two golden eagles stood, may be visited, but very little of it remains. On the foundation has been set up a large Roman column, upon which once stood a statue. The fallen blocks of Doric columns are gigantic, and from them it is possible to gain some faint idea of the temple's immense size and massiveness. In the midst of a pit of stone, not far from the columns, I found a solitary fig-tree growing. It is interesting to notice that the huge outer wall of the temple was constructed of quantities of blocks, each one differing in shape from its neighbors. These were ingeniously fitted close together without the aid of any joining material. Although it is impossible not to wonder at and admire the cleverness shown in this wall, it produced on my mind an impression of confusion that was almost painful. The multitudes of irregular lines distressed my eyes. There is little repose in a puzzle, and this wall is like a mighty puzzle in stone.

Among the masses of broken fragments which cover much of the hillside stands out a small, solid building of Parian marble, very pure, very clean, almost shining under the rays of the sun. It resembles a great marble casket in which something very precious might be placed and sealed up. This is the treasury of the Athenians, which has been reconstructed since Kastri was moved from the fragments of the original temple. It is, in fact, a tiny Doric temple. The marble, of a beautiful yellow-white color, is mingled here and there with limestone. This little temple stands on a platform, with the clearly defined Sacred Way winding up the hill beside it. The front of it is approached by two steps, and it has two Doric columns, containing, however, only two blocks of the original marble, brown, with touches of old gold. The remaining blocks of these columns are of white Poros marble, brought from a distance, and they look rough and almost glaring. Poros marble may always be recognized by the minute shining grains, like specks of gold, that are scattered through it. Although a fine substance, it looks vulgar when placed beside Parian marble.

The semicircular places in which the priests of Delphi used to sit may still be seen, facing a fine view. The sea is hidden by a shoulder of the mountain, but the rolling slopes beyond the road are covered thickly with olive-trees, among which the goat-bells chime almost perpetually; and on the far side of the narrow valley the bare slopes, with their tiny, red paths, lead calmly toward rocky summits. To the left the highroad turns sharply round a rock in the direction of the Castalian fountain.

In the fairly well-preserved theater to the northwest, quantities of yellow flowers were growing, with some daisies. Among the gray limestone blocks of the orchestra I found a quantity of excellent blackberries. Where once was the stage, there are now brown grasses dried up by the sun. This theater is very steep, and above it towers a precipice. Near by, between the theater and the stadium, Parnassus gives back to your cry a swift and sharp echo. The gold, red-gold, and gray stadium, which lies farther up the mountain than the theater, is partly ruined, but in parts is well preserved. As I stood in it, thinking of the intellectual competitions that used to take place there, of the poems recited in it, of the music the lyre gave forth, and of the famous Pythian games, which, later, used to be celebrated in this strange mountain fastness, I saw eagles wheeling over me far up in the blue, above the wild gray and orange peaks.

In the museum, which stands in a splendid position on the mountain-side, with a terrace before it, there are many fine things. Delphi in the time of its greatness contained thousands of statues, great numbers of which were in bronze. Nero, Constantine, and others carried hundreds of them away. One which they left, a bronze charioteer in a long robe, faces you as you enter the museum. It is marvelously alive, almost seems to glow with vitality. The feet should be specially noticed. They are bare, and are miracles of sensitiveness. Farther on there is a splendid Antinous, robust, sensual, egoistic, a type of muscular beauty and crude determination, without heart or any sparkle of intellect. Two other statues which I thought exceptionally interesting are of a sturdy, smiling child and of a headless and armless woman. The latter, numbered in the catalogue 1817, is very gracious and lovely. The back of the figure and the drapery, especially that part of it which flows from under the left arm to



SITE OF ANCIENT DELPHI

the heel of the right foot, are exceptionally beautiful.

There is a very fine view from the terrace. Toward evening it becomes wonderfully romantic. Far off, the village of Arachova, perched on its high ridge, bounds the horizon. It is a view closed in by mountains yet not oppressive; for there is width between the two ranges, and the large volcanic slopes are splendidly spacious. Here and there on these slopes are large wine-colored splashes such as you see often on the mountains of Syria, and these splashes give warmth to the scene. Above the Castalian fountain the two peaks of the Phædriadæ, a thousand feet high, stand up magnificently. Between them is the famous cleft from which the cold stream issues, to flow down through the olive-groves.

When evening falls, follow the winding white road a little way toward Arachova. From the soft dusk of the defile that spreads out into the plain of Krissa the goat-bells still chime melodiously. I have heard them even very late in the night. The section of sea that was turquoise now looks like solid silver. Behind it the mountains, velvety and black, flow away in delicate shapes. They are dreamlike, but beyond them rise other ethereal ranges which seem to you, as you gaze on them, impalpable, fluid almost, like a lovely imagination of mountains summoned up in your mind. Black-green is the plain. Under the tree of Agamemnon glows a tiny light, like an earth-bound star. Where once the pilgrims gathered who knew only the gods, Christian hands have tended the lamp before the holy picture. And a little farther on, among the foliage of the olive-trees, shines another of these Christian stars, which, in the darkness of Delphi's solitudes, shed their light, faintly perhaps, but faithfully, upon a way once often trodden by pagans who now sleep the last long sleep. To what changes in the human soul do these earth-bound stars bear witness! I sat beneath Agamemnon's tree, listening to the cry of the fountain, watching the little lights, till the night was black about me.

I must always think of Olympia as the poetic shrine of one of the most poetic statues in the world. As the Parthenon seems to be the soul of Athens, so the Hermes of Praxiteles seems to be the soul of Olympia; gathering up and expressing its aloofness from all ugly things, its almost reflective tenderness, its profound calm, and its far-off freedom from any sadness. When I stayed there I was the only traveler. Never did I see any human being among the beautiful ruins, or hear any voice to break their silence. Only the peasants of that region passed now and then on the winding track below the hill of Cronus, to lose themselves among the pine-trees. And I heard only at a distance the wonderful sound, like eternity's murmur withdrawn, that the breeze makes among their branches, as I sat by the palace of Nero.

Nature has taken Olympia into her loving arms. She has shed her pine-needles and her leaves of the golden autumn upon the seats where the wrestlers reposed. She has set her grasses and flowers among the stones of the Temple of Zeus. Her vines creep down to the edge of that cup of her earth which holds gently, as a nurse holds a sleeping child, palaces, temples, altars, shrines of the gods and ways for the chariots. All the glory of men has departed, but something remains which is better than glory—peace, loveliness, a pervading promise of lasting things beyond.

Among the ruins of Nero's palace I watched white butterflies flitting among feathery, silver grasses and red and white daisies. Lizards basked on the altar of Zeus. At the foot of the Heræum, the most ancient temple that may be seen in Greece at this time, a jackal whined in its dwelling. Sheep-bells were sounding plaintively down the valley beyond the arch leading to the walled way by which the great stadium, where the games took place, was entered. When I got up presently to stroll among the ruins, I set my foot on the tiny ruts of an uneven pavement, specially constructed so that the feet of contending athletes should not slip upon it.

The ruins lie in a sheltered and remote valley far away from the sea, and surrounded by gentle hills, woods, and delightful pastoral country. At some distance is the last railway-station of the Peloponnesian railway line, which connects with the main line at Pyrgos. Between the station and the low hill on which stand the hotel and the museum is strung out a small, straggling hamlet of peasants' houses. It is very difficult to realize that this remote

sanctuary, hidden away in the green glades and amid the pastures of Elis, where the waters of Cladeus and Alpheus glide among reeds and rushes, was ever crowded with people from all parts of Greece; that emperors dwelled there; that there the passions of the mob were roused to intense expression; that there men gained the desire of their hearts or were exposed to the sneers and opprobrium of their fellows. For Olympia to-day looks like an ideal home for the great god Pan.

I have called the ruins beautiful, and I think them so, partly because of their situation, with which they seem to me to combine harmoniously, and partly because of nature's collaboration with them, which is lacking from the ruins at Eleusis and even at Delphi. At Olympia many trees grow among the remains of the temples. A river runs by them. Excavations, though usually interesting, are often both dusty and ugly. At Olympia they are pastoral. Dryads might love them. Pan might sit happily on almost any bit of the walls and play his pipe. They form a unique sylvan paradise, full of wonderful associations, in which one is tempted to rest for hours, whereas from many ruins one wishes only to get away once they have been examined. And yet Olympia is so fragmentary that many persons are bitterly disappointed with what they find there, as the visitors' book in the little hotel bears witness.

In all the mass of remains, and they cover a very large extent of ground, I think I saw only four complete columns standing. Two of these were columns of the Heræum, in which the Hermes of Praxiteles was found lying among the remnants. They are golden-brown in color, and are of course Doric, very massive and rather squat. The temple, the base of which is very clearly marked, must have looked very powerful, but, I should think, heavy rather than really majestic. I cannot imagine the wonderfully delicate Hermes standing within it. It is believed that the original columns of the Heræum were of wood, and that when they began to rot away the stone columns were put up in their places. Much of the temple was made of brick. The Hermes stood between two of the columns.

It will be evident to any one who examines carefully all that is left of the Temple of Zeus that it must have been very grand. Fragments of the shafts of its columns, which are heaped in confusion on the ground, are enormous. One block, which I found poised upright on its rounded edge, was quite six feet high. This temple was made of limestone, which is now of a rather dreary, almost sinister, gray color. Exposure to the weather has evidently darkened it. The foundations are terrific. They suggest titanic preparations for the bearing up of a universe of stone. It seems to me that from what is left of this celebrated building, which stands in the middle of the sacred precinct, and which once contained Phidias's statue of Zeus, about forty feet high, one can gather something of what was the builder's conception of the chief of all the gods of Olympus. To them he must surely have been simply the Thunderer, a deity terrific and forbidding, to whose worship must be raised a temple grand but probably almost repellent. Legend relates that when Phidias had completed his great statue of Zeus, and it had been placed in position, Zeus sent down a thunderbolt which struck the ground close to the statue. The Greeks considered the thunderbolt to be the god's characteristic expression of content. Instead of the eagles of Zeus, I saw hovering over, and perching upon, this ruin black and white birds, with long tails, not unlike magpies. The statue of Zeus disappeared. It is known to have been taken to Constantinople, and in that tempestuous city it vanished, like so much else. In the time of Olympia's glory the temple was elaborately decorated, with stucco, painting, gilding, marble tiles, shields, and vases, as well as with many statues. But despite this, I think it must have been far less satisfying than the calm and glorious Parthenon, in which seems to dwell rather the spirit of a goddess than the spirit of any human builders.

Earthquakes are frequent at Olympia, and have been so since the most ancient times. One destroyed the greater part of Zeus's temple about four hundred years after Christ. By that time the Olympic games had ceased to be held, and no doubt the place was beginning to fall into the neglect which, with the lapse of the centuries, has become so romantic. After it was forgotten by men, nature began to

remember and love it. Very little of the famous stadium has been excavated. I found flocks of sheep and goats feeding peacefully above it, and near by a small, barefooted boy, with a little gun, out after quail.

On the first day of my visit to Olympia, after spending a few hours alone among the ruins I crossed the river, where I saw some half-naked men dragging for fish with hand-nets, and mounted the hill to the museum, which looks out over the delicious valley, and is attended by some umbrella-pines. It was closed, but the keeper came smiling from his dwelling close by to let me in. He did not follow me far, but sat down in the vestibule among the Roman emperors.

On my right I saw the entrance to what seemed a small gallery, or perhaps a series of small rooms. In front of me was a large, calm, well-lighted hall, with a wooden roof and walls of a deep, dull red, round which were ranged various objects. My eyes were attracted immediately to one figure, a woman apparently almost in flight, radiantly advancing, with thin draperies floating back from an exquisitely vital form—the celebrated "Victory" of Pæonius, now more than two thousand years old. Beyond this marvel of suggested motion I saw part of another room very much smaller than the hall and apparently empty. It drew me on, as in certain Egyptian temples the dim holy of holies draws the wanderer onward with an influence that may not be resisted. I took no more heed of the "Victory," of Hercules winning the apples of the Hesperides, or of anything else, but walked forward, came into the last room, and found myself alone with the Hermes of Olympia.

The room in which the Hermes stands —alone save for the little child on his arm —is exactly opposite the distant entrance of the museum. The keeper, when letting me in, had left the big door wide open. In my heart I thanked him, but not at that moment, for just then I did not notice it. I was looking at the Hermes.

A great deal of sad nonsense is talked in our day by critics of art, music, and literature about "restraint." With them the word has become a mere parrot cry, a most blessed word, like Mesopotamia. They preach restraint very often to those who have little or nothing to restrain. The result is nullity. In striving to become "Greek," too many unhappy ones become nothing at all. Standing before the Hermes of Olympia, one realizes as never before the meaning, the loveliness, of restraint, of the restraint of a great genius, one who could be what he chose to be, and who has chosen to be serene. This it is to be Greek. Desire of anything else fails and lies dead. In the small and silent room, hidden away from the world in the green wilderness of Elis, one has found that rare sensation, a perfect satisfaction.

Naked the Hermes stands, with his thin robe put off, and flowing down over the trunk of a tree upon which he lightly leans. He is resting on his way to the nymphs, but not from any fatigue. Rather, perhaps, because he is in no haste to resign his little brother Dionysus to their hands for education. Semele, the mother, is dead, and surely this gracious and lovely child, touching because of his innocent happiness, his innocent eagerness in pleasure, looks to Hermes as his protector. He stretches out one soft arm in an adorable gesture of desire. The other clings to the shoulder of Hermes. And Hermes watches him with an expression of divine, half-smiling gentleness, untouched by sadness, by any misgiving, such as we often feel as to the future of a little child we love; Hermes watches him, contemplative, benign, celestial.

There is a pause in the hurry, in the sorrow, of this travailing world; there is a hush. No more do the human cries sound in the midst of that darkness which is created by our misunderstanding. No longer do the frantic footfalls go by. The golden age has returned, with its knowledge of what is not needed—a knowledge that we have lost.

I looked up from Hermes and the little brother, and, in the distance, through the doorway of the museum, I saw a tiny picture of Elis bathed in soft, golden light; a calm hillside, some green and poetic country, and, in the foreground, like a message, a branch of wild olive.

That is what we need, what secretly we desire, our branch, perhaps our crown, of wild olive. And all the rest is as nothing.

(To be continued)

AN ELEPHANT ROUND-UP

BY D. P. B. CONKLING



NINETY miles from the mouth of the Menam River lies the city of Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam. The jungle has taken back to itself miles of its ancient grandeur, and temples, palaces, and brick roadways lie crumbling and half buried in the rank luxuriance of the tropical forest. To the north, east, and west, except on the very banks of the river, the country stretches out in one unbroken line of wilderness, and this primeval jungle-land forms the great elephant preserve of the king. Here the huge herds wander in absolute freedom, making unmolested raids upon the paddy-fields and palm-orchards of the river villages, lords of the land except in the event of a great "round-up," when the royal mahouts, mounted on tame tuskers, form in an immense circle and slowly drive one or more herds steadily toward the kraal at Ayuthia.

With the exception on some few miles of roadways in Bangkok, Siam is destitute of the ordinary modes of communication, and the entire transportation of the country is by rivers and canals or by elephants. All the great up-country produce is packed by them through the jungle to the waterways, over roads made by themselves and quite impassable for any other beast of burden. Therefore the capture of young tuskers to be tamed and trained for this work forms, perhaps, *the* event of the year to the natives.

The kraal at Ayuthia is four hundred feet square, formed of teak-wood logs, set about two feet apart and fifteen feet high, bound strongly with iron and forming a barrier which is seldom broken even by the strongest tuskers. The entrance is at the end immediately adjoining the jungle, and two lines of stockade extend in the shape of a fan a mile or more into the forest. In the center of the paddock is a small square of ten feet, built in the same way as the outer barrier, and used as a place of refuge for the natives employed in cutting-out and tying up the captives.

In the round-up that we had the good fortune to see there were exactly two hundred and thirteen wild elephants brought in. Thirty trained mounts, each with his two mahouts, together with hundreds of natives on foot, had been at work for two or more weeks getting this herd together, and safely into the kraal. The driving of this huge mass of beasts day after day until finally the last rush is made and the herd is well inside the fan requires more nerve, patience, and skill than perhaps any other form of capture in the world. It is not unusual that many men are killed in this work, for if once the herd gets scent of danger, nothing can withstand their fearful charge. While there is no animal in which docility and kindness are more strongly marked than in the elephant, let him once become wicked, or "rogue," as a man-killer is called, and there is no other beast which shows equal ferocity and cruelty, combined with an absolutely devilish cunning.

The first signs of the approaching herd were a great cloud of dust and a dull roar like a heavy freight-train, making the ground fairly tremble; and then out of the mist came the huge beasts, pushing and fighting as they were packed closer in the converging fan, and making the air ring with their shrill trumpetings.

The large swinging beams at the entrance were pulled aside, and in they came with a rush, by twos and threes, stopping suddenly, and looking about in a dazed way at the yelling crowd of natives perched out of danger high on the walls beyond the stockade. When the whole herd was in and the paddock closed, they were left to themselves for a time before the real work of the day, from a spectator's point of view at least, began.

In a herd of this size it is remarkable how few elephants there are that are fit for training—only eight in this case. They must be young, strong, and well built, with promise of good tusks. The cutting-out proceedings opened in a truly circus-



Halftone plate engraved by S. Davis

A ROUND-UP FESTIVAL.—TWO HUNDRED ELEPHANTS IN THE OUTER PEN

like style. The exit by the side of the pavilion was opened, and seven of the largest tame tuskers entered in single file, led by the king's chief mahout mounted on a superb animal.

Each elephant carried two men, the mahout sitting astride the neck and guiding his mount by the pressure of his knees as well as by shouting, the second man sitting over the hind quarters and by means of the goad urging the beast to quicken his pace either forward or backward. The mahouts carried a long bamboo pole, to one end of which was fastened the detachable noose of a coil of rope on his elephant's back.

When the seven tuskers had formed in line, they drove the herd in a circle around the center refuge. After a short time, one of the young elephants would drift to the rear rank, and a mahout, urging his mount forward, would slip the noose under one of the youngster's hind feet, detach the pole by a quick jerk, and turning sharply and paying out the coil of rope at the same time, would bring the line taut and fix the noose firmly in place. The end would then be untied from the saddle of the tame mount, and the young tusker would go racing madly back to the herd, dragging fifty yards of rope after him. This operation was repeated for each of the eight captives, and in some instances, when the youngsters seemed particularly fractious, both hind feet would be roped.

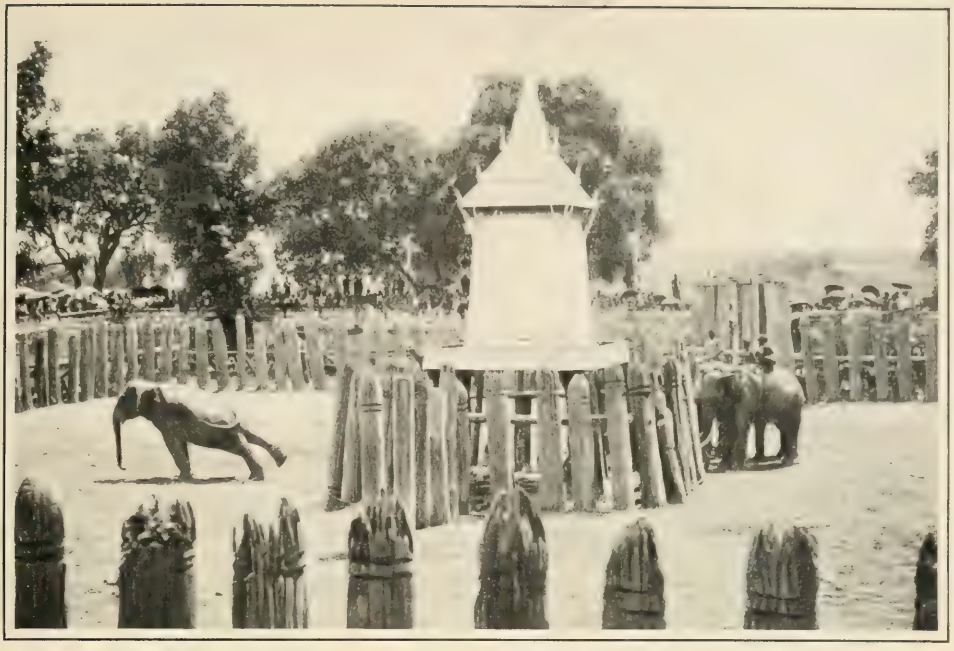
After all the ropes were made fast, the herd was let loose, the tame mounts mingling with it, and gradually forcing the roped animals closer to the posts to which they were respectively tied, the slack being taken up by men outside the stockades, and made fast, leaving them secured within a small radius of ten or fifteen yards. The mahouts now left the kraal for a short breathing-space, and the herd wandered about sucking up every possible drop of water from the pools made by the rain of the night before, throwing it high over their backs to cool their hot hides from the burning sun.

It was amusing to watch the frantic efforts of the baby elephants, of which there were a considerable number, to keep from being trampled upon by the herd. In every instance their coign of vantage was immediately beneath their mother, and they showed the greatest cleverness in keeping their position as she swayed about, backward or forward, in the throng.

After a time the beams of the exit were pulled widely open, and the chief mahout entered, urging his mount to a run, and feigning what looked like a most foolhardy charge at the entire herd. When only a few yards away, he turned sharply and rushed back through the exit, thus acting as a leader for the herd, and the whole lot dashed simultaneously for the gateway. The ford of the river was well patrolled by tame elephants, and as the herd came rushing down the bank to the stream, they were kept in a confined space, where they swayed about in the cool water, grunting with satisfaction, and sending up a perfect fountain through their trunks. After a reasonable rest had been given them, they were cautiously driven into the jungle, and at a good distance from the city were turned loose, to wander as they pleased and seek again their old haunts.

While all this was going on, the young tuskers left tied in the kraal were giving vent most strenuously to their feelings. Some, evidently having given themselves up to despair, stood quite still and uttered the most plaintive groans, while others seemed to go quite beside themselves with rage, rolling in the mud, straining every nerve at their ropes, and trumpeting wildly. One youngster, charging madly at the post to which he was tied, managed to break one of his tusks sharp off at the base, bringing down the most fearful amount of wrath on his head from the mahouts, as it knocked some fifty per cent. off his value.

In many cases it seemed to be a particularly exasperating job to get these captives out of the kraal. Two trained mounts would finally be driven up on each side of the young elephant, and a sort of collar made of cocoanut-fiber rope was slipped under his neck. These collar ropes are crossed at the top, and an end is made fast to the neck of the tame mounts, which, being a good deal taller than the little chap in the middle, would be able to lift him nearly off his front legs by raising their heads, and so compel him to walk, the youngster's great act being to lie down and refuse to budge. The leg-ropes were then thrown off, and in this way they



FIRST STEPS IN THE EDUCATION OF A YOUNGSTER IN THE INNER PEN

made a start for the exit, with a third elephant bringing up the rear to push the captive forward in case of any signs of balking. When he was gracefully shoved through the gateway, two others would meet him outside the stockade, and he would be marched off across the river to the stables, to be chained up to his post, and there either sensibly accept his lot and start to learn to work, or else be starved into submission. In some few cases captivity seems to take all the spirit out of the beasts, and rather than endure it, they will refuse all food and water and finally die, a sort of martyr at the altar of freedom.

The attachment the elephant has for his keeper is something marvelous. Almost incredible accounts are told of their devotion. Perhaps this is due to the inseparable life that the mahout and his elephant lead, for the keeper and his charge are constantly together. Always the same hand feeds and tends him, always the same voice commands him, whether at work in the lumber-yards, charging through the jungle at a round-up, or moving slowly in some royal procession. If by any chance a mahout becomes too ill to work or dies, there is often the greatest difficulty to induce the elephant to accept a new master, and it is very seldom that the new man can gain the complete mastery over the brute that its original trainer had.

There is a wrong impression prevalent that the Siamese regard the white elephant as a deity. That they hold it in special regard is true, for each Buddha, in passing through a series of transmigrations, is supposed to have inhabited the body of some white animal, either a monkey, a dove, or an elephant; and therefore a white animal is yet worshiped as having at some time been the superior of man.

NOOSING WILD ELEPHANTS

BY CHARLES MOSER



FROM time immemorial, Eastern princes have captured wild elephants by driving them into a stockade and noosing them from the backs of tamed beasts. It has been virtually the only means of replenishing their stables, for elephants in captivity do not breed well. Nevertheless, elephant kraals, the common name from Jeypore to Siam, have always been events of great interest and excitement. The enormous size of the game, its inevitable danger, and the wonderful exhibition of brute intelligence often seen, account for the fascination of the sport.

Kraals are usually conducted by the minor prince or chieftain who holds in feudal tenure the villages of the district in which the kraal is held; and it was our privilege to be at the one last mentioned as the guests of Ratemahatmeya Meduanwella, lord of the villages of Panamure and Wellawe, in the province of Sabaramamuwa.

We left Colombo at sunrise in a motor-car (I can never get over that; I am still near enough to my boyhood's dreaming over the pages of old Sir Samuel Baker not to accept *that!*) and swept along the muddy Kelani, alive in the early morning with *cadjan* boats and women bathing. It is a lovely, undulating valley; we saw coolies treading out the grain in the paddy-fields, *svelte* arecas and talipot-palms smoking with dew, low hills thickly feathered with the dark-green plumage of young rubber-trees, and bevies of brown girls plucking leaves among the sparse tea-bushes. By nine o'clock we had reached the rest-house at Ratnapura, nestled close by Kelani's sullen lip, and were calling loudly for breakfast. The most striking ornament in the dining-room was a placard advertising American buckwheat cakes, and our roving eye fell upon a two-months'-old copy of the Kansas City "Star," sure signs of the miracle of mere living in our times. Ratnapura is the capital of the famous gem district, and our host, a wily Cingalese with a prodigious tortoise-shell comb in his back hair, showed us some rough stones—rubies, sapphires, and cats'-eyes—which he had "found," and would part with as a very special favor.

At noon we left the motor-car and took to the jungle on foot. Our route lay for eight miles along a path cut and burned through the densest jungle specially for this occasion, and toward dusk we came at last, drenched, yet thirsty, through dim, green aisles of tall ebony- and satinwood-trees, to a wide meadow and the dark, swift stream that flows through it along the hem of Panamure. We saw a man far up in a giant palm-tree, clinging to the bole with his naked feet, cutting branches; then a great gaunt beast in the jungle twilight, feeding on the white, succulent trunks of banana-trees; and the pathetic figure of a baby elephant, captured only the week before, tugging hopelessly, but incessantly, at his ankle-ropes, and we knew that we were near the scene of the kraal. We crossed the stream on a bridge half crushed in by ponderous, pachydermous feet, and at once found ourselves among lines of bare brown men squatting under palm-leaf shelters. These were the beaters surrounding the

wild herds. The long line of their fires dotted the dusk of the jungle, and the smell of wet wood smoke, flavored with the odors from their cooking-pots, made a kind of wild incense, strangely grateful and reminiscent to our civilized nostrils. At a distance an occasional faint snort, or the soft crackling of undergrowth followed by the thudding of some distant beater's drum, betrayed the locality where the quarry fed uneasily.

The plan and strategy of an elephant kraal is very simple. A wooded country, over which elephants rove and through which a suitable stream flows, is selected. A stockade from twelve to sixteen feet in height, and inclosing part of the stream and from four to six acres of jungle, is constructed of stout logs lashed together with rattan withes. At one side of the inclosure is a gate, with a V-shaped approach leading to it. When the stockade has been completed, the villagers arm themselves with guns, spears, tom-toms, old pots, horns—anything that will make a noise—and pour into the jungle to beat up the wild herds. They spread out in a circle, sometimes twenty-five miles long, but gradually lessening as the herds are driven nearer the stockade. The main object is to keep the elephants from reaching water except by entering the inclosure, and sometimes this is very difficult. Fires are kept alight at distances of a few feet; and sometimes at night, when the huge beasts charge in a body, the din of drums, bells, shouts, and horns is enough to daunt bolder spirits than the jungle denizens. Frequently a herd succeeds in breaking through and making its escape, occasionally not without a heavy loss to the enemy; but usually after being kept from water for three or four days their terrible thirst drives the poor creatures to the water within the stockade, and the gate closes forever between them and the dear free life of their native jungle.



THE LORD OF THE KRAAL AND HIS HEIR

Panamure is a lovely little village, idling along the banks of its streamlet and cuddled in between two tall and softly wooded peaks as delicately rounded as the breasts of a woman. Its daughters are tender-eyed and domestic, performing the family washing at the front gate, while the men are of mild manner and much given to the business of gentling noosed elephants. They are Buddhists, but their real god is the snowy-bearded old Ratemahatmeya, who is also their father, lord of their lands, and of every grain of rice that goes into their mouths.

We found the old gentleman waiting for us at the "hotel." He had laid aside the garments of his high estate and put on the long-tailed shirt of the coolie, as being more in keeping with one who had watched five nights in the jungle; but for all that he was a memorable figure, with his small, sharp nose and eyes like those of a sparrow-hawk, his patriarchal beard and imperious voice. Even more distinguished-looking was his brother-in-law, the imperturbable Kalawane. Clad to lead the beaters in nothing but a breech-clout and his shining black beard, he seemed at that moment to have stepped out of the pages of Kipling especially for this occasion.

They took us to get a first glimpse of



NATIVE BEATERS IN CAMP



READY TO PROD THE ELEPHANTS



NATIVES BINDING A WILD ELEPHANT TO A TREE



TWO TAME ELEPHANTS CAJOLING A WILD SISTER



the stockade in the now fast-dying light. It was the old Ratemahatmeya's fourteenth kraal, he told us, and he had had 2500 villagers out for many days. He hoped to catch thirty or forty elephants, but some might escape through the line of beaters that night, as the elephants were desperate and the beaters nearly exhausted. Even as he talked there were sounds of trampling and crashing of underbrush a few yards to our right, and the whole line of beaters rushed toward the spot, beating brass pots and yelling. After torches had been thrown, the crashing ceased suddenly, and not another sound was heard. Not a line of living form could be seen; not even a leaf stirred, but one had the most vivid sense that all about us the jungle was permeated with mysterious forces, tremendous, yet impalpable.

The stockade itself was worth a fortune, could it have been brought to market. It was constructed of peeled ebony and satinwood logs, many from twenty to thirty feet long and as thick as a man's body. Seven hundred and fifty coolies had spent three weeks in building it, sinking the upright logs ten feet into the earth and with rattan thongs lashing to them the horizontal logs at three-foot intervals. It looked enormously strong and resistant. Overlooking the stockade on three sides, towers had been built from which the Ratemahatmeya and his principal guests were to view the grand spectacle of noosing and tying up the kraaled elephants.

Dinner in the hotel that night was eaten on bare boards, within gunny-sack walls, and with damp earth underfoot. As we sat about the boards afterward, in bare feet and pajamas, a small, breathless figure dashed up and flung his torch of dried stalks down before us. Some elephants had entered the kraal and the gate had been closed behind them! It was not a moment for reflection. Away we ran through the black night, barefooted and pajama-clad, unmindful of thorns, and deadly cobras, perhaps, lying in wait along the path. Guided by the weird little figure with his torch, who was immensely proud to have been the bearer of great tidings, we reached the stockade and found the Ratemahatmeya seated on a log rocking himself in glee. Ten elephants, led by a furious old cow, he explained, had been trapped. To-morrow the rest of the herd would be caught. In this, however, he proved a bad prophet, for during the night the elephants outside the kraal broke through the beaters' lines and escaped.

Around the circle of the stockade they were now lighting hundreds of fires. Flames and smoke shot up half-way to the tops of the trees, and the whole jungle was an endless moving parade of black shadows. Scores of men lined the barricade, their bodies dripping sweat, points of light flashing from their sharpened spear-heads. The business was eery and serious. Twice the fear-maddened animals had charged the stockade and twice had been driven back with spear-thrusts and firebrands. Now they were hiding somewhere in the gulf of blackness beyond the fires, as silent as the dark, plotting, full of hatred, and terribly dangerous.

We went back to the hotel and to a sleep of troubled dreams. There is no doubt that the presence of wild elephants in the neighborhood of one's slumbers produces a curious impression. Some might even call it "funk." Throughout the night the shouting of the beaters and the muffled trumpetings of giants in distress told how mighty Hathi and his sons struggled to break through the cordon of their enemies. And when morning came we knew from the scattered fire-lines that the lords of the jungle had bravely won their freedom. The Ratemahatmeya held a sunrise court-martial over it, but no one knew anything. He was forced to content himself with the ten animals safe within the kraal.

Early as we were at the stockade, the village, bringing its breakfast in fresh *kos* leaves and gourds, was there before us. A thin stream of sunlight, penetrating the kraal, revealed the captured herd standing together in the deep shadows beneath a giant unga-tree, brooding and sinister, their alinement as perfect as that of a line of infantry. They were absolutely motionless, yet somehow conveyed the impression of hair-trigger alertness. We could count two half-grown bulls, two yearling calves, and a two-year-old. The other five were cows. There were no tuskers among them, but it soon became evident that an old cow, which always took her position on the extreme right, was "boss" of the herd. The moment she

cocked her ears the others stiffened their tails and gathered themselves to charge.

We had not long to wait for the first charge in daylight. Ratemahatmeya Kalawane came upon the scene riding his brother-in-law's finest decoy, a magnificent brute in the prime of his vigor and intelligence. Apparently without a command, the big elephant majestically approached the stockade at a point nearest the beleaguered herd, lifted his trunk over the barricade and gave the call of his kind. The whole herd at once swung toward him, as if in obedience to the voice of a friend. They had covered barely twenty paces, however, when suspicion entered the mind of the old cow. At her signal they all paused, waving their trunks uncertainly. One of the village headmen thought this an auspicious moment to step through the stockade for a clearer view. Instantly the old cow's tail shot into the air as stiff as a rod, and she charged with the speed of an express-train, the others following her, but half-heartedly. A volley of yells from the spearmen and beaters greeted her as she came, but she struck the stockade with a tremendous impact, rocking the piles in their sockets and making the earth tremble. The beaters stood fearlessly to their work, however, and a score of spear-thrusts from the heavy twelve-foot staves sent her back, sullen and bloody. The others, seeing their leader's discomfiture, contemptuously turned their backs to the enemy and continued their interrupted coquetting with the decoy elephant.

But those trapped cows, though frightened and no doubt bewildered beyond anything in their experience, were not foolish. The big, handsome bull, sent out to court and mollify them, continued his outrageous attempts at flirtation through the interstices of the stockade all in vain. Not that they were not flattered, perhaps, by his attentions, for they paralleled his amiable saunterings up and down the barricade for an hour, but always at the safe distance of a hundred yards; ten pairs of little, bright, malicious eyes the while keeping watch of his every movement and of every movement inside the kraal. Satisfied at last of his treacherous intentions, and, perhaps, tiring of the sport, they ignored him altogether and turned their energies again toward their human foes.

The rest of the morning was given to beating back charge after charge. The old cow, especially, was a veritable demon in temper and courage. Sometimes she charged alone, her calf bellowing and coughing his ridiculous rage in her wake. Sometimes, with one impulse, the whole herd charged with her, as if at a preconcerted signal. Once, indeed, she nearly got our photographer. The elephants were standing quiet for the moment, a hundred yards away, trunks down and slack, apparently oblivious to their enemies. A fugitive patch of sunlight, finely illuminating their heads, tempted the camera man to advance a few steps inside the gate in the hope of obtaining a picture. The next instant the whole herd was almost upon him. He had barely time to fling himself headlong between the posts when the old cow, in the lead, crashed against the gate. Another yard, and she would have got him. It took half an hour and two brandy sodas to coax his nerve back, but the imperturbable Kalawane, who had been lying sound asleep beneath the gate timbers till the crash awakened him, merely raised himself long enough to curse camera man, elephants, and beaters fluently and indiscriminately, and then resumed his nap.

I had often heard of the speed of an elephant's charge, and had marveled without enlightenment. I had even scoffed, because those who told of it never were able to explain it. Their descriptions seemed to me the result of "nerves," justifying effect by cause. Now that I have seen it for myself, I marvel no more, but am simply dazed. You cannot explain the charge because you do not really see him make it. One instant he is standing over there, a hundred yards away, as motionless as the tree-trunks; at the end of that same instant he is upon you, overwhelming, monstrous, like a mountain falling upon you. And you did not even see him start!

I have a theory about it. An elephant's loose skin is a sort of bag that conceals the most flexible and finely articulated set of muscles in the animal kingdom. He has no bulge of muscles anywhere. They are all as smooth and flat as ribbons, as elastic as rubber, tempered like steel wire. Wherefore he can wheel that vast bulk of his instantly and in a space the size of a tea-table. He can hurl the whole four or five

tons of him into action with a single impulse and strike his top speed in a single stride. Place an enemy in front of him, and I believe he can run ten yards or two hundred from a standing start faster than any other creature on legs.

Meantime, the decoys to be used for the noosing in the afternoon had come up from their teak-piling duties in the low country. Seven gigantic beasts, far larger than the captured ones, they moved like conquerors, majestic and grand. It was not to be comprehended that these colossi, the mightiest of the earth's creatures, were willing servants of those pygmies astride their necks. Yet all through the subsequent proceedings the mahout's word was law, and I never once saw a tame elephant pricked with the ankus. This is the more remarkable when it is understood that with one exception they had all been wild elephants fewer than ten years before.

After they had been bathed and scraped and holystoned till their hides shone like polished slate, the decoys were led before the Ratemahatmeya to receive the ceremonial anointment with oil and make their salaams. As the great beasts fell on their knees before the old man and made their dumb, strange genuflections of obeisance, my eyes were filled with a picture of the galleries of old Rome and of the German gladiators stooped before some palsied Cæsar, and through my brain pulsed again the echo of their grand and solemn valedictory.

But it was two o'clock, and the ladies of the Ratemahatmeya's family were in the tower, the village was in the tree-tops, or chattering like schools of monkeys in the undergrowth, and all was ready for the great spectacle of the kraal, the contests in the arena. Kalawane, on the largest elephant, headed the procession of the seven decoys, followed by a small army of spearmen and elephant shikarees, carrying ropes. Each of the decoys bore on his back a mahout and a nooser, the latter armed with a coil of rope noosed at one end and attached at the other to a stout collar around the decoy's neck.

For some time before the procession set out for the kraal gate the wild herd had been clustered in thick cover on the far side of the stream from the Ratemahatmeya's tower. As we could neither see nor hear anything of them, Ricalton and I ran around the stockade to a point nearest them and no more than forty yards from the little hillock on which they stood. We could hear the decoys pulling down the gate far away on the other side, and it was evident that the wild herd was quite as plainly aware that something new and decisive in their affairs was about to occur. They stood stone-still, indifferent to our presence, their eyes alert, but their heads a little drooping. Nothing but actual speech could have better expressed that, though sore perplexed, they *all but* understood. As for us, we were so lost in the contemplation of them in this greatest moment of their lives that we did not hear the approach of the decoys, and they, if they heard it, gave no sign.

Suddenly we heard the sharp crackle of voices—Kalawane's and the mahouts'—shouting, *"Yunga! Yunga! Yunga!"* ("Charge! Charge! Charge!") and saw the decoys swiftly looming through the underbrush. The wild ones saw them at the same time, and for just a moment the whole herd, trunks uplifted in welcome, swung forward to meet them. The next instant they realized their mistake, turned tail, and went crashing down the slope in a panic. After them came the whole band of decoys, spearmen, and noosers barking a staccato chorus that set the blood tingling all over me. I never have had such a feeling. It was a little like the first shock of a shower-bath on a frosty morning. I found myself plunging knee-deep through the stream in the wake of the rushing animals, with Ricalton, sixty-six years old and as white as Mount Hood, not a foot behind me.

On the other bank the decoys overtook their quarry, and two big bulls separated one of the yearlings from his mother for the fraction of a second—just time enough for a nooser to drop off behind and slip the loop around his right hind leg. He suddenly found himself being dragged backward on his fore legs and belly, and such squalling never was heard. At first his frantic mother fought furiously to reach him, but two powerful bulls so unceremoniously butted her about that she gave up and rushed off for help; for I never will believe that she deserted him. The little fellow was dragged and butted to a convenient tree, to which he was securely tied by both ankles, while a decoy

on each side alternately bullied and cozened him. The moment he was tied, just as he was on the point of thinking his new-found friends not such bad fellows after all, and was preparing to console himself for the loss of his mother, they heartlessly left him. Oh, how angry he was! He screamed, frothed, lunged and lunged against his fetters, bit the earth, and broke off the point of an embryonic tusk trying to demolish a stone he had dug up in his frenzy. But it was all in vain; and at last the poor little baby, just like other babies, broke down and cried. I saw him, and later I saw his mother, the terrible old cow, crying, and they shed real tears.

Meanwhile the chase had gone on across the kraal, and on the other side one of the cows had been wedged in between two decoys for the needful moment. A nooser had slipped down under the decoy's belly for protection, and actually had the noose over her ankle when she felt him, and let loose that four-ton kick he had sought protection from. Luckily it missed him a hair's-breadth; but the savage old lady got free by it, and the nooser was a crumpled, fearful ruin for the rest of that day. Again they caught her, but she snapped the inch-and-a-quarter hawser as if it had been twine. The third attempt was successful, but by now madam had regained her wits and gathered together her scattered forces for rescue work. No doubt she ached also to avenge her baby, for she headed a tremendous charge against the decoys, and the bulls had to knock her off her feet time after time before she gave up the project. Kalawane then decided that the rest of the herd would be subjugated more easily after she had been disposed of.

This was more easily decided upon than accomplished. The old cow was a tactician of the highest order, and her gifts as a fighter amounted to positive genius. Several times they had her cornered, but she smashed her way through. They scattered her followers, and finally managed to isolate her on a small knoll between the stockade and a deep gully. Here she successfully eluded the skill of the decoys for at least half an hour, and it was while I was endeavoring to obtain a closer view of this heroic last stand that I was treated to a bit of insight into elephant cunning that I am not likely to forget.

The decoys had the old cow nearly cornered in a space close to the stockade and about one hundred and fifty yards from me, with the gully before mentioned running between us. I started to cross to the scene of conflict, but before descending into the gully, and thus losing sight of the jungle about me for a moment, I took a glance around. It was fortunate that I did so, for about two hundred yards below me, on the same side of the gully, was one of the young bulls coming stealthily through the underbrush, and there was something in his manner which warned me that he "had intentions." But the very moment I became aware of his state of mind he apparently became as exactly aware of mine; for he dropped his ears, stopped, and then, seemingly disgusted that he should have betrayed himself, deliberately turned his back on me and walked off in the direction whence he had come. Nor did he once glance back, but near the brink of the gully stopped again in some scrub and, with his head wholly averted from me, appeared to be lost in thought. This seemed my chance, so I ran rapidly down the side of the gully, and for only a few seconds lost sight of him.

But what was my astonishment, upon climbing up the other side, to see him coming toward me like a hurricane and not more than seventy yards away! He must have started at full speed the moment my back was turned. Fortunately the stockade was not far off, and I made for it—hurriedly. It is possible, though, that I might not have escaped him, for thin, wiry, and almost invisible creepers clutched my legs at every step, had not some of the spearmen rushed to my rescue. They actually threw sticks at him! But for me it was a very interesting moment.

However, I was in time to see the defeat of the old empress. After many vain and furious struggles she was noosed around the left ankle with the rope attached to the biggest of all the decoys. At the word, this magnificent, six-ton brute picked out a tree, and without even a pause dragged the old lady off her feet. To make her humiliation more complete, he actually "wiped up the earth with her" when she spread herself out on the ground in protest, dragging her along with no more effort than if she had been a baby-

carriage. But madam had not done with them yet. Arrived at the tree, she put up a glorious fight, even breaking two ropes, and she might have won a brief liberty had not two of the decoys shown marvelous intelligence in blocking her flight, butting her into place and firmly lashing her there by winding their powerful trunks around her neck from each side. Then, while the ropes that forever withheld her from her liberty were being securely knotted about her legs, these two gigantic old frauds, looking all the while wonderfully benignant and solemn, alternately bullied and flattered her. While one caressed her gently with his trunk the other thumped her in the ribs, and sometimes, under the guise of affection, both of them together would lean their vast bulk against her and force her gently but irresistibly into the position desired of their masters. One *knew* that in elephant language they were talking to her somewhat after this fashion:

"Come, my dear, be reasonable! A little more to the right! Softly! *Softly!* Tut, tut! It 's for your own good. There, now; that 's better. Just look at us; and *we* used to be as wild and foolish as you are."

And then they cuddled her a little, gave her a final pat while the last knot was being tied, and left her! For a little while the old cow raged horribly; and then, like her abandoned baby, she broke down and cried. It is in such scenes that the fascination of elephant-kraaling is found. The animals not only display a really wonderful intelligence and the possession of those lovable qualities we are pleased to term "human," but they exhibit at all times, the trained elephants especially, a noble temper and that kind of profound *character* which is associated in our thoughts with only the simplest and noblest of men. It must be admitted that the elephants that have been gentled and trained by man exhibit the finest intelligence and a majesty of port rarely if ever observed in the wild ones. They impress one as having become grand under servitude. It is difficult to observe them and believe that they would wish to return to their wild state. This is no doubt sentimentality on my part, but it is hard to be on close terms with a noble elephant and not be awakened to sentiment concerning it.

The noosing of their leader sealed the fate of the rest of the herd (not that it had ever been in doubt); but by sunset all had been tied to trees save two, and it was reasonably certain these could not escape. The last glimpse I had of them they were standing in grief-stricken silence before the prostrate figure of a tethered calf whose struggles had worn him out. All night the hoarse trumpetings of the fettered-up mothers and the wails of their calves filled the jungle with lamentation. Occasionally, far off in the wilderness, a deep-throated bull would send out a long call of sympathy. Somewhere in the darkness the herd that had escaped hovered near, but the beaters' line of fires kept them back. The captured ten were lost to the jungle forever.

Next morning, in the earliest light, I went up to the stockade to have a last look. The youngsters were still bawling and plunging frantically against their fetters, but the old empress was motionless and silent. So still she stood that in the pale light I took a time exposure of her. Her hind quarters and her flanks sagged, and her head expressed all the ache of utter despair. Youth might still cry and struggle against its fate, but she had given up the fight. Two hours later they had harnessed her securely between two mighty bulls, and a pygmy man had climbed upon her back. Then she uttered one last and mighty burst of anguished rage before she fell into the captive's stride that was to carry her to her new life of labor down on the low-country estates.

I have always been fond of big-game shooting, and I have longed to include this mightiest of beasts in my huntsman's bag; but I came away from the kraal with one clear idea in my mind, dominating all others: I never shall willingly kill an elephant.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS IN RUSSIA

EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE RELATING TO THE WAR OF 1812, NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW, AND CONVERSATIONS WITH MADAME DE STAËL

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

A CENTURY ago at this time the Napoleonic wars, so-called, or the convulsions which succeeded the French Revolution of 1789, were rapidly drawing to a close. Beginning with the capture of the Bastille, July 14, 1789, the final catastrophe occurred at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Meanwhile, during the last half of 1812 and the whole of 1813, it is no exaggeration to say that the whole world was at war. Up to June, 1812, the United States had kept out of the actual fray, maintaining, by hook or by crook, a species of so-called neutrality. The affair of the *Leopard* and the *Chesapeake,* unspeakably disgraceful to the United States, had occurred off the capes of Virginia in June, 1807. In the following December Jefferson's embargo had been proclaimed; but, having proved utterly futile as either a remedial or a protective measure, it was removed in March, 1809.

Needless to say, this was for the United States a period of tension and deep humiliation. Threats of disunion were freely made, and the first steps looking to a secession of the New England States from the Union had been taken. On March 4, 1809, James Madison was inaugurated as the fourth President, and war with Great Britain was declared in June, 1812. One of the earliest acts of Madison after taking the oath of office had been to nominate John Quincy Adams to represent the United States at the court of St. Petersburg, Alexander I, then thirty-five years old, was Czar of Russia. Two years before that he had, with Napoleon, effected the treaty of Tilsit, so-called, theatrically signed on a raft moored in the river Niemen. A temporary peace, therefore, existed between the Russian czar and Napoleon, then at the zenith of his career; a truce, rather than a peace, destined to be rudely broken in the summer of 1812. Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, and the War of 1812–15 between the United States and Great Britain, then ensued; the latter was drawing to a close just at the end of 1814 (December 25), six months before the battle of Waterloo.

Mr. Adams's residence in Russia (1809–1814) covered, therefore, the whole of the period of Napoleon's Russian experience, as also his campaign during the subsequent year (1813), intervening between the retreat from Moscow and Waterloo. Mr. Adams thus held an official position at the very center of conflict during the four most troubled years of the nineteenth century. He was in the midst of things. During that period also he maintained a constant interchange of familiar, family letters, so far as the facilities for such an interchange then existed,

between St. Petersburg and Quincy, his home in Massachusetts. These letters never have seen the light.

On Wednesday, October 16, 1912, the American Antiquarian Society celebrated its centennial anniversary at Worcester, Massachusetts. As president of a sister, but senior, organization—the Massachusetts Historical Society—the writer was invited to take part in this affair, contributing to it. His thoughts, therefore, naturally reverted to the events taking place at the particular time the society, whose birth was thus celebrated, came into existence; and those events were of a very exciting and memorable character.

Napoleon was in Moscow that day, anxiously awaiting the results of certain negotiations he had undertaken, looking to a possible escape from the situation in which he had involved himself. Tidings of the utter failure of the negotiations reached him, and the order to evacuate Moscow, preliminary to the fatal retreat, was given on October 18—just two days subsequent to the occurrence we were to celebrate.

On this side of the Atlantic the memorable action between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* had occurred on August 19—just two months before; and exactly one week later—October 25—the frigate *United States* captured the *Macedonian*. Thus, during the latter half of the year 1812, memorable events followed close on one another's heels. Of all of these, Mr. Adams, in Russia, and his relatives in Massachusetts, were deeply interested observers; and a recurrence to the letters then interchanged, canvassing these events from the contemporary point of view, could hardly fail to be of interest and even of historical value.

A portion of the material from the yellowing letter-files of that intimate family correspondence is offered in the following extracts. They relate exclusively to the events then occurring in Russia and America, and to characters now become historic. One letter, of the most informal character, describes a long interview with the famous Madame de Staël in St. Petersburg, at the time of Napoleon's Russian campaign, the conversation taking place on the day preceding that on which the great battle of Borodino was fought (September 7, 1812). It will be remembered that Napoleon, considering Madame de Staël an enemy in no way to be despised, had some years before treated her accordingly, so that in 1812 she was still in exile.

Correspondence between Europe and America in those days was carried on under extreme difficulty. Letters, whether passing through the post, or confided for delivery to private hands, were freely opened by officials in nearly every country. To such a degree was this practised that in a letter written from St. Petersburg to his brother, Thomas Boylston Adams, John Quincy Adams observed: "Almost every letter I write is opened and read either by French or English officers."

Correspondence, therefore, had to be carried on with great discretion. This is apparent in the letters of Mrs. John Adams to her son. In one of them, dated from Quincy, July 29, 1812, she says:

"The declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, the necessity for which is deplored, renders the communication between us so hazardous that I despair of hearing from you or conveying intelligence to you. . . . We have not any letters from you of a later date than the 4th March, and we wait in anxious expectation of hearing. I have written to you by various opportunities, and I could not fill many pages with subjects which ought to come to your knowledge of a political nature, if I did not feel myself restrained by the desire I have, that this letter may reach you, as it contains no subject to gratify the curiosity of any one and can be only interesting to yourself as a testimony of the health of your friends."

And again, writing under date of November 30 following, she says:

"Your letters gave us the more pleasure, as we had despaired of hearing again from you during the winter. It is almost a forlorn hope to expect any communication between us. The war between France and Russia on the one hand, and America and England on the other, leaves few chances for private correspondence. If while peace existed so little regard was had to letters addrest to a publicke minister that they must be broken open and

family and domesticke concerns become the subject of public investigation, there can be but little satisfaction in writing. . . . Notwithstanding that blundering Irish Lord Castlereagh [1] denies the fact, I cannot expect more respect or civility when the nations are hostile to each other. Should this be destined to similar honor I request Sir William or any of their Lordships to awaken in their own Bosoms some natural affection and kindly forward this letter to the son to whom it is addrest, and whom three years' absence from his parents and children render it particularly necessary that it should go with safety."

Curious light on this subject of tampering with correspondence is shown in a letter from J. Q. Adams to his mother, dated St. Petersburg, April 7, 1813:

"I know not whether it was generosity, or any other virtue, or merely a disposition to receive the postage, that induced the transmission of your favour of 30 December to Mr. Williams of London; for by him it was kindly forwarded to me, and on the first day of this month, to my inexpressible joy, came to hand. It was but so short a time before that I had received your letter of 29 July!—and excepting that, not a line from Quincy later than April of the last year. This last letter had apparently been opened, although the impression of your Seal upon the wax was restored—a circumstance which indicates that it was done in England, where they still affect the appearance of not breaking seals at the Post-Office.

"On this Continent they are less scrupulous about forms. When they open letters, they break the seals, and do not take the trouble of restoring them. They send them open to their address. It reminds me of an anecdote I have lately met with of Prince Kaunitz when he was prime Minister of the Empress Maria Theresa. One of his clerks whose business it was to copy the *opened* letters, coming to foreign Ministers at Vienna, in the hurry of reclosing a despatch to one of the Envoys, sent him his copy instead of the original. The Envoy went to Prince Kaunitz, showed him the copy that he had received, and complained that the original was withheld from him. The Prince immediately sent for the Clerk, severely reprimanded him in the Envoy's presence for his blunder, and directed him to bring instantaneously the original despatch. The Clerk brought it accordingly, and the Prince gave it to the Envoy, with many apologies for the trouble occasioned him by the Clerk's mistake, and assurances of his hope that it would never occur again."

THE SITUATION IN 1812

John Quincy Adams to his mother, Mrs. John Adams

"St. Petersburg, 24 October, 1812.

" . . . There is now scarcely a spot upon the habitable globe but is desolated by the scourge of War. I see my own Country writhing under it, and every hope of better prospects vanishing before me. If I turn my eyes around me, I see the flame still more intensely burning. Fire and the Sword are ravaging the Country where I reside. Moscow, the antient Metropolis, one of the most magnificent and most populous Cities of Europe in the hands of an invader, and probably the greatest part of it buried in ashes.[1] Numerous inferior Cities daily devoted to the same Destruction, and Millions of People trampled under the feet of oppression of fugitives from the ruins of their habitations, perishing by hunger, in woods or deserts. . . .

"We live indeed in an age when it is not lawful for any civilized Nation to be unprepared for or incapable of War. Never, with an aching Heart I say it, never did the warlike Spirit burn with so intense a flame throughout the civilized World as at this moment. Never was the prospect of its continuing to burn and becoming still fiercer, so terrible as now. It would perhaps not be difficult to show that the State of War has become indispensable to the existence both of the French and British *Governments*. That in Peace they would both find their destruction. . . ."

[1] Robert Stewart, second Marquis of Londonderry, was known by courtesy until the death of his father in 1821, as Lord Castlereagh. He held at this time the position in the British ministry, then in power, of First Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

[2] The retreat from Moscow had been ordered and begun just six days before this letter was written.

John Quincy Adams to Thomas Boylston Adams

"St. Petersburg, 24 November, 1812.

" . . . You know how deeply I was disappointed at the breaking out of our War,[1] precisely at the moment when I entertained the most ardent and sanguine hopes that War had become unnecessary. Its Events have hitherto been far from favourable to our Cause, but they have rather contributed to convince me of its necessity, upon principles distinct from the consideration of its Causes. . . . Our means of taking the British possessions upon our Continent are so ample and unquestionable that if we do not take them it must be owing to the want of qualities, without which there is no Independent Nation, and which we must acquire at any hazard and any loss.

"The acquisition of Canada, however, was not and could not be the object of this War. I do not suppose it is expected that we should keep it if we were now to take it. Great Britain is yet too powerful and values her remaining possessions too highly to make it possible for us to retain them at the Peace, if we should conquer them by the War. The time is not come. But the power of Great Britain must soon decline. She is now straining it so excessively beyond its natural extent that it must before long sink under the violence of its own exertions. Her paper credit is already rapidly declining, and she is daily becoming more extravagant in the abuse of it. I believe that her Government could not exist three years at Peace without a National Convulsion. And I doubt whether she can carry on three years longer the War in which she is now engaged, without such failure of her finances as she can never recover. It is in the stage of weakness which must inevitably follow that of overplied and exhausted strength that Canada and all her other possessions would have fallen into our hands without the need of any effort on our part, and in a manner more congenial to our principles, and to Justice, than by Conquest.

"The great Events daily occurring in the Country whence I now write you are strong and continual additional warnings to us not to involve ourselves in the inextricable labyrinth of European politicks and Revolutions."

John Quincy Adams to Mrs. John Adams

"St. Petersburg, 30 January, 1813.

" . . . There are several Americans residing here, who continue to receive frequent letters from their friends at home. Through them and through the English Newspapers we collect the information of the most important events occurring on our side of the Water.

" . . . The English Government and Nation have been told, and have probably believed that Mr. De Witt Clinton would be elected President instead of Mr. Madison, and that he would instantly make peace with England upon English terms. Of the real issue of the Election we are here not yet informed; though accounts from the United States have reached us to late in November, and they lead us to expect Mr. Madison's re-election.[2]

"I never entertained very sanguine hopes of success to our first military efforts by land. I did not indeed anticipate that within six months from the Commencement of the War they would make us the scorn and laughter of all Europe, and that our National Character would be saved from sinking beneath contempt, only by the exploits of our Navy upon the Ocean. Blessing upon the names of Isaac Hull[3] and Decatur,[4] and their brave Of-

[1] The United States had formally declared war with Great Britain on the eighteenth of June preceding the writing of this letter.

[2] The Presidential election of 1812, occurring in the midst of the war with England, was closely contested. James Madison was a candidate for reëlection, representing the so-called Republican party. De Witt Clinton of New York was the candidate of the Federalist party. A change of twenty electoral votes would have turned the scale. The Federalists in Massachusetts had a majority of 24,000, and the Peace party swept the Congressional districts throughout New England and New York. Madison, however, received 128 votes in the Electoral College, out of a total of 217.

[3] The name "Isaac" was underlined and emphasized in this letter by Mr. Adams to distinguish the commander of the *Constitution*, in its flight with the *Guerrière*, from the uncle of that commander, General William Hull, who had surrendered Detroit to the British commander on the sixteenth of August – three days before the naval battle. General William Hull was subsequently [January, 1814] tried before a court-martial, and convicted. His sentence—that of death—was modified in execution, however. His name was ordered to be struck from the army roll.

[4] Stephen Decatur had been in command of the frigate *United States* when it captured the British frigate *Macedonian*, in the engagement referred to.

ficers and Men! for enabling an American to hold up his head among the Nations!—The capture of two British frigates successively, by American ships but little superior to them in force has not only been most profoundly felt in England, but has excited the attention of all Europe. It has gone far towards wiping away the disgrace of our two Surrenders in Canada. I believe if the English could have had their choice they would rather have lost Canada the first Campaign, than their two frigates as they have lost them. I hope and pray that the effect of these occurrences upon the national mind in our own Country will be as powerful as it has been in England, but with a different operation.

"After the news of the *Guerrière's* capture, I saw an Article in the 'Times,' a *Wellesley* Paper, written evidently under the impression of great alarm; and explicitly declaring that 'a new Enemy to Great Britain has appeared upon the Ocean, *which must instantly be crushed,* or would become the most formidable Enemy to her naval supremacy with which she ever had to contend.' We must rely upon it that this will be the prevailing sentiment of the British Nation. That we must instantly be crushed upon the Ocean—and unless our Spirit shall rise and expand in proportion to the pressure which they can and will apply to crush us, our first success will only serve more effectually to seal our ultimate ruin upon the Sea.

"The disproportion of force between us and Britain at Sea is so excessive that the very idea of a contest with her upon that Element has something in it of desperation. To her it is only ridiculous. Upon a late debate in the House of Peers, something having been said of the American Navy, Lord Bathurst, one of the Ministers, told their lordships that the American Navy consisted of *five frigates* —and the House burst into a fit of laughter. These five frigates, however, have excited a sentiment quite different from laughter in the five hundred frigates of the British Navy, and if the American People will be as true to themselves as their little despised Navy has proved itself true to them, it is not in the gigantic power of Britain herself to *crush* us; neither instantly nor in any course of time, upon the Ocean.

"Hitherto, Fortune, or rather with a grateful Heart would I humbly say Providence, has favoured us in a signal manner. But we must not expect that our frigates will often have the luck of meeting single ships a little inferior in strength to themselves, or of escaping from ships greatly superior to them. That they have not already all fallen into the Enemy's hands, is matter of surprise as well as of gratulation. . . .

"The first wish of my heart is for Peace. But the Prospects of Peace, both in Europe and America, are more faint and distant than they have been for many years. War has in the course of the year 1812 consumed in the North of Europe alone, at least half a million of human lives, without producing the slightest indication in any of the parties engaged in it of a disposition to sheathe the sword. . . ."

John Quincy Adams to Thomas Boylston Adams

"St. Petersburg, 31 January, 1813.

" . . . The spirit of 1775 seems to be extinct in New England,[1] but I hope the profligacy of British policy will not be more successful now than it was then.

"The War between us and them is now reduced to one single point—*Impressment!*—A cause for which we should not have commenced a War, but without an arrangement of which our Government now say they cannot make Peace. If ever there was a *just* cause for War in the sight of Almighty God, this cause is on our side just. The essence of this Cause is on the British side *Oppression,* on our side *personal liberty.* We are fighting for the *Sailor's Cause.* The English Cause is the *Press-gang.* It seems to me that in the very Nature of this Cause we ought to find some resources for maintaining it, by operation upon the minds of our own Seamen, and upon those of the Adversary's. It is sometimes customary for the Commanders of Ships to address their crews, on going into action; and to in-

[1] The reference is here to the recent Presidential election. Massachusetts had then by a very large majority thrown its vote in favor of De Witt Clinton, the Federalist, or Peace party, candidate against Madison, who was a candidate for reëlection.

spirit them by motives drawn from the cause they are called to support. In this War, when our Ships go into action, their Commanders have the best possible materials for cheering their men to extraordinary exertions of duty. How the English Admirals and Captains will acquit themselves on such occasions I can easily conjecture. But I fancy to myself a Captain telling them honestly that they are fighting for the Cause of Impressment. That having been most of them impressed themselves, in the face of every principle of Freedom, of which their Country boasted, they must all be sensible how *just* and how *glorious* the right of the Press-gang is, and how clear the right of practising it upon American Sailors as well as upon themselves must be. I think they will not very readily recur to such arguments. . . . The English talk of the *Seduction* practiced by us upon their Seamen. There is a Seduction in the very Nature of this Cause, which it would be strange indeed if their Seamen were insensible to. I have heard that many of their Seamen taken by us have shown a reluctance at being exchanged, from an unwillingness to be sent back to be impressed again. A more admirable comment upon the character of the War could not be imagined. Prisoners who deem it a hardship to be exchanged! With what heart can they fight for the principle which is to rivet the chains of their own servitude?

"I have been reading a multitude of speculations in the English Newspapers, about the capture of their two Frigates *Guerrière* and *Macedonian*. They have settled it that the American forty-fours are line of battle-ships in disguise, and that henceforth all the frigates in the British Navy are to have the privilege of running away from them![1] This of itself is no despicable result of the first half-year of War. Let it be once understood as a matter of course that every single frigate in the British Navy is to shrink from a contest with the large American frigates, and even this will have its effect upon the Spirits of the Tars on both sides. It differs a little from the time when the *Guerrière* went out with her name painted in Capitals on her fore-topsail, in search of our disguised line of battle-ship *President*.[2]

"But the English Admiralty have further ordered the immediate construction of seventeen new frigates, to be disguised line of Battle ships too. Their particular destination is to be to fight the Americans. Their numbers will be six to one against us, unless we too taking the hint from one success can build frigate for frigate and meet them on their own terms; in which case if our new ships are commanded and officered, and manned like the *Constitution* and the *United States* and *Wasp*,[3] I am persuaded they will in process of time gain one step more upon the maxims of the British Navy, and settle it as a prin-

[1] A circular to British naval officers was at this time issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty. It read as follows: "My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having received intelligence that several of the American ships of war are now at sea, I have their Lordships' commands to acquaint you therewith, and that they do not conceive that any of his Majesty's frigates should attempt to engage, single-handed, the larger class of American ships, which, though they may be called frigates, are of a size, complement and weight of metal much beyond that class and more resembling line-of-battle ships.

"In the event of one of his Majesty's frigates under your orders falling in with one of these ships, his captain should endeavor in the first instance to secure the retreat of his Majesty's ship; but if he finds that he has an advantage in sailing he should endeavor to manœuvre, and keep company with her, without coming to action, in the hope of falling in with some other of his Majesty's ships, with whose assistance the enemy might be attacked with a reasonable hope of success.

"It is their Lordships' further directions that you make this known as soon as possible to the several captains commanding his Majesty's ships." (The *Croker Papers*, I, 44.)

In a paper recently prepared by him on the American Navy, Rear-Admiral French Ensor Chadwick pronounces this "the finest tribute ever paid any navy." (Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for November, 1912, Vol. 46, pp. 207-208.)

[2] This incident resulted from what was known as the affair of the *Little Belt*. It occurred May 16, 1811, off Cape Charles, Virginia. The United States frigate *President*, of forty-four guns, and the British corvette, of twenty guns, were concerned in it. The affair was accidental, and the *Little Belt* escaped being sunk, but, at the time, asserted that after a sharp engagement it had driven off the American frigate of greatly superior force. It was alleged that the commander of the *President* had mistaken the *Little Belt* for the *Guerrière*; and consequently the captain of the *Guerrière*, it was said, subsequently had the name of the ship painted as indicated by Mr. Adams, in order that in future there should be no possibility of mistake.

[3] Reference is here made to the engagements between the frigates *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, August 19, between the frigates *United States* and *Macedonian*, October 25, and between the *Wasp* and the *Frolic*, both eighteen-gun sloops of war, October 18—all in 1812. The *Wasp* was commanded by Captain Jacob Jones of Delaware. The action lasted forty-three minutes, was desperately fought, and resulted in the capture of the *Frolic*.

ciple that single English ships are not to fight Americans of equal force. Thus much I believe it will be in their power to do. And further I wish them never to go. I hope they will never catch the indolent affectation of seeking Battle against superior force. An English pretension which has been so well chastised in the fate of their two frigates.

"Our Navy, like all our other Institutions, is formed upon the English model. With regard to the Navy at least the superiority of that model to all others extant is incontestable. But in the British Navy itself there are a multitude of abuses against which we may guard, and there are many improvements of which it is susceptible, and for which the field is open before us. Our three 44 gun ships were originally built not as the English pretend for line of Battle ships, but to be a little more than a match in force to the largest European Frigates, and the experience both of our partial War with France, in 1798 and 1799 as well as of our present War with England has proved the wisdom of the principle upon which they were constructed. It has been a great and momentous question among our Statesmen whether we should have any Navy or not. It will probably still be a great question, but Great Britain appears determined to solve all our doubts and difficulties upon the subject. She blockades our Coast, and is resolved to crush us instantly upon the Ocean. We must sink without a struggle, under her hand, or we must have a Navy. . . ."

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

John Quincy Adams to Mrs. John Adams

"St. Petersburg, 30 November, 1812.

". . . It may well be doubted whether in the compass of human history since the Creation of the World, a greater, more sudden and more total reverse of Fortune was ever experienced by man, than is now exhibiting in the person of a man, whom Fortune for a previous course of nearly twenty years had favored with a steadiness and a prodigality equally unexampled in the annals of mankind. He entered Russia at the head of three hundred thousand men, on the 24th of last June. On the 15th of September he took possession of Moscow, the Russian armies having retreated before him almost as fast as he could advance; not however without attempting to stop him by two Battles, one of which [Borodino] was perhaps the most bloody that had been fought for many ages. He appears really to have concluded that all he had to do was to reach Moscow, and the Russian Empire would be prostrate at his feet. Instead of that it was precisely then that his serious difficulties began. Moscow was destroyed; partly by his troops, and partly by the Russians themselves. His Communications in his rear were continually interrupted and harassed by separate small Detachments from the Russian Army. His two flanks, one upon the Dvina, and the other upon the frontier of Austria were both overpowered by superior forces, which were drawing together and closing behind him; and after having passed six weeks in total inaction at Moscow, he found himself with a starving and almost naked army, eight hundred miles from his frontier, exposed to all the rigour of a Russian Winter, with an Army before him superior to his own and a Country behind him already ravaged by himself, and where he had left scarcely a possibility of any other sentiment than that of execration and vengeance upon himself and his followers.

"He began his retreat on the 28th of October, scarcely a month since, and at this moment, if he yet lives, he has scarcely the ruins of an Army remaining with him. He has been pursued with all the eagerness that could be felt by an exasperated and triumphant Enemy. Thousands of his men have perished by famine,—thousands by the extremity of the Season, and in the course of the last ten days we have heard of more than thirty thousand who have laid down their arms almost without resistance. His Cavalry is in a more dreadful condition even than his Infantry. He has lost the greatest part of his Artillery, —has abandoned most of the baggage of his army, and has been even reduced to blow up his own stores of ammunition. The two wings of the Russian Armies have formed their junction and closed the passage to his retreat; and according to every human probability within ten days the whole remnant of his host will be compelled like the rest to lay down their arms

and surrender at discretion. If he has a soul capable of surviving such an Event, he will probably be a prisoner himself.

"Should he by some extraordinary accident escape in his own person, he has no longer a force nor the means of assembling one which can in the slightest degree be formidable to Russia. Even before his Career of victory had ceased, commotions against his Government had manifested themselves in his own Capital, on a false rumour of his death which had been circulated. Now, that if he returns at all, it must be as a solitary fugitive, it is scarcely possible that he should be safer at the Thuileries [*sic*], than he would be in Russia. His allies, almost every one of whom was such upon the bitterest compulsion, and upon whom he has brought the most impending danger of ruin, may not content themselves merely with deserting him. Revolutions in Germany, France, and Italy must be the inevitable consequence of this state of things, and Russia, whose influence in the political affairs of the World he expressly threatened to destroy, will henceforth be the arbitress of Europe.

"It has pleased Heaven for many years to preserve this man, and to make him prosper, as an instrument of divine wrath to scourge mankind. His race is now run, and his own term of punishment has commenced.—'Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass —for yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place and it shall not be.' How often have I thought of this Oracle of divine truth, with an application of the Sentiment to this very man upon whom it is now so signally fulfilling. And how ardently would I pray the supreme disposer of Events that the other and more consolatory part of the same promise may now be also near its accomplishment—'But the *meek* shall inherit the Earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of Peace.' "

John Quincy Adams to Mrs. John Adams

"St. Petersburg, 31 December, 1812.

" . . . In my last letter I gave you a sketch of the situation at that time of Napoleon the Great. There is no Account yet that he has personally surrendered himself;[1] but he has only saved himself by the swiftness of his flight, which on one occasion at least he was obliged to pursue in disguise. Of the immense host with which six months since he invaded Russia, nine tenths at least are prisoners, or food for worms. They have been surrendering by ten thousands at a time, and at this Moment there are at least one hundred and fifty thousand of them in the power of the Emperor Alexander. From Moscow to Prussia, eight hundred miles of road have been strewed with his Artillery, Baggage-Waggons, Ammunition-Chests, dead and dying men who he has been forced to abandon to their fate. Pursued all the time by three large regular armies of a most embittered and exasperated Enemy, and by an almost numberless militia of peasants, stung by the destruction of their harvests and cottages which he had carried before him, and spurr'd to Revenge at once themselves, their Country and their Religion. To complete his disasters, the Season itself during the greatest part of his Retreat has been unusually rigorous even for this Northern Climate. So that it has become a sort of bye-word among the Common People here that the two Russian Generals who have conquered Napoleon and all his Marshals are General *Famine* and General *Frost*. There may be and probably is some exaggeration in the accounts which have been received and officially published here of the late Events; but where the realities are so certain and so momentous the temptation to exaggerate and misrepresent almost vanishes.

"In all human probability the Career of Napoleon's conquests is at an end. France can no longer give the law to the

[1] This statement illustrates the slowness with which news then traveled in Russia, or the degree to which information was suppressed during the campaign of 1812. St. Petersburg is about four hundred and fifty miles from the river Niemen, which constituted the boundary between East Prussia and Russia. Mr. Adams occupied an official position at St. Petersburg. What remained of Napoleon's army had succeeded in effecting its escape by the crossing of the Beresina during the closing days of November. On the fifth of December Napoleon had left his army at Smorgoni, a town in the Russian province of Vilna, and about one hundred and twenty-five miles east of the river Niemen.

At the time this letter was written he had been thirteen days in Paris, having reached that place on the evening of December 18. Thus tidings of what had occurred on the fifth of December, in Russia, less than four hundred and fifty miles from St. Petersburg, had not reached St. Petersburg and become generally known on the thirty-first of that month.

Continent of Europe. How he will make up his account with Germany, the victim of his former successful rashness, and with France, who rewarded it with an Imperial Crown is now to be seen. The transition from the condition of France in June last to her present State is much greater than would be from the present to her defensive campaign against the Duke of Brunswick in 1792. A new Era is dawning upon Europe. The possibility of a more propitious prospect is discernible; but to the great disposer of Events only is it known whether this new Revolution is to be an opening for some alleviation to human misery or whether it is to be only a variation of Calamities.

" . . . I have already mentioned that the season has been unusually rigorous. In the course of this month of December, we have had seventeen days in succession with Fahrenheit's thermometer almost invariably below 0. I now write you at that temperature, and notwithstanding the stoves and double windows my fingers can hardly hold the pen. The Sun rises at a quarter past 9 in the morning, and sets a quarter before 3 in the afternoon; so that we must live almost by Candlelight. We are all literally and really sick of the Climate. It is certainly contrary to the course of Nature, for men of the South to invade the Regions of the North. Napoleon should have thought of that. . . ."

John Quincy Adams to Mrs. John Adams

"St. Petersburg, 19 July, 1813.

" . . . The Battle of Lützen [1] was claimed by both parties as a Victory, and was here celebrated as such by a Te Deum. But in its consequences it was the most important Victory ever won by Bonaparte —for it proved to all Europe that France was still able to cope with her Enemies, and even to make head against them. A second Battle [2] three weeks after had a similar and more unequivocal result. Between the first and second Battles Napoleon had proposed that a Congress should be assembled at Prague in Bohemia, to which all the powers at War, including the United States of America, should be invited to send Plenipotentiaries for the purpose of concluding a general Peace; and he offered to stipulate an Armistice, during the Negotiation. After the second Battle, Russia and Prussia, with the concurrence of Austria, accepted the proposition for an Armistice, limited however to the term of six weeks, probably with a view to receive the answer from England, whether she should choose to be represented at the Congress or not. This Armistice is now on the point of expiring, but is said to have been prolonged for six weeks more. In the meantime Napoleon has quartered his army upon the Territory of his Enemy in Silesia, is levying a contribution upon Hamburg of about ten Millions of Dollars, is doubly fortifying all his positions upon the Elbe, and receiving continual reinforcements to be prepared for renewing an offensive campaign. He has made sure of the aid and support of Denmark and Saxony, and strongly confirmed Austria in her propensities to neutrality. If the War should be renewed his prospects, though infinitely below those with which he invaded Russia, last Summer, will be far above those with which he entered upon the present Campaign in April. If the Congress should meet he will not have it in his power to give the law to Europe; but the Peace must be in effect of reciprocal and important concessions.

"There has nothing occurred since the commencement of the French Revolution which has occasioned such astonishment throughout Europe as this state of things. There are many examples in History of the extraordinary defeat and annihilation of immensely powerful armies. But the reappearance of a second overpowering host, within five Months after the dissolution of the first, is I believe without a parallel. . . ." [3]

[1] Fought May 2, 1813, near Leipsic, Saxony, between the French under Napoleon and the allies, Prussian and Russian. The French greatly predominated in numbers, and claimed the victory, which, however, proved fruitless.

[2] Bautzen, fought May 21, 1814, between the allies and the French, at a point some thirty miles east of Dresden, and about one hundred and fifty miles from Lützen. It was another nominal French victory. In these two engagements the loss of Napoleon's army is computed as having been between forty and fifty thousand men.

[3] Of the 600,000 men Napoleon is believed to have, first and last, led into Russia, only about 12,000, in a wholly disorganized condition, reached the Niemen. The French army was virtually destroyed. Napoleon got to Paris December 18, 1812, and again took the field at the head of a fresh army of about 700,000 men, the following April, fighting the battle of Lützen May 2.

John Quincy Adams to Mrs. John Adams

"St. Petersburg, 19 November, 1813.

" . . . Since the renewal of the War in Germany the odds of force have been too decisive against the French, and the catastrophe of their Army [at Dresden and Leipsic] has been nearly equal to that of the last year.[1] Napoleon himself has been defeated and overpowered by the four combined armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia and Sweden, and on the 19th of October escaped from Leipsic leaving his ally the king of Saxony a Prisoner, more than twenty of his Generals, and forty thousand men also prisoners, and 400 pieces of Cannon, Ammunition, baggage, etc., in proportion to the conquerors. All his other German Allies have deserted him and taken side against him; the Austrians are advancing in Italy, and Lord Wellington with his English, Spaniards and Portuguese, are invading France from the Pyrenees. . . ."

John Quincy Adams to Thomas Boylston Adams

"St. Petersburg, 24 January, 1814.

" . . . The Events of the last two years have opened a new prospect to all Europe, and have discovered the glassy substance of the Colossal Power of France. Had that power been acquired by Wisdom, it might have been consolidated by Time and the most ordinary portion of Prudence. The Emperor Napoleon says that he was never *seduced* by Prosperity; but when he comes to be judged impartially by Posterity, that will not be their sentence. His Fortune will be among the wonders of the age in which he has lived. His Military Talent and Genius will place him high in the Rank of Great Captains; but his intemperate Passion, his presumptuous Insolence, and his Spanish and Russian Wars, will reduce him very nearly to the level of ordinary Men. At all Events he will be one of the standing examples of human Vicissitude—ranged, not among the Alexanders, Cæsars and Charlemagnes, but among the Hannibals, Pompeys and Charles the 12ths. I believe his Romance is drawing towards its close; and that he will soon cease even to yield a pretext for the War against France. England alone will be 'afraid of the Gunpowder Percy, though he should be dead.' " [2]

John Quincy Adams to Mrs. John Adams

"Reval, 12 May, 1814.

" . . . The Coalition of all Europe against France has at length been crowned with complete success. The annals of the World do not I believe furnish an example of such a reverse of Fortune as that Nation has experienced within the last two years.[3] The interposition of Providence to produce this mighty change has been so signal, so peculiar, so distinct from all human co-operation, that in ages less addicted to superstition than the present it might have been considered as miraculous. As a Judgment of Heaven, it will undoubtedly be considered by all pious Minds now and hereafter, and I cannot but indulge the Hope that it opens a Prospect of at least more Tranquility and Security to the civilized part of Mankind than they have enjoyed the last half Century. France for the last twenty-five Years has been the scourge of Europe; in every change of her Government she has manifested the same ambitious, domineering, oppressive and rapacious Spirit to all her Neighbours. She has now fallen a wretched and helpless victim into their hands—dethroning the Sovereign she had chosen, and taking back the family she had expelled, at their command; and ready to be dismembered and parceled out as the Resentment or the Generosity of her Conquerors shall determine. The final Result is now universally, and in a great degree justly imputable to one Man. Had Napoleon Bonaparte, with his extraordinary Genius, and transcendent military talents, possessed an ordinary portion of Judgment or common Sense, France might have been for ages the preponderating Power in Europe, and he might have transmitted to his Posterity the most pow-

[1] The battle of Leipsic, resulting in the total defeat of the French army under Napoleon, with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of about 70,000 men, occurred October 16–19, 1813. Wellington, as the result of his Peninsular campaign, entered French territory on the seventh of the same month.

[2] Henry IV, Part I, Act V, Sc. 4.

[3] The Fontainebleau abdication of the emperor had taken place on the eleventh of April. Napoleon had reached Elba, after his abdication, on the fourth of May, eight days before the date of this letter.

erful Empire upon Earth, and a name to stand by the side of Alexander, Cæsar and Charlemagne—A name surrounded by such a blaze of Glory as to blind the eyes of all humankind to the baseness of its origin and even to the blood with which it would still have been polluted. But if the Catastrophe is the work of one Man, it was the Spirit of the Times and of the Nation, which brought forward that Man, and concentrated in his person and character the whole issue of the Revolution. 'Oh! it is the Sport (says Shakespear) to see the Engineer hoist by his own petard.' The sufferings of Europe are compensated and avenged in the humiliation of France. . . . The great danger of the present moment appears to me to be that the policy of crippling France to guard against her future power will be carried too far. . . ."

MADAME DE STAËL

John Q. Adams to Thomas B. Adams

"St. Petersburg, 22d November, 1812.

" . . . Toward the close of the last summer arrived here as a sort of semi official appendage to the British embassy an old acquaintance of yours, Sir Francis D'Ivernois, who as you know has been for many years a distinguished political writer in the French language and in the Interest of the British Government. He came not I believe with, but very soon after, the Embassador Lord Cathcart.[1] Just at the same time a lady of celebrated fame, Madame de Staël, the daughter of Mr. Necker, was also here on a transient visit.[2] As I had not the honor of being personally known to Madame de Staël and as we had just received information of the American Declaration of war against Britain, I had no expectation of having any communication or intercourse either with the Embassador or the lady. And I regretted this the less as my whole soul was at that period absorbed in the distressed situation of my family. . . . Early one morning I received a note from Madame de Staël, requesting me to call on her at her lodgings that same day at noon as she wished to speak to me on a subject respecting America.

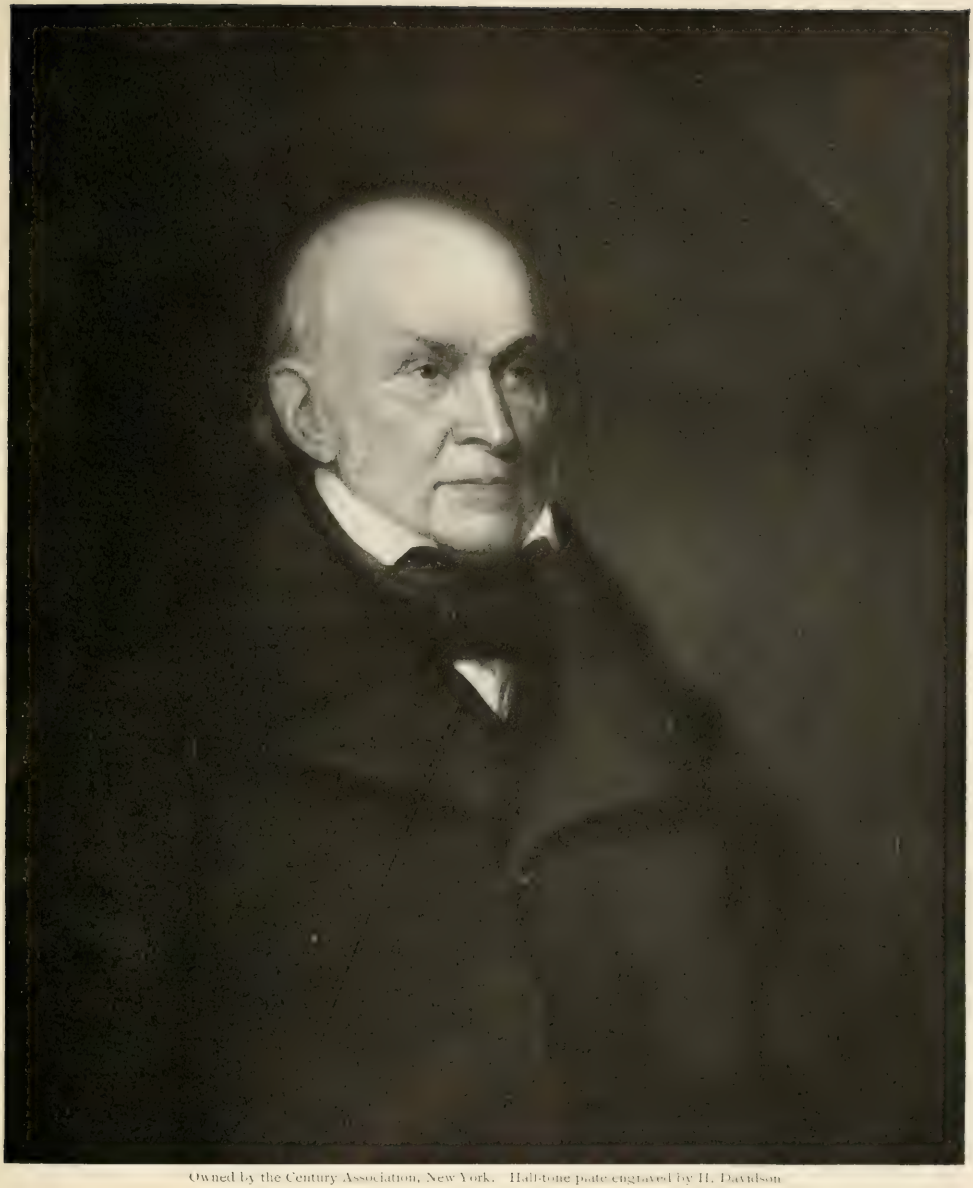
"I went accordingly at the hour appointed and upon entering the lady's *salon* found there a company of some fifteen or twenty persons not a soul of whom I had ever seen before. An elderly gentleman in the full uniform of an English General was seated on a sofa and the lady whom I immediately perceived to be Madame de Staël was complimenting him with equal elegance and fluency upon the glories of his nation, his countryman, Lord Wellington, and his own. The Battle of Salamanca and the bombardment of Copenhagen were themes upon which much was to be said and upon which she said much.[3]

"When I went in she intermitted her discourse for a moment to receive me and offer me a seat which I immediately took and for about half an hour had the opportunity to admire the brilliancy of her genius as it sparkled incessantly in her conversation. There was something a little too broad and direct in the substance of the panegyrics which she pronounced to allow them the claim of refinement. There was neither disguise nor veil to cover their naked beauties, but they were expressed with so much variety and vivacity that the hearers had not time to examine the thread of their texture. Lord Cathcart received the compliments pointed at himself with becoming modesty; those to his nation with apparent satisfaction and those to the conquest of Salamanca with silent acquiescence. The lady insisted that the British was the most astonishing nation of antient or modern times, the only preservers of social order, the defenders exclusively of the liberties of mankind, to which his lordship added that their glory was in being a moral nation, a character which he was sure they would

[1] William Shaw Cathcart, created Earl Cathcart July 16, 1814. He had served in the American Revolutionary War 1777–1780. He was Ambassador from the Court of St. James's to that of Russia in 1812–1814.

[2] Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein, better known as Madame de Staël, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766, and died there July 14, 1817. Exiled from France in 1812 by order of Napoleon, she visited Austria, Russia, Sweden, and England. She was then forty-six years of age, and at the height of her great reputation. The following letter was written by John Quincy Adams to his brother, Thomas Boylston Adams, in the latter part of November, 1812, but the interviews described and the conversations related had taken place on the sixth and the eighth of the previous September.

[3] The battle of Salamanca, between the British army, under the Duke of Wellington, and the French army, under Marshal Marmont, was fought July 22, 1812. The bombardment of Copenhagen under the command of Lord Cathcart had occurred in September, 1807.



Owned by the Century Association, New York. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

FROM THE PORTRAIT, PAINTED IN 1835, BY ASHER B. DURAND

always preserve. The glittering sprightliness of the Lady and the stately gravity of the Embassador were as well contrasted as their respective topics of praise, and if my mind had been at cast to relish anything in the nature of an exhibition I should have been much amused at hearing a Frenchwoman's celebration of the generosity of the English towards other nations and a lecture upon national morality from the commander of the expedition to Copenhagen.

"During this sentimental duet between the ambassador and the Embassadress, I kept my seat, merely an auditor. The rest of the company were equally silent. Among them was an English Naval Officer, Admiral Bentinck, since deceased. He was then quite the chevalier d'honneur to Madame de Staël but whether the scene

did not strike him precisely as it did me or whether his feelings resulting from it were of a more serious nature than mine the moment it was finished he drew a very long breath and sighed it out as if relieved from an offensive burden saying only 'thank God that 's over.' He and all the rest of the company immediately after that retired and left me tête-à-tête with Madame de Staël.

"The subject respecting America was to tell me that she had a large sum in the American funds and to enquire whether I knew how she could contrive to receive the interest which she had hitherto received from England. I gave her such information as I possessed. She had also some lands in the State of New York of which she wished to know the value. I answered her as well as I could but her lands and her funds did not appear to occupy much of her thoughts.

"She soon asked me if I was related to the celebrated Mr. Adams who wrote the book upon Government. I said I had the happiness of being his son. She said she had read it and admired it very much, that her father, Mr. Necker, had always expressed a very high opinion of it. She next commenced upon Politics and asked how it was possible that America should have declared war against England. In accounting for this phenomenon I was obliged to recur to a multitude of facts not as strongly stamped with British generosity or British Morality as might be expected from the character which she and the Embassador had just been assigning that nation. The orders in council and the press gang afforded but a sorry commentary upon the Chauvinesque defence of the liberties of mankind and no very instructive lessons of morality. She had nothing to say in their defence but she thought that the knights errant of the Human race were to be allowed special indulgence and in consideration of their cause were not to be held by the ordinary obligations of war and peace.

"There was no probability that any arguments of mine could make any impression upon opinions thus toned. She listened, however, with as much complacency as could be expected to what I said and finally asked me why I had not been to see her before. I answered that her high reputation was calculated to inspire respect no less than curiosity and that however desirous I had been of becoming personally acquainted with her I had thought I could not without indiscretion intrude myself upon her Society. The reason appeared to please her. She said she was to leave this city the next day at noon. She was going to Stockholm to pass the winter and then to England. She wished to have another conversation with me before she went and asked me to call on her the next morning.

"I readily accepted the invitation and we discussed politics again two or three hours. I found her better conversant with Rhetoric than with Logic. She had much to say about social order, much about universal monarchy, much about the preservation of religion in which she gave me to understand she did not herself believe, and much about the ambition and supremacy of Buonaparte upon which she soon discovered there was no difference of sentiment between us. But why did not America join in the holy cause against the tyrant? First because America had no means of making war against him, she could neither attack him by sea or land. 2d because it was a fundamental maxim of American policy never to intermeddle with the political affairs of Europe. Thirdly because it was altogether unnecessary. He had enemies enough upon his hands already. What! Did not I dread his universal monarchy? Not in the least. I saw indeed a very formidable mass of force arrayed under him, but I saw a mass of force at least as formidable arrayed against him. Europe contained about 100 millions of human beings. He was wielding the means of 15 millions and the means of 85 millions were wielding against him. It was an awful spectacle to behold the shock, but I did not believe nor ever had believed that he would ever be able to subjugate even the continent of Europe. If there had ever been any real danger of such an event it was passed.

"She herself saw that there was every prospect of his being very shortly driven out of Spain. And I was equally convinced he would be driven out of Russia. It was the very day of the battle of Borodino. 'J'en accepte l'augure,' she said. 'Everything that you say of him is very just. But I have particular reason for resentment against him. I have been perse-

cuted by him in the most shameful manner. I was neither suffered to live anywhere nor to go where I would have gone, all for no other reason but because I would not eulogize him in my writings.' As to our war with England I told her that I deeply lamented it and yet cherished the hope that it would not last long. That England had forced it upon us by measures as outrageous upon the rights of an independent nation as tyrannical as oppressive as any that could be charged upon Buonaparte. Her pretences were retaliation and necessity. Retaliation upon America for the wrongs of France and necessity for man Stealing. We asked of England nothing but our indisputable rights, but we allowed no special prerogatives to political Quixotism. We did not consider Britain at all as the defender of the liberties of mankind but as another Tyrant pretending to exclusive dominion upon the ocean. A pretension full as detestable and I trusted in God full as chimerical as the pretension of universal monarchy upon the land.

"Madame de Staël was of her own opinion still but on the point of empressment she owned that my observations were reasonable. I have not yet found a European of any nation except the English who on having this question in its true state brought to a precise point had a syllable to say for the English side. In conclusion I told her that the pretended retaliation of England had compelled us to resort to real retaliation upon them and that as long as they felt a necessity to fight for the practice of stealing men from American merchant vessels on the high seas we should feel the *necessity* of fighting against it. I could only hope that God would prosper the righteous cause.

"Madame de Staël charged me if I ever should be again in any place where she should be at the same time not to neglect paying her a visit which I very willingly promised. She left St. Petersburg the same day. I should ask Sir Francis D'Ivernois pardon. I began this letter with him, but whom can one help deserting for Madame de Staël? I will return to Sir Francis by the next opportunity. Dutifully and affectionately yours."



MADAME DE STAËL



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MY DAUGHTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK W. BENSON

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

SIGIRIYA

"THE LIONS' ROCK" OF CEYLON

BY JENNIE COKER GAY

WITH PICTURES BY DUNCAN GAY

"AND after that, that wicked ruler of men (Kassapa) sent his groom and his cook to his brother (Moggallana) to kill him. And finding that he could not fulfil his purpose, he feared danger, and took himself to Sihagiri rock, that was hard for men to climb. He cleared it round about and surrounded it by a rampart, and built galleries in it ornamented with figures of lions; wherefore it took its name of Sihagiri ('The Lions' Rock'). Having gathered together all his wealth, he buried it there carefully, and set guards over the treasures he had buried in divers places. He built there a lovely palace, splendid to behold. . . .

"He planted gardens at the gates of the city. . . . He observed the sacred days . . . and caused books to be written. He made many images, alms-houses, and the like; but he lived on in fear of the world to come and of Moggallana."[1]

THAT is what history has to say about the founding of Sigiriya (or "Sihagiri," as it is called in "The Mihavansa,") and all that it has to say; just enough to arouse our interest, and not enough to satisfy it. At Anuradhpura we had come across numerous traces of Kassapa's father, Dhatusena, who was counted a great king when he ruled Ceylon fifteen hundred years ago. And we were curious to see the place where Kassapa had sought safety after he had killed Dhatusena and usurped the throne, and had been forced to flee into the jungle for fear of his brother Moggallana; so we decided to follow this bold, wild patricide to his hiding-place not by the exact trail that he took, for no one knows by what roundabout wandering he finally reached the rock, but by the more modern and convenient, if somewhat dustier, way that leads along the iron rails of the Ceylon Government railroad.

Sigiriya is southeast of Anuradhpura, and only about fifty miles away from it in a direct line; but around by way of Kandy, as we purposed to go, it is fully three times that far. It lies just north of the mountainous center of Ceylon at the edge of the great plain that stretches on the one hand to the Indian Ocean and on the other to the small waters that separate the island from the Indian peninsula.

A long, hot ride through the western lowlands brought us to Polgahawela, where the road we were to follow diverges at a right angle from the main line, and we began to climb the magnificent mountains; past rice-fields, so substantially terraced up the sides of the hills that they looked like monstrous and never-ending fortifications; past forests of palms and masses of brilliant flowers; past the world-famed botanical gardens of Peradeniya, until just at dusk we came into the lovely town of Kandy, which seemed delightfully fresh and cool after the heaviness and heat of the plains. Beyond Kandy the road

[1] "The Mihavansa," Wiiesinha's translation



SIGIRIYA ROCK

began to descend again, until at Matale it suddenly came to an end, and we were obliged to look out for some less-modern conveyance for the continuance of our journey.

On the northeast coast of the island is a little place called Trincomali. For the convenience of this village and the scattered native settlements that lie between, a daily coaching service is maintained, and this we found we might take as far as Dambolo. The vehicle that was called a coach had a seat in front for the Cingalese driver and the mail-bags, and behind this, two lengthwise seats facing each other, which on a pinch could hold six persons, three on a side. Into this conveyance we climbed; in climbed also a shiny, round-headed Tamil, two wild-looking, magnificently dressed gentlemen from Afghanistan, and a mild and smiling Mohammedan. All the morning we rode, and at noon we changed horses and took lunch at a wayside rest-house. The Afghans left us here, and I felt more comfortable, for their mustaches curled in such a terribly fierce way, and their remarkable costumes offered such unlimited opportunity for the carrying of concealed weapons, as to warrant a certain uneasiness. We alighted at Dambolo, and the stage went on and left us. And yet Dambolo is a long way from Sigiriya—a long, long way in point of time.

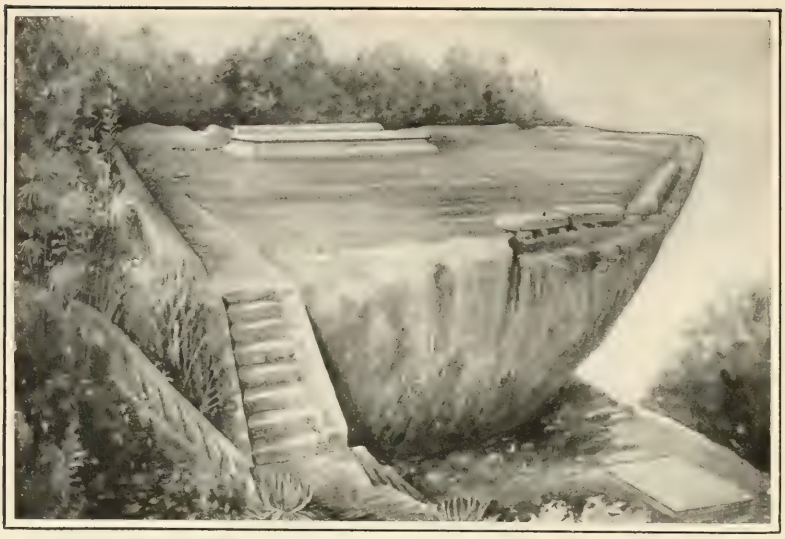
The little rest-house that the Government places wherever one wishes to spend the night took us in and gave us a room, and its Mohammedan keeper advised us to use the rest of the afternoon seeing the rock temples that have made Dambolo famous. Obediently we went to visit these gorgeously decorated caverns, but, I am



VIEW OF THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GALLERY LEADING TO THE CITADEL OF SIGIRIYA

sorry to confess, they gave me no pleasure. They are wonderful, or would be if one were given an opportunity to look at them in peace and quiet; but one cannot wonder or admire or enjoy, or do anything but fume, with dozens of sleek yellow priests hanging about and holding out hands for "Money! money!" at the opening of every door and at the entrance and exit of every cavern. This is a nuisance that the Government most certainly should correct, for it spoils the enjoyment of many of the island's remarkable ruins.

We came down from the caves rather discouraged, but were somewhat cheered when we looked upon the decorations of the table that had been set for our dinner. An elaborate design was traced on the table-cloth by a sprinkling of rice that had been dyed a bright pink. The very holes in the cloth, and these were numerous, were turned into part of the decoration; for they were made the centers of flowers or the eyes of a bird, and one triangular rent formed the roof of a little cottage. The keeper of the rest-house, who seemed to be cook, waiter, and chambermaid, told us as he served the rice and chicken that he had engaged a bullock-cart to take us the rest of the way. It was late the next morning before the bullock, the cart, and the driver appeared at our door. A bullock about the size of a three-months'-old calf, an equally tiny cart, with an arched cover woven of split bamboo, and of course without a suggestion of springs, and a Tamil driver, his head tied up in the brightest of handkerchiefs, and with the ubiquitous sarong (only it is not called a sarong in Ceylon) dangling about his



THE AUDIENCE-HALL ROCK

heels, made up our equipment for the last stage of the journey.

The fabled tortoise was an animal of speed compared with that bullock. Had we made an earlier start, I am sure we could have walked the whole way; but the terrible sun made walking impossible, and we were forced to keep huddled down under the cart's protecting thatch. We could count the seconds while the little animal seemed to stand poised after each step. Even twisting his tail did little good, and beating none at all. Along each side of the road the jungle formed a solid wall too dense for beauty. Occasionally a bright-plumed bird peeped out through the trees, and once a small panther-like animal showed himself at the roadside, and our bullock actually ran until he was well away from the danger.

We were hot and dusty and tired when at last we came in sight of Sigiriya, but in the presence of the strange impressiveness of this enormous rock, heat, dust, and weariness passed from our thoughts like a dream. It rose, this great shaft of granite, high above the trees, like some enormous mushroom sprung suddenly from the dank flatness of the jungle. Against the dusty green of the surrounding forest and the burned-out blue of the pale, hot sky its simple and majestic outline showed clean and sharp. But past all understanding was the brilliance of coloring that



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE GALLERY LEADING TO SIGIRIYA

marked its walls. In the glare of the declining sun it looked as though a mighty battle had been fought upon the level crown, and the blood of thousands of warriors had spilled and trickled over the edge and down the cliff, and so set an indelible mark of fierceness and anger on the face of this somber jungle monster.

At first we could see no evidence of past human occupation; but by and by, as we drew nearer, we were able to detect a little spiral line, broken here and there, that seemed to be wound about the face of the cliff. What concerned us more at the time, however, was that we could see no signs of present human habitation, and we were in sore need, after the jolt, jolt, jolt of our wretched little cart, of food and a place where we might sleep. Our Tamil driver, while he belabored his bullock to make him hurry, had been telling us of the elephants and tigers that lived out here in the jungle, and we could easily see for ourselves that the woods were thick enough to shelter a whole menagerie of animals; so it was with the greatest relief that we presently saw a little rest-house in front of us, and leaving the small bullock and his black driver to come as they pleased, we took to our own feet and hurried on to the protecting inclosure. After a long rest and a long good supper, we took our "Mihavansa," and, there under the brow of the great "Lions' Rock," read again the strange, fragmentary history of Kassapa and his crime.

" . . . And he (Dhatusena) had two sons,—Kassapa, whose mother was unequal in rank to his father, and Moggallana, a mighty man, whose mother was of equal rank with his father. Likewise also he had a beautiful daughter, who was as dear unto him as his own life. And he gave her to wife unto his sister's son, to whom also he gave the office of chief of the army. And he (the nephew) scourged her on the thighs, albeit there was no fault in her. And when the king saw that his daughter's cloth was stained with blood, he learned the truth and was wroth, and caused his nephew's mother to be burnt naked. From that time forth the nephew bare malice against the king; and he joined himself unto Kassapa, and tempted him to seize the kingdom and betray his father. And then he gained over the people, and caused the king his father to be taken alive. And Kassapa raised the canopy of dominion after that he had destroyed the men of the king's party and received the support of the wicked men in the kingdom. Thereupon Moggallana endeavored to make war against him. But he could not obtain a sufficient force, and proceeded to the Continent of India with the intent to raise an army there.

"And that he might the more vex the king, who was now sorely afflicted . . . this wicked general spake to Kassapa the king, saying, 'O king, the treasures of the royal house are hidden by thy father.' And when the king said unto him, 'Nay,' he answered, saying, 'Knowest thou not, O Lord of the land, the purpose of this thy father? He treasureth up the riches for Moggallana.' And when the base man heard these words he was wroth, and sent messengers unto his father, saying, 'Reveal the place where thou hast hid the treasure.' Thereupon the king thought to himself, saying: 'This is a device whereby the wretch seeketh to destroy us'; and he remained silent. And they (the messengers) went and informed the king thereof. And his anger was yet more greatly increased, and he sent the messengers back unto him again and again. Then the king (Dhatusena) thought to himself, saying, 'It is well that I should die after that I have seen my friend and washed myself in the Kalavapi.' So he told the messengers saying, 'Now, if he will cause me to be taken to Kalavapi, then shall I be able to find out the treasure.'

"And when they went and told the king thereof he was exceedingly glad, because that he desired greatly to obtain the treasure, and he sent the messengers back to his father with a chariot. And while the king, with his eyes sunk in grief, proceeded on the journey to Kalavapi, the charioteer who drove the chariot gave him some of the roasted rice that he ate. . . .

"And when his friend, the Elder, heard that the king was coming, he preserved and set apart a rich meal of beans with the flesh of water-fowls that he had obtained, saying, 'The king loveth this sort of meat.' . . .

"Then the king went up to the tank, and after that he had plunged therein and bathed and drank of its water as it pleased him, he turned to the king's servants and

said, 'O friends, this is all the treasure that I possess!' And when the king's servants heard these words they took him back to the city and informed the king. Then the chief of men was exceeding wroth and said, 'This man hoardeth up riches for his son; and so long as he liveth will he estrange the people of the island from me.' And he commanded the chief of the army, saying, 'Kill my father.' Thereupon he (the general), who hated him exceedingly, was greatly delighted and said, 'Now have I seen the last of my enemy.' And he arrayed himself in all his apparel, and went up to the king, and walked to and fro before him. . . . Then this violent man stripped the king naked, and bound him with chains inside the walls of his prison with his face to the east and caused it to be plastered up with clay. What wise man, therefore, after that he hath seen such things, will covet riches, or life, or glory!"

Kassapa was most certainly a wicked man,—the reading of "The Mihavansa" leaves no doubt of that,—but when we came next day to look over the remains of his city and to study this formidable rock that he had subjugated and turned into a citadel, we knew that he was also a man of genius. When he found that he was in danger from his brother Moggallana, whom he had attempted in vain to kill, he led his host of half-naked warriors out from the ancient capital of Anuradhpura into the jungle, seeking for a refuge. Whether design or accident led him to Sigiriya we do not know, but we do know that once having looked upon its four hundred feet of towering walls and upon its uplifted acres, he had the wisdom to see its possibilities and the genius to overcome the difficulties, to an ordinary man the impossibilities, of the situation. I dare say the abundance of his need helped his genius to speak; but no matter what his incentive, when he conceived the notion of building against this gigantic, cylindrical rock a spiral gallery which would place at his disposal the four flat acres that crowned the summit, he laid claim to the respect and admiration of ages.

The sides of the rock, which we had at first supposed to be perpendicular, are really concave, and perhaps it would be more exact to speak of this gallery as being built into, rather than against, the mighty column. With such surpassing genius is it placed that it literally makes itself one with the rock it embraces. To gain some sort of foothold for the masonry, deep grooves were cut in the face of the cliff, and from these a wall of brick and mortar was erected, and this in turn supported the great limestone blocks which form the surface of the road. This roadway was wide enough for four men to walk abreast, and was protected by a wall nine feet high.

It is hard to emphasize sufficiently the wild boldness of the conception and achievement. From base to summit the splendid gallery mounted. Breaking the gentle slope here and there to lift itself suddenly by a short flight of stairs, buttressed at one too abrupt corner, snuggling at places under the brow of the rock, and at the one terrace that breaks the height on the north side, it rose in direct steps between the paws and up through the body of a great masonry lion that Kassapa had built against the cliff. Finally it sought out the only place where the top does not overhang the sides for its last hurried dash before flinging itself triumphantly over the edge of the summit.

The walls of this gallery were finished with some smooth, shining white cement. It must have looked, when it was all in place, like a huge, gleaming serpent wound about the face of the rock. Of course at the present day much of it, indeed most of it, has fallen away; but the fact that, despite the washing rains that for many years have come pouring over the sides of the rock, one hundred yards of it remains in almost perfect condition is proof of its splendid construction. For the rest of the way the gallery can be traced by the deep grooves that supported its base.

When, with the help of these grooves and the protecting bars that the Government has kindly placed to give the adventurous traveler at least a chance to reach the summit in safety, we had climbed to the very top, we understood at last the unnatural markings on the face of the cliff that had before puzzled us. Kassapa built his citadel of bright-red brick. The whole crown of the rock was covered with his palaces, and after they had fallen and crumbled, the heavy rains smeared the walls with great streaks and patches of this brilliant stain.

The ground that lies at the base of the rock is not less interesting than that upon its summit. Over the wooded sides of the little hill that culminates in the great shaft, and spreading out into the jungle about its foot, are the remains of the city that Kassapa built for his army and followers. A strange city it must have been. The main houses were of brick with tiled roofs, but these more formal dwellings were supplemented by semi-caves tucked under the sides of every available boulder. All the large stones show notches, cut evidently to hold the ends of rafters and roof-beams. Up many of the highest boulders steps have been hewn, possibly to make them accessible as watch-towers, and at almost every turn one comes upon the indispensable cistern that made living through the long dry season possible. Some of these reservoirs were hewn out of solid stone, but most were built of brick and cement, and the one little stream in the neighborhood was dammed to form a large pond, which even now lies like a lake at the foot of the little hill. So there was an outer city interspersed with gardens, an inner city set on innumerable terraces up the slope of the hill, and surmounting all, lifted four hundred feet above the crest of the hill on its gigantic pedestal, stood the king's palace and citadel. And about all the city Kassapa built great protecting walls. So three times over Kassapa fortified himself.

We tried to trace the main passageway from the outer fortification to the foot of the gallery, but we had only our imagination for a guide. When we came to the huge balloon-like boulders that form a gateway to a flight of steps, we felt sure that we had found the main entrance to the inner city. The face of these boulders showed the usual cuts for the support of rafters, and we could trace about them in masses of decaying brick the outer walls of what might have been watchmen's lodges. Up these steps and a few feet farther on lies the stone that is called the audience-hall rock. This is the half of a



PLAN OF THE TOPMOST PORTION OF THE INNER CITY OF SIGIRIYA. (BASED ON A CEYLON GOVERNMENT SURVEY MAP)

The right-hand side of the map is the north side, the top is the west.

great elliptical rock laid round side down. Its upper surface has been cut to form a floor, with an elevated platform at the upper end, and about its edges a heavy coping, all cut from the rock itself. Here presumably the lord of the city sat to receive ambassadors and visitors from the outside world, as no one not a follower of Kassapa was admitted to the central citadel.

But strangest of all the Sigiriya ruins, as unique in thought and masterly in execution as the great spiral gallery itself, are the remains of a pictured procession that some believe once marched across the whole face of the cliff. The fragments of this great picture show female figures, larger than life, carrying in their hands bunches of fruit and flowers. They are painted on smooth, white plaster in colors that apparently have lost none of their brilliancy, and are so strongly drawn in face and figure that by some they are held to be portraits of the women of Kassapa's court. Though this fresco may have encircled the rock, it remains now only in the protected crevices of its western face.

For eighteen years Kassapa lived and reigned at Sigiriya. He was as secure in his fortress as though he lived in the clouds. His army remained faithful. His colony was thriving, and yet in the end he fell into the hands of that dreaded Moggallana. One day word was brought to him that his brother had returned from India, and with an army was advancing against him. Instead of remaining within his fortifications and challenging his brother to penetrate to his citadel, he went down from his rock to meet his enemy.

Even then he might have been victorious had not blind chance interfered. In the course of the battle, Kassapa, riding in advance of his army, came to a marsh, and turned his elephant to avoid it. When his followers saw this, the cry went up that the king was retreating, and the whole army broke in confusion, and fled through the woods. Kassapa tried in vain to check the panic, and finally cut his own throat. And "Moggallana was pleased with this deed of boldness of his brother, and performed the rite of cremation over his dead body; and having gathered all his spoils, went up to the royal city."

So Sigiriya fell from being a kingly citadel, and was given over to the priesthood. Why it was finally abandoned by the priests we do not know, but for centuries now it has stood in majestic loneliness watching over the jungle.

AT THE CLOSED GATE OF JUSTICE

BY JAMES D. CORROTHERS

TO be a Negro in a day like this
Demands forgiveness. Bruised with blow on blow,
Betrayed, like him whose woe-dimmed eyes gave bliss,
Still must one succor those who brought one low,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this
Demands rare patience—patience that can wait
In utter darkness. 'T is the path to miss,
And knock, unheeded, at an iron gate,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this
Demands strange loyalty. We serve a flag
Which is to us white freedom's emphasis.
Ah! one must love when truth and justice lag,
To be a Negro in a day like this.

To be a Negro in a day like this—
Alas! Lord God, what evil have we done?
Still shines the gate, all gold and amethyst,
But I pass by, the glorious goal unwon,
"Merely a Negro"—in a day like *this!*

BELLES DEMOISELLES PLANTATION[1]

BY GEORGE W. CABLE

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR AND NEW PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

(NOTEWORTHY STORIES OF THE LAST GENERATION)

THE original grantee was Count —— Assume the name to be De Charleu; the old Creoles never forgive a public mention. He was the French king's commissary. One day, called to France to explain the lucky accident of the commissariat having burned down with his account-books inside, he left his wife, a Choctaw comtesse, behind.

Arrived at court, his excuses were accepted, and that tract was granted him where afterward stood Belles Demoiselles Plantation. A man cannot remember everything. In a fit of forgetfulness he married a French gentlewoman, rich and beautiful, and "brought her out." However, "All 's well that ends well"; a famine had been in the colony, and the Choctaw comtesse had starved, leaving naught but a half-caste orphan family lurking on the edge of the settlement, bearing our French gentlewoman's own new name, and being mentioned in monsieur's will.

And the new comtesse—she tarried only a twelvemonth—left monsieur a lovely son, and departed, led out of this vain world by the swamp-fever.

From this son sprang the proud Creole family of De Charleu. It rose straight up, up, up, generation after generation, tall, branchless, slender, palm-like, and finally, in the time of which I am to tell, flowered, with all the rare beauty of a century-plant, in Artémise, Innocente, Félicité, the twins Marie and Martha, Léontine, and little Septima, the seven beautiful daughters for whom their home had been fitly named Belles Demoiselles.

The count's grant had once been a long point round which the Mississippi used so to whirl and seethe and foam that it was horrid to behold. Big whirlpools would open and wheel about in the savage eddies under the low bank, and close up again, and others open and spin and disappear. Great circles of muddy surface would boil up from the depths below and gloss over and seem to float away; sink, come back again under water, and with only a soft hiss surge up again, and again drift off and vanish. Every few minutes the loamy bank would tip down a great load of earth upon its besieger, and fall back a foot, sometimes a yard, and the writhing river would press after, until at last the *pointe* was quite swallowed up, and the great river glided by in a majestic curve and asked no more. The bank stood fast, the "caving" became a forgotten misfortune, and the diminished grant was a long, sweeping, willowy bend, rustling with miles of sugar-cane.

Coming up the Mississippi in the sailing-craft of those early days, about the time one first could descry the white spires of the old St. Louis Cathedral, one would be pretty sure to spy just over to the right, under the levee, Belles Demoiselles mansion, with its broad veranda and red-painted cypress roof, peering over the embankment, like a bird in the nest, half hidden by the avenue of willows which one of the departed De Charleus—he that married a Marot—had planted on the levee's crown.

The house stood unusually near the river, facing eastward, and standing four-square, with an immense veranda about its sides, and a flight of steps in front spreading broadly downward, as we open arms to a child. From the veranda nine miles of river were seen; and in their compass, near at hand, the shady garden, full of rare and beautiful flowers; farther away broad fields of cane and rice and the distant quarters of the slaves; and on the

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horizon everywhere a dark belt of cypress forest.

The master was old Colonel De Charleu—Jean-Albert-Henri-Joseph De Charleu-Marot, and "Colonel" by the grace of the first American governor. Monsieur—he would not speak to any one who called him "Colonel"—was a hoary-headed patriarch. His step was firm; his form erect; his intellect strong and clear; his countenance classic, serene, dignified, commanding; his manners were courtly; his voice was musical, fascinating. He had had his vices all his life, but had borne them, as his race does, with a serenity of conscience and a cleanness of mouth that left no outward blemish on the surface of the gentleman. He had gambled in Royal Street, drank hard in Orleans Street, run his adversary through in the dueling-ground at Slaughter-House Point, and danced and quarreled at the St. Phillippe-Street Theater quadroon balls. Even now, with all his courtesy and bounty, and a hospitality which seemed to be entertaining angels, he was bitter-proud and penurious, and deep down in his hard-finished heart loved nothing but himself, his name, and his motherless children. But these! Their ravishing beauty was all but excuse enough for the unbounded idolatry of their father. Against these seven goddesses he never rebelled. Had they even required him to defraud old De Carlos—I can hardly say.

Old De Carlos was his extremely distant relative on the Choctaw side. With this single exception, the narrow, thread-like line of descent from the Indian wife, diminished to a mere strand by injudicious alliances, and deaths in the gutters of old New Orleans, was extinct. The name, by Spanish contact, had become De Carlos, but this one surviving bearer of it was known to all, and known only, as Injin Charlie.

One thing I never knew a Creole to do: he will not utterly go back on the ties of blood, no matter what sort of knots those ties may be. For one reason, he is never ashamed of his or his father's sins; and for another, he will tell you, he is "all heart."

So the different heirs of the De Charleu estate had always strictly regarded the rights and interests of the De Carloses, especially their ownership of a block of dilapidated buildings in a part of the city which had once been very poor property, but was beginning to be valuable. This block had much more than maintained the last De Carlos through a long and lazy lifetime, and as his household consisted only of himself and an aged and crippled Negress, the inference was irresistible that he "had money." Old Charlie, though by alias an "Injin," was plainly a dark white man, about as old as Colonel De Charleu, sunk in the bliss of deep ignorance, shrewd, deaf, and, by repute at least, unmerciful.

The colonel and he always conversed in English. This rare accomplishment, which the former had learned from his Scotch wife, the latter from up-river traders, they found an admirable medium of communication, answering better than French could a purpose similar to that of the stick which we fasten to the bit of one horse and to the breast-gear of another, whereby each keeps his distance. Once in a while, too, by way of jest, English found its way among the ladies of Belles Demoiselles, always signifying that their sire was about to have business with old Charlie.

Now, a long-standing wish to buy out Charlie troubled the colonel. He had no desire to oust him unfairly, he was proud of being always fair; yet he did long to engross the whole estate under one title. Out of his luxurious idleness he had conceived this desire, and thought little of so slight an obstacle as being already somewhat in debt to old Charlie for money borrowed, and for which Belles Demoiselles was of course good ten times over. Lots, buildings, rents, all, might as well be his, he thought, to give, keep, or destroy. Had he but the old man's heritage! Ah, he might bring that into existence which his *belles demoiselles* had been begging for "since many years—" a home, and such a home, in the gay city! Here he should tear down this row of cottages and make his garden wall; there that long rope-walk should give place to vine-covered arbors; the bakery yonder should make way for a costly conservatory; that wine warehouse should come down; and the mansion go up. It should be the finest in the State. Men should never pass it but they should say: "The palace of the De Charleus, a family of grand descent, a people of elegance and bounty, a line as

old as France, a fine old man, and seven daughters as beautiful as happy. Whoever dare attempt to marry there must leave his own name behind him."

The house should be of stones fitly set, brought down in ships from the land of "*les* Yankees" and it should have an airy belvedere, with a gilded image tiptoeing and shining on its peak, and from it you should see, far across the gleaming folds of the river, the red roof of Belles Demoiselles, the country-seat. At the big stone gate there should be a porter's lodge, and it should be a privilege even to see the ground.

Truly they were a family fine enough and fancy-free enough to have fine wishes, yet happy enough where they were to have had no wish but to live there always.

To those who by whatever fortune wandered into the garden of Belles Demoiselles some summer afternoon as the sky was reddening toward evening, it was lovely to see the family gathered out upon the tiled pavement at the foot of the broad front steps, gaily chatting and jesting, with that ripple of laughter that comes pleasingly from a bevy of girls. The father would be found seated among them, the center of attention and compliment, witness, arbiter, umpire, critic, by his beautiful children's unanimous appointment, but the single vassal, too, of seven absolute sovereigns.

Now they would draw their chairs near together in eager discussion of some new step in the dance or the adjustment of some rich adornment. Now they would start about him with excited comments to see the eldest fix a bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Now the twins would move down a walk after some unusual flower, and be greeted on their return with the high-pitched notes of delighted feminine surprise.

As evening came on they would draw more quietly about their paternal center. Often their chairs were forsaken, and they grouped themselves on the lower steps one above another, and surrendered themselves to the tender influences of the approaching night. At such an hour the passer on the river, already attracted by the dark figures of the broad-roofed mansion and its woody garden standing against the glowing sunset, would hear the voices of the hidden group rise from the spot in the soft harmonies of an evening song, swelling clearer and clearer as the thrill of music warmed them into feeling, and presently joined by the deeper tones of the father's voice; then, as the daylight passed quite away, all would be still, and the passer would know that the beautiful home had gathered its nestlings under its wings.

And yet, for mere vagary, it pleased them not to be pleased.

"Arti," called one sister to another in the broad hall one morning, mock amazement in her distended eyes, "something is goin' to took place!"

"Comm-e-n-t?" in long-drawn perplexity.

"Papa is goin' to town!"

The news passed up-stairs.

"Inno,"—one to another meeting in a doorway,—"something is goin' to took place!"

"Qu'est-ce-que c'est?" in vain attempt at gruffness.

"Papa is goin' to town!"

The unusual tidings were true. It was afternoon of the same day that the colonel tossed his horse's bridle to his groom, and stepped up to old Charlie, who was sitting on his bench under a china-tree, his head, as was his fashion, bound in a madras handkerchief. The "old man" was plainly under the effect of spirits, and smiled a deferential salutation, without trusting himself to his feet.

"Eh, well, Charlie,"—the colonel raised his voice to suit his kinsman's deafness,—"how is those times with my friend Charlie?"

"Eh?" said Charlie, distractedly.

"Is that goin' well with my friend Charlie?"

"In the house; call her," making pretense of rising.

"*Non, non;* I don't want,"—the speaker paused to breathe,—"'Ow is collection?"

"Oh," said Charlie, "every day he make me more poorer."

"What do you hask for it?" asked the planter, indifferently, designating the house with a wave of his whip.

"Ask for w'at?" said Injin Charlie.

"De *house*. What you ask for it?"

"I don't believe," said Charlie.

"What you would *take* for it?" cried the planter.

"Wait for w'at?"

"What you would *take* for the whole block?"

"I don't want to sell him."

"I 'll give you *ten thousand dollah'* for it."

"Ten t'ousand dollah' for dis house? Oh, no, that is no price. He is blame' good old house, that old house." Old Charlie and the colonel never swore in presence of each other. "Forty years that old house did n't had to be paint'! I easy can get fifty t'ousand dollah' for that old house."

"Fifty thousand picayunes, yes," said the colonel.

"She 's a good house. Can make plenty money," pursued the deaf man.

"That 's what make' you so rich, eh, Charlie?"

"*Non,* I don't make nothing. Too blame' clever, me, dat 's de troub'. She 's a good house; make money fast like a steamboat; make a barrelful in a week. Me, I lose money all the days. Too blame' clever."

"Charlie."

"Eh?"

"Tell me what you 'll take."

"Make? I don't make *nothing.* Too blame' clever."

"What will you *take?"*

"Oh, I got enough already; half drunk now."

"What you will take for the 'ouse?"

"You want to buy her?"

"I don't know,"—shrug,—"may*be,* if you sell it cheap."

"She 's a bully old house."

There was a long silence. By and by old Charlie began:

"Old Injin Charlie is a low-down dog."

"C'est vrai, oui," retorted the colonel in an undertone.

"He 's got Injin blood in him."

The colonel nodded assent.

"But he 's got some blame' good blood, too, ain't it?"

The colonel nodded impatiently.

"*Bien.* Old Charlie's Injin blood says, 'Sell the house, Charlie, you blame' old fool!' *Mais,* old Charlie's good blood says, 'Charlie, if you sell that old house, Charlie, you low-down old dog, Charlie, what de Comte De Charleu make for you' grace-gran'muzzer, de dev' can eat you, Charlie, I don't care.' "

"But you 'll sell it, anyhow, won't you, old man?"

"No!" And the no rumbled off in muttered oaths like thunder out on the gulf. The incensed old colonel wheeled and started off.

"Curl!" ["Colonel"] said Charlie, standing up unsteadily.

The planter turned with an inquiring frown.

"I 'll trade with you," said Charlie.

The colonel was tempted. " 'Ow 'll you trade?" he asked.

"My house for yours."

The old colonel turned pale with anger. He walked very quickly back, and came close up to his kinsman.

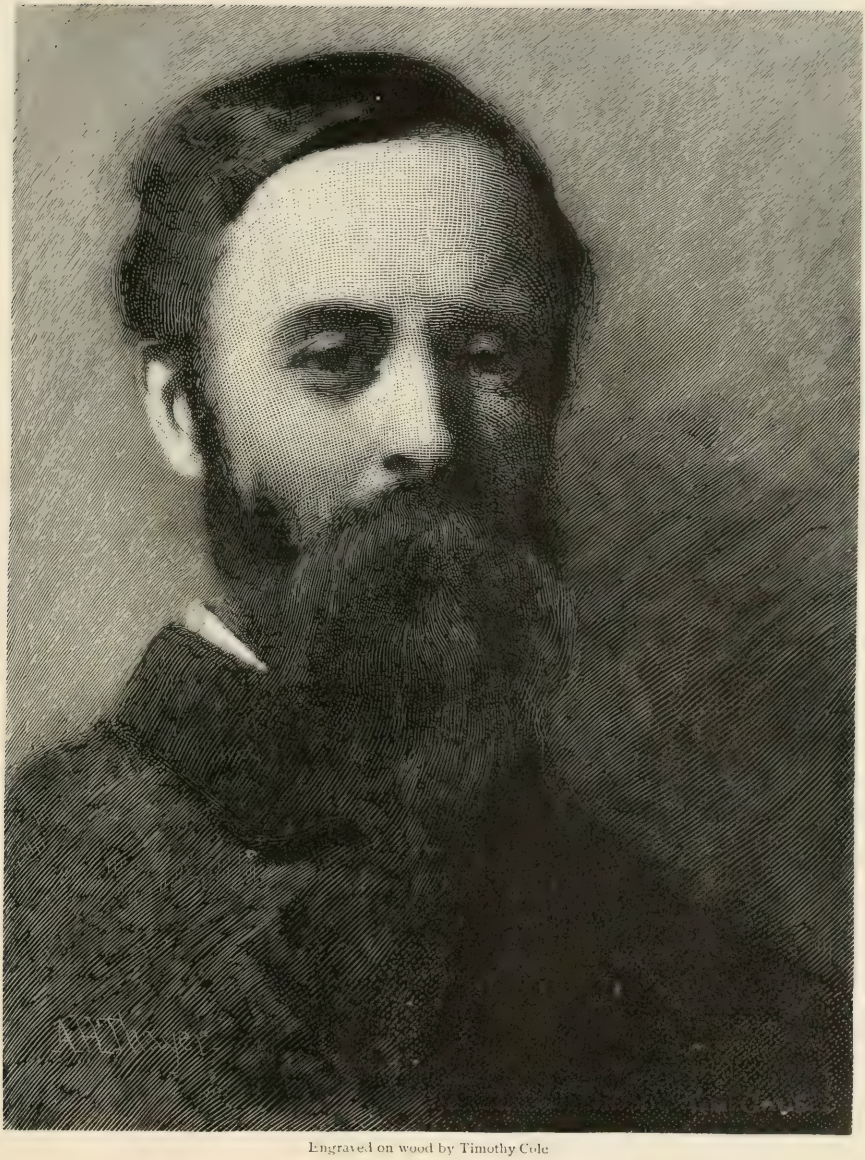
"Charlie," he said.

"Injin Charlie," with a tipsy nod.

But by this time self-control was returning. "Sell Belles Demoiselles to you?" he said in a high key, and then laughed, "Ho! ho! ho!" and rode away.

A CLOUD, but not a dark one, overshadowed the spirits of Belles Demoiselles Plantation. The old master, whose beaming presence had always made him a shining Saturn, spinning and sparkling within the bright circle of his daughters, fell into musing fits, started out of frowning reveries, walked often by himself, and heard business from his overseer fretfully.

No wonder. The daughters knew his closeness in trade, and attributed to it his failure to negotiate for the old Charlie buildings, so to call them. They began to depreciate Belles Demoiselles. If a north wind blew, it was too cold to ride. If a shower had fallen, it was too muddy to drive. In the morning the garden was wet. In the evening the grasshopper was a burden. Ennui was turned into capital, every headache was interpreted a premonition of ague, and when the native exuberance of a flock of ladies without a want or a care burst out in laughter in the father's face, they spread their French eyes, rolled up their little hands, and with rigid wrists and mock vehemence vowed and vowed again that they laughed only at their misery, and should pine to death unless they could move to the sweet city. "Oh, the theater! Oh, Orleans Street! Oh, the masquerade, the Place d'Armes, the ball!" and they would call upon Heaven with French irreverence, and fall into



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

GEORGE W. CABLE

Author of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation."

FROM AN EARLY PORTRAIT BY ABBOTT H. THAYER

one another's arms, whirl down the hall singing a waltz, end with a grand collision and fall, and, their eyes streaming merriment, lay the blame on the slippery floor, which some day would be the death of the whole seven.

Three times more the fond father, thus goaded, managed, by accident—business accident—to see old Charlie and increase his offer; but in vain. He finally went to him formally.

"Eh?" said the deaf and distant relative. "For what you want him, eh? Why you don't stay where you halways be 'appy? This is a blame' old rat-hole; good for old Injin Charlie, tha 's all. Why you don't stay where you be halways 'appy? Why you don't buy somewhere else?"

"That 's none of your business," snapped the planter. Truth was, his reasons were unsatisfactory even to himself.

A sullen silence followed. Then Charlie spoke:

"Well, now, look here; I sell you old Charlie's house."

"*Bien,* and the whole block," said the colonel.

"Hold on," said Charlie. "I sell you de 'ouse and de block. Den I go and git drunk and go to sleep; de dev' comes along and says: 'Charlie, old Charlie, you blame' low-down old dog, wake up! What you doin' here? Where 's de 'ouse what Monsieur le Comte give your grace-gran'muzzer? Don't you see dat fine gentyman De Charleu done gone and tore him down and make him over new, you blame' old fool, Charlie, you low-down old Injin dog!' "

"I 'll give you forty thousand dollars," said the colonel.

"For de 'ouse?"

"For all."

The deaf man shook his head.

"Forty-five," said the colonel.

"What a lie? For what you tell me 'What a lie?' I don't tell you no lie."

"*Non, non;* I give you *forty-five,*" shouted the colonel.

Charlie shook his head again.

"Fifty."

He shook it again.

The figures rose and rose to "Seventy-five."

The answer was an invitation to go away and let the owner alone, as he was, in certain specified respects, the vilest of living creatures, and no company for a fine "gentyman."

The fine "gentyman" longed to blaspheme; but before old Charlie, in the name of pride, how could he? He mounted and started away.

"Tell you what I 'll make wid you," said Charlie.

The other, guessing aright, turned back without dismounting, smiling.

"How much Belles Demoiselles howes me now?" asked the deaf one.

"One hundred and eighty thousand dollars," said the colonel, firmly.

"Yass," said Charlie. "I don't want Belles Demoiselles."

The old colonel's quiet laugh intimated it made no difference either way.

"But me," continued Charlie—"me, I 'm got le Comte De Charleu's blood in me, any'ow—a litt' bit, any'ow, ain't it?"

The colonel nodded that it was.

"*Bien.* If I go out of dis place and don't go to Belles Demoiselles, de peoples will say—dey will say: 'Old Charlie he been all doze time tell a blame' *lie.* He ain't no kin to his old grace-gran'muzzer, not a blame' bit. He don't got nary drop of De Charleu blood to save his blame' low-down old Injin soul.' No, sare! What I want wid money, den? No, sare! My place for yours."

He turned to go into the house just too soon to see the colonel make an ugly whisk at him with his riding-whip. Then the colonel, too, moved off.

Two or three times over, as he ambled homeward, laughter broke through his annoyance as he recalled old Charlie's family pride and the presumption of his offer. Yet each time he could but think better of not the offer to swap, but the preposterous ancestral loyalty. It was so much better than he could have expected from his "low-down" relative, and not unlike his own whim withal, the proposition which went with it was forgiven.

This last defeat bore so harshly on the master of Belles Demoiselles that the daughters, reading chagrin in his face, began to repent. They loved their father as daughters can, and when they saw their pretended dejection harassing him seriously, they restrained their complaints, displayed more than ordinary tenderness,



Drawn by W. M. Berger Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"'I 'LL GIVE YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLAH' FOR IT'"

and heroically and ostentatiously concluded there was no place like Belles Demoiselles. But the new mood touched him more than the old, and only refined his discontent. Here was a man, rich without the care of riches, free from any real trouble, happiness as native to his house as perfume to his garden, deliberately, as it were with premeditated malice, taking joy by the shoulder and bidding her be gone to town, whither he might easily have followed only that the very same ancestral nonsense that kept Injin Charlie from selling the old place for twice its value prevented him from choosing any other spot for a city home.

Heaven sometimes pities such rich men and sends them trouble.

By and by the charm of nature and the merry hearts around prevailed; the fit of exalted sulks passed off, and after a while the year flared up at Christmas, flickered, and went out.

New-Year came and passed; the beautiful garden of Belles Demoiselles put on its spring attire; the seven fair sisters moved from rose to rose; the cloud of discontent had warmed into invisible vapor in the rich sunlight of family affection; and on the common memory the only scar of last year's wound was old Charlie's sheer impertinence in crossing the caprice of the De Charleus. The cup of gladness seemed to fill with the filling of the river.

How high it was! Its tremendous current rolled and tumbled and spun along, hustling the long funeral flotillas of drift, and how near shore it came! Men were out day and night watching the levee. Even the old colonel took part, and grew light-hearted with occupation and excitement, as every minute the river threw a white arm over the levee's top, as though it would vault over. But all held fast, and, as the summer drifted in, the water sank down into its banks and looked quite incapable of harm.

On a summer afternoon of uncommon mildness, old Colonel Jean-Albert-Henri-Joseph De Charleu-Marot, being in a



Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"A SOUND OF REVEL FELL ON THE EAR, THE MUSIC OF HARPS; AND ACROSS ONE WINDOW . . . FLITTED ONCE OR TWICE THE SHADOWS OF DANCERS"

mood for reverie, slipped the custody of his feminine rulers and sought the crown of the levee, where it was his wont to promenade. Presently he sat upon a stone bench, a favorite seat. Before him lay his broad-spread fields; near by, his lordly mansion; and being still, perhaps by female contact, somewhat sentimental, he fell to musing on his past. It was hardly worthy to be proud of. All its morning was reddened with mad frolic, and far toward the meridian it was marred with elegant rioting. Pride had kept him well-nigh useless, and despised the honors won by valor; gaming had dimmed prosperity; death had taken his heavenly wife; voluptuous ease had mortgaged his lands: and yet his house still stood, his sweet-smelling fields were still fruitful, his name was fame enough, and yonder and yonder, among the trees and flowers, like angels walking in Eden, were the seven goddesses of his only worship.

Just then a slight sound behind him brought him to his feet. He cast his eyes anxiously to the outer edge of the little strip of bank between the levee's base and the river. There was nothing visible. He paused, with his ear toward the water, his face full of frightened expectation. Ha! There came a single plashing sound, like some great beast slipping into the river, and little waves in a wide semicircle came out from under the bank and spread over the water.

"My God!"

He plunged down the levee and bounded through the low weeds to the edge of the bank. It was sheer, and the water about four feet below. He did not stand quite on the edge, but fell upon his knees a couple of yards away, wringing his hands, moaning, weeping, and staring through his watery eyes at a fine, long crevice just discernible under the matted grass, and curving outward on each hand toward the river.

"My God!" he sobbed aloud—"My God!" and even while he called, his God answered: the tough Bermuda grass stretched and snapped, the crevice slowly became a gap, and softly, gradually, with no sound but the closing of the water at last, a ton or more of earth settled into the boiling eddy and disappeared.

At the same instant a pulse of the breeze brought from the garden behind the joyous, thoughtless laughter of the fair mistresses of Belles Demoiselles.

The old colonel sprang up and clambered over the levee. Then forcing himself to a more composed movement, he hastened into the house and ordered his horse.

"Tell my children to make merry while I am gone," he left word. "I shall be back to-night," and the big horse's hoofs clattered down a by-road leading to the city.

"Charlie," said the planter, riding up to a window from which the old man's nightcap was thrust out, "what you say, Charlie—my house for yours? Eh, Charlie, what you say?"

"'Ello!" said Charlie. "From where you come from dis time of to-night?"

"I come from the Exchange." A small fraction of the truth.

"What you want?" said matter-of-fact Charlie.

"I come to trade."

The low-down relative drew the worsted off his ears. "Oh, yass," he said with an uncertain air.

"Well, old man Charlie, what you say? My house for yours, like you said, eh, Charlie?"

"I dunno," said Charlie; "it 's nearly mine now. Why you don't stay dare you'se'f?"

"Because I don't want," said the colonel, savagely. "Is dat reason enough for you? You better take me in de notion, old man, I tell you, yes!"

Charlie never winced; but how his answer delighted the colonel! Said Charlie:

"I don't care, I take him. *Mais,* possession give' right off."

"Not the whole plantation, Charlie; only—"

"I don't care," said Charlie; "we easy can fix dat. *Mais,* what for you don't want to keep him. I don't want him. You better keep him."

"Don' you try to make no fool of me, old man," cried the planter.

"Oh, no," said the other. "Oh, no; but you make a fool of yourself, ain't it?"

The dumfounded colonel stared; Charlie went on:

"Yass, Belles Demoiselles is more wort' dan t'ree block like dis one. I pass by dare since two weeks. Oh, pretty Belles Demoiselles! De cane was wave in de

wind, de garden smell like a bouquet, de white-cap was jump up and down on de river, seven *belles demoiselles* was ridin' on horses. 'Pretty, pretty, pretty!' says old Charlie. Ah, *Monsieur le père,* 'ow 'appy, 'appy, 'appy!

"Yass," he continued, the colonel still staring, "le Comte De Charleu have two famil'. One was low-down Choctaw, one was high-up *noblesse.* He give the low-down Choctaw dis old rat-hole; he give Belles Demoiselles to your gran'fozzer; and now you don't be *satisfait.* What I 'll do wid Belles Demoiselles? She 'll break me in two years, yass. And what you 'll do wid old Charlie's house, eh? You 'll tear her down and make you'se'f a blame' old fool. I rather would n't trade."

The planter caught a big breath of anger, but Charlie went straight on:

"I rather would n't, *mais,* I will do it for you—just de same, like *Monsieur le Comte* would say, 'Charlie, you old fool, I want to shange houses wid you.' "

So long as the colonel suspected irony he was angry, but as Charlie seemed, after all, to be certainly in earnest, he began to feel conscience-stricken. He was by no means a tender man, but his lately discovered misfortune had unhinged him, and this strange, undeserved, disinterested family fealty on the part of Charlie touched his heart. And should he still try to lead him into the pitfall he had dug? He hesitated. No, he would show him the place by broad daylight, and if he chose to overlook the "caving bank," it would be his own fault. A trade 's a trade.

"Come," said the planter—"come at my house to-night; to-morrow we look at the place before breakfast, and finish the trade."

"For what?" said Charlie.

"Oh, because I got to come in town in the morning."

"I don't want," said Charlie. "How I 'm goin' to come dere?"

"I git you a horse at the liberty-stable."

"Well, anyhow, I don't care; I 'll go." And they went.

When they had ridden a long time, and were on the road darkened by hedges of Cherokee rose, the colonel called behind him to the "low-down" scion:

"Keep the road, old man."

"Eh?"

"Keep the road."

"Oh, yes, all right; I keep my word. We don't goin' to play no tricks, eh?"

But the colonel seemed not to hear. His ungenerous design was beginning to be hateful to him. Not only old Charlie's unprovoked goodness was prevailing; the eulogy on Belles Demoiselles had stirred the depths of an intense love for his beautiful home. True, if he held to it, the caving of the bank at its present fearful speed would let the house into the river within three months; but were it not better to lose it so than sell his birthright? Again, coming back to the first thought, to betray his own blood! It was only Injin Charlie; but had not the De Charleu blood just spoken out in him? Unconsciously he groaned.

After a time they struck a path approaching the plantation in the rear, and a little after, passing from behind a clump of live-oaks, they came in sight of the villa. It looked so like a gem, shining through its dark grove, so like a great glow-worm in the dense foliage, so significant of luxury and gaiety, that the poor master, from an overflowing heart, groaned again.

"What?" asked Charlie.

The colonel only drew his rein, and, dismounting mechanically, contemplated the sight before him. The high, arched doors and windows were thrown wide to the summer air, from every opening the bright light of numerous candelabra darted out upon the sparkling foliage of magnolia and bay, and here and there in the spacious verandas a colored lantern swayed in the gentle breeze. A sound of revel fell on the ear, the music of harps; and across one window, brighter than the rest, flitted once or twice the shadows of dancers. But, oh, the shadows flitting across the heart of the fair mansion's master!

"Old Charlie," said he, gazing fondly at his house, "you and me is both old, eh?"

"Yass," said the stolid Charlie.

"And we has both been bad enough in our time, eh, Charlie?"

Charlie, surprised at the tender tone, repeated, "Yass."

"And you and me is mighty close?"

"Blame' close, yass."

"But you never know me to cheat, old man?"

"No," impassively.



Drawn by W. M. Berger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE OLD COLONEL AND HIS NURSE

"And do you think I would cheat you now?"

"I dunno," said Charlie. "I don't believe."

"Well, old man, old man,"—his voice began to quiver,—"I sha'n't cheat you now. My God! old man, I tell you—you better not make the trade!"

"Because for what?" asked Charlie in plain anger; but both looked quickly toward the house. The colonel tossed his hands wildly in the air, rushed forward a step or two, and, giving one fearful scream of agony and fright, fell forward on his face in the path. Old Charlie stood transfixed with horror. Belles Demoiselles, the realm of maiden beauty, the home of merriment, the house of dancing, all in the tremor and glow of pleasure, suddenly sank, with one short, wild wail of terror —sank, sank, down, down, down, into the merciless, unfathomable flood of the Mississippi.

Twelve long months were midnight to the mind of the childless father. When they were only half gone, he took to his bed; and every day and every night old Charlie, the "low-down," the "fool," watched him tenderly, tended him lovingly, for the sake of his name, his misfortunes, and his broken heart. No woman's step crossed the floor of the sick chamber, the western dormer-windows of which overpeered the dingy architecture of old Charlie's block. Charlie and a skilled physician, the one all interest, the other all gentleness, hope, and patience, only these entered by the door; but by the window came in a sweet-scented evergreen vine, transplanted from the caving bank of Belles Demoiselles. It caught the rays of sunset in its flowery net and let them softly in upon the sick man's bed; gathered the glancing beams of the moon at midnight, and often wakened the sleeper to look, with his mindless eyes, upon their pretty silver fragments strewn upon the floor.

By and by there seemed—there was—a twinkling dawn of returning reason. Slowly, peacefully, with an increase unseen from day to day, the light of reason came into the eyes, and speech became coherent; but withal there came a failing of the wrecked body, and the doctor said that monsieur was both better and worse.

One evening as Charlie sat by the vine-clad window with his fireless pipe in his



hand, the old colonel's eyes fell full upon his own, and rested there.

"Charl—," he said with an effort, and his delighted nurse hastened to the bedside and bowed his best ear. There was an unsuccessful effort or two, and then he whispered, smiling with sweet sadness:

"We did n't trade."

The truth in this case was a secondary matter to Charlie; the main point was to give a pleasing answer. So he nodded his head decidedly, as who should say, "Oh, yes, we did; it was a bona-fide swap." But when he saw the smile vanish, he tried the other expedient, and shook his head with still more vigor to signify that they had not so much as approached a bargain; and the smile returned.

Charlie wanted to see the vine recognized. He stepped backward to the window with a broad smile, shook the foliage, nodded, and looked smart.

"I know," said the colonel, with beaming eyes; "many weeks."

The next day he said:

"Charl—"

The best ear went down.

"Send for a priest."

The priest came, and was alone with him a whole afternoon. When he left, the patient was very haggard and exhausted, but smiled, and would not suffer the crucifix to be removed from his breast.

One more morning came. Just before dawn Charlie, lying on a pallet in the room, thought he was called, and came to the bedside.

"Old man," whispered the failing invalid, "is it caving yet?"

Charlie nodded.

"It won't pay you out."

"Oh, dat makes not'ing," said Charlie. Two big tears rolled down his brown face. "Dat makes not'ing."

The colonel whispered once more:

"*Mes belles demoiselles*—in paradise—in the garden. I shall be with them at sunrise." And so it was.



COLONEL WATTERSON'S REJOINDER TO EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS

COMMENTS ON "ANOTHER VIEW OF 'THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST'" (SEE PAGE 193)

To the Editor of THE CENTURY:

Sir: If I may say so without departing from the respect and regard in which I hold Senator Edmunds, he has made rather a case at law than a contribution to history. With the trained skill of an expert, he emphasizes all that may be pleaded on his own side, whilst either ignoring or belittling the strength of the other side. The ultimate verdict in the matter of Tilden *versus* Hayes will turn on issues which the Electoral Commission refused, by a party vote of eight to seven, to consider; on evidence in equity which was not allowed to become a part of the record; upon rulings of the majority which the minority claimed, and justly claimed I think, to have been sometimes erroneous and sometimes inconsistent, but in every instance obedient to the party exigency.

I have neither the mind nor the heart to recall the wrangles and passions of the controversy. To me they mean nothing more than the half-forgotten dreams of a very dark night of the long ago. One may dismiss the exciting incidents: the conflicting testimony in Florida and Louisiana; the contested elector in Oregon; the tergiversation in opinions of some of the members of the court; the playing State law against National law, and vice versa, in a shuttlecock process all on one side, the unescapable inference being that from the first the majority was bent upon denying Tilden the one vote needed to make him President and securing to Hayes the twelve votes needed to make him President.

One may likewise dismiss the long list of questionable persons appointed to office under the Hayes administration, apparently from no other consideration than their service as members of returning boards and officers of election, most of them charged with corrupt practices.

At the election of the seventh of November, 1876, the popular vote was as follows:

For Tilden	4,300,316
For Hayes	4,036,016
Tilden's majority . . .	264,300

The total vote for Tilden was nearly 700,000 larger than Grant's against Greeley. Of the electoral vote, the Republicans conceded Tilden 184. The electoral votes of Louisiana and Florida, thrown into dispute before Congress and the Electoral Commission, but finally cast by the commission for Hayes, determined the result. Referring to my narrative of the events immediately succeeding the election and preceding the creation of the electoral tribunal, Judge Edmunds says:

Historically, it is very unfortunate that Mr. Watterson did not include in his enlivening article copies of his telegraphic and other correspondence with Mr. Tilden from New Orleans, and elsewhere, for it would certainly and truly, as far as it went, throw much light on the existing drama being displayed, as well as the plans and work behind the curtain whereby (we may believe) it was hoped to produce the election of Mr. Tilden. We Republicans at Washington were forced to believe that an effort was being made, by every means that could be employed, to overcome the Hayes majority of one. During that whole period, so far as I personally knew or was informed, there never was any scheme or act of the Republicans to bribe any State canvassing board or elector by money or promise in support of Mr. Hayes's election. We did (if I may borrow an ancient classic simile) fear "the Greeks bearing gifts." We were morally certain that a large majority of the legal voters in the States of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana were earnestly in favor of the election of Mr. Hayes, and we believe that if vio-

lence or some other kind of unlawful influence were not brought to bear the electoral votes of those States would be cast for him; but when the secret though bold operations of Colonel Pelton became partly known we were astonished and alarmed, though not disheartened, and we went forward in our efforts to provide by law for the final act in the great drama.

It is quite certain that all the telegraphic correspondence I had with Mr. Tilden reached Republican headquarters as soon as it reached Gramercy Park. Assuredly I never wrote or wired him a word that I should be unwilling to have appear in print. May I not claim the circumstance that the Republicans used none of it as going to the credit either of my prudence or my patriotism, or of both?

At no time did I apprehend any physical collision, although General Grant seemed to fear one, and although two of the most famous and popular heroes among the general officers of the Union army at Washington were pressing armed organization upon the Democrats. It was distinctly the South that would not listen to the suggestion of force. Truth to say, both sides were playing something of a "bluff." Neither was either ready or anxious for a fight, and, in extremis, whichever won, the other was bound to submit. My sole thought was publicity, agitation; this I urged from the outset and continued to urge to the end.

In reverting to these events, my purpose was chiefly to vindicate the personal integrity of Mr. Tilden. Neither he nor Mr. Hewitt nor any one in authority was willing to win by fraud. As I have stated, and as Mr. Hewitt stated, fraudulent possession was offered, and I directly know that Mr. Tilden refused to accept the Presidency as the result of an arrangement perfectly simple and obvious and absolutely certain.

One might imagine, by a perusal of Judge Edmunds, that the Republican lambs were greatly afraid of the Democratic wolves, and put themselves to many pains to circumvent the Democratic conspiracy set on foot immediately after the election. As a matter of fact, the reverse is true. The returning boards were made up of Republicans, not Democrats. The Southern States were still under military surveillance and martial law. All were invoked to coerce the vote and the counting of the vote. Whatever the worst of Democrats may have contemplated, the Republicans overmatched by deeds. They held the resources and the power of possession; the State governors, the President of the United States, the Senate, the Supreme Court, the army and navy; the Democrats held only the lower House of Congress, and what they believed the justice of their case.

Hayes had to receive every vote in dispute to be elected. The loss of a single vote would have defeated him. Hence the majority of the Electoral Commission could not throw out Florida and Louisiana, as many thought the equities in each instance required. In his speech on the vote of Louisiana, the very eminent Julius H. Seelye, president of Amherst College, who sat in the Forty-fourth Congress as a Republican from Massachusetts, said:

Wiser and more candid men would be hard to find than those of this Electoral Commission who have pronounced the decision on which we are now called to vote. I acknowledge I think I appreciate the strength of their position. We cannot be too jealous of the constitutional right of a State to choose its Presidential electors "in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct." We cannot be too careful of congressional interference with the duly accredited results of such a choice. Whether we like or dislike it, the right of a State to choose its electors in its own way, and to ascertain and certify as to the method of their choice, is beyond our lawful control. All this I accept as a formal and technical statement of a clear principle of our Constitution; a principle, moreover, in its general application as wise as it is clear.

But, Mr. Speaker, there are cases where the *summum jus* becomes the *summa injuria;* cases where the law, strictly interpreted and strenuously enforced, works out results contrary to all law; and in such cases equity lays the letter of the law aside and lifts her voice in judgment as the sovereign spirit of the law, the spirit of righteousness and truth declares. I find such a case in the pending issue.

Granted—and I hold this to be incontestable—that this Electoral Commission has clearly interpreted and accurately ap-

plied the Constitution and the laws to the question submitted to them, yet what if the very principle on which the Constitution and the laws must ultimately rest becomes thereby subverted? Granted that the decision reached is fairly within the bond; yet what if the pound of flesh cannot be taken without its drop of blood? What if this jealous care for State rights and constitutional prerogatives may so foster faction, and so blunt the sense of justice, and so increase the prevalence of fraud that the very foundation of prerogatives and rights has disappeared?

. . . No nation, said Niebuhr, ever died except by suicide; and the suicidal poison is engendered not so much in the unjust statutes of a government as in the immoral practices of a people, which the government is unable to punish and unable to restrain. It is because I fear that the strict and accurate interpretation of the Constitution, applied to the electoral vote of Louisiana, would imperil that vote in the future, and increase the very danger which the Constitution intended to avoid, that I am unable to concur with such an application.

I commend this to the perusal of Senator Edmunds, though it is unlikely to impress a mind which could declare, as Senator Edmunds does declare in the April issue of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, "that the constitutional amendments and reconstruction and other laws were passed by Congress as the best measures available in the complicated and untoward situation. These measures were not measures of cruelty or tyranny, but of justice and hopefulness. After the lapse of years it is evident to me that nothing better could have been done, and that nothing done by Congress should have been omitted."

Against the plan of reconstruction, here approved so unreservedly and despite the events that came after, unremembered if not condoned by Judge Edmunds, I set the plan of Abraham Lincoln, laid in a larger conception of human nature and better knowledge of the character of the people of the South. None of the dangers apprehended and foreshadowed by Mr. Edmunds would have come to pass had Lincoln lived to put his plan on foot and conduct it to achievement. The South was in desolation. The leaders of the secession movement had been wholly discredited by the result of the war. All their calculations and promises had been disastrously falsified. They could no more escape the consequences of their failure than could other public men, baffled and defeated by events.

The murder of Lincoln removed the sun from the heavens. The clouds of hate and fear, or both, overspread the sky. The policy of "thorough," adopted by the Radicals in Congress, was not only cruel, taking no account of the myriads in the South who had perpetrated no wrong, but was obtusely senseless, on one hand breeding an oligarchy of corruption, and, on the other, driving a whole people to desperation. It was thus, and thus alone, that a "solid South" was created.

God was more merciful than Congress. The North came to see that the South was a part of itself. Nothing happened in the South that, in the same circumstances and conditions, would not have happened at the North. We are indeed the most homogeneous people on the face of the globe. Our balanced system of representative government, strong in the hearts of the people, is the best and freest, because the most flexible and adjustable, on earth. We have outlived secession; we have survived reconstruction; we have weathered a disputed succession, complicated and embittered; we are passing through, and shall surely surmount, other and still more insidious approaches of revolution. Tilden is dead. Hayes is dead. They were but atoms in a sum total which sweeps onward unaffected by either of them, then, or since—a few loaves and a few fishes the while involved—toward the goal, the yet more perfect day, that shines before us.

HENRY WATTERSON,
"Courier-Journal" Office,
Louisville, Kentucky.



TO ALFRED NOYES

APOSTLE OF POETRY AND PEACE

AN APRIL GREETING ON HIS RETURN FROM THE SOUTH

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

AGAIN the mood of Eden on the earth!
Again the summons and the mystic mirth,
The beauty and the wonder and the dare,
Thrilling the heart, the field, the delicate air!

So now once more the old remembering:
The lyric hosts come out of the South with song,
With music that can save the soul from wrong—
The immemorial multitudes a-wing
Down bright savannas, over the greening trees.
Hark, the first warbling in the bough soft-stirred!
And you, O Poet, with your winged word,
You come convoyed by these!

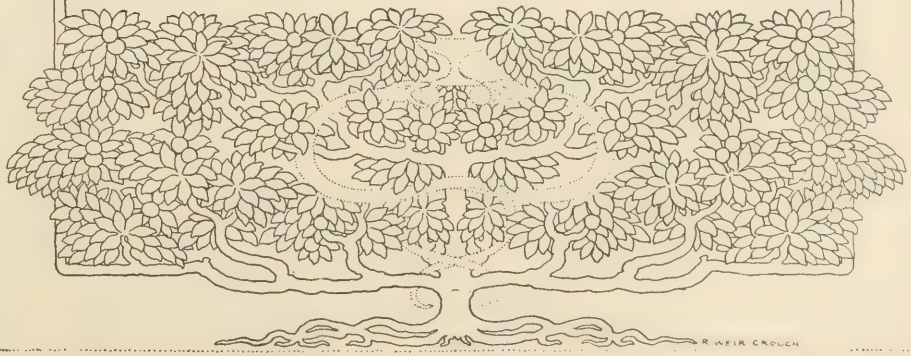
You come with all the buds and birds astart—
You with the heart of April in your heart.
So take our banded welcome as we drink
A health to you on April's flowering brink—
To you come hither from that elder clime,
Where April has been wreathed in poet's rhyme,
Been touched with love and tears
By English minstrels down a thousand years.

R. WEIR CROUCH

And now that Sherwood Forest calls you home
Over the furrows of the ocean foam,
Take message from this people to your own—
To England, with her scented hawthorns blown,
And all her skylarks in a rapture-pain
Sprinkling the happy fields with lyric rain.
Tell her that, lordlier than her cliffs and towers,
Tell her that, mightier than her pomps and powers,
We see her line of poets stretching back
Ten centuries, a bright, immortal track.
Tell her that while she builded the things that seem,
They built her glory out of deathless dream.

Ah, more is that wild beauty left by Keats
Than all the blazon of her kingly seats;
More is that wonder from the hand of Blake
Than all her guns that make the nations quake;
More is her Shelley, with his starry dare,
Than all her flags ringed round with battle blare;
More her blind Milton voyaging the vast
Than all her squadrons shearing down the blast;
And more is Shakspere, lord of lyric seers,
Than all her conquests of a thousand years.

But none of all the line
(Save only Shelley, darling of the Nine)
Has cried as you have cried the valorous vow
Of Love's heroic heart, God's prayer to men
To cease the wolfish battles of the den.
And so the Muses bind upon your brow
The olive with the laurel; for your song
Bears on that dauntless prayer against the wrong,
The cry the embassy of angels sent
Of old across the Syrian firmament,
Above the stable door.
For in your voice we still can hear their cry
Sound down into our sky:
"Let there be peace: let battles be no more!"





A PAPER OF PUNS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHEN two major artists have chosen to turn aside from the practice of their art to discuss one of its principles, there may be an intrusive impropriety in a mere outsider's rashly urging a reconsideration of any point they have felicitously sharpened. Yet it was only by impaling himself upon the acute weapons of his adversaries that Arnold von Winkelried was able to make way for liberty—an act of self-sacrifice which cost him his life and gained him immortality.

The art of punning has had few practitioners more accomplished than Charles Lamb and Oliver Wendell Holmes. A century ago Lamb declared in a letter that "a pun is a noble thing per se: O never lug it in as an accessory. It is entire; it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet, —better. It limps ashamed in the train and retinue of humor; it knows it should have an establishment of its own." And in a more formal essay Elia discussed the popular fallacy that the worst puns are the best. Half a century ago the Autocrat in his turn expressed an adverse opinion of a form of wit in which he delighted and for which he was marvelously gifted. Lamb analyzed at length and with intense enjoyment the immortal query of the Oxford scholar meeting a porter carrying a hare and astounding him with the extraordinary question, "Is that your own hare or a wig?" And Holmes once pretended to have overheard a remark about "the Macaulay-flowers of literature"; and he recorded the conundrum, "Why is an onion like a piano?" declaring that it

was incredible for any person in an educated community who could be found willing to answer it in these words, "Because it smell odious."

The difference between Lamb and Holmes is that Elia is frank in declaring his delight in the ingenious dislocation of the vocabulary, whereas the Autocrat pretends to deprecate it, to depreciate it, and to disparage it as evidence in favor of the doctrine of the total depravity of man. He even invented a polysyllabic quotation from an earlier autocrat, the ponderous Doctor Johnson: "To trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion."

This is an appalling overstatement of the case; and Holmes was happier in another of the remarks made in the same chapter of the book in which he expressed the utmost of his own witty wisdom: "People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight-train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism." Here the doctor is on solid ground; a pun may be a good thing in itself, as good as a sonnet even, but it is only dirt—that is to say, matter in the wrong place—when it is injected into good talk only to throw the conversational locomotive off the track. Oddly enough, the Autocrat was once himself derailed by a pun a score of years after he had thus laid down the law; and, as it happens, I had the full particulars of the fatal accident from the punster who placed the penny on the track. In this case the disturber of traffic was the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

When Matthew Arnold paid his first visit to America thirty years ago, Aldrich gave him a dinner and invited the best that Boston and Cambridge had to show to do honor to his alien guest. He put Arnold on his right and Holmes on his left; and early in the dinner he discovered that the Autocrat was in fine form and ready to discourse in his best manner. Holmes began by suggesting that it must be amusing to meet unexpected characters, burglars, for example, and pirates, and cannibals. "What would you do," he asked, "if you were to meet a cannibal walking down Beacon Street?" And he paused for the reply that he did not desire, whereupon Aldrich saw his chance and responded promptly, "I think I should stop to pick an acquaintance." The rest of the company laughed at this sally, but Holmes looked at his host reproachfully and then shut up absolutely, saying scarcely a word during the rest of the dinner. The witticism, even if it was bright and not battered, had upset the freight-train of the Autocrat's conversation. And as Aldrich asserted, in telling the sad story, the host had to repent in a sack-coat and cigarette-ashes for the rest of his life. Autocrats are autocrats, after all; and not with impunity are their unlimited expresses to be flagged by an unauthorized pun.

Possibly it was the painful memory of this unfortunate experience which led Dr. Holmes to omit from the final edition of his complete works the very amusing account of his "Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters," which he had included in an earlier volume—"Soundings from the 'Atlantic' "—now out of print. He tells us in this paper that he was surprised to find that the asylum was intended wholly for males; and yet on reflection he admitted the remarkable psychologic fact that "there is no such a thing as a female punster. At least," he adds, "I never knew or heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun, as I have known a hen to crow." And when we recall the proverbial fate of the crowing hen, the fair sex may rejoice that there are no female punsters, whatever may be the psychological explanation of the remarkable fact itself. The fact might indeed be accounted for easily by those ungallant cynics who maintain that women are careless in the employment of words (which are the raw material of puns), commonly using them as counters to convey emotions rather than as coins to express thoughts.

Holmes's account of his visit to the asylum reverberates with the rattle of a corps of conundrummers; and every one of the inmates is ready with his contribution, from the superintendent who ex-

plained why "they did not take steppes in Tartary for establishing insane hospitals, because there are nomad people to be found there," to the retired sailor who had gone as mate on a fishing-schooner, giving it up because he "did not like working for two-masters." The most imaginative touch is at the end of the paper when the visitors are introduced to a centenarian inmate, who asks affably, "Why is a—a—a like a—a—a? Give it up? Because it is a—a—a." Then he smiled pleasantly; and the superintendent explained that the ancient man was "one hundred and seven last Christmas. He lost his answers about the age of ninety-eight. Of late years he puts his whole conundrums in blank—but they please him just as well."

Lowell, who was Holmes's chief rival among the Cambridge wits, did not pretend to disdain the pun, as Holmes affected to do. But he insisted upon the absolute identity of sound with an equally absolute and therefore ludicrous disparity of meaning. Lowell pointed out that Hood, who is said to have lain on his death-bed "spitting blood and puns," abounded in examples of this sort of fun, "only his analogies are of a more subtle and perplexing kind." To illustrate this assertion Lowell quoted Hood's elegy on the old sailor, whose

> " . . . head was turned, and so he chewed
> His pigtail till he died."

And the American critic called this "inimitable, like all the best of Hood's puns. To the ear it is perfect, but so soon as you attempt to realize it to yourself, the mind is involved in an inextricable confusion of comical non-sequiturs. And yet observe the gravity with which the forms of reason are kept up in the *and so*."

Another quotation from Hood also won high commendation from Lowell. It was taken from the peddler's recommendation of his ear-trumpet:

> "I don't pretend with horns of mine,
> Like some in the advertising line,
> To magnify sounds on such marvelous scales
> That the sounds of a cod seem as large as a whale's.
>
> There was Mrs. F.
> So very deaf
> That she might have worn a percussion-cap
> And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.
> Well, I sold her a horn; and the very next day
> She heard from her husband in Botany Bay."

Is that last line wit or humor? It is a play on a word, no doubt, and that would relate it to wit. But it has the imaginative exaggeration that we are wont to associate with humor. Lowell noted that we find it natural to speak of the breadth of humor, while wit, by the necessity of its being, is "as narrow as a flash of lightning, and as sudden." Humor has also its unexpectedness, and while most good puns must be classed as specimens of wit, some few transcendent examples may fairly claim to be specimens of humor—that last line of Hood's, for example. Many other instances might be advanced. A very distinguished British scientist had the foible of inventing thrilling episodes in his own autobiography; and on one occasion after he had spun a most marvelous yarn, with himself in the center of the coil, a skeptical friend looked him in the eye and asked sternly, "Clifford, do you mean to say that this really occurred to you?" Whereupon the imaginative man of science laughed lightly and with a most imperturable assurance calmly answered, "Yes—it just occurred to me!"

It is wit and not humor, no doubt, when Holmes promulgates the law of financial safety: "Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust." It is wisdom as well as wit, but is it a pun? Is it only a play on words? Is it not also a play on the idea? And take the somewhat parallel remark about the rising fortune of a successful man, to the effect that "he got on, he got honor, he got honest." That again is wit; but is it fairly to be termed a pun? Merely verbal playfulness is more obvious in a recent remark that "some men stand for office, some men run for it, and some have a walk-over," and yet that somehow fails to fall completely within any acceptable definition of the pun. If it is a pun, it is something more also. With these specimens may be grouped three other remarks which have not hitherto been recorded in print. When a certain critic of limited equipment was appointed to the chair of comparative literature in one of our uni-

versities, the question was asked why he was assigned to this particular professorship, since his information was mainly confined to English; and the explanation was instantly forthcoming that comparative literature was the position for which he was best fitted, because his own literature was neither positive nor superlative. A certain former Vice-President of the United States has been described as "a very cold-blooded proposition," and yet his speeches were the usual flowery and perfervid political oratory which led an observer to make the assertion that "to hear —— speak is like catching nature in the act of self-contradiction, since it is the emission of hot air from an ice-box."

And it was the same anonymous observer who pointed out the difference between two contemporary British authors, insisting that "Mr. George Bernard Shaw always writes with his tongue in his cheek, whereas when Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is writing he keeps thrusting his tongue out at the public." Now, are these remarks, strictly speaking, puns? They conform at least to one of Lamb's definitions that a pun "is a pistol let off at the end, not a feather to tickle the intellect," and that it is "not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit." He warns us that "a pun may be easily too curious and artificial"; and he held that a pun, at least in actual conversation, ought to stand alone and not be followed by another. "When a man has said a good thing it is seldom politic to follow it up." This is true enough of conversation; but it does not apply to literature. The spoken word and the written have different rules. A large part of the humorous effect of the trumpet-peddler's eulogy of the wares he is vending is due to the heaping-up of the puns, one tumbling over another, like salmon flashing swiftly in the sunshine as they follow each other up the falls. Here our pleasure is akin to that we take at the circus as we behold the acrobats going on from one impossible stunt to its equally impossible successor and accomplishing these feats as if each was the easiest thing in the world.

There is in many passages of that rollicking satire, "A Fable for Critics," wise as it is in its author's acute valuation of his contemporaries, a riot of complicated riming and of unexpected punning,—passages which impress us with an abiding sense of spontaneous humor and good humor. These passages overflow with fun, and we are carried along by Lowell's delight in displaying his verbal dexterity. For once he appears before us dancing on a metrical tight-rope and setting off iridescent fireworks at the ends of his balancing-pole. Consider, for example, these lines at the very beginning, where Apollo is discussing his plight after he had pursued Daphne and she had turned into a tree:

"'My case is like Dido's,' he sometimes remarked;
'When I last saw my love she was fairly embarked
In a laurel, as *she* thought—but (ah, how fate mocks!)
She has found it by this time a very bad box;
Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it—
You 're not always sure of your game when you 've treed it.
Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!
What romance would be left?—who can flatter or kiss trees?
And for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a dialogue
With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die a log,—
Not to say that the thought would forever intrude
That you 've less chance to win her the more she is wood?
Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,
To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;
Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting, but now,
As they left me forever, each making its bough!
If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes more than was right,
Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite.'"

Almost worthy to be set beside Lowell's lines is Mr. William A. Croffut's "Dirge concerning the late lamented King of the Cannibal Islands" in which he rings the changes on a single theme:

"And missionaries graced his festive board,
Solemn and succulent, in twos and dozens,
And smoked before their hospitable lord,
Welcome as if they 'd been his second cousins.
When cold he warmed them as he would his kin—
They came as strangers, and he took them in.

"He had a hundred wives. To make things pleasant
They found it quite judicious to adore him;
And when he dined, the nymphs were always present—
Sometimes beside him and sometimes before him.
When he was tired of one, he called her 'sweet,'
And told her she was 'good enough to eat!'

"We grow like what we eat. Bad food depresses;
Good food exalts us like an inspiration,
And missionaries on the *menu* blesses
And elevates the Feejee population.
A people who for years saints, bairns, and women ate
Must soon their vilest qualities eliminate.

"How fond he was of children! To his breast
The tenderest nurslings gained a free admission.
Rank he despised, nor, if they came well dressed,
Cared if they were plebeian or patrician.
Shade of Leigh Hunt! O, guide this laggard pen
To write of one who loved his fellow-men!"

Lamb would have enjoyed the stanzas of this elegy, with the effortless ease of the long succession of puns, playing leap-frog; and Hood would have appreciated them without envy. Perhaps Lamb would have liked even better than Hood a superbly impossible pun in John Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas," a long popular piece, which perhaps owed a part of its success to the unhistoric marrying off of Captain John Smith and the dusky heroine. When Smith is bound to the sacrificial rock and the war-club of Powhatan is raised aloft to dash out the Englishman's brains, Pocahontas rushes in with the plaintive cry, "For my husband I scream!" Whereupon Smith lifts his head and asks, "Lemon or vanilla?" This has not a little of the illogical impossibility of "Is that your own hare or a wig?" and like that immortal query it defies analysis. It is not merely a play on a word; it is a play on an idea, which we cannot ourselves formulate.

Brougham was an Irishman who was a past-master in the art of punning. Perhaps his chief rival was the British playwright Henry J. Byron, who once wrote a burlesque on a theme from the "Arabian Nights" which he entitled "Ali Baba, or the Thirty-Nine Thieves—in accordance with the author's habit of taking one off." Byron, however, was wont to besprinkle the dialogue of his more ambitious comedies with puns not always fresh and not always appropriate. In one of his forgotten farces a retired soldier who had served in India makes a bore of himself by talking forever about the Bungalura River. Finally, one of the other characters, in a moment of natural irritation, ejaculates, "Oh, damn the Bungalura River!" To which the old officer responds instantly, "Sir, they have vainly endeavored to do so!" This is an ingenious quip in itself; but it was not at all in keeping with the character, since it was a remark the bore was quite incapable of making.

An earlier British dramatist, Douglas Jerrold, is said by his son and biographer never to have put a pun in the dialogue of any one of his plays; and if this assertion is well founded, the fact is the more curious since Jerrold was prolific of puns in conversation and in correspondence. In a letter written just after Queen Victoria had been fired at, Jerrold declared that he had seen her out driving, adding that "she looked very well, and—as is not always the case with women—none the worse for powder." And it was at one of the "Punch" dinners that he made his cruellest retort, a pun with a venomous sting in the tail of it. Gilbert A Becket—author of a "Comic History of England" and a frequent contributor to "Punch" at the time when Jerrold was providing that weekly with "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures"—claimed a friendly interest from his associate, declaring, "You know we row in the same boat." To which Jerrold

retorted brutally, "Yes—but with different skulls."

One of the pleasantest of the protean appearances of the pun is to be found in the familiar quotation, made unexpectedly pertinent by a felicitous suggestion of an unforeseen meaning hitherto concealed in one of its words. A neat example of this is the Shaksperian motto which the late Edwin Booth caused to be inscribed on the mantelpiece of the grill-room in the club he founded for the practitioners of the allied arts: "Mouth it, as many of our Players do." When Mrs. Stowe was on her way to Liverpool a fog suddenly shut the ship in after it had taken on the pilot; and the authoress suggested that the pilot might sing, "That Mersey I to others show, that Mersey show to me." And in the "Autocrat" again Dr. Holmes, after dwelling on the delight he had in beholding noble oaks and spreading elms, mentioned one tree which was more than eighteen feet in girth, and expressed a hope that he might meet a tree-loving friend under its branches. "If we don't have youth at the prow, we shall have pleasure at the 'elm." This is added evidence, were any needed, that Holmes was not sincere in his denunciation of punning, or at least that he was willing to damn "the sins he had no mind to."

The derogatory old saying that a pun is the lowest form of wit has been explained by the apt addition that this is because a pun is the foundation of all wit. This explanation is not strictly true, of course; the best wit is often independent of any flavor of word-play. But there is a kind of pun which is really lower than any other effort to arouse laughter; this is the pun which is due to a violent wrenching of the pronunciation and which can be made visible only by the use of italics. As a general principle we may assert that any pun is beneath contempt when it needs a typographic sign-post before it can be seen. And the unfortunate who descends to this dismal form of near-wit is of a truth the "mournful professor of high drollery" that George Eliot once castigated. Pitiable specimens of his lamentable handiwork—if anything so mechanical may fairly be described by this term—can be discovered abundantly in more than one of the inferior comic weeklies of Great Britain; and even the superior weekly "Punch" is not always free from it.

When an observer of international characteristics shall undertake the task of differentiating the British from the Americans he can scarcely fail to note that the mechanical pun, the bare play upon the sound of a word without any corresponding diversity of idea, is far commoner in the older branch of the English-speaking race than it is in the younger. This strikes us at once when we compare the comic papers or the comic operas of Great Britain with those of the United States. The transatlantic relish for purely verbal juggling is probably an inheritance from the Elizabethans, for we find it displayed in even the mightiest of them, Shakspere. Curious it is, therefore, that we colonists did not import it in the original package as we imported so many other Tudor characteristics, some of which are still discoverable on this side of the Western ocean although on the other they have fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

FINIS

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

NO blood-stains on the polished floor—
Not one drop has been shed—
No wound in heart or brow or breast,
And yet the man is dead.

No dirk or pistol in the room—
No sign of death's dark goal—
And yet the man who seems alive
Has murdered his own soul.



T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XVII



FORM, color, drama, and divers other advantages are necessary to the creation of an object of interest. Presenting to the world none of these assets, Miss Alicia had slipped through life a scarcely remarked unit. No little ghost of prettiness had attracted the wandering eye, no suggestion of agreeable or disagreeable power of self-assertion had arrested attention. There had been no hour in her life when she had expected to count as being of the slightest consequence. When she had knocked at the door of the study at Rowcroft Vicarage, and "dear papa" had exclaimed irritably: "Who is that? Who is that?" she had always replied, "It is only Alicia."

This being the case, her gradual awakening to the singularity of her new situation was mentally a process full of doubts and sometimes of alarmed bewilderments. If in her girlhood a curate, even a curate with prominent eyes and a receding chin, had proposed to her that she should face with him a future enriched by the prospect of being called upon to bring up a probable family of twelve on one hundred and fifty pounds a year, with both parish and rectory barking and snapping at her worn-down heels, she would have been sure to assert tenderly that she was afraid she was "not worthy." This was the natural habit of her mind, and in the weeks which followed the foggy afternoon when Tembarom "staked out his claim" she dwelt often upon her unworthiness of the benefits bestowed upon her.

First the world below-stairs, then the village, and then the county itself awoke to the fact that the new Temple Temple Barholm had "taken her up." The first tendency of the world below-stairs was to resent the unwarranted uplifting of a per-

son whom there had been a certain luxury in regarding with disdain and treating with scarcely veiled lack of consideration. To be able to do this with a person who, after all was said and done, was not one of the servant class, but a sort of lady of birth, was not unstimulating. And below-stairs the sense of personal rancor against "a 'anger-on" is strong. The meals served in Miss Alicia's remote sitting-room had been served at leisure, her tea had rarely been hot, and her modestly tinkled bell irregularly answered. Often her far from liberally supplied fire had gone out on chilly days, and she had been afraid to insist on its being relighted. Her sole defense against inattention would have been to complain to Mr. Temple Barholm, and when on one occasion a too obvious neglect had obliged her to gather her quaking being together in mere self-respect and say, "If this continues to occur, William, I shall be obliged to speak to Mr. Temple Barholm," William had so looked at her and so ill hid a secret smile that it had been almost tantamount to his saying, "I 'd jolly well like to see you."

And now! Sitting at the end of the table opposite him, if you please! Walking here and walking there with him! Sitting in the library or wherever he is, with him talking and laughing and making as much of her as though she were an aunt with a fortune to leave, and with her making as free in talk as though at liberty to say anything that came into her head! Well, the beggar that had found himself on horseback was setting another one galloping alongside of him. In the midst of this natural resentment it was "a bit upsetting," as Burrill said, to find it dawning upon one that absolute exactness of ceremony was as much to be required for "her" as for "him." Miss Alicia had long felt secretly sure that she was spoken of as "her" in the servants' hall. That businesslike sharpness which Palford had observed in his client aided Tembarom always to see things without illusions. He knew that there was no particular reason why his army of servants should regard him for the present as much more than an intruder; but he also knew that if men and women had employment which was not made hard for them, and were well paid for doing, they were not anxious to lose it, and the man who paid their wages might give orders with some certainty of finding them obeyed. He was "sharp" in more ways than one. He observed shades he might have been expected to overlook. He observed a certain shade in the demeanor of the domestics when attending Miss Alicia, and it was a shade which marked a difference between service done for her and service done for himself. This was only at the outset, of course, when the secret resentment was felt; but he observed it, mere shade though it was.

He walked out into the hall after Burrill one morning. Not having yet adjusted himself to the rule that when one wished to speak to a man one rang a bell and called him back, fifty times if necessary, he just walked after Burrill and stopped him.

"This is a pretty good place for servants, ain't it?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Good pay, good food, not too much to do?"

"Certainly, sir," Burrill replied, somewhat disturbed by a casualness which yet suggested a method of getting at something or other.

"You and the rest of them don't want to change, do you?"

"No, sir. There is no complaint whatever as far as I have heard."

"That 's all right." Mr. Temple Barholm had put his hands into his pockets, and stood looking non-committal in a steady sort of way. "There 's something I want the lot of you to get on to—right away. Miss Temple Barholm is going to stay here. She 's got to have everything just as she wants it. She 's got to be pleased. She 's the lady of the house. See?"

"I hope, sir," Burrill said with professional dignity, "that Miss Temple Barholm has not had reason to express any dissatisfaction."

"I 'm the one that would express it—quick," said Tembarom. "She would n't have time to get in first. I just wanted to make sure I should n't have to do it. The other fellows are under you. You 've got a head on your shoulders I guess. It 's up to you to put 'em on to it. That 's all."

"Thank you, sir," said Burrill.

His master went back into the library smiling genially, and Burrill stood still a moment or so gazing at the door he closed behind him.

Be sure the village, and finally circles not made up of cottagers, heard of this, howsoever mysteriously. Miss Alicia was not aware that the incident had occurred. She could not help observing, however, that the manners of the servants of the household curiously improved; also, when she passed through the village, that foreheads were touched without omission and the curtseys of playing children were prompt. When she dropped into a cottage, housewives polished off the seats of chairs vigorously before offering them, and symptoms and needs were explained with a respectful fluency which at times almost suggested that she might be relied on to use influence.

"I 'm afraid I have done the village people injustice," she said leniently to Tembarom. "I used to think them so disrespectful and unappreciative. I dare say it was because I was so troubled myself. I 'm afraid one's own troubles do sometimes make one unfair."

"Well, yours are over," said Tembarom. "And so are mine as long as you stay by me."

Never had Miss Alicia been to London. She had remained, as was demanded of her by her duty to dear papa, at Rowcroft, which was in Somersetshire. She had only dreamed of London, and had had fifty-five years of dreaming. She had read of great functions, and seen pictures of some of them in the illustrated papers. She had loyally endeavored to follow at a distance the doings of her Majesty,—she always spoke of Queen Victoria reverentially as "her Majesty,"—she rejoiced when a prince or a princess was born or christened or married, and believed that a "drawing-room" was the most awe-inspiring, brilliant, and important function in the civilized world, scarcely second to Parliament. London—no one but herself or an elderly gentlewoman of her type could have told any one the nature of her thoughts of London.

Let, therefore, those of vivid imagination make an effort to depict to themselves the effect produced upon her mind by Tembarom's casually suggesting at breakfast one morning that he thought it might be rather a good "stunt" for them to run up to London. By mere good fortune she escaped dropping the egg she had just taken from the egg-stand.

"London!" she said. "Oh!"

"Pearson thinks it would be a first-rate idea," he explained. "I guess he thinks that if he can get me into the swell clothing stores he can fix me up as I ought to be fixed, if I 'm not going to disgrace him. I should hate to disgrace Pearson. Then he can see his girl, too, and I want him to see his girl."

"Is—Pearson—engaged?" she asked; but the thought which was repeating itself aloud to her was "London! London!"

"He calls it 'keeping company,' or 'walking out,'" Tembarom answered. "She 's a nice girl, and he 's dead stuck on her. Will you go with me, Miss Alicia?"

"Dear Mr. Temple Barholm," she fluttered, "to visit London would be a privilege I never dreamed it would be my great fortune to enjoy—never."

"Good business!" he ejaculated delightedly. "That 's luck for me. It gave me the blues—what I saw of it. But if you are with me, I 'll bet it 'll be as different as afternoon tea was after I got hold of you. When shall we start? Tomorrow?"

Her sixteen-year-old blush repeated itself.

"I feel so sorry. It seems almost undignified to mention it, but—I fear I should not look smart enough for London. My wardrobe is so very limited. I must n't," she added with a sweet effort at humor, "do the new Mr. Temple Barholm discredit by looking unfashionable."

He was more delighted than before.

"Say," he broke out, "I 'll tell you what we 'll do: we 'll go together and buy everything 'suitable' in sight. The pair of us 'll come back here as suitable as Burrill and Pearson. We 'll paint the town red."

He actually meant it. He was like a boy with a new game. His sense of the dreariness of London had disappeared. He knew what it would be like with Miss Alicia as a companion. He had really seen nothing of the place himself, and he would find out every darned thing worth looking at, and take her to see it—theaters, shops, every show in town. When

they left the breakfast-table it was agreed upon that they would make the journey the following day.

He did not openly refer to the fact that among the plans for their round of festivities he had laid out for himself the attending to one or two practical points. He was going to see Palford, and he had made an appointment with a celebrated nerve specialist. He did not discuss this for several reasons. One of them was that his summing up of Miss Alicia was that she had had trouble enough to think over all her little life, and the thing for a fellow to do for her, if he liked her, was to give her a good time and make her feel as if she was at a picnic right straight along—not let her even hear of a darned thing that might worry her. He had said comparatively little to her about Strangeways. His first mention of his condition had obviously made her somewhat nervous, though she had been full of kindly interest. She was in private not sorry that it was felt better that she should not disturb the patient by a visit to his room. The abnormality of his condition seemed just slightly alarming to her.

"But, oh, how good, how charitable, you are!" she had murmured.

"Good," he answered, the devout admiration of her tone rather puzzling him. "It ain't that. I just want to see the thing through. I dropped into it by accident, and then I dropped into this by accident, and that made it as easy as falling off a log. I believe he 's going to get well sometime. I guess I kind of like him because he holds on to me so and believes I 'm just It. Maybe it 's because I 'm stuck on myself."

His visit to Strangeways was longer than usual that afternoon. He explained the situation to him so that he understood it sufficiently not to seem alarmed by it. This was one of the advances Tembarom had noticed recently, that he was less easily terrified, and seemed occasionally to see facts in their proper relation to one another. Sometimes the experiments tried on him were successful, sometimes they were not, but he never resented them.

"You are trying to help me to remember," he said once. "I think you will sometime."

"Sure I will," said Tembarom. "You 're better every day."

Pearson was to remain in charge of him until toward the end of the London visit. Then he was to run up for a couple of days, leaving in his place a young footman to whom the invalid had become accustomed.

The visit to London was to Miss Alicia a period of enraptured delirium. The beautiful hotel in which she was established, the afternoons at the Tower, the National Gallery, the British Museum, the evenings at the play, during which one saw the most brilliant and distinguished actors, the mornings in the shops, attended as though one were a person of fortune, what could be said of them? And the sacred day on which she saw her Majesty drive slowly by, glittering helmets, splendid uniforms, waving plumes, and clanking swords accompanying and guarding her, and gentlemen standing still with their hats off, and everybody looking after her with that natural touch of awe which royalty properly inspires! Miss Alicia's heart beat rapidly in her breast, and she involuntarily made a curtsey as the great lady in mourning drove by. She lost no shade of any flavor of ecstatic pleasure in anything, and was to Tembarom, who knew nothing about shades and flavors, indeed a touching and endearing thing.

He had never got so much out of anything. If Ann had just been there, well, that would have been the limit. Ann was on her way to America now, and she would n't write to him or let him write to her. He had to make a fair trial of it. He could find out only in that way, she said. It was not to be denied that the youth and longing in him gave him some half-hours to face which made him shut himself up in his room and stare hard at the wall, folding his arms tightly as he tilted his chair.

Then arrived a day when one of the most exalted shops in Bond Street was invaded by an American young man of a bearing the peculiarities of which were subtly combined with a remotely suggested air of knowing that if he could find what he wanted, there was no doubt as to his power to get it. What he wanted was not usual, and was explained with a frankness which might have seemed unsophisticated, but, singularly, did not. He wanted to have a private talk with some

feminine power in charge, and she must be some one who knew exactly what ladies ought to have.

Being shown into a room, such a feminine power was brought to him and placed at his service. She was a middle-aged person, wearing beautifully fitted garments and having an observant eye and a dignified suavity of manner. She looked the young American over with a swift inclusion of all possibilities. He was by this time wearing extremely well-fitting garments himself, but she was at once aware that his tailored perfection was a new thing to him.

He went to his point without apologetic explanation.

"You know all the things any kind of a lady ought to have," he said—"all the things that would make any one feel comfortable and as if they 'd got plenty? Useful things as well as ornamental ones?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, with rising interest. "I have been in the establishment thirty years."

"Good business," Tembarom replied. Already he felt relieved. "I 've got a relation, a little old lady, and I want her to fix herself out just as she ought to be fixed. Now, what I 'm afraid of is that she won't get everything she ought to unless I manage it for her somehow beforehand. She 's got into a habit of—well, economizing. Now the time 's past for that, and I want her to get everything a woman like you would know she really wants, so that she could look her best, living in a big country house, with a relation that thinks a lot of her."

He paused a second or so, and then went further, fixing a clear and astonishingly shrewd eye upon the head of the department listening to him.

"I found out this was a high-class place," he explained. "I made sure of that before I came in. In a place that was second or third class there might be people who 'd think they 'd caught a 'sucker' that would take anything that was unloaded on to him, because he did n't know. The things are for Miss Temple Barholm, and she *does* know. I shall ask her to come here herself to-morrow morning, and I want you to take care of her, and show her the best you 've got that 's suitable." He seemed to like the word; he repeated it—"Suitable," and quickly restrained a sudden, unexplainable, wide smile.

The attending lady's name was Mrs. Mellish. Thirty years' experience had taught her many lessons. She was a hard woman and a sharp one, but beneath her sharp hardness lay a suppressed sense of the perfect in taste. To have a customer with unchecked resources put into her hands to do her best by was an inspiring incident. A quiver of enlightenment had crossed her countenance when she had heard the name of Temple Barholm. She had a newspaper knowledge of the odd Temple Barholm story. This was the next of kin who had blacked boots in New York, and the obvious probability that he was a fool, if it had taken the form of a hope, had been promptly nipped in the bud. The type from which he was furthest removed was that of the fortune-intoxicated young man who could be obsequiously flattered into buying anything which cost money enough.

"Not a thing 's to be unloaded on her that she does n't like," he added, "and she 's not a girl that goes to pink teas. She 's a—a—lady—and not young—and used to quiet ways."

The evidently New York word "unload" revealed him to his hearer as by a flash, though she had never heard it before.

"We have exactly the things which will be suitable, sir," she said. "I think I quite understand." Tembarom smiled again, and, thanking her, went away still smiling, because he knew Miss Alicia was safe.

There were of course difficulties in the way of persuading Miss Alicia that her duty lay in the direction of spending mornings in the most sumptuous of Bond Street shops, ordering for herself an entire wardrobe on a basis of unlimited resources. Tembarom was called upon to employ the most adroitly subtle reasoning, entirely founded on his "claim" and her affectionate willingness to give him pleasure.

He really made love to her in the way a joyful young fellow can make love to his mother or his nicest aunt. He made her feel that she counted for so much in his scheme of enjoyment that to do as he asked would be to add a glow to it.

"And they won't spoil you," he said.

"The Mellish woman that 's the boss has promised that. I would n't have you spoiled for a farm," he added heartily.

And he spoke the truth. If he had been told that he was cherishing her type as though it were a priceless bit of old Saxe, he would have stared blankly and made a jocular remark. But it was exactly this which he actually clung to and adored. He even had a second private interview with Mrs. Mellish, and asked her to "keep her as much like she was" as was possible.

Stimulated by the suppressed touch of artistic fervor, Mrs. Mellish guessed at something even before her client arrived; but the moment she entered the showroom all was revealed to her at once. The very hint of flush and tremor in Miss Alicia's manner was an assistance. Surrounded by a small and extremely select court composed of Mrs. Mellish and two low-voiced, deft-handed assistants, it was with a fine little effort that Miss Alicia restrained herself from exterior suggestion of her feeling that there was something almost impious in thinking of possessing the exquisite stuffs and shades displayed to her in flowing beauty on every side. Such linens and batistes and laces, such delicate, faint grays and lavenders and soft-falling blacks! If she had been capable of approaching the thought, such luxury might even have hinted at guilty splendor.

Mrs. Mellish became possessed of an "idea." To create the costume of an exquisite, early-Victorian old lady in a play done for the most fashionable and popular actor manager of the most "drawing-room" of West End theaters, where one saw royalty in the royal box, with bouquets on every side, the orchestra breaking off in the middle of a strain to play "God Save the Queen," and the audience standing up as the royal party came in—that was her idea. She carried it out, steering Miss Alicia with finished tact through the shoals and rapids of her timidities. And the result was wonderful; color,—or, rather, shades,—textures, and forms were made subservient by real genius. Miss Alicia—as she was turned out when the wardrobe was complete—might have been an elderly little duchess of sweet and modest good taste in the dress of forty years earlier. It took time, but some of the things were prepared as though by magic, and the night the first boxes were delivered at the hotel Miss Alicia, on going to bed, in kneeling down to her devotions prayed fervently that she might not be "led astray by fleshly desires," and that her gratitude might be acceptable, and not stained by a too great joy "in the things which corrupt."

The very next day occurred Rose. She was the young person to whom Pearson was engaged, and it appeared that if Miss Alicia would make up her mind to oblige Mr. Temple Barholm by allowing the girl to come to her as lady's-maid, even if only temporarily, she would be doing a most kind and charitable thing. She was a very nice, well-behaved girl, and unfortunately she had felt herself forced to leave her place because her mistress's husband was not at all a nice man. He had shown himself so far from nice that Pearson had been most unhappy, and Rose had been compelled to give notice, though she had no other situation in prospect and her mother was dependent on her. This was without doubt not Mr. Temple Barholm's exact phrasing of the story, but it was what Miss Alicia gathered, and what moved her deeply. It was so cruel and so sad! That wicked man! That poor girl! She had never had a lady's-maid, and might be rather at a loss at first, but it was only like Mr. Temple Barholm's kind heart to suggest such a way of helping the girl and poor Pearson.

So occurred Rose, a rather pretty creature whose blue eyes suppressed grateful tears as she took Miss Alicia's instructions during their first interview. And Pearson arrived the same night, and, waiting upon Tembarom, stood before him, and with perfect respect, choked.

"Might I thank you, if you please, sir," he began, recovering himself—"might I thank you and say how grateful—Rose and me, sir—" and choked again.

"I told you it would be all right," answered Tembarom. "It *is* all right. I wish I was fixed like you are, Pearson."

When the Countess of Mallowe called, Rose had just dressed Miss Alicia for the afternoon in one of the most perfect of the evolutions of Mrs. Mellish's idea. It was a definite creation, as even Lady Mallowe detected the moment her eyes fell upon it. Its hue was dull, soft gray, and

how it managed to concede points and elude suggestions of modes interred, and yet remain what it did remain, and accord perfectly with the side ringlets and the lace cap of Mechlin, only dressmaking genius could have explained. The mere wearing of it gave Miss Alicia a support and courage which she could scarcely believe to be her own. When the cards of Lady Mallowe and Lady Joan Fayre were brought up to her, she was absolutely not really frightened; a little nervous for a moment, perhaps, but frightened, no. A few weeks of relief and ease, of cheery consideration, of perfectly good treatment and good food and good clothes, had begun a rebuilding of the actual cells of her.

Lady Mallowe entered alone. She was a handsome person, and astonishingly young when considered as the mother of a daughter of twenty-seven. She wore a white veil, and looked pink through it. She swept into the room, and shook hands with Miss Alicia with delicate warmth.

"We do not really know each other at all," she said. "It is disgraceful how little relatives see of one another."

The disgrace, if measured by the extent of the relationship, was not immense. Perhaps this thought flickered across Miss Alicia's mind among a number of other things. She had heard "dear papa" on Lady Mallowe, and, howsoever lacking in graces, the vicar of Rowcroft had not lacked an acrid shrewdness. Miss Alicia's sensitively self-accusing soul shrank before a hasty realization of the fact that if he had been present when the cards were brought up, he would, on glancing over them through his spectacles, have jerked out immediately: "What does the woman want? She 's come to get something." Miss Alicia wished she had not been so immediately beset by this mental vision.

Lady Mallowe had come for something. She had come to be amiable to Miss Temple Barholm and to establish relations with her.

"Joan should have been here to meet me," she explained. "Her dressmaker is keeping her, of course. She will be so annoyed. She wanted very much to come with me."

It was further revealed that she might arrive at any moment, which gave Miss Alicia an opportunity to express, with pretty grace, the hope that she would, and her trust that she was quite well.

"She is always well," Lady Mallowe returned. "And she is of course as interested as we all are in this romantic thing. It is perfectly delicious, like a three-volumed novel."

"It is romantic," said Miss Alicia, wondering how much her visitor knew or thought she knew, and what circumstances would present themselves to her as delicious.

"Of course one has heard only the usual talk one always hears when everybody is chattering about a thing," Lady Mallowe replied, with a propitiating smile. "No one really knows what is true and what is n't. But it is nice to notice that all the gossip speaks so well of him. No one seems to pretend that he is anything but extremely nice himself, notwithstanding his disadvantages."

She kept a fine hazel eye, surrounded by a line which artistically represented itself as black lashes, steadily resting on Miss Alicia as she said the last words.

"He is," said Miss Alicia, with gentle firmness, "nicer than I had ever imagined any young man could be—far nicer."

Lady Mallowe's glance round the luxurious private sitting-room and over the perfect "idea" of Mrs. Mellish was so swift as to be almost imperceptible.

"How delightful!" she said. "He must be unusually agreeable, or you would not have consented to stay and take care of him."

"I cannot tell you how *happy* I am to have been asked to stay with him, Lady Mallowe," Miss Alicia replied, the gentle firmness becoming a soft dignity.

"Which of course shows all the more how attractive he must be. And in view of the past lack of advantages, what a help you can be to him! It is quite wonderful for him to have a relative at hand who is an Englishwoman and familiar with things he will feel he must learn."

A perhaps singular truth is that but for the unmistakable nature of the surroundings she quickly took in the significance of, and but for the perfection of the carrying out of Mrs. Mellish's delightful idea, it is more than probable that her ladyship's manner of approaching Miss Alicia and certain subjects on which she desired enlightenment would have been

much more direct and much less propitiatory. Extraordinary as it was, "the creature"—she thought of Tembarom as "the creature"—had plainly been so pleased with the chance of being properly coached that he had put everything, so to speak, in the little old woman's hands. She had got a hold upon him. It was quite likely that to regard her as a definite factor would only be the part of the merest discretion. She was evidently quite in love with him in her early-Victorian, spinster way. One had to be prudent with women like that who had got hold of a male creature for the first time in their lives, and were almost unaware of their own power. Their very unconsciousness made them a dangerous influence.

With a masterly review of these facts in her mind Lady Mallowe went on with a fluent and pleasant talk, through the medium of which she managed to convey a large number of things Miss Alicia was far from being clever enough to realize she was talking about. She lightly waved wings of suggestion across the scene, she dropped infinitesimal seeds in passing, she left faint echoes behind her—the kind of echoes one would find oneself listening to and trying to hear as definitely formed sounds. She had been balancing herself on a precarious platform of rank and title, unsupported by any sordid foundation of a solid nature, through a lifetime spent in London. She had learned to catch fiercely at straws of chance, and bitterly to regret the floating past of the slightest, which had made of her a finished product of her kind. She talked lightly, and was sometimes almost witty. To her hearer she seemed to know every brilliant personage and to be familiar with every dazzling thing. She knew well what social habits and customs meant, what their value, or lack of value, was. There were customs, she implied skilfully, so established by time that it was impossible to ignore them. Relationships, for instance, stood for so much that was fine in England that one was sometimes quite touched by the far-reachingness of family loyalty. The head of the house of a great estate represented a certain power in the matter of upholding the dignity of his possessions, of caring for his tenantry, of standing for proper hospitality and friendly family feeling. It was quite beautiful as one often saw it. Throughout the talk there were several references to Joan, who really must come in shortly, which were very interesting to Miss Alicia. Lady Joan, Miss Alicia heard casually, was a great beauty. Her perfection and her extreme cleverness had made her perhaps a tribe *difficile*. She had not done—Lady Mallowe put it with a lightness of phrasing which was delicacy itself—what she might have done, with every exalted advantage, so many times. She had a profound nature. Here Lady Mallowe waved away, as it were, a ghost of a sigh. Since Miss Temple Barholm was a relative, she had no doubt heard of the unfortunate, the very sad incident which her mother sometimes feared prejudiced the girl even yet.

"You mean—poor Jem!" broke forth involuntarily from Miss Alicia's lips. Lady Mallowe stared a little.

"Do you call him that?" she asked. "Did you know him, then?"

"I loved him," answered Miss Alicia, winking her eyes to keep back the moisture in them, "though it was only when he was a little boy."

"Oh," said Lady Mallowe, with a sudden, singular softness, "I must tell Joan that."

Lady Joan had not appeared even after they had had tea and her mother went away, but somehow Miss Alicia had reached a vaguely yearning feeling for her and wished very much the dressmaker had released her. She was quite stirred when it revealed itself almost at the last moment that in a few weeks both she and Lady Mallowe were to pay a visit at no great distance from Temple Barholm itself, and that her ladyship would certainly arrange to drive over to continue her delightful acquaintance and to see the beautiful old place again.

"In any case one must, even if he lived in lonely state, pay one's respects to the head of the house. The truth is, of course, one is extremely anxious to meet him, and it is charming to know that one is not merely invading the privacy of a bachelor," Lady Mallowe put it.

"She 'll come for *you,*" Little Ann had soberly remarked.

Tembarom remembered the look in her quiet, unresentful blue eyes when he came in to dinner and Miss Alicia related to him the events of the afternoon.



CHAPTER XVIII



THE spring, when they traveled back to the north, was so perceptibly nearer that the fugitive soft days strayed in advance at intervals that were briefer. They chose one for their journey, and its clear sunshine and hints at faint greenness were so exhilarating to Miss Alicia that she was a companion to make any journey an affair to rank with holidays and adventures. The strange luxury of traveling in a reserved first-class carriage, of being made timid by no sense of unfitness of dress or luggage, would have filled her with grateful rapture; but Rose, journeying with Pearson a few coaches behind, appeared at the carriage window at every important station to say, "Is there anything I may do for you, ma'am?" And there really never was anything she could do, because Mr. Temple Barholm remembered everything which could make her comfort perfect. In the moods of one who searches the prospect for suggestions as to pleasure he can give to himself by delighting a dear child, he had found and bought for her a most elegant little dressing-bag, with the neatest of plain-gold fittings beautifully initialed. It reposed upon the cushioned seat near her, and made her heart beat every time she caught sight of it anew. How wonderful it would be if poor dear, darling mama could look down and see everything and really know what happiness had been vouchsafed to her unworthy child!

Having a vivid recollection of the journey made with Mr. Palford, Tembarom felt that his whole world had changed for him. The landscape had altered its aspect. Miss Alicia pointed out bits of freshening grass, was sure of the breaking of brown leaf-buds, and more than once breathlessly suspected a primrose in a sheltered hedge corner. A country-bred woman, with country-bred keenness of eye and a country-bred sense of the seasons' change, she saw so much that he had never known that she began to make him see also. Bare trees would be thick-leaved nesting-places, hedges would be white with hawthorn, and hold blue eggs and chirps and songs. Skylarks would spring out of the fields and soar into the sky, dropping crystal chains of joyous trills. The cottage gardens would be full of flowers, there would be poppies gleaming scarlet in the corn, and in buttercup-time all the green grass would be a sheet of shining gold.

"When it all happens I shall be like a little East-Sider taken for a day in the country. I shall be asking questions at every step," Tembarom said. "Temple Barholm must be pretty fine then."

"It is so lovely," said Miss Alicia, turning to him almost solemnly, "that sometimes it makes one really lose one's breath."

He looked out of the window with sudden wistfulness.

"I wish Ann—" he began and then, seeing the repressed question in her eyes, made up his mind.

He told her about Little Ann. He did not use very many words, but she knew a great deal when he had finished. And her spinster soul was thrilled. Neither she nor poor Emily had ever had an admirer, and it was not considered refined for unsought females to discuss "such subjects." Domestic delirium over the joy of an engagement in families in which daughters were a drug she had seen. It was indeed inevitable that there should be more rejoicing over one Miss Timson who had strayed from the fold into the haven of marriage than over the ninety-nine Misses Timson who remained behind. But she had never known intimately any one who was in love—really in love. Mr. Temple Barholm must be. When he spoke of Little Ann he flushed shyly and his eyes looked so touching and nice. His voice sounded different, and though of course his odd New York expressions were always rather puzzling, she felt as though she saw things she had had no previous knowledge of—things which thrilled her.

"She must be a very—very nice girl," she ventured at length. "I am afraid I have never been into old Mrs. Hutchinson's cottage. She is quite comfortably off in her way, and does not need parish care. I wish I had seen Miss Hutchinson."

"I wish she had seen you," was Tembarom's answer.

Miss Alicia reflected. "She must be very clever to have such—sensible views," she remarked.

If he had remained in New York, and there had been no question of his inheriting Temple Barholm, the marriage would have been most suitable. But however "superior" she might be, a vision of old Mrs. Hutchinson's granddaughter as the wife of Mr. Temple Barholm, and of noisy old Mr. Hutchinson as his father-in-law was a staggering thing.

"You think they were sensible?" asked Tembarom. "Well, she never did anything that was n't. So I guess they were. And what she says *goes*. I wanted you to know, anyhow. I would n't like you not to know. I 'm too fond of you, Miss Alicia." And he put his hand round her neat glove and squeezed it. The tears of course came into her tender eyes. Emotion of any sort always expressed itself in her in this early-Victorian manner.

"This Lady Joan girl," he said suddenly not long afterward, "is n't she the kind that I 'm to get used to—the kind in the pictorial magazine Ann talked about? I bought one at the depot before we started. I wanted to get on to the pictures and see what they did to me."

He found the paper among his belongings and regarded it with the expression of a serious explorer. It opened at a page of illustrations of slim goddesses in court dresses. By actual measurement, if regarded according to scale, each was about ten feet high; but their long lines, combining themselves with court trains, waving plumes, and falling veils, produced an awe-inspiring effect. Tembarom gazed at them in absorbed silence.

"Is she something like any of these?" he inquired finally.

Miss Alicia looked through her glasses.

"Far more beautiful, I believe," she answered. "These are only fashion-plates, and I have heard that she is a most striking girl."

"A beaut' from Beautsville!" he said. "So that 's what I 'm up against! I wonder how much use that kind of a girl would have for me."

He gave a good deal of attention to the paper before he laid it aside. As she watched him, Miss Alicia became gradually aware of the existence of a certain hint of determined squareness in his boyish jaw. It was perhaps not much more than a hint, but it really was there, though she had not noticed it before. In fact, it usually hid itself behind his slangy youthfulness and readiness for any good cheer.

One may as well admit that it sustained him during his novitiate and aided him to pass through it without ignominy or disaster. He was strengthened also by a private resolve to bear himself in such a manner as would at least do decent credit to Little Ann and her superior knowledge. With the curious eyes of servants, villagers, and secretly outraged neighborhood upon him, he was shrewd enough to know that he might easily become a perennial fount of grotesque anecdote, to be used as a legitimate source of entertain-

ment in cottages over the consumption of beans and bacon, as well as at great houses when dinner-table talk threatened to become dull if not enlivened by some spice. He would not have thought of this or been disturbed by it but for Ann. She knew, and he was not going to let her be met on her return from America with what he called "a lot of funny dope" about him.

"No girl would like it," he said to himself. "And the way she said she 'cared too much' just put it up to me to see that the fellow she cares for does n't let himself get laughed at."

Though he still continued to be jocular on subjects which to his valet seemed almost sacred, Pearson was relieved to find that his employer gradually gave himself into his hands in a manner quite amenable. In the touching way in which nine out of ten nice, domesticated American males obey the behests of the women they are fond of, he had followed Ann's directions to the letter. Guided by the adept Pearson, he had gone to the best places in London and purchased the correct things, returning to Temple Barholm with a wardrobe to which any gentleman might turn at any moment without a question.

"He 's got good shoulders, though he does slouch a bit," Pearson said to Rose. "And a gentleman's shoulders are more than half the battle."

What Tembarom himself felt cheered by was the certainty that if Ann saw him walking about the park or the village, or driving out with Miss Alicia in the big landau, or taking her in to dinner, or even going to church with her, she would not have occasion to flush at sight of him.

The going to church was one of the duties of his position he found out. Miss Alicia "put him on" to that. It seemed that he had to present himself to the villagers "as an example." If the Temple Barholm pews were empty, the villagers, not being incited to devotional exercise by his exalted presence, would feel at liberty to remain at home, and in the irreligious undress of shirt-sleeves sit and smoke their pipes or, worse still, gather at "the Hare and Hounds" and drink beer. Also, it would not be "at all proper" not to go to church.

Pearson produced a special cut of costume for this ceremony, and Tembarom walked with Miss Alicia across the park to the square-towered Norman church.

In a position of dignity the Temple Barholm pews overlooked the congregation. There was the great square pew for the family, with two others for servants. Footmen and house-maids gazed reverentially at prayer-books. Pearson, making every preparation respectfully to declare himself a "miserable sinner" when the proper moment arrived, could scarcely restrain a side glance as the correctly cut and fitted and entirely "suitable" work of his hands opened the pew-door for Miss Alicia, followed her in, and took his place.

Let not the fact that he had never been to church before be counted against him. There was nothing very extraordinary in the fact. He had felt no antipathy to church-going, but he had not by chance fallen under proselyting influence, and it had certainly never occurred to him that he had any place among the well-dressed, comfortable-looking people he had seen flocking into places of worship in New York. As far as religious observances were concerned, he was an unadulterated heathen, and was all the more to be congratulated on being a heathen of genial tendencies.

The very large pew, under the stone floor of which his ancestors had slept undisturbedly for centuries, interested him greatly. A recumbent marble crusader in armor, with feet crossed in the customary manner, fitted into a sort of niche in one side of the wall. There were carved tablets and many inscriptions in Latin wheresoever one glanced. The place was like a room. A heavy, round table, on which lay prayer-books, Bibles, and hymn-books, occupied the middle. About it were arranged beautiful old chairs, with hassocks to kneel on. Toward a specially imposing chair with arms Miss Alicia directed him with a glance. It was apparently his place. He was going to sit down when he saw Miss Alicia gently push forward a hassock with her foot, and kneel on it, covering her face with her hands as she bent her head. He hastily drew forth his hassock and followed her example.

That was it, was it? It was n't only a matter of listening to a sermon; you had to do things. He had better watch out and see that he did n't miss anything. She did n't know it was his first time, and it might worry her to the limit if he did n't put it over all right. One of the things

he had noticed in her was her fear of attracting attention by failing to do exactly the "proper thing." If he made a fool of himself by kneeling down when he ought to stand up, or lying down when he ought to sit, she 'd get hot all over, thinking what the villagers would say. Well, Ann had n't wanted him to look different from other fellows or to make breaks. He 'd look out from start to finish. He directed a watchful eye at Miss Alicia through his fingers. She remained kneeling a few moments, and then very quietly got up. He rose with her, and took his big chair when she sat down. He breathed more freely. That was the first round.

It was not a large church, but a gray and solemn impression of dignity brooded over it. It was dim with light, which fell through stained-glass memorial windows set deep in the thick stone walls. The silence which reigned throughout its spaces seemed to Tembarom of a new kind, different from the silence of the big house. The occasional subdued rustle of turned prayer-book leaves seemed to accentuate it; the most careful movement could not conceal itself; a slight cough was a startling thing. The way, Tembarom thought, they could get things dead-still in English places!

The chimes, which had been ringing their last summons to the tardy, slackened their final warning notes, became still slower, stopped. There was a slight stir in the benches occupied by the infant school. It suggested that something new was going to happen. From some unseen place came the sound of singing voices—boyish voices and the voices of men. Tembarom involuntarily turned his head. Out of the unseen place came a procession in white robes. Great Scott! every one was standing up! He must stand up, too. The boys and men in white garments filed into their seats. An elderly man, also in white robes, separated himself from them, and, going into his special place, kneeled down. Then he rose and began to read:

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness—"

Tembarom took the open book which Miss Alicia had very delicately pushed toward him. He read the first words,—that was plain sailing,—then he seemed to lose his place. Miss Alicia turned a leaf. He turned one also.

"Dearly beloved brethren—"

There you were. This was once more plain sailing. He could follow it. What was the matter with Miss Alicia? She was kneeling again, everybody was kneeling. Where was the hassock? He went down upon his knees, hoping Miss Alicia had not seen that he was n't going to kneel at all. Then when the minister said "Amen," the congregation said it, too, and he came in too late, so that his voice sounded out alone. He must watch that. Then the minister knelt, and all the people prayed aloud with him. With the book before him he managed to get in after the first few words; but he was not ready with the responses, and in the middle of them everybody stood up again. And then the organ played, and every one sang. He could n't sing, anyhow, and he knew he could n't catch on to the kind of thing they were doing. He hoped Miss Alicia would n't mind his standing up and holding his book and doing nothing. He could not help seeing that eyes continually turned toward him. They 'd notice every darned break he made, and Miss Alicia would know it. He felt quite hot more than once. He watched her like a hawk; he sat down and listened to reading, he stood up and listened to singing; he kneeled, he tried to chime in with "Amens" and to keep up with her bending of head and knee. But the creed, with its sudden turn toward the altar, caught him unawares, he lost himself wholly in the Psalms, the collects left him in deep water, and the Litany baffled him by changing from "miserable sinners" to "Spare us Good Lord." If he could have found the place he would have been all right, but his anxiety excited him, and the fear of embarrassing Miss Alicia by going wrong made the morning a strenuous thing. He was so relieved to find he might sit still when the sermon began that he gave the minister the attention of a religious enthusiast.

By the time the service had come to an end the stately peace of the place had seemed to sink into his being and become part of himself. The voice of the minister bestowing his blessing, the voices of the choir floating up to the vaulted roof, stirred him to a remote pleasure. He liked it, or he knew he would like it when he knew what to do. The filing out of the choris-

ters, the silent final prayer, the soft rustle of people rising from their knees, somehow moved him by its suggestion of something before unknown. He was a heathen, but a heathen vaguely stirred.

He was very quiet as he walked home across the park with Miss Alicia.

"How did you enjoy the sermon?" she asked with much sweetness.

"I 'm not used to sermons, but it seemed all right to me," he answered. "What I 've got to get on to is knowing when to stand up and when to sit down. I was n't much of a winner at it this morning. I guess you noticed that."

But his outward bearing had been much more composed than his inward anxiety had allowed him to believe. His hesitations had not produced the noticeable effect he had feared.

"Do you mean you are not quite familiar with the service?" she said. Poor dear boy! he had perhaps not been able to go to church regularly at all.

"I 'm not familiar with any service," he answered without prejudice. "I never went to church before."

She slightly started and then smiled.

"Oh, you mean you have never been to the Church of England," she said.

Then he saw that, if he told her the exact truth, she would be frightened and shocked. She would not know what to say or what to think. To her unsophisticated mind only murderers and thieves and criminals *never* went to church. She just did n't know. Why should she? So he smiled also.

"No, I 've never been to the Church of England," he said.

(To be continued)

INVULNERABLE

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE armorers met me at the marge of life,
The weapon-bearers, calling each his ware,
Praising sword or spear or sinuous knife
Fashioned for the strife
In the forest depths that lay before,
To ward off malice or to pierce despair;
Shields that could affright
All the hissing snakes in Envy's hair;
Or, when Peril's sudden arrow sped,
Crying how bucklers, stern of proof and bright,
Glanced the shaft, the rancor overbore;
Or iron helms, securely vizarded,
Turned the thrusts of mockery and spite.
Loudly "Arm you! Arm you!" rose their cry;
And I chose a shield, Indifference,
And a blade, Sharp Wit, for my defense.
Close-meshed mail beneath my gaberdine
Glittered all unseen.

Proud I strode and whirled my sword on high.
Then my friend went by,
Passing in his shining joy unarmed,
With not even an amulet that charmed;
Singing for the innocence confessed
In his sparkling eyes, his buoyant breast;
Swiftly, gaily thrusting through the trees
To his deep and darkling forest doom,
As I thought. But still before me goes,
Blithe and wonderful, his candid smile
Every ambushed shadow to illume,
And the quickening sympathy that glows
Sudden on his cheek when friends seem foes,
And his utter radiance without guile,
Merry ignorance where I am—*wise?*

Where they lurk and snarl and close with me,
All unscathed of foemen passeth he,
Seeing no strife, unarmed eternally,
And e'en the Terrors turn away their eyes!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

UNDER WHICH FLAG, LADIES, ORDER OR ANARCHY?

THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE DISAVOWS VIOLENCE

IN the April CENTURY, in an editorial article, "The Silent Suffragists of America," we called upon the official organizations in the United States advocating woman suffrage to abandon their passive and tolerant attitude toward the methods of the English militants, a plea which we had also made in the number for November last.[1] We have received letters of approval of this article from representative women on each side of the suffrage question. It is a matter of sincere gratification to us to publish at the first opportunity the letter which follows from Miss Eleanor Cuyler Patterson of Chestnut Hill (Philadelphia):

I have read with interest the temperate and wise opinion printed in "Topics of the Time" in the April number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. It gives me great pleasure to send you the resolution on this subject passed by the executive committee of the Pennsylvania Association for Woman Suffrage on March 7, 1913.

"Although we do not pass judgment on the methods of other organizations, *we disclaim all connection with militant organizations, and do not indorse or intend to use militant methods,* but shall continue to employ educational methods as in the past."

Here at last we have from an official suffrage organization in America a sober-minded expression of opinion on this burning subject. It ought to be the beginning of a sincere effort to rescue the whole woman movement from the shallow thinking and super-emotionalism that are likely to wreck it.

That this sort of protest is much needed is shown from the following passage from a letter to "The New York Times" from a leading advocate of the suffrage, Mrs. Eunice Dana Brannan, which is the first public expression of what we must regard as a very unfortunate, not to say shocking, frame of mind on the part of many refined and well-educated American women:

The suffragists in America are agreed in their belief that militant action is *not called for.* Injustice to women is not so evident nor so general as in England, and the attitude of the majority of American men is certainly fairer and more honestly chivalrous. *But, in spite of these amiable differences, it is quite possible that if the Eastern States continue to deny enfranchisement to their women, while the Western States continue to grant it, the women thus discriminated against would find the political anomaly of their position so impossible to bear that even militancy would seem to them justifiable.*

The words we have italicized are deplorably significant. They mean, for instance, that the immunity of New York City from similar outrages is to be dependent only upon the granting of the suffrage by the State. "Militant action is not called for"—yet, but will be called for if the voters of the East, however conscientiously, shall deny the suffrage to women!

In striking contrast is this extract from an open letter, printed in "The New York Times" of April 14, from Mrs. Helen Magill White (Mrs. Andrew D. White) of Ithaca, New York, addressed "To the Treasurer of the National American Woman Suffrage Association." After recording her friendly attitude toward the movement, Mrs. White closes her letter with these downright words:

I never until lately admitted to myself the possibility of our *essential* inferiority—such that, in matters of government, we could

[1] "Wanted: Straight Thinking about Militant Suffragists." See also previous editorial articles of the same tenor: "Grace before Lawlessness" (March, 1912) and "Teaching Violence to Women" (May, 1912).

without outrage be classed with children, with idiots and insane, and with criminals.

But now that I see our own kinswomen across the sea sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind—sowing seeds of lawlessness which we may see in our own day, I greatly fear, blossoming in an anarchism more terrible than anything yet known to history—and when I see our own women protesting feebly or not at all, and even, to some extent, encouraging, I have not a cent to contribute nor a word of sympathy for any association of women which does not publicly and earnestly protest against such a line of procedure. It resembles the kicking and biting of spoiled children, the raving and gibbering of insane and idiots—and the unbridled license of the most abandoned criminals. All these classes think solely of what they want, and self-constitute themselves arbiters of what they should have. What it may cost other human beings, innocent though they be, for them to grasp at the objects of their desire by whatever means may come to hand, does not touch their minds; and so it would seem to be with those women of England; and so, also, with those of our own women who condone their offenses—who would condone such action *in any cause.*

Mrs. White here indicates both the responsibility of sincere, educated, and thoughtful suffragists and an effective method whereby they may hold the official organizations to their duty. Not a dollar should be subscribed to their work until they have pledged themselves that no part of their funds shall go to the support of lawlessness, and have made as definite a disclaimer of sympathy and intention as the Pennsylvania society, the action of which, at this time, is a patriotic public service of the highest order.

We have nothing but respect for the women of America who are earnestly convinced that the extension of the suffrage gives promise of a brighter day for humanity, and we take this opportunity to record our abhorrence not only of violence by women but of such interference with peaceable parades as disgraced the city of Washington on the third of March. In these days of turbulence of action and of thought, there is no securer anchorage to the mind than Chatham's saying, "Where law ends, tyranny begins."

NEWSPAPER INVASION OF PRIVACY

IS THE PAUL PRY AND PEEPING TOM TYPE OF REPORTING ON THE INCREASE?

THE newspapers printed the initial paragraph of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's will, and some of them made it the theme of very respectful and profitable comment. It was as intimate a statement as can well be imagined, a solemn committal of the soul of the maker of the will into the hands of his Saviour, and a charge to his children to maintain and defend "the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ."

But Mr. Morgan was a public person. All of us, in that sense, became members of his family. We had made our way to his bedside as he lay dying in Rome, and we expected to be given his will to read as soon as his wife and son and daughters had read it. They were obliged to give it to us: what could they do? Mr. Morgan, by reason of his great wealth and his distinguished public service had lost the privilege of privacy.

At the same time, there were those who read the will, and especially the beginning of it, with a certain sense of embarrassment, as if they had been found reading a neighbor's private letters. The situation is one which arises in connection with some modern biographies and autobiographies, but the newspapers present it to our conscience every day. Now is abundantly fulfilled the prediction of an old book which said, "There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." When the book promises further that that which is spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops, we seem to see the reporter in the midst of his characteristic activities. All the closet doors are now wide open; or, if they are shut and locked against us, there are dictagraphs inside.

The other day at a great college a student was found dead in bed. The reporter who put the fact in the paper reported also that the president and the dean, and other persons much older and perhaps wiser than himself, had done their best to keep the matter private. Their endeavors appear to have been entirely for the sake of the

student's family and friends. There was no suspicion of anything wrong except such as the reporter himself conveyed to heighten the interest. These kindly endeavors the reporter, according to his own frank and impudent confession, had frustrated. No purpose seems to have been served by the publication except that the reporter got his money for it.

The other day, in the midst of a suit for divorce, the wife was stricken with a mortal disease, and the husband was sent for. She was unconscious when he arrived, and he knelt by her bedside, praying. Then she opened her eyes and saw him, and told him that she loved him still. Behind the door was a reporter, with his paper in one hand and his pencil in the other, putting down what he saw and heard through the crack, and going out to shout it through a megaphone in the street.

Two lads in a high school fought a duel over the attentions which one was paying to the other's sister. The local newspapers gave it nearly as much space as they gave to the floods in Ohio. The little girls who looked on were all interviewed, and we were told what the sister said when she went to see her wounded lover in the hospital. Of course the perspective was absurd, but the performance was by no means absurd.

So with the divorce-suits that are tried in the court-rooms, which have no walls, where the busy reporters prepare themselves to tell us a hundred thing that we have no right to know. A brutal husband forces his wife to sue him for divorce as her only defense against his cruelty, and the newspapers coöperate with him in exposing to the common gaze all the tender privacies of the woman's soul.

We read such revelations, at first ashamed, as if we were looking through a keyhole, then somewhat brutalized ourselves by the experience. Thus the line is blurred between the publicity which is for the good of the people and for the terror of offenders, and the publicity which is only gossip and scandal printed for no other purpose than to sell the papers and make money. Whatever the remedy, the fact is plain that our sense of the honest rights of privacy is dulled. If Lady Godiva were to ride through the streets of Coventry to-day, there would be Peeping Toms in groups at every window with cameras and machines for taking moving pictures.

It is not improbable that one of the next important movements in this country will be for a greater sense of responsibility to wholesome public opinion on the part of the press. There is so much that is good and helpful and truly progressive in the better newspapers, and they are so sound on the larger questions of national policy, that it is to be hoped that the reformation of the grosser faults of journalism will be initiated by them. And in saying this we must not forget the offenses against good taste and good morals which are continually being perpetrated by certain periodicals that appear but once a month.

THE CHANGING VIEW OF GOVERNMENT

A GROWING SENSE OF ITS DUTIES TO THE PEOPLE

A MEMBER of Congress summed up the strongest impression from his latest electoral campaign as being that the people in this country are coming to have a much more vivid sense of the Government as "a political entity" which "owes duties." He obviously means something more than Secretary Hay's famous phrase about the "administrative entity" of China. This is no mere quibble about Pope's "forms of government." It implies a wide departure from the old view that government is a necessary evil, to be kept as limited as possible. However we explain or interpret the new conception, its existence and increasing sway over the minds of men will not be questioned by any one who keeps his eyes open to the facts. He may call the tendency socialistic or simply an extension of the democratic principle, but that it has now become a part of American political thinking he cannot well deny.

Equally undeniable is it that the idea that people have of the nature and function of their Government is more important than any mere question of governmental machinery. We hear much of a movement to "restore the government to the people." All manner of political devices are commended, or else condemned, to bring about a more direct participation by the citizen in the work of government. Be these proposals wise or foolish, it is

plain that the chief question lies behind them. It is what the people wish their Government to be; what they would now have done by those responsible for its conduct; what they themselves would undertake by means of governmental agencies in case those agencies were somehow made more quickly responsive to the popular will. Show a political philosopher what the driving forces of a republic really desire it to be or to become, and he will be able to get much more instruction out of that, much more material on which to base prophecies respecting future development, than he possibly can from endless talk about primaries and conventions, ballot-laws and corrupt-practices acts. Those are only means and machinery; the end aimed at is the main thing.

Looking back at the recent enlargement of governmental activities, and endeavoring to read in them the new sense of duties owed, we are able to detect at least a few general indications and even certain principles. For example, it is clear that the people are demanding, and will more and more demand, that their governments, local and national, do a great deal more than was formerly expected to conserve the physical health of the nation. Here is the origin of pure-food laws, of meat-inspection, of statutes against the adulteration of drugs. In this feeling of the vital relation that ought to exist between the Government and the bodily well-being of its subjects we have also the explanation of official campaigns against disease, of the movement for a national quarantine, and of the great broadening of the work everywhere laid upon health officers.

All this has not come about through a deliberate or reasoned change in the point of view. It is, rather, the result of quiet pressure from the practical side. Large problems of public health have pushed themselves to the front; and in seeking to solve them, the people have merely laid hold of the powers of government as ready and efficient instruments. It is now tacitly assumed that the Government is under a continuing obligation to guard the people against epidemic disease and exposure to impure food and deleterious drugs. This is now distinctly one of the duties owed.

But life is more than meat, liberty and equality of opportunity are more precious than health. And in seeking to preserve these, the work of our Government during the last few years has made of official activity something very different from the conceptions and standards of 1787 or 1850—something which is no doubt open to abuse, but which, we are persuaded, has thus far been largely beneficial in its practical manifestations.

When the Government takes hold of the evil of railway rebating with a strong hand, it is not alone a question of enforcement of the law, but of striking down an insidious and dangerous form of special privilege. The real offense in the old rebate system, now happily so nearly a thing of the past, was not alone its secret favors to a secret few, but its gross discrimination against the unprotected many. It was the denial of the right to compete on equal terms. This is the intolerable thing in a free democracy. It can endure the sight of great wealth, of vast fortunes honestly gained, but it cannot submit to a method of accumulating property which destroys the opportunities of thousands in order to give unfair advantages to one. It is the determination to keep the career open to talent, not to shut it up to favoritism, which has been the animating spirit in the long struggle to prevent the railroads from virtually creating private fortunes at their own sweet will, and bringing whom they please to penury by means of rebates.

A like attitude and animus are seen in the other forms of legislative restriction upon great corporations. All the anti-monopoly laws and anti-trust suits, all the regulating statutes and the public-utilities commissions, have one principle at bottom, and it is to make all men stand equal before the law. On the one hand to strike down oppression, on the other to equalize opportunity, has been the intent of these new activities of government which, whatever else they show, leave no doubt of an altogether changed view of what governments owe.

In all these matters, the greatest peril that lurks in our path is that of being misled by abstractions. If we talk overmuch of "government," we are in danger of forgetting the human beings who make it up. If we are afflicted by bad rulers, it is no help to us to fall back upon an ideal conception of "the state." The state is simply men acting. Much amusement

was created in Paris by an innocent peasant who passed from one public building to another demanding that he be allowed to see *l'état*. He had heard of it all his life; he thought it was something at the capital; being there, he wanted to inspect it at close range. He was an unsophisticated rustic, but was he not right in his instinct? We are not, after all, governed by an "entity." Government is the most concrete of human affairs. It is vested in mortal men. And in all the agitations and the hopes and fears of our day respecting the extension of governmental functions, and the quickening of the whole idea of what the state owes to citizens, it would be fatal to forget that government cannot be made better except by putting better men in charge of it.

THE TWO-BILLION-DOLLAR CONGRESS

A NATIONAL BUDGET THE REMEDY FOR EXTRAVAGANCE IN APPROPRIATIONS

THE time is overripe for a fundamental change in our method of making annual appropriations for the cost of the National Government. A glance at the result of the work done by the various congressional committees charged with the duty of preparing appropriation bills is enough to bring conviction that order and system must be substituted for the present chaotic methods; while, if we could penetrate the secrets of the committee-rooms, the country would stand appalled at the ignoble tricks and devices by which the "pork-barrel" is filled and the money of the taxpayers wantonly and wickedly wasted.

The Democrats in their platform of 1912 "denounce the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses," and they demand "a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic Government." How did they keep faith with the people under this self-denying ordinance? In the session of Congress immediately following, the second regular session of the Sixty-second Congress, which adjourned on March 4, they passed appropriation bills aggregating $1,098,647,960, and authorized contracts on public works committing the Government to a further expenditure of $76,956,174, making a total demand upon the treasury for the year ending June 30, 1914, of $1,175,604,134, a sum that surpasses all previous congressional achievements in extravagance. Not only that, but the grand total of the appropriations and contracts authorized in the two years of the Sixty-second Congress was $2,238,470,990, which is to be compared with $2,151,610,940 of the Sixty-first Congress. This is democratic economy and simplicity with a vengeance. The Democrats surpassed by more than $86,000,000 the exploits of the previous Republican Congress, which they had denounced as profligate.

But the Republican pot cannot call the Democratic kettle black. The blame falls upon both parties, for both have been profligate. Not only is the method of drawing up the appropriation schedules indefensible, but many of the senators and congressmen of both parties exhibit a degree of greed and rapacity in grabbing for the people's money that is fairly comparable with the behavior of a drunken army looting a captive city. The river-and-harbor appropriation of $41,000,000, and the public-buildings appropriation amounting to $45,000,000 more, cover multitudes of log-rolling sins, of costly improvements of streams never navigable, of imposing buildings for small towns, veritable "grabs" of money to foster local pride, put district constituents in a good humor, and lay the foundation for safe majorities in the next congressional elections. The sin here is not alone that of profligate wastefulness; it is a pretty direct form of bribery of the voter. The staggering appropriation for pensions belongs in this category. The Service Pension Act added $25,000,000 to this item of expenditure, which in this fiscal year is raised to the great sum of $180,300,000. And we are now observing the fiftieth anniversaries of events of the war!

The national balance-sheet for the year which this "return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic Government" presents for the scrutiny of the voter and the taxpayer stands thus: estimated revenue of the Government under existing laws, $991,791,508; direct appropriations, $1,098,647,960; deficit, $106,856,452. But there must be added

to the appropriations $76,976,174 of contract commitments authorized, raising the deficit to the colossal total of $183,812,626.

How shall this riot of extravagance be checked? By concentrating the power of control over appropriation bills and by establishing a definite responsibility for them. Two methods have been proposed. President Taft in a special message urged upon Congress the plan of a national budget. The various departments would prepare the estimates as now; these would be diligently studied and coördinated, with constant reference to the estimated revenue of the year; and the Executive would then submit to Congress such a budget statement as in most other countries the legislative body receives from the Government. In the House of Representatives this budget would be considered by a budget committee, or, if the old name were retained, by the Committee on Appropriations. And the report of that committee, of course, would be subject to discussion and amendment by the House. Representative Fitzgerald of the Appropriations Committee and ex-Speaker Cannon agree in advising a return to the practice of intrusting the preparation of appropriation bills to a single Committee on Appropriations.

Prior to the year 1865, the Committee on Ways and Means had control of appropriation bills. Then the Committee on Appropriations was created, with full control of supply bills. In 1885, because of jealousy of the great power exercised by Samuel J. Randall, the bills making provision for the army, the diplomatic and consular service, the military academy, the navy, Indian affairs, and the post-office, were taken away from the Committee on Appropriations. This change marked the beginning of the era of extravagance. Under the present system, appropriations are made in thirteen annual bills, and "eight different committees, unrelated to one another, without coöperation, are charged with the duty" of preparing these bills. No fairer invitation to extravagance could be issued. Each committee works with regard only to itself, and, as we have seen, all together work without regard to the revenue side of the account Coördination is impossible, and no balanced and well-apportioned budget could be the result of such a system.

The national-budget plan proposed by Mr. Taft should have the most serious consideration of Congress and of the country. Objection is made that this plan is "wholly inapplicable to our system of government." It may be admitted at once that it is wholly incongruous with the present "system" of Congress in respect to appropriations. It would smash in both heads of the "pork-barrel," and apprehension of that catastrophe, rather than any constitutional scruple, we imagine, is the motive of the objections that have been raised. It is true that the House under the Constitution originates revenue bills. But there is no constitutional impediment to the submission of estimates by the Executive, since that has been the practice of the Government since the beginning. A budget based upon the "needs of the Government economically administered," and scrupulously adjusted to the revenue account, is the most promising remedy for the evils of the present method of preparing bills in eight committees, working with no recognized relation or understanding, under which extravagance has grown into a habit.

ERRATUM

In the April Century, on page 821, by a misapprehension M. André Tardieu was spoken of as the editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," to which he is a contributor. The editor is M. Francis Charmes of the French Academy.—The Editor.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE LADY AND HER BOOK

A Plea for the Suppression of a Catchword

BY HELEN MINTURN SEYMOUR

My dear George:



The magazine containing "Confessions of a Novel Reader" arrived not two hours ago, and I have just come from its perusal. When a young man cares enough about his spinster aunt to send her his latest literary production on the very day it appears it does seem ungracious to do what I am about to do—make the letter of acknowledgment one continuous complaint. But you touched me on a sensitive spot, George. Your essay proved the proverbial straw, the drop that filled a cup of bitterness to overflowing.

Perhaps you suspect that this tirade comes from an elderly New Englander's aversion to those very outspoken writers whom you admire. Not a bit of it. Worship at whatever shrine you please. I, too, in my young days, distressed my elders by my attachment to strange gods. It is a waste of time to be shocked, since most of us have gone in for "daring" literature when we were green in judgment. It is a phase of youth, like a boy's swagger. No, all the trouble came from one little paragraph, which you probably never dreamed would upset me. You said—oh, you said—that no woman enjoys Dumas! That cut me to the heart, George,—and coming from you!

"A woman cannot read—" "A woman does not like—" We have heard those expressions so often! Sometimes the statement is used to illustrate the limitations of feminine sympathy. Sometimes the supposed limitations of feminine sympathy are used to support the statement. I don't know which is worse, to go softly all one's days, lest some individual weakness be foisted on the whole unfortunate sex, or to feel that individual tastes avail nothing as examples of female character.

Hark to Mr. Paul Elmer More on Christina Rossetti. He finds her "perfectly passive attitude toward the powers that command her heart and soul" makes her "the purest expression in English of the feminine genius." Mrs. Browning sinks to a lower level because "her political opinions, her passion for reform, her scholarship . . . simply carry her into the sphere of masculine poets, where she suffers by comparison." But, "even within the range of strictly feminine powers her genius is not simple and typical." How he comes to his conclusion regarding the typical woman Mr. More neglects to tell us. But you will observe the advantage of this method for the doctrinaire. One has only to accept a certain premise (it matters not what), and by excluding as "not typical" every instance which might contradict it one can prove anything. Thus, a certain book on the Negro proved, some years ago, that the colored race was a hopeless mass of laziness, vice, and stupidity. The writer hastened to forestall criticism by declaring that the well-conducted Negro, wherever and whenever found, was not typical of the race.

Here comes Dr. William Lyon Phelps, all amazement because women have enjoyed the soldier tales of Kipling. To him the preference is as out of place in a woman as her presence in a bar-room amid oaths and tobacco-juice. Well, if there were as much color, adventure, and excellent broad comedy in the bar-room as in the best of these stories a lady might even forgive the profanity and the filthy floor. And you must remember that life, for all the realists may say, is not literature. We take our broad comedy, selected and arranged, from an author. Life is like a variety show; we sit through a deal of vulgar stupidity for the sake of a laugh or two. Furthermore, I believe plenty of men who enjoy *Mistress Doll Common* when Ben Jonson leads her on the stage would find her sadly dull in real life. Perhaps I have grown more pa-

tient with the limitations of sex since the days when I read "Monte Cristo" in the hayloft; but I still fume under that particular form of petticoat tyranny which would extend to books. Sex may pervade all the departments of life, but I hold that it should stop at the library door.

Divest yourself of certain odious catchwords, my dear boy. Toss certain theories into the waste-basket, where they belong. Forget that any one ever called woman "the subjective sex," and that somebody described her as a "divine totality" (I think it was divine). Any superfluous subjectiveness is wearing away in the freer air which has done so much to destroy woman's "personal outlook." Remember that women are no more of a piece than are their fathers or brothers, but a hodge-podge of miscellaneous and often contradictory tastes. "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," runs the saying. "Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are," says the critic by implication. Now, what is that middle-aged relative of mine who keeps a place in her heart of hearts for "Pride and Prejudice" and "Pan Michael," for "The Essays of Elia" and "Junius's Letters"? Verily, we seek our books as we seek the society of many friends, to suit a mood, with no regard for totalities.

By the way, is not this just another instance of that mania for pigeonholing human tastes and playing them off against one another? If you appreciate Sienkiewicz, you must share the opinion of "The Virginian" (and Mr. Wister) regarding Jane Austen; and if you find entertainment in the human comedy as played in English country towns at the end of the eighteenth century, it stands to reason that you are not the person for the Poland of the seventeenth. It avails you little to protest that you find an equal pleasure in routing *Lady Catherine* with *Elizabeth* and Tartars with *Volodyovski.* One of these days I intend to found a society for the suppression of useless comparisons. I can understand how a Trinitarian and a Unitarian, a Democrat and a Republican, a suffragist and an anti-suffragist might drift naturally into discussion. But why, when I speak a good word for the canine race, must my acquaintance, B, launch aggressively into praise of cats, as if my love of dogs were a challenge? Why may I not enjoy Tennyson without calling down on myself the scorn of the Browningite? It annoys me to have my pets or my poets made the excuse for a wrangle. I refuse to commit myself to any type of novel.

But, you may remind me, I went so far as to keep a parrot "once, long ago." I plead guilty, yet, Mark Twain to the contrary, a parrot is no index to character. *John Silver* kept one, but nobody ever compared him to a maiden lady.

So, dear George, when you meet some gentle spinster with a flavor of "Cranford" about her, give her the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps she likes nothing better than to swagger in imagination through the streets of old Paris in company with the immortal three, brandishing a sheaf of rapiers taken from the cardinal's guard.

—And between you and me, George, I never saw a "typical woman."

Your affectionate aunt,

Anne Coddington.

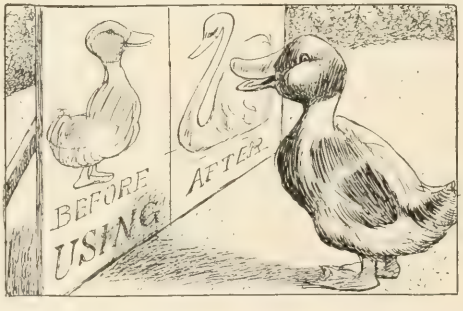
ON THE USE OF HYPERBOLE IN ADVERTISING

From a Lady who Suffers from Skepticism to a Friend who is Healthily Credulous

BY AGNES REPPLIER

My dear Eleanor:

No, Eleanor, I have not read "The Three Golden Apples." I have not even read the reviews. But I *have* read the publishers' notice, because they were good enough to send it to me. They say the book is the literary masterpiece of our day, that it stands unrivaled in tensity of situation, that it is an epoch-making narrative, and a masterly contribution to the problems that confront the thinking world. Upon which I find myself murmuring with *Sancho Panza,* "Nothing else, mine honest friend?" Why not say simply and plainly that it is the greatest novel ever written, and that Clarence Coventry (have you ever met him, Eleanor? He is a charming man) is the greatest novelist ever born? Why, when people are soaring in the pure and limitless realms of fancy, should they stop short, as if they were impeded by facts?



Now even if I did not know Clarence—who writes quite as well as his neighbors—

I should be chilled into apathy by the publishers' red-hot enthusiasm. The phrase "epoch-making" is calculated to chill any reader who has encountered it before and who remembers what it usually means. And though I am well aware that epochs are not made or marred by even a readable novel, I don't like being told pure nonsense, and I don't like being hounded by advertisements. Why, Eleanor, since I have been running over to New York every few weeks to see Amy and the children, and staring out of the car-windows at ninety weary miles of continuous advertising, I am cured forever of touching pills or pickles.

Yet they tell me (though I don't believe it) that the success of any business venture depends wholly and entirely on its advertisements; that if people are told often enough to buy a thing they end by buying it; that if they are told imperatively or persuasively they buy it a little sooner; and that they can be startled into buying it at once. I have been given to understand that the artless expedient of printing an advertisement upside-down impels hundreds of men and women to purchase the object or visit the attraction so derided.

But we are not, in other respects, a child-like nation; I find a great deal of incredulity in this world when it comes to things worth believing. Why, then, this touching simplicity in the face of a transparent artifice? Does a young man really believe that if he eats one kind of cereal rather than another he will become a great financier? That is virtually what he is told. But if he will add up the financiers on the one hand, and the cereal-eaters on the other, he will find his figures disheartening.

The other day I received a long and exceedingly intimate communication, which began "Why not be Beautiful?", and which (assuming ungraciously that I was ugly) gave me so many good reasons for altering my estate, that I began to fear I was "resisting grace" by retaining a single feature. A beautiful woman, I was reminded, "has the world at her feet, and can nobly mold the characters of men." All this for thirty dollars, Eleanor! And I have so many friends whose characters—or at least whose habits—would "thole a mend." Do you think, if I paid thirty dollars to be beautiful—in an elderly fashion—I could break Archie Hamilton of contradicting every innocent statement made in his presence (he 'd say the sea was n't salt if he had a chance), and induce Dr. Nett not to tell us any more about the Panama Canal? It would be money well invested; but I fear—I fear—

The amazing thing about the whole business is that it should be worth while. Last winter in a magazine I read a very serious and sanguine paper called "A Revolution in Advertising." The writer—it is always a woman who believes in the perfectibility of our fallen race—wanted advertisers, one and all, to abandon romance and become educational mediums. She begged them to give us their aid in apportioning our incomes, to tell us "facts about economy and expenditure," to impart to us the secrets of skill and the principles of science. She sought to make our department stores "museums of vital importance." As the stores are already concert-halls and picture-galleries, cooking-schools, day nurseries, and vaudeville shows, it seems grasping to ask them to be museums as well; but to expect them to teach us the value of economy is like expecting the steamship companies to teach us the advantages of staying at home. It is not, after all, the money we save, but the money we spend, which benefits the shopkeeper. He may tell us that we economize when we buy a seventy-five-dollar costume for thirty-nine dollars and a half. According to his computation we shall save thirty-five dollars and fifty cents—quite a comfortable sum—by so doing. Who was it that said that figures lie more than anything in the world except facts; and by what system, I often wonder, does the advertiser regulate his choice of numerals? Human greed and human credulity are his only guides. If he said the costume was reduced from seventy-five dollars to sixty dollars, we 'd say it was n't worth while; and if he said it was reduced from seventy-five to fifteen, we 'd say we did n't believe it; so he has to choose some happy medium which will sound both tempting and trustworthy. He depends on our gullibility, and he does not depend in vain.

What I like best, however, are the ingenious appeals that cast all cramping veracities to the winds. I like being invited (don't laugh, I can show you the advertisement) to grow potatoes in a closet, or in my spare room. "Method cheap, simple, and sure." "No digging, no hoeing" (I should think not, in my spare room!). All the potatoes I want to eat, and "immense profits" if I send them to market. No labor involved, and no annoyance, save possibly the loss of an occasional guest, as I could not well have friends sleeping in my potato-patch. I have heard of people raising mushrooms and angleworms in their cellars (I 'd as soon eat one as the other); but a truck-garden in the next room would be living in the heart of nature.

And now Massachusetts, in a spasm of integrity, is trying to restrain the exuberance of the advertiser, to clip his wings, and

teach him the worth of sobriety. The State proposes to abolish fraudulent advertisements, and to construe the word "fraudulent" so that it will cover any statement that can be proved to be false. A thing must really and truly be just what the advertiser says it is. But oh, Eleanor, what a tangle for the law to smooth out! If, like the three rogues in the Hindoo legend, you sell a dog for a sheep, that, of course, is a transparent lie. But if you say that Clarence Coventry's book is an "epoch-making narrative," who shall prove the contrary? We 'd have to wait so long to find out the truth that our graves would yawn for us in the interval. And if in 1950 the student of social science were asked, "Who wrote 'The Three Golden Apples,' and what influence did it have upon its day?" and he should answer—very naturally—that he never had heard of it, the time for investigation would be over. Clarence, and the publishers, and "The Three Golden Apples" would all be dead together.

Your affectionate friend,

Agatha Reynolds.

P.S. Don't send me the book for a birthday present.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Cubist Romance.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

A sculptor once, in search of fame
(I can't recall the sculptor's name),
Turned Cubist, and at once began
A statue on the Cubist plan.

The statue, I need hardly say,
Was something in the Venus way,
And as its form grew bit by bit,
The sculptor fell in love with it.

Then came a wonderful idea:
He named his statue Galatea,
Which, by the way, reminds me that
His own name was Pygmalion Pratt.

One day it chanced Pygmalion came
To read the legend of his name
And hers, and prayed that fiction might
Repeat itself for his delight.

When, lo! the cubic feet of stone
Turned all at once to flesh and bone,
And Galatea's cubic face
Met his in angular embrace.

Short-lived was Galatea's bliss;
She soon guessed something was amiss,
And from the wall, in modish dress,
A Gibson girl confirmed her guess.

"Pygmalion dear," she cried, "oh, please
Buy me some pretty frills like these!"
Then, meeting his astonished stare,
Blushed to the cube roots of her hair.

Picture the curious crowds they drew
As they strolled up Fifth Avenue!
Think of the modistes asked to drape
Miss Galatea's cubic shape!





When Galatea came to see
The sheer impossibility
Of getting clothes, without ado
She took to posing for *le nu*.

And now she leads (to end my tale)
A model life in Bloomingdale,
Painted and sculptured and adored
By inmates of the Cubist ward.

AN AFTER-DINNER STORY

BY SILAS HARRISON

AN ANECDOTE OF MCKINLEY

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S scrupulous loyalty to his cabinet officers is spoken of as one of his characteristics. It is said that he never went over the heads of his secretaries to consult an assistant, but held each to responsibility for his department.

Of all the events of his administration probably none was a source of more anxiety to him than the decision of the Supreme Court on the status of the colonies. It was a matter of great moment whether the highest judicial body should uphold the view of the Administration that the Constitution sanctioned the possession of colonies which were not granted full representation. There were conflicting rumors and forecasts of the color of the decision, and these added to the tension felt at Washington. Shortly before the announcement of the finding of the court a subordinate officer of one of the Departments appeared at the White House, at an unusual hour, and insisted upon seeing the President on the plea of important business. Having been admitted, he came at once to his errand.

"Mr. President, I have some good news for you. I have just learned authoritatively that the decision of the Supreme Court is to be in your favor." He fairly glowed with the importance of his welcome message.

"Thank you," said Mr. McKinley quietly, "that *is* good news. But have you informed your chief?"

"No, Mr. President; I thought you ought to be the first to know it."

"Well, Mr. ——, I 'm sorry for that. Now, will you please do me the favor to go at once to your chief and give him the information, so that *he* may communicate it to *me*."

OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MC ENERY STUART

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

SENCE he los' 'is brains to git 'is smile,
Brer Jack-o'-lantern grins lak a 'wilderin' chile,
Widout no secrets out or in;
An' de lighter in de head de broader is 'is grin.
An' he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—
No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

ANTS

DEM ants is sho got savin' ways,
An' even de scripture 'lows 'em praise;
But dey hoa'ds for deyselves f'om day to day,
An' dey stings any man wha' gits in de way.
An' dey ain't no new co'poration in dat—
No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

THE CANARY

DAT little yaller cage-bird preems 'is wings,
An' he mounts 'is pyerch an' sings an' sings;
He feels 'is cage, but I 'spec' he 'low
To take what comes an' sing *anyhow*.
An' you ain't by yo'self, little bird, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

LIMERICK

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE KIND ARMADILLO

THERE once was a kind armadillo,
Who solaced a lone weeping-willow.
Said he: "Do not weep!
What *you* need is some sleep;
Pray rest on my shell as a pillow."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

FICTION NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVI JULY, 1913 No. 3

HOW BEELZEBUB CAME TO THE CONVENT

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Author of "The Eyes of the Heart," "Whitewash," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY N. C. WYETH

SISTER EULALIA rose from the bench by the door in answer to Sister Teresa's call. The broken pavement in the outer patio of the Convent of La Merced echoed the tapping of her stick as she slowly made her way to the arch leading to the interior of the building. Sister Eulalia was blind, but as nearly the whole seventy years of her life had been passed within these same gray walls familiarity supplied the defect of vision. Her daily tasks never had been interrupted since, a full half-century before, a wind-driven cactus-thorn had robbed her of sight. She wore with simple dignity the white woolen garb of the order, with its band of blue ribbon from which depended a silver cross, the snowy coif framing her saintly face with smooth bands that contrasted with the wrinkled surface of her skin. To the eye of an artist, her frail figure in its quaint surroundings of Spanish architecture, dating from the early years of the seventeenth century, would have made an irresistible appeal. But no artist ever sought that remote, almost forgotten city, and for the few Indians and half-breeds who have inherited the fallen glories of Antigua de Guatemala, the moribund convent held no interest. Occasionally one of the older "Indigenes" whose conscience troubled him would leave an offering of food at the twisted iron gate and mumble a request for prayers of intercession; or the dark-eyed half-Spanish children would stare with something of both fascination and fear at the five white-clad ancient women who, morning and evening, crossed the patio to the chapel: Sister Eulalia on the arm of Sister Teresa, Sister Rose de Lima and Sister Catalina, one on each side of the Mother Superior. To these two younger sisters—their years were but sixty-six and sixty-nine—had fallen, by common consent, the care of the Mother Superior, whose age no one knew, so great

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LIMERICK

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE KIND ARMADILLO

THERE once was a kind armadillo,
Who solaced a lone weeping-willow.
Said he: "Do not weep!
What *you* need is some sleep;
Pray rest on my shell as a pillow."

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HOW BEELZEBUB CAME TO THE CONVENT

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Author of "The Eyes of the Heart," "Whitewash," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY N. C. WYETH

SISTER EULALIA rose from the bench by the door in answer to Sister Teresa's call. The broken pavement in the outer patio of the Convent of La Merced echoed the tapping of her stick as she slowly made her way to the arch leading to the interior of the building. Sister Eulalia was blind, but as nearly the whole seventy years of her life had been passed within these same gray walls familiarity supplied the defect of vision. Her daily tasks never had been interrupted since, a full half-century before, a wind-driven cactus-thorn had robbed her of sight. She wore with simple dignity the white woolen garb of the order, with its band of blue ribbon from which depended a silver cross, the snowy coif framing her saintly face with smooth bands that contrasted with the wrinkled surface of her skin. To the eye of an artist, her frail figure in its quaint surroundings of Spanish architecture, dating from the early years of the seventeenth century, would have made an irresistible appeal. But no artist ever sought that remote, almost forgotten city, and for the few Indians and half-breeds who have inherited the fallen glories of Antigua de Guatemala, the moribund convent held no interest. Occasionally one of the older "Indigenes" whose conscience troubled him would leave an offering of food at the twisted iron gate and mumble a request for prayers of intercession; or the dark-eyed half-Spanish children would stare with something of both fascination and fear at the five white-clad ancient women who, morning and evening, crossed the patio to the chapel: Sister Eulalia on the arm of Sister Teresa, Sister Rose de Lima and Sister Catalina, one on each side of the Mother Superior. To these two younger sisters—their years were but sixty-six and sixty-nine—had fallen, by common consent, the care of the Mother Superior, whose age no one knew, so great

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it was, and whose infirmities the nuns loyally concealed. By them her wandering sentences were received as divine revelations, and indeed her strange, thin voice, as it repeated Latin texts with level insistence, conveyed a weird, Delphic impression.

The Mother Superior had been a woman of learning, of beauty, and of high birth, but all that had been long ago. Now she was but a pale shade repeating vaguely the words learned in a former life. Her features remained fine and fair, as if preserved in some crystalline substance. Her skin was unlined, for care and sorrow could reach her no more.

Unless she were being conducted to and from the chapel by her devoted handmaidens, or lay at rest in the state bed of the visitors' room, she sat in the high carved seat at the end of the refectory table, her thin hands folded, her eyes fixed on the symbolic cross on her breast, unconscious of those who came and went about her, or of the echoing aisles and lofty pillared porticos that surrounded her abstracted existence.

As the blind nun crossed the court and entered the refectory, she became conscious of an unusual stir. She divined the presence of each of the sisters, divined them strangely intent and not a little agitated. The voice of Sister Rose de Lima reached her in a whisper of portent.

"The reverend Mother has spoken—in Spanish!"

A pause followed the announcement. There was a slight sound from the white prophetess. Sister Teresa and Sister Catalina, who stood beside her, drew insensibly closer. Their hands were joined, finger-tip to finger-tip, in the prayerful pose of medieval funereal statues; their withered faces were drawn with expectation. At the opposite end of the table stood Sister Rose, leaning forward breathlessly. Sister Eulalia remained at the entrance, rigid, as if turned into stone. The moments lengthened. The sunlight danced in golden motes through the long windows, innocent now of their olden glories of painted glass, and showed the worn carving of memorial stones emblazoned with coats of arms, half erased by the passing of many sandaled feet. The stone walls betrayed by protruding nails the absence of their wood-carvings and panels. The badly repaired rifts in the earthquake-torn walls showed garishly. The white figures, as in a tableau, remained still and unmoving, and the seated form of the Mother Superior appeared as lifeless as the waxen figure of Jesus under its shade of glass on the little altar.

She opened her eyes, if such a slow unclosing of the lids could be so called, revealing two wells of opaque blackness. A quick sigh escaped the lips of the three nuns. Sister Eulalia heard, and slowly knelt, ready to receive the word should such be sent.

The reverend Mother's colorless lips moved. At first no sound issued from them. Then, with strange forceful vibration, her voice broke the waiting stillness.

"Woe!" she cried. "Woe! 'The Fiend, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour!' "

Four withered hands hastily made the sign of the cross.

Heavily as they had lifted, the waxen lids closed over the opaque black eyes. The rigid body relaxed slightly, and the Mother Superior relapsed into her wonted insensibility.

"We are surely to be tempted!" said Sister Eulalia. "Sisters, we must be strong to resist the Fiend." Sister Teresa nodded. "We are warned," she added.

Sister Rose crossed herself again.

Very gently Sister Catalina assured herself of the comfort of the reverend Mother, and the four aged nuns turned to their tasks again, but with beating hearts. The Fiend would beset them soon, and in some dreadful guise. Sister Rose breathed a prayer for strength, as she filled the tiny red lamp burning ever before the waxen image. Sister Teresa hurriedly began "Aves," as she peeled an onion; Sister Catalina's "paternosters" preceded her into the garden; and Sister Eulalia's beads slipped hastily through her knotted fingers as she returned to the mechanical perfection of her work at the loom.

"As a roaring lion!"—Sister Eulalia's blind eyes could conjure more dreadful sights than the faded vision of her less afflicted companions would ever see. Now she brought them before her in endless array of horror. She would know him only by his roar, she thought, and he might creep up close noiselessly. Her ear was



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE FIVE WHITE-CLAD ANCIENT WOMEN WHO, MORNING AND EVENING, CROSSED THE PATIO TO THE CHAPEL"

alert to the lightest sound. But the day wore on and no roaring beast came with hellish clamor to affright the gentle recluse.

Sister Catalina entered the patio from the garden-close, a yellow hill-rose in her hand to pleasure her afflicted companion with its subtle peppery scent; an act not sanctioned by the drastic rules of the convent. But years upon years had rolled by, bringing a gentle sagging of discipline. Occasionally one of the few priests who still clung to the wrecked cathedrals came to hear confessions of puerile and trifling misdemeanors, and a severer penance than a dozen "Aves" was unknown and unmerited. Sister Eulalia inhaled the rose's fragrance gratefully. Her blunt, weaving-calloused fingers sought and found the soft petals of the flower with loving touch.

It was thus that the Rev. Dr. Joel McBean saw them. He paused, delighted. What a characteristic picture! How well composed; how symbolical of a decaying faith! His kodak was instantly leveled, and with a snap the sisters were immortalized. For Dr. McBean was known far and wide on the west coast for his lectures on the benighted people of other lands. His present visit to Central America combined his vacation with a search for new material for his winter tour.

The click of the camera caused Eulalia, the sightless, to turn sharply. Catalina, who was slightly deaf, seeing her companion's movement, looked about and stood still in open-mouthed amazement. Then she made the gesture common to all women in all lands, and emitted the sound that accompanies it when the invading hen must be incited to flight.

"Shoo!" she cried. "Shiss—shiss!" and waved her garden apron at the intruder.

Sister Eulalia grasped the hem of Catalina's flowing sleeve.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" she gasped.

"A man! A strange man!" came the answer in a frightened whisper.

The gentleman in question realized that he was distinctly de trop, but he strongly desired to gather more lecture material from this promising source. Setting down the camera, he took out his well-thumbed volume of "Handy Spanish" and sought for a suitable phrase of explanation and introduction. There were headings about "The Hotel," "The Laundry," "The Eating and Procuring of Meals," "At the Railway Station," "The Diligence," "The Physician"; but among the thousand useful phrases, not one seemed to offer itself aptly. At last he found the heading he sought: "Cameras—Films—Developing, etc." "Have you any cyanide?" did not fit. "Have you a darkroom in this hotel?" seemed ambiguous. "Direct me to the photographer" would not do. Ah! Eureka! "May I take your picture?" He bowed politely, approached the now thoroughly frightened nuns, and with carefully spaced utterance made his request. "May I take your picture?" he repeated, with a graceful sweep of his white hand. "Fotografia—cuadro—"

Sister Rose appeared in the doorway, followed by Teresa. His gesture included them also, and the ancient gateway, the columned portico, and the quaint façade of the little chapel.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "Multo bueno! Hermosa, hermosa—muy hermosa!"

He wanted to take their picture! The nuns were completely at sea. Why should this stranger, this man with queer apparel and strange speech, want their picture? They possessed only one—the portrait of Our Lady of Mercy above the little altar of the chapel—and why should any one want a thing that so obviously it was impossible for them to give? Bewildered, they looked from one to another. Sister Rose, being the youngest and most mentally alert, became aware of the sacerdotal character of their visitor: the gold cross at the end of his chain, the wide-bordered felt hat which he waved so gracefully, the neat black clothes, the breviary that bulged from his pocket; but, more than all, the expression of his smiling face and gentle, near-sighted eyes.

"He is a priest—see you not?" she said excitedly. "His dress, his manner, bespeak it. He comes from some foreign land. Alas! that the reverend Mother cannot speak with him in Latin!"

"It is true," said Catalina. "Pardon, reverend Father," she quavered, "I did not know! Our picture—you shall see it."

She turned toward the chapel, but the visitor waved her back. The group before him was irresistible, just as they were. Catalina instinctively obeyed his gesture, marveling.

"Are—are there any more of you?" he inquired in his halting Spanish.

Now at last they understood. The reverend Father was making the rounds of the clerical houses in order to make his report to the bishop. That had happened once before. Sister Rose launched into explanations.

"No. We are all that are left, except the Mother Superior," she told him. "We are allowed here on sufferance only, for as, of course, the reverend Father knows, the churches have all been taken by the state, and but for the reverend Mother, who was kinswoman to some one great in the land, we should have been sent forth. Alas! our numbers have dwindled—grave upon grave we have made, each nun for herself, and now all are filled save five. We have not, it is quite true, turned the holy sod of our last sleeping-places as often as is the rule; but we have grown old, and the work is hard—"

It was the lecturer's turn to be utterly confused and routed; the sudden change of manner, the deference shown to him all at once; above all the avalanche of Spanish was too much for him, but he still retained his amateur photographer's zeal. With a hand raised to draw their attention, but which the nuns mistook for pastoral blessing, he steadied the camera against his narrow chest, and snapped a second picture. With a polite "Thank you" and a sigh of satisfaction, he wound the reel, heartily regretting the while that the limits of the camera's focus must nec essarily leave out the perfection of the setting—the towering, smoking peak of the Volcan de Fuego on the right, stained red and yellow by its sulphurous outpourings, and the menacing green inactivity of Agua's deadly summit; all the gloom and glow of those earthquake-seamed walls, and tottering, carved gateways.

"Mil gracias!" He thanked them awkwardly. "I—well—goodness! how *does* one say it?" He seized upon the "Handy Spanish Phrases" again, and ran his finger down the line of camera sentences. "Please make me six prints." "This is over-exposed." "You have fogged the plate."—"Tut, tut!" he exclaimed impatiently, "how in the world do you say 'I 'll give you a blue-print'?—blue-print—blue-print—Ah! this will do. 'An excellent portrait'—presented—for you," he explained, and supplemented the statement with an elaborate pantomime. The nuns watched his gesticulations with breathless interest. He pointed to each in turn, made a circle around his own face, smiling blandly and nodding appreciation.

The sisters conferred.

"It clears!" said Sister Rose. "He asks us have we broken the rules and looked at ourselves in a looking-glass." She advanced toward Dr. McBean and spoke for the sisterhood with deep earnestness. "Oh, no, reverend Father, we have not seen our own reflections for fifty years, and more—oh, never! There never has been a mirror on the walls of La Merced. Vanity is not our sin. Thanks be to Our Lady, not even in the convent well have we looked to see our faces reflected. Oh, no!"

Dr. McBean caught a word here and there, and felt that he was being vehemently reassured about something, probably that the nuns would be grateful for his kindness; that the elderly virgins knew nothing whatever of such a thing as a camera, and had no idea of the use to which he put his black box, would have seemed so ridiculous that the possibility of it never occurred to him. With more bows, and renewed and halting thanks, he took his departure.

"To-morrow," he called. "*Mañana*—I will bring the blue-prints—*mañana*. Adios! Gracias!"

The nuns watched his departure in silence, but as the sound of his tripping footsteps died away, they turned to one another excitedly.

"Tell me, you who have eyes—what was he like?" begged Eulalia.

The others turned to her pityingly.

"Thou shalt hear. We had forgotten thine affliction, poor sister. He is thin of the leg and round above. He wears glasses on a small nose. His eyes are blue, and his hands are beautiful and white, like the hands of Father Ignatius—the saints rest his soul! He wore black, with a cassock very short indeed; and a round white collar, and a gold cross hung at his waist. He bore a small black box, that doubtless contained a holy relic, for ofttimes he clasped it to his bosom and cared for it most lovingly."

"How strange," mused Eulalia, "that the reverend Fathers should send one to

question us thus unannounced, and one who also speaks so strangely! His words were confusing, and I caught not often the sense, though I listened with all my ears. Had it not been for Sister Rose, I never should have guessed his mission."

"Had'st thou seen him, thou would'st have known," said Sister Teresa. "His calling was not to be mistaken; moreover, with the reliquary he blessed us."

They had great food for speculation. Such excitement had not come into their lives in unnumbered years. The dreadful prophecy of the Mother Superior was forgotten. For the first time in a decade Eulalia was heard to lament her loss of sight. Try as she would, she could not make a satisfactory mental picture from her companions' descriptions of their visitor. These were vivid and detailed enough, but somehow she could not bring them to take definite shape. Over and over again they discussed the form and face, the manners and raiment of Dr. Joel McBean. Not a gesture they did not speculate upon and imitate, not a sentence of his incoherent Spanish that was not dissected, analyzed, and wondered about. In particular, why did he want their picture, and then leave without it?

But "to-morrow" he had said, to-morrow he would come; then perhaps they would understand.

The sunlight turned copper-red, warning them of the lateness of the hour and putting a sudden end to their excited converse. Suddenly sobered and recalled to its own world, the flustered dove-cote subsided. With stately tread they sought the reverend Mother. She suffered herself to be lifted from her chair, and with eyes downcast took her slow way to the chapel, with the help and guidance of her two faithful attendants.

THE perspiration stood in great beads upon the brow of Joel McBean as he emerged from a black, unventilated closet in the Posada del Rey, a tray of chemicals in his hand. He held the developed films up to the light and nodded with satisfaction. The pictures were excellent, clear and sharp, well composed, excellently suited to the enlargement of the stereopticon. He examined each with minute care, but found none requiring the intensifier. There at last they were fixed forever, the replicas of this strange land of contradictions—pictures that should make his audiences realize how fortunate they were to be able to stay at home in comfort while an intrepid and intelligent explorer braved the trials of arduous travel in order to bring the simulacrum of these other lands to their very doors, together with enlightening and well-turned elucidations of the manners and customs of these benighted dwellers in lands forgotten. Already he felt glowing sentences stirring in his brain, sonorous and uplifting words, at once pitying and broad-minded. "Tolerance"—that was the motto of his discourses; tolerance always, but coupled with the well-directed searchlight of comparison. What a point he would make of these aged, recluse women—their ignorance, their useless lives, their abasement before the Juggernaut of outworn rules! He flattered himself that his presence, momentary as it was, had brought new impetus, and a realization of other and more intelligent peoples, to these remnants of obsolete conditions. "Obsolete conditions"—ah, a good expression!

He slipped the sensitized paper under the films in their wooden cases, and set them for a moment on the rim of his balcony overlooking the cobbled pavement of the unfrequented King's Highway, upon which the tropic sun beat with white fury. A moment only sufficed, and he withdrew the prints. They proved marvelously good; as portraits they could not have been excelled. He smiled with satisfaction. How pleased these benighted little sisters would be, he thought, for he was a kindly man. He slipped the photographs between the leaves of his "Handy Spanish Phrases," and, walking along the red-tiled gallery, made his way across the blue-and-white-walled patio, and while parrots shrieked at him and capuchin monkeys chattered, he passed from their cages toward the great, sweating water-jars, and emerged into the glare of the street.

Everywhere the remains of huge triumphal arches met his eye; enormous buildings of state and vast churches, seamed and cracked by the volcano's upheavals, now flowered with creepers and plumed with growing trees. The silence indicated complete desertion, except where one caught, from time to time, in some shattered palace, a glimpse of an Indian

family at their squalid tasks, or the bray of a burro echoing from some stately ruin.

At last the twisted wrought-iron gate and the flanking spiral columns of the gateway of the convent came in sight. Dr. McBean quickened his steps.

He had been eagerly awaited within those solemn walls. After matins the excited sisters had gossiped and chatted over the events of the previous day, and then proceeded—each quietly, in her own cell, and unknown to her fellows—to make an elaborate toilet. The least faded blue ribbons were put on, a fresh coif was found, spots and stains were removed from worn white garments, while the little silver crosses received an unaccustomed furbishing.

Somewhat shamefaced they met, and laughed like children as each realized the worldliness of the others, till again Sister Eulalia's complaint turned them to consolatory condolences. A frown of petulance had settled between Sister Eulalia's brows. To be sure, it was lost in a maze of wrinkles, but it was there. In her old heart was revolt against the sorrow accepted so bravely fifty years before. She did not realize her sin, absorbed as she was in the Great Interest.

When Dr. McBean entered the patio he was met by the four nuns, who advanced smiling, with murmured hopes of a happy sleep of the night before and perfect health to-day.

"I kept my promise, you see," he beamed, handing the prints to Sister Teresa, and speaking in his native tongue. "The pictures are really very good, and I hope you will enjoy having them. Thank you so much—and good-by. I start on my journey again to-day; so I must be off. Good-by, again. Adios—buanos dais!"

The nuns curtsied and bowed. He paused a moment in order to jot in his note-book: "Ignorant peoples invariably gratefully receive and appreciate—all evidences superior civilization"—bowed again and departed.

It was not till any further glimpse of him was denied by the corner wall that they turned to the photographs. They looked in astonishment, which increased to puzzled wonder; then a look of fear crossed Sister Teresa's face. Sister Eulalia, with tears in her eyeless lids, had disconsolately sought her seat on the weaving-bench. These marvels were not for her. For a moment she hated her companions—they were no longer companions. She was alone in her misery.

From the depths of self-pity she was rushed to sudden astounded attention by sounds of wrath, of venomous speech, of resentment and anger. Sister Eulalia could not believe her ears, and the angry conversation gave her no hint of its cause. It seemed the babblings of sheer madness.

Sister Teresa had been the first to exclaim.

"See!" she cried, "I cannot understand! This is thy portrait to the life, Sister Catalina, and thine, Sister Rose, also this likeness of Sister Eulalia. But where am I? Who is this strange nun?"

Sister Catalina gazed at the picture in deep perturbation. "But I see thee well," she affirmed. "It is thy very self upon the paper, but it is I who am not there, and this is the strange nun!" She pointed to her own portrait.

Sister Rose intervened. "Foolish! It is thy very self, and Sister Eulalia, and Sister Teresa, yes; but I am not there, and in my place is a stranger!" She pointed to her own semblance. "Who is this?"

Both Sister Teresa and Sister Catalina looked at her scornfully. "It is thyself," they said in one breath.

Sister Rose colored till she symbolized her name, but it was the red of anger that mantled her cheeks.

"Indeed, it is not!" she answered hotly. "I have not a withered face, a jaw like a knife, and such eyes!"

"I tell thee, *that*"—Sister Catalina pointed, that there be no further mistake—"*that* is *thou! This* is the stranger."

"Stranger?" laughed Rose; "then we know thee not!"

It was Sister Catalina's turn to flame with anger. "It is not true!" she cried, stamping her foot with a grotesque parody of infantile rage. "*I* look like *that!* I know better! I remember as if it were to-day how I looked in the great mirror in my father's house!"

"*I* tell thee naught but the truth," exclaimed Sister Teresa, now quite beside herself. "Give *me* the picture!" She snatched at the print. A tussle ensued, punctuated by the sharp sound of a slap as they fought for the apple of discord.

Sister Catalina being the youngest, and,

owing to her daily labors in the garden, the most active of the trio, obtained possession of the photograph, but not till, with a desperate push, she had thrust Sister Teresa so sharply forward that she fell panting against the iron gate. The force of the impact made the rusty iron clang, and Sister Teresa sank to the ground with a faint cry.

Not till then could Sister Eulalia master her fright and nervousness sufficiently to enter the arena. With outstretched hands, forgetful of her crutch, she advanced to the center of the patio. Her first words were sufficiently arresting to bring a sudden cessation of hostilities.

"Oh, my sisters!" she cried, "oh, my sisters—the Fiend! The Fiend!"

Involuntarily three pairs of terror-stricken eyes looked about. The sun-flooded courtyard held no unfamiliar shape; the sky was undarkened by any dreadful wing. No fateful roar broke the morning hush. But Sister Eulalia had sunk to her knees, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"We were warned," she shrilled, "but we were not proof against him. How should we know him in the guise of a holy man?" The listeners gasped. "Look, oh, my sisters, what has happened. I—even I, whom God had blessed with blindness that I might not see—*I* complained aloud. Envy and hatred were in my heart that ye saw marvels while I lay in darkness. I am ashamed—I am ashamed!"

She rocked backward and forward, a prey to remorse.

With a cry of sudden terror, Sister Catalina flung the crumpled photograph from her. It fluttered like a blown leaf, was caught by a vagrant breeze and wafted toward Sister Teresa, crouching by the gate. As if the white-hot fires of the dreaded volcano had suddenly poured toward her in searing streams, she screamed aloud, dragged herself to her feet with surprising alacrity, and rushed for protection to her former assailant, throwing her arms about Sister Catalina in a paroxysm of fear.

"Ay, cry aloud your terror, sisters," continued Sister Eulalia. "What was this thing of mystery the Fiend brought among ye? In the winking of an eye it brought strife and anger. How wise were they who forbade us looking-glasses. For ye forgot your own images till ye knew them no more. Behold, this thing that showed ye yourselves, as in a glass that was not glass, let in the very spirit of the devil. All the years of our happiness together in God were as nothing before the magic of the Evil One, whom we welcomed. Though we were warned, though we knew him the 'Prince of Disguise'! Pray for pardon—pray quickly, that our souls be not lost forever!"

They knelt in prayer, signing themselves with the cross, surprised, indeed, that their hands did not refuse their mission in punishment for their sin. The noonday sun beat mercilessly upon the veiled heads as they bent in petition. At last Sister Catalina interrupted the droning cadence.

"Sister whom God hath blessed with blindness, I will lead thee to this evil thing. Thine eyes are closed against its wiles. Take it, thou, to the chapel, and there, with a taper lit at the altar, we will burn it, that it may return to the Father of Lies, who sent it."

Sister Eulalia winced with fear, but realizing her peculiar mission she suffered herself to be led by the trembling nun till her fingers closed on the cursed paper. Painfully, on their knees, as one mounts the holy stairs in penance, they crawled to the chapel and prostrated themselves at the rail. With tears of remorse, the sisters embraced. A taper, one of the precious few in the tin box under the altar-lace, was lighted at the flame of the tiny red lamp. The print as it flared up seemed to show the pictured faces in twisted grimace; then it blackened, withered to ash, and dispersed in gray filaments.

For a moment the penitents remained in silent contemplation, then with one accord they crossed the patio to the refectory. Though the reverend Mother hear them not, yet they must make confession.

As they entered they stopped short, spellbound. The opaque black eyes were open wide, staring at them from the crystalline whiteness of the Mother Superior's face. To the culprits that gaze was as accusing as any clarion voice of Judgment. They bowed their heads.

The reverend Mother's lips moved.

"Vanitas vanitatum!" she cried, and again—"Vanitas vanitatum!"

The echoes took up the sound as a bell that will not be silenced—Vanitatum.



MY CONSCIENCE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SOMETIMES my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I 'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at *night*. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You 're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around,—'tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and grabs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' *that* thing—'tel my clostest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you 'd orto be
And *allus* think o' me!"



MILLET'S RETURN TO HIS OLD HOME

WITH LETTERS FROM HIMSELF AND HIS SON

BY TRUMAN H. BARTLETT

REPRODUCTIONS MADE FOR THE CENTURY OF PAINTINGS AND PASTELS BY MILLET IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE QUINCY A. SHAW

WHEN Jean François Millet, with his wife and nine children, went to Cherbourg in August, 1870, soon after the breaking out of the Franco-German War, he carried with him some of his own pictures and several belonging to Théodore Rousseau that had been left in his care, which were owned by a Mr. Hartmann, a friend of both artists. Once in that city, there was no certainty that Millet could sell a picture or get means to live upon from any one. To be sure, Barye and his family were already there, but he had a large family to look after, and was helping Armand Sylvestre, the writer, who lived there.

Detrimont, the picture-dealer, had advanced eight hundred francs on a painting he had previously ordered of Millet; but when this money should be gone Millet was sure to be in very embarrassing straits. Sensier's business relations with Millet had long since ceased, and he had gone with the government to Tours. What was the poor painter to do, and what did he think? Behind him were twenty-one years of incessant labor and harsh experiences, a procession of great works of art sent into the world, out of which he had got a bare living. He was tired and health-broken, and had a large family to care for; he was worried over the dark days of his country, while possessing hardly a dollar and living in a city always indifferent to his genius.

But fortune had not quite forsaken poor Millet. Durand Ruel had managed to get out of Paris and reach London with some pictures. He, too, was in no prosperous condition, and in his anxiety he determined to give an exhibition in that city and take his chances as to the result. Trusting in the merits of the "Norman Peasant," which he believed would be recognized in London, even in war-time, he wrote to Millet asking for some pictures and promising to send him some money—a small sum at once, if he were in need. Ruel added as a further encouragement that if he had any luck he would continue to order pictures and forward money for them as fast as he could.

The London scheme worked so well that Millet was enabled to stay in Cherbourg and its vicinity for sixteen months; and yet there was trouble in it. Nothing ever seemed to come to him in bright colors that was not shaded or involved in some train of unpleasant circumstance; and what made it still more fateful was the fact that he could not extricate himself by his own efforts. Never was a leaf more powerless before the wind than was Millet in the worldly entanglements that pursued him to his latest breath.

"I will begin a picture for you at once with the greatest ardor," he wrote to Ruel. When he had finished it, it was taken by his son François to the wharf, where the little steamer lay that was to carry it to Southampton, while the father went to the custom-house to get a permit. The collector of customs, although knowing perfectly well who the artist was, refused to accept his declaration of authorship—all that ever was required—unless the artist would swear to it on the Bible. This extra demand, and the arrogant manner of the collector, was interpreted by Millet as an insult, and he left the official's presence in anger and despair. He could not forward this or any other picture without the oath, and how was he to live if he did not? To his surprise and joy, he found on going to the wharf where the picture was to leave for Southampton that it had been taken on board the steamer. A seaman who had charge of embarking freight had seen the name of Millet on the box, and had asked young François about it, and whether that was the Millet who came from Greville. Learning that it was, he said, "Oh, all right! Never mind the permit; bring it aboard, and I will see that no one disturbs it."



From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE SPADERS

FROM THE PASTEL BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

There seemed to be an undying enmity against Millet on the part of the representative authorities of Cherbourg, beginning when they gave him a niggardly allowance to pursue his first studies in Paris, accentuated when they refused to continue it, and brutally intensified when he returned for refuge in 1870. Nor did it cease; for not long after his death some resident artists were discovered counterfeiting Millet's works and selling them to those who were supposed to have been familiar with what he had done for more than thirty years. The punishment meted out to these rascally imitators was only two months in prison, and even then there were those who regarded the penalty as too severe for the offense.

There were still more troubles to come, for Millet tried to do some sketching out of doors, but the authorities prevented him. Writing to Sensier in September, 1870, he says: "It is utterly impossible for me to make a single mark of the pencil outside of the house. I should be immediately cut down or shot. I have been arrested twice and brought before the military authorities, and was released only after they had inquired about me at the mayor's office, though they advised me strongly not even to show an indication of holding a pencil."

The following extracts from other letters to Sensier will illustrate the precious patriotism of these military authorities when their own comfort was in question, as well as let a little light upon their ardent efforts to sustain their struggling country in its darkest days of 1870-71. He says:

"What a chance those miserable Prussians have for devastating the country! I fear that, though touching Paris lightly at present, they will still hold it so that they may continue their work in other places. I fear that they will make believe to attack Paris, and under the shadow of that pretense devastate the country of everything it has that they need. During this time Paris will exhaust its provisions, and,

famine once there, they will do with it as they please. In supporting the Prussians the country will eventually exhaust itself; then will come universal famine. What do they think of all this at Tours? There is one thing I wish to tell you: for a long time they have sent from here to England sheep, pigs, potatoes, and every kind of provisions, but since the war these exports have increased. A good deal of complaint has been made, and for my part I ask myself how they can send these things to strangers abroad—and probably by indirect ways to the enemy—when we have so great a need for them. How can they rob a country now given to misery, as ours is?—for a large part of France is not only devastated but is prevented from planting crops for the coming year.

"Naturally, you know of Gambetta's circular for preventing the exporting of provisions. That circular did not give details of everything that should not be exported. The authorities here have slyly dodged that and have permitted things to be sent away that were not mentioned in the circular. This has almost made a revolution. The people tried to prevent the embarking of these articles, but the national guard surrounded the dock and the shipment was made. I think these authorities are horrible. They let eggs, butter, and fowls be sent away. The mayor and the prefect should be whipped. If you can only tell Gambetta this! It appears that a great quantity of cannon is in the arsenal here, of which no use is made. They say that the chassepôts that came from England were left out of doors in the rain and mud. The maritime authorities do nothing, and the people cry out against them. It is said that there are eight thousand sailors here who wish to go into action, but not one is permitted to leave.

"Neither will the authorities send the cannon to Lille—those that were ordered to be sent long ago—and Lille begs for them. Eleven hundred cannon here, and not one used or sent away to the places where they are needed! There are also several gunboats which the officers say could be employed on the rivers, but they, too, are idle, although certain officers are doing their best to have something done with them. Why not tell Gambetta all this, so that he could give rigid orders? Durand Ruel has sent me a thousand francs. It was time! Oh, it was time! It will be quickly spent; and so I must work to get more when I need it."

Before Millet returned to Barbizon he went with his family to look for the last time upon the scenes of his youth, to walk over the fields that his forefathers had tilled for generations, to visit the church where his dead had worshiped, and to sit beside their graves. It was a pilgrimage that deeply touched every chord of his nature as it never had been touched before.

He was conscious that he had lived an unusual life, that he had contributed his share to his country's glory, and that, too, when rarely released from the awful chain of untoward circumstances. Yet no word of bitter complaint ever escaped his lips, nor did he fully confide his thoughts to any one. He knew that some tidings of him had reached his native hamlet and had given pleasure to its humble dwellers. "He longed," says his son François, "to see whether he could again feel his youth. I think he did, for he never seemed to be present, not even when he told us children of the wondrous legends of the priory of Greville."

The following is a part of François' story of their journey to Gruchy.

"When we all went to Gruchy we stopped on the way at Vauville, and as we came to the little inn we were met by a large and fine-looking old woman who approached us as if we were princes, and after saluting us she said very humbly: 'Gentlemen, we have n't much for the table.' 'Have n't you soup?' asked Father. 'Oh, yes!' she replied, 'but do you care for that?' 'Certainly, we like soup,' was the answer. 'Very well, then, you shall have some soup.' 'Have you any butter?' 'Yes, we have butter.' 'Very well, we like butter.' 'Then, gentlemen, you shall have butter, and you can eat as we do.' 'But I am very hungry,' said one of my brothers. 'Then,' said the woman, 'we will kill a rabbit for the boy.'

"While we were waiting for our food we sat around a fireplace in which was burned a kind of dry brush, thrown into it with a pitchfork. It made a tremendous blaze, giving Father much pleasure, and he said that that was the way they had fire when he was a boy in the old home.



From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE SHEPHERD

FROM THE PASTEL BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

"After we had eaten we went out to make some sketches of the church and priory. Soon after our arrival, a peasant, eighty-seven years old, who had known my grandfather, came to the hotel to find us and to renew his acquaintance with Father. He invited us to come to the priory and take breakfast with his son, who lived there and had charge of the property. We accepted the invitation, and just before it was time to go the old man came with two carts, a large one with

rude board sides for Father, Mother, and the older children, and a small one for the younger ones and the servant. In this way we were trundled off to the priory, where we were very warmly welcomed by the old man's son.

"The dining-room was very large, with an enormous fireplace, and great iron locks were on the doors. Our breakfast consisted of little beans and butter. While we were eating, a half-crazy uncle of our host sat in the fireplace, watching, as he said, for a headless prior who continually visited the convent, entering it through the chimney. 'I must not let him come down,' he said, 'so I watch him; but he must not know that I see him.'

"The priory is very rich in legends concerning every phase of the life that has been lived in it for many generations. This man had cared for it since it had been used as one of the buildings of a farm; and, in cultivating the ground, had lived so secluded a life, and dwelt so constantly upon the history of the priory, that he had become insane, his head turned in faithfulness to duty.

"The priory is on a hill, while the village of Vauville is below, near the sea, and hidden from the building.

"On entering the church at Vauville we encountered the curé, who appeared very curious and desirous to talk with strangers, as they very seldom come there. While Father was looking at the picture over the altar, he said, 'It is not bad; it has good color'; whereupon the curé, who had come up hurriedly, remarked, 'You are looking at the picture, I see. It seems to interest you.' 'Yes,' said Father. 'Ah, well, I can tell you who painted it—one Mouchel, a child of Cherbourg. I don't know how much he is known away from us, but he had a pupil who was helped by the city of Cherbourg and has now become known as a man of great talent.'

"The curé was very polite, and he conducted us to the door without dreaming that he had seen the pupil of Mouchel, though Father was that person.

"One day when we were in the café of the inn, a little old man with large blue eyes came to the door and looked at Father, and said in the patois of the locality, which consists more of movements of the head, peculiar accents of words, and of pauses, than of a full language, 'Ah! do you know? Yes.' Then Father's chin moved upward in deep emotion. 'Ah! I knew *you* when you were a little toad. We are old now. Ah, changes have come! You know it.' 'Come in,' said Father, still more affected, pointing to a chair and table. Then turning to me, with his head close to my ear, he whispered, 'It is Peter, our old servant. He took care of my father when he died, as well as all the rest of the family.' After Father had become somewhat composed, he said to the innkeeper, 'Give Peter all he wants.' 'Oh, I want nothing now, but to see you. To go back into the years. Ah, we are old now!' This was too much for Father, and, rising to go out, he said quietly to the innkeeper, 'He is now a drunkard, but give him everything.'

"One night at the little inn, the wind blew a real tempest; it was fearfully dark and the roar of the sea was something terrific, so the proprietor said to his servant, who was putting thorns on the fire to make a great blaze, as if to calm the elements outside, 'How would you like to go on such a night as this to the priory?' 'Oh, I don't know,' he replied, 'there are things you cannot reason about, and happenings you had better keep away from. Perhaps it would be better to stay at home on a night like this. The old boy up there is not a good sleeper. He is out and around nights like this, watching his stacks of grain, for he, as you know, though very learned, is in league with the devil in some way. At any rate, the devil has something to do with him. He always looks at me suspiciously, as if I had stolen his wheat, though he knows well enough that it was the devil that did it. For, even in the daytime, when he counts his sheaves, there are always some lacking, and in the night still more are missing. He can't even drink his own cider without the devil hiding his pitcher and playing all sorts of tricks with him. No, it 's better to stay indoors when things outside are so uncertain.'

"The proprietor of the inn had been a cook in Paris, but had returned to his native hamlet to live the rest of his days. He soon began to talk, perhaps to please us, as we said nothing. 'They are strange men, those of this country,' he began; 'I myself have been in Paris, and I have seen many things; but I could not stay away



From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LESSON IN KNITTING

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

from here, and so I came back. You see, sir, we people of these parts cannot live away. I don't know why, but there is no place like our own land. So I came back from Paris to spend the time still left to me. But there was one who did not come back. Nor is this country without its interest. Many years ago a young fellow named Millet lived near here, and he had the strange fancy to be a painter, making pictures on cloth, sir, and, almost incredible as it may seem, he went to Paris. Go-



From the collection of the late Quincy A. Shaw. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

PEASANT WOMAN AND CHURN

FROM THE DRAWING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

ing to Paris nowadays is nothing, but then it was a very serious matter. They do say that though he had much trouble he had courage also, and has succeeded, so that he is on the road to celebrity and has become a great honor to his country. A man of much talent, of whom we are all very proud.' Father said nothing, but I saw he was smiling broadly. When we left the inn for good, the proprietor looked at Father very carefully, as if he suspected that he had not entertained an ordinary traveler; and finally, his suspicions evidently growing, he said, 'I remember the physiognomy of the Millets, who were well known along this coast as fine-looking men.' We could see that he was ready to ask whether Father was not the young fellow who went to Paris. His curiosity was gratified later.

"When we visited the graveyard at Greville, where our ancestors were buried, and found their graves, which had no headstones and the wooden crosses of which had long ago gone to dust, we saw that they were covered thickly with weeds nearly as high as our heads. I said nothing, but pointed to them as if asking which member of the family each grave contained; and Father, also pointing, simply said, 'Father, Mother, Grandmother,' and so on through the family category. Waiting awhile, much affected, he repeated, as only he could, the words, 'Oh, the high weeds where sleep the dead!'

"In a few days we went there again and found a man cutting the weeds. Father asked him why he was doing so. 'To sell them,' he replied. 'Sell!' exclaimed Father. 'Do you say that you are selling the weeds from the graves?' 'Yes.' 'Does the curé know of it?' 'Know of it? Of course he does. He consents to it and thinks it a good thing to do.' Then, as if speaking to himself, Father said, 'Ah! the heart has left this place. You are men no more. And the curé—!'

"It was in November, 1870, that Father made the sketch of the superb marine, which he painted in the spring of the next year and sent to Ruel.[1] He made also a great number of sketches and drawings of places near Greville and Vauville, as well as of the priory. Father loved every inch of the earth of his native hamlet. It is a wonderful land.

"We lived in M. Feuardent's house in Cherbourg, Father doing his work in an ordinary room with no special light facilities. He desired very much to make some pictures of the country and sea around Cherbourg, but the authorities told him that he must not even carry a pencil or a note-book. It was in Cherbourg that he made the drawings of 'The Milk-maid,' from sketches taken in Greville."

[1] Owned by the estate of the late Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, Massachusetts.

HOUSE-WITHOUT-ROOF

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

HOUSE-WITHOUT-ROOF my house I called,
Whether in palaces I dwelt
Or lowly cot, clay-paved and walled;
And, if at wayside cross I knelt,
Or if at shrine, for me the place
Dissolved into hypæthral space.

Beside the fire on mine own hearth,
While household hours slipped softly by,
With those most dearly loved on earth,
Still would the ceiling fade on high;
And, as the sparks my fire up-sent,
My soul escaped above, unpent.

The lightnings oftentimes she drew,
And crossed the wingèd migrants' flight;
She sought her roof in midday blue,
Where tender cloud-weft fails from sight—
In evening-red's ethereal bars—
Or vault of night with brede of stars.

She sought—but higher yet must rise
The courses of her mansionry;
Beyond these skies to Other Skies,
Its walls cut through so sheer, so free;
Beyond the brede of stars, aloof,
I look—but nowhere find a Roof!

THE MAN WHO DID NOT GO TO HEAVEN ON TUESDAY

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "Long Sam 'Takes Out,'" etc.

UNCLE NOAH PRUTT, sitting in the front row of seats, leaned forward and put his hand behind his ear, vainly seeking to hear what his wife was saying to Judge Murphy. From time to time he stood up, trying to hear the better, but each time the lanky policeman pushed him back into his seat.

"Judge, yer Honor," said the policeman, after the fifth time, "this man here has nawthin' t' do with th' case, an' he 's disthurbin' th' coort. Shall I thrun him out?"

"Let him be, Flaherty, let him be!" said the justice, carelessly, and at the words Uncle Noah arose and came forward to the black walnut bar that separated the raised platform of the justice from the rest of the room.

"Ah pleads not guilty, Judge!" said Uncle Noah, laying one trembling hand on the rail and pushing forward his ear with the other. He was a coal black Negro, with close-kinked white hair that looked like a white wig. His nose was large and flattened against his face, and his eyeballs were streaked with brown veins that gave him a dissipated look. He was the type of Negro that, at fifty, claims eighty years of age, and, so judged, Uncle Noah Prutt might have been anywhere between sixty and one hundred and ten. As he stood at the bar his black face bore a look of the most deeply pained resentment, and his thick lower lip protruded loosely as a sign of woe.

"Sit down!" shouted both the justice of the peace and the policeman, and, with his lip hanging still lower, Uncle Noah backed into his seat. He sat as far forward as he could, and leaned his head still farther forward.

"Who is that man?" asked the justice of no one in particular.

"Him? He 's mah husban'," said the young colored woman, with a slight uptilt of her nose. "Yo' don' need to pay no 'tention to him at all, Jedge. Ah ain' ask him to come yere. He ain' yere in no capacity but audjeence, he ain'."

"He has no connection with this case?" asked the justice.

"No, sah!" said the young woman, decidedly.

"If he makes any more trouble, Flaherty," said the justice, "put him out of the court. Now, what is this trouble, Sally?"

The young woman standing against the bar was fit to be classed as a beauty. Well-formed, with a rich yellow skin through which the blood glowed in her cheeks, with masses of black hair and her head carried high, she was superb, even in her cheap print wrapper. Even the fact that her feet were hideous in a pair of broken and run-down shoes of the sort worn by men did not impair her general appearance of an injured brown Venus seeking justice, and when she glanced at the prisoner her bosom heaved with anger and her brown eyes glowed dangerously.

The prisoner sat humped down in a chair in an attitude of the most profound dejection. He was of a darker brown than the woman, and so loose of joint that when he moved he flopped. His feet were so large as to be almost grotesque, and he was so thin that the bones of his shoulders were outlined by his light coat. But as he sat in the prisoner's seat his face was the most noticeable feature. It was thin and long for a Negro, but with such high and prominent cheek-bones that his eyes seemed hidden in deep caves, and the eyes were like those of a dog that knows he is to be beaten. His wide mouth hung far down at the corners. He was a picture of the utterly crushed, the utterly helpless, the utterly hopeless. He was the shiftless Negro, with the last ray of hope extinguished. He had but one thing to look forward to, and that was the worst. As the justice asked Sally the question the prisoner's mouth sagged a bit farther at the ends, and his eyes took a still sadder dullness.

"Yo' ain' miss it none when yo' asks whut am dis trouble, Jedge," said Sally, angrily. "Dis yere ain' nuttin' but trouble, an' I gwine ask yo' to send dis yere Silas to jail forebber an' ebber. Yassah! An' den he ain' gwine be in jail long enough to suit me. An' Ah gwine ask yo' to declare damages ag'inst him, fo' huhtin' mah feelin's, an' fo' tryin' to drown me, an' fo' abductin' me away from dat poor ol' no-'count Noah whut am mah husban', an' fo' alieamatin' mah affections, on'y he could n't. When Ah whack him awn de head wid dat bed-slat—"

"Now, one minute," said the justice, raising his hand. "Flaherty, what do you know about this case?"

"Well, yer Honor," said the policeman, in the confidential tone an officer of the law assumes when he feels that he, and he only, can explain matters, "th' way ut was was this way: I was walkin' me beat up there awn Twilf' Strate this mawrnin', like I always does, whin I heard a yellin' an' a shoutin'. So I run into th' lot—"

"What lot?" asked Justice Murphy.

"'T was betwane Olive an' Beech Strates, yer Honor. This here deff man, Noah Prutt, lives in a shack-like there, facin' awn th' strate. Th' vacant lot is full iv thim hazel-brushes an' what all I dunno."

"You said there was a shanty on the lot. How could it be a vacant lot if there was a shanty on it?" asked the justice.

"Now, yer Honor," said Flaherty, with an ingratiating smile, "there 's moore than wan lot in th' wurrld, ain't there? Th' lot this Noah Prutt lives awn is wan iv thim. And th' nixt wan is another iv thim. An' th' nixt wan t' that is th' third iv thim, an' th' ould Darky owns all iv thim, and iv th' three iv thim but wan is vacant, and that 's th' middle wan. There 's a shanty awn th' furrst wan, and there 's a shanty awn th' thurrd wan, an' as I was sayin', there 's nawthin' awn th' vacant wan excipt brush-like, an' mebby a few trees, an' some tin cans, an' whatnot."

"Very good!" said his honor. "Go ahead."

"Well, sor," said Flaherty, "this Prutt an' this wife iv his lives in th' furrst shanty, but th' other wan is vacant excipt whin 't is occupied. Th' ould man rints ut now an' again, an' a dang lonely habitation ut is, set 'way back fr'm th' strate, like ut is. So here I was, comin' along, whin I hear th' racket in th' vacant lot, an' whin I got there amidst th' hazel-brush here was this Sally a-hammerin' this Silas over th' head wid a bed-slat, an' him yellin' bloody-murdther. So I tuck thim up, th' bot' iv thim, yer Honor."

"And that 's all you know of the case?" asked the judge.

"Excipt what she tould me," said Flaherty.

"And what was that?" asked Judge Murphy.

"Ut was what previnted me from arristin' her for assault an' batthery," said Flaherty, "for if iver a man was assaulted an' batthered, this same Silas was. She can wield a bed-slat like a warryor."

"Ah 'd 'a' killed him! Ah 'd 'a' killed him shore!" said Sally.

"She w'u'd!" said Flaherty, briefly. "Thim Naygurs have th' harrd heads, but wan more whack an' he 'd iv had a crack in th' cranyum. So I wrested th' bed-slat from her. Th' place looked like there 'd been a war, yer Honor. Plinty iv thim hazel-brushes she 'd mowed down wid th' bed-slat thryin' t' murdther him. An' whin I heard th' sthory, I did not blame her."

"I have been waiting patiently to hear it myself," said the justice.

"Accordin' t' th' lady," said Flaherty, "she 's a respictable married woman, yer Honor, bound in th' clamps iv wedlock to this Noah Prutt, an' niver stheppin' t' wan side iv th' path iv wifely duty or to th' other. 'T is nawthin' t' us why a foine-lookin' gurrl like her sh'u'd marry an' ould felly like him. Maybe him havin' two houses atthracted her. I dunno. But, annyway, she 's had t' wash th' wolf from th' doore."

"Had to do what?" asked the justice.

"Go out doin' week's wash t' kape food in th' house," explained Flaherty. "For th' ould man will not wurrk much. He 's got that used t' livin' awn th' rint iv th' exthra shanty, ye see. An' there 's been no rint comin' in this long whiles, for th' prisoner at th' bar has been th' tinint iv th' shanty, an' he ped no rint at all."

"Why not?" asked the justice.

"Well, sor," said Flaherty, rubbing the hair at the back of his neck and grinning, "th' lady here says he 's been that busy

coortin' her he 's had no time t' wurrk. 'T was nawthin' fr'm wan ind iv th' week till th' other but, 'Will ye elope wid me, darlint?' an', 'Come now, l'ave th' ould man an' be me own turtle-dove!' "

"Ah tol' him Ah gwine murder him ef he gwine keep up dat-a-way of proceedin'!" cried Sally, shrilly. "Ah tol' him! Ah say, 'Go on away, you wuthless deadbeat Nigger! Wha' don' you pay yo' rent like a man, befo' yo' come talkin' 'bout supportin' a lady?' Dass whut Ah tol' him, Jedge. An' whut he say? He say, 'Sally gal! Ah gwine nab yo' an' hab yo'. Ah gwine steal yo' an' lock yo' up, an' nail yo' up, an' keep yo'!' Dass whut he say. An' he done hit!"

"Stole you, and locked you up?" asked the judge.

"Yassah!" cried Sally, glaring at the trembling Silas. "He lock me up, an' he nail me up, an' he try to drown me, ef Ah ain' say whut he want me to say. Dat low-down, hypocritical Nigger! Yassah! Ah tole him, 'Silas, ef yo' don' go way an' leave me alone Ah gwine tek mah hands an' Ah gwine yank all de wool right offen yo' haid!' Dass whut Ah say, Jedge. An' Ah say, 'Ef yo' don' shet up Ah gwine tear yo' eyes out!' An' Ah means it. Talkin' up to me like dat! An' den whut he do?"

She held out her hand toward the dejected Silas and shook her finger at him.

"Den whut he do? He see Ah ain' to be coax' dat-a-way, 'cause he a no-'count Nigger, an' he let on he purtind he get religion an' wuk on mah feelin's. Yassah! 'Cause he know Ah 's religious mahsilf an' he cogitate how he come lak a snake in de grass an' cotch me whin Ah ain' thinkin' no meanness of him. So long come dish yere prophet-man, whut call hisself Obediah, whut get all de Niggers wuk up an' a-shoutin' over yonder on de ol' camp groun's. Ah ain' tek no stock in dat Obediah prophet-man, Jedge, 'cause Ah a good Baptis', lak mah husban' yonder; but plinty of de black folks dey run to him, an' dey hear him perorate an' carry on, an' dey get sot in dere minds dat dey gwine to hebben las' Tuesday night whin de sun set. Yassah, dass whut dey think, 'cause de prophet-man he pretch dat-a-way. An' dis yere Silas he let on he gwine to hebben along wid de rest of de folks."

She let her lip curl scornfully.

"Him a-gwine to hebben!" she scoffed. "But Ah ain' but half believe he got religion lak he say. Ah say, 'Luk out, Sally! Ef he gwine to hebben nex' Tuesday let him go; an' if he ain' gwine, let him alone.' But yo' look at him, Jedge! Jes look at him! He ain' look so dangeroos, is he? An' whin he come to me an' say, 'Sally, Ah done got quit of de ol' Nick whut was in me, an' Ah gwine be lak dat no mo',' Ah jes got to believe him. Yassah! He dat pernicious meek an' lowly an' sorrumful-like dat Ah ain' suspict no divilment at all. 'Ah feel troubled in mah conscience,' he say, ' 'cause Ah been tryin' to lead yo' on de wrong paff, an' Ah can't go to hebben nex' Tuesday les' yo' forgib me,' he say, an' he look so downheart' an' seem lak he so set on gwine to hebben wid de rest ob de folks, dat Ah say, 'All right, Silas, Ah don' hold no hard feelin's. Ef yo' don' bodder me no more, Ah forgib yo' whut is pas' an' done for, but ef yo' gwine to hebben yo' better clean up yo' house an' put hit in order, lak de Book say, before yo' start, 'cause ef yo' don' yo' gwine get sint back, shore!' So he let on lak dat how he think, too. He purtind to thank me kinely fo' dat recommindation, an' he ask' c'u'd Ah lind him a scrub pail an' a mop an' a broom, twell he clean up he house. An' I so done.

"Dass all right! He scrub, an' he wash, an' he clean, an' he move all he furniture out in de lot, an' he clean, an' he wash, an' he scrub! He ain' wuk lak dat fo' months, Jedge. So den Ah think shore he got religion, lak he let on. So, come Monday, Ah got a job down to Mis' Gilbert's scrubbin' her house, an' Ah jes got to hab dat pail an' dat mop an' dat broom. So Ah tell Noah whut job Ah got, an' Ah say, 'Noah, Ah gwine down to Mis' Gilbert's house, fo' to help clean house, an' ef she want me, Ah gwine stay right dah twell de house all clean' up.' 'Cause dat a long perambulation down to Mis' Gilbert's house, Jedge, an' ef she ask me to stay a couple o' days, Ah gwine save mah breakfas' an' mah suppah whilst Ah stay down yonder. So Ah go outen de house an' Ah walk down de street twell Ah come to de gate whut lead up to Silas' house, an' Ah walk up de paff, an' Ah knock on de do'. Nobody say nuffin'! Ah knock ag'in. Nobody say nuffin'! Ah open de do' gintly, an' Ah peek in. Ain'

nobody in de shack at all. So Ah steps in, fo' to get mah pail an' mah mop an' mah broom.

"Dah dey set, right by de do', an' excipt fo' dem, dey ain' nuffin' in de shack at all but de straw outen Silas he's bed, an' dat all scatter aroun' lak to dry an' air out. Excipt dey one bed-slat whut Ah calculate Silas he keep handy fo' to whack at de rats, which am mighty pestiferous about dat shack. So whin Ah seen he done clean up yeverything as neat as a pin, my heart soften unto him. Ah jes gwine feel sorry fo' him, de leas' little bit. So Ah gwine look in de cupboard to see ef he got plenty to eat—an' he ain' got nuffin' in de cupboard but a box of matches, an' dat all! So Ah feel right smart sorry I been scold him lak I do, an' Ah gwine pick up mah pail an' mah mop an' mah broom whin—bang!—de do' go shut an' Ah all in de dark."

"Some one shut the door?" asked the justice.

"*He* shet de do'!" shouted Sally, shrilly, pointing her finger at the trembling Silas. "He shet de do', an' he lock de do', an' he start to nail de do', lak he say he would! Yassah! Ah bang mahsilf ag'inst de do' an' Ah yell an' shout, an' de do' don't budge, 'cause hit locked. An' all de while—bam! bam! bam!—he nailin' de do' from de outside. Ah poun' wif mah fists an' Ah peck up mah pail an' slam at de do' twell de pail all bus' to pieces, an' Ah bang mah mop to pieces, but—bam! bam! bam!—he go on nailin'."

She paused for breath, and Silas opened his mouth, as if to speak, but closed it again.

"Yassah!" she shrilled, glaring at Silas, "he nail up de do' so Ah can't budge hit, an' whin Ah try de windows, dey nailed up too."

"There 's two iv thim doors," explained Flaherty, "an' both iv thim open outward. He 'd nailed sthrips acrost thim. Th' two windys has wooden shutters, and he 'd nailed thim fast."

"What!" exclaimed Justice Murphy. "He nailed the woman in?"

"He did, sor!"

"But—but this is outrageous!" exclaimed the justice.

All three glared at the dejected Silas, and did not see Noah Prutt as he arose from his chair.

"Make him pay, Jedge! Make him pay!" cried Noah, eagerly.

"Sit ye down!" cried Flaherty, in a voice of thunder, and Noah subsided. On the edge of his chair he nodded like a toy mandarin. He understood that things were going badly for Silas, and that was enough to please him. Sally turned to him and shouted in his ear.

"Shet up an' stay shet!" she cried. "This is none of yo' business, Noah. Ah gwine manage this mahsilf!"

The old man smiled and nodded his willingness. As she turned away he touched her on the arm.

"Thutty dollahs," he said, and nodded and smiled again.

"Thutty nuffin's!" she muttered. "Ah guess yo' Honor will know whut Ah ought to get from dat Silas, an' whut he ought to get from yo'. 'Cause Ah suffer a heap o' distress of min' an' body whilst Ah been shet up in dat shanty dem three days."

"Three days!" exclaimed the justice.

"Yassah! Ah been nail up in dat shanty three days an' three nights," said Sally, "an' all dat time Ah been pestered an' annoyed. Ah been sploshed on mah feet an' Ah been hungry an' col', an' Ah been insulted. Dat Silas he jus' hong roun' dat shanty to make me mizzable, but Ah ain' give in one bit. No, sah! Ah 'd a-died fus'. Fus' off Ah bang on de do' an' Ah bang on de windows, an' Ah keep wahm, an' whin Ah get col' Ah pile some straw in de fireplace an' Ah get dem matches an' Ah mek me a straw fire. An' prisintly Ah hear Silas scramble-scramble on de roof. 'Whut he up to now?' Ah say; 'He gwine try climb down de chimbly? Ef he do Ah whack him wid de bed-slat twell he mighty sorry he try dat.' But he ain' try hit. No, sah! Splosh! come a pail of wahtah down de chimbly, an' out go mah fire, an' mah feet suttinly get sopped. An' Silas he say, down de chimbly, lak he voice all clog up wif laughin', 'Ain' gone to hebben yit! Ain' gone to hebben yit!' an' splosh! yere come anudder pail of wahtah."

"Why, this is no case for me," said the justice. "This man should be bound over to the Grand Jury!"

"Ah don' care whut yo' bind him to, so as yo' bind him good an' strong," said Sally, vindictively. "Yevery time Ah try to get wahm by makin' a fire, down come dat

pail of wahtah an' splosh mah feet, twell Ah think he try to drown me. 'Ain' gone to hebben yit!' he shout'. Hit right col' in dat shanty, Jedge. Hit pernicious col'. Dat wahtah freeze on de flo', an' hit freeze on mah shoes, an' Ah get hungrier an' hungrier, an' Ah shout an' Ah rage, an' all he say is, 'Ain' gone to hebben yit! Ain' gone to hebben yit!' Ah bet he ain'! Whin de time come he gwine somewheres ilse!"

"How did you get out, finally?" asked the justice.

"Ah keep maulin' at de do' wif dat bed-slat all de whiles," said Sally. "Dat a mahty fine piece of bed-slat, dat is. An' prisintly, whin Ah about to drap wid hunger an' col' an' die where Ah drap, Ah beat a hol' in de do'. 'Ain' gone to hebben yit!' he 'low, an' whack at de bed-slat wif a club, but Ah right smart mad, an' Ah pry an' Ah wuk, an' prisintly Ah pry off one board. An' when he see Ah gwine win out he scoot. Yassah! He scoot. Ah 'low he run away 'cause he afraid, but dass not hit. No, suh! He gwine fotch an ax, fo' to nail up dat do' ag'in. So prisintly Ah wuk dat do' open an' Ah step out, an' whut Ah see? Ah see dat Silas a-standin' yere in de paff, wid he ax in he hand an' he mouf wide open, lak Ah been a ghos'. 'Ain' gone to hebben yit, hey?' Ah say; 'Well, if yo' ain' gone yit, yo' gwine mighty soon!' an' I wint fo' him wif de bed-slat, an' he yell lak blazes whilst Ah gwine murder him. An' dat how-come de pleeceman heah him an' save he life."

The justice folded his hands, his fingers working nervously, as if they longed to take hold of the throat of the dispirited prisoner.

"In all my experience," he said, "this is the most outrageous case I have ever met! I am only sorry I am not the proper official to try this case. I hope this man gets the full penalty of the law. I can't express—"

He shook his head.

"Whatever possessed you?" he asked the shrinking Silas.

"His Honor is speakin' t' ye!" cried Flaherty, poking Silas with his baton. "Spake up whin he addrisses ye! Why did ye do ut?"

"Ah—" began Silas, in a thin, scared voice.

"Sthand up whin ye addriss th' coort!" said Flaherty, and Silas stood.

As he stood there was nothing about him that suggested the fiery lover. His drooping shoulders and general air of long-permanent shiftlessness almost gave the lie to the idea that he could have taken the trouble to carry a pail of water to a roof. He looked as if to walk at a shambling gait was about the extreme of any exertion of which he was possible.

"Ah did n' do hit," he said weakly, and sat down again.

"Now! now!" said Justice Murphy, sharply. "None of that!"

"Sthand up whin his Honor addrisses ye!" said Flaherty.

"Ah don' know nuffin' about hit, Jedge," said Silas, in a squeaky voice as he half lifted himself out of the chair. "Ah 'll tell yo' all whut Ah know. Ah wint away from mah shanty Monday, 'cause Ah got to yearn a dollar fo' to buy a white robe fo' to go to hebben in Tuesday, an' Ah chop a cord ob wood an' yearn mah dollar an' buy mah white robe. An' dat night all de prophet's folks spind de night on de hilltop, a-waitin' fo' de dawn ob de great day, an' a-prayin' an' a-singin' an' a-fastin'. An' Tuesday Ah spint awn de hilltop like dat, a-prayin' an' a-singin' an' a-fastin' twell de sun sh'u'd set. An' whin de sun set nuffin' happen. No, sah. Nobody go nowheres, an' dey ain' no prophet no mo', fo' he wint away wid whut he done collicted up endurin' de revival. So whin dat come about Ah quite pertickler hungry, an' Ah go fo'th t' yearn some money fo' to get mah food an' to pay whut Ah owe Noah, 'cause he been pesterin' me about he rint. So Ah get some wood to chop, an' I chop hit. An' bime-by, whin Ah chop all dat wood, Ah guess Ah 'll go home, an' Ah go home. An' whin Ah retch mah shanty, Ah see de do' bruk, an' somebody a-yammerin' on hit, an' whilst Ah look, out sprong dis Sally Prutt an' whack me on de haid wid a bed-slat, an' holler, 'Ain' gone to hebben yit! Ain' gone to hebben yit!' lak she done gwine crazy, an' ebbery time she whack she holler, an' ebbery time she holler she whack. So I gwine get away from dere quick, an' whin Ah run, she run, an' she shore gwine murder me, ef dish yere pleeceman ain' come an' stop her."

"Just so!" said Justice Murphy, sar-

castically. "And you were not near the shanty at all? And you did not nail this woman in it? And you did not pour water down the chimney?"

"No, sah," said Silas, in a frightened voice.

"Oh, you brack liah!" said Sally, angrily.

"And I suppose you never said, 'Ain't gone to heaven yet!' did you?" said the judge. "You never heard those words, did you?"

Silas looked from side to side, and his lower lip trembled. His back took a more disconsolate droop. There are no words in the English language to describe how utterly downcast and hopeless and woe-saturated he looked. Milton came near it when he said something about "Below the lowest depths still lower depths—" In woe Silas was in depths a couple of stories lower than that.

"Well?" said the justice, sharply.

"Answer his Honor whin he addrisses ye!" shouted Flaherty, and Silas moistened his lips and gulped.

"No, sah! Ah—Ah ain' hear them wuds perzackly, nevah befo'. Ah ain' heah, 'Ain' *gone* to hebben.' Ah jes heah 'Ain' *gwine* to hebben.' "

"Oh, you did hear that, did you?" said the justice. "Who said that?"

Silas stared at his boot. He blinked a couple of times, and then spoke.

"Ol' Noah, he say thim wuds," he said. The judge turned to the old Negro on the chair in the front row, and pointed at him.

"That Noah?" he asked. "Is that the man?"

"Yassah," said Silas, sadly. "Dass de man. He say hit."

Old Noah, seeing that the conversation was veering his way, arose and came forward, his hand behind his ear and expectation in his face.

"Thutty dollahs, Jedge!" he said eagerly. "Dass de right amount. Thutty dollahs."

"You go set down!" yelled his wife in his ear, but the old man shook his head.

"Ain' he gwine pay hit?" he asked resentfully. "Ain' de jedge gwine *mek* him pay hit? Whaffo' Ah nail up de shack ef he ain' gwine pay hit?"

"Whut yo' palaver about? Nail up de shack! *You* ain' nail up no shack. Dat no-'count Silas *he* nail up de shack," shouted Sally.

The old man nodded his head and grinned.

"Yas, dasso! Dasso! Ah nail up de shack, Jedge," he chuckled. "Ah nail him in. Yassah, Ah done jes so."

"*Him?*" shouted the justice, "you mean *her?*"

"Yassah, Ah nail *him* in," said Noah.

"*You* did?" shouted the justice.

"Ah—Ah beg pawdon, Jedge," said the old man. "Ah cawn't heah as—as well as Ah used to heah. Ah cawn't hear whisperin' tones no moah. Ah—Ah got to beg yo' to speak jes a leetle mite louder."

"WHY DID YOU NAIL HIM IN THE SHACK?" shouted Justice Murphy at the top of his voice.

"Why, 'cause he won' pay me de rint," said Noah, as if it was a thing every one should have known. "Ain' Sally been jes tol' yo'? Ah surmise she done confabulate about that all de whiles she talkin'. Yo' mus' scuse her, Jedge. Whin de womens staht talkin', nobuddy know *whut* dey talk about. Dey jes talk fo' de exumcise. Mah secon' wife, which am de las' but one befo' Ah tuck Sally—"

"Look here!" shouted Justice Murphy. "Why did you nail him in the shack?"

"Zack?" said the old man, doubtfully. "No, sah, he name Silas. Dass him yondah. I arsk him fo' de rint, an' I *beg* him fo' de rint, an' I argyfy about dat rint twell Ah jes wohn out, an' Ah don' git no rint at all. So bime-by erlong come dish yere prophet whut you heah about, maybe. Ah ain' tek no stock in dat prophet-man at all! No, sah! Ah 's a good Baptis' an' Ah don' truckle to none o' dem come-easy, go-easy, folks like dat. Ah stay 'way from him, an' Ah tell Sally she stay way likewise. But dis yere Silas he get de prophet-man's religion bad. Yassah. He 'low he gwine to hebben las' Tuesday whin all de res' ob de gang go. Ah reckon he ain' gwine go, 'cause Ah feel dey ain' none ob dem gwine go, but Ah can't be shore. Mos' anything li'ble to happen whin times so bad like dey is. So Ah projeck up to Silas an' Ah say to him, 'Ef yo' gwine to hebben nex' Tuesday, yo' bettah pay me de rint befo' yo' go.' Dass whut Ah say, Jedge. An'—an'—an' dass reason-able. 'Cause ef he gwine to hebben Tuesday, Ah ain' gwine hab no chance

to collict dat rint come Winsday. No, sah."

"Then what?" shouted the justice.

"Nuffin'!" said Noah. "Nuffin' *at* all. He say, 'Scuse me, Noah, but Ah so full ob preparations fo' de great evint Ah ain' got time to yearn no money to pay de rint.' An' Ah say, 'Silas, Ah want mah rint!' So, bime-by, whin Monday mawrnin' come erlong, Sally she gwine away to do a job o' work, an' Ah meyander ober to Silas' shack, an' Ah got mah hatchit an' mah nails, whut Ah gwine mind de fince. An' whin Ah come to de shack Ah hear de squawk ob a board in de flo' an' Ah know Silas he in de shack, an' Ah slam de do' an' Ah nail up de do' an' he carrye on scandalous, but he can't git yout. An' Ah don' care whut he say, 'cause Ah can't heah ef he cuss or ef he palaver.

" 'Cause Ah ain' gwine hab no tinint go to hebben like dat whin he owe me rint *twell* he pay de rint. So Ah reckon Ah leave him dere twell de gwine is all gone, an' Ah ain' worried erbout Silas gwine alone by hisse'f. He ain' got de get-up to do nuffin' alone by hisse'f. So Ah leab him dah twell he natchully bus' out."

"You tried to starve him," shouted the justice. "You threw water down the chimney."

"Dass jes a *pre*-caution, Jedge, dass jes a *pre*-caution," said the old Negro. "Ah got mah doubts erbout dat ol' Obediah prophet-man whut come from nowhares. Whin Ah see de smoke a-risin' from de chimbly, Ah speculate ef et hebben whar de prophet-man gwine tek theyall, or ef he gwine tek dem ilsewhars, an' Ah cogitate how maybe Silas gwine *es*-cape in de flame ob de fiah. Dey yain't nuffin' like good ol' Baptis' water fo' to fight debbil's fiah, so Ah fotch a couple o' pail' ob wahtah, an' Ah po' hit down de chimbly, an' Ah say, 'Yo' ain' gwine to hebben yit! Yo' ain' gwine to hebben yit!' Yassah. An' he ain'!"

He chuckled with glee, but at the same moment he caught a glimpse of Sally's face, and his grin gave way to a look of blank surprise. Slowly and carefully Sally was rolling up her sleeves, and her eyes glittered menacingly. Flaherty tapped her on the shoulder.

"None iv that here!" he said sternly.

The justice looked from one to the other of the parties before him, closed an impressive-looking law book with a bang, and stood up, feeling for his tobacco-pipe in his hip pocket.

"Flaherty," he said slowly, "this is not a case for this court. It seems in the nature of a domestic misunderstanding. Under ordinary circumstances," he added, pressing tobacco into the pipe with his thumb, "I should undertake to explain to all parties just what happened and how it happened and why it happened but—" he looked at old Noah and shook his head—"there is nothing in the statutes of the State of Iowa compelling a justice of the peace of the County of Riverbank, City of Riverbank and Township of Riverbank, to shout that loud and that long. Case dismissed!"

Flaherty herded the three parties out of the room and the justice lighted his pipe.

"Whaffo' Ah ain' git mah thutty dollahs?" he heard Uncle Noah ask in the hall. "Wha' we gwine?"

"Ah tell yo' wha' yo' ain' gwine!" he heard Sally shout. "You ain' gwine to hebben yit! But yo' gwine to wish yo' was gwine 'fo' Ah git froo wif yo'!"

"Flaherty," said his Honor, tilting back comfortably and blowing a cloud of blue smoke toward the ceiling, "go out and warn that woman to keep the peace."

"I will," said Flaherty, "but can ye ixpict ut iv her, Murphy?"



SIERRA MADRE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

O MOTHER mountains! billowing far to the snow-lands,
Robed in aërial amethyst, silver, and blue,
Why do ye look so proudly down on the lowlands?
What have their gardens and groves to do with you?

Theirs is the languorous charm of the orange and myrtle,
Theirs are the fruitage and fragrance of Eden of old,—
Broad-boughed oaks in the meadows fair and fertile,
Dark-leaved orchards gleaming with globes of gold.

You, in your solitude standing, lofty and lonely,
Bear neither garden nor grove on your barren breasts;
Rough is the rock-loving growth of your cañons, and only
Storm-battered pines and fir-trees cling to your crests.

Why are ye throned so high and arrayed in splendor
Richer than all the fields at your feet can claim?
What is your right, ye rugged peaks, to the tender
Queenly promise and pride of the mother-name?

Answered the mountains, dim in the distance dreaming:
"Ours are the forests that treasure the riches of rain;
Ours are the secret springs and the rivulets streaming
Softly down through the manifold bloom of the plain.

"Vain were the toiling of men in the dust of the dry land,
Vain were the plowing and planting in waterless fields,
Save for the life-giving currents we send from the sky-land,
Save for the fruit our embrace with the storm-cloud yields."

O mother mountains, Madre Sierra, I love you!
Rightly you reign o'er the vale that your bounty fills,—
Kissed by the sun, or with big, bright stars above you,—
I murmur your holy name and lift up mine eyes to the hills.

THE BORROWED LOVER

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

"'TIS this way with women," declared Kerrigan: "some of thim will desave ye, and some will not, but ye will niver know which till ut 's done; for they 're all alike in the use of their eyes and tongues, and the proof of the puddin' 's in the 'atun'. Mind thot, laad."

It was Sunday morning, and Kerrigan was leaning over the rail, looking dreamily off across the waste of piled lumber to the spires and roofs of the city. The sun shone brightly; the yellow flood of the river lipped softly the barnacled piles of the wharf; the hush of the Sabbath lay over all. Nicolao had just gone over the side of the vessel for an all-day outing; but he turned at Kerrigan's warning. He waved his hand airily.

"Tha' 's alla right," he replied. "Eet ees the gamble, yas—what yo' expec'. Solong! Adios!"

"Staay where ye arre," commanded Kerrigan, sternly. "I 'm goun' wid ye. 'T is a guardeen ye waant, ye light-mind child of misfortune. Wait till I change me clothes."

Twenty minutes later they crossed the wharf and passed cityward, something of Kerrigan's grandfatherly air of protection dropping away at every step.

"'T is good to be young," he said; "I mind I was young wance mesilf. Where are ye goun', laad?"

"I hava the friend," Nicolao replied; "his name is Porfirio—Portuguese, weeth the nice shop, nice fam'ly, nice daughter, yo' know."

"I do," said Kerrigan, significantly; "ye 'd niver go ilse. I 'll attind ye for yer own safety. 'T is on me mind."

At the crossing they boarded a trolley, for the sun was hot and Nicolao in haste; and going well forward, they seated themselves in the car. As Kerrigan glanced down to return the change of his fare to his pocket, he saw two hands meekly folded in the lap of the woman who sat at his left. The hands held a breviary and a handkerchief. He glanced up at the face of the holder—the fresh Irish face of a young woman.

He sighed and looked away; he knew not why, but for an instant it gave him a desolate feeling of homesickness. Then Nicolao began to talk, and Kerrigan forgot the girl.

But presently she left the car, and as she rose to her feet, he saw a handkerchief flutter to the floor. He leaned forward quickly, and, picking it up, hurried after his neighbor; but others had risen between them, and she had reached the street and was stepping up to the curb when he touched her arm.

"Ye dropped it, *acushla,*" he said, and turning quickly, she glanced at his outstretched hand.

"Then 't was a miracle," she said, "and belongs to the church, not to me." She held up her own hand, in which safely reposed the breviary and the handkerchief. Kerrigan stared.

"Wid me two eyes I saw it drop as ye got up," he declared.

"I had but one," replied the girl. "Are your two eyes strong enough to see that I 've got it still? And you 've lost your car."

"I 've lost more—me good name," Kerrigan said. "I 've stolen the handkerchief."

"Then you 'd better pray for repentance," she advised. "I 'll give you a hint: the church is before you. Good-by, and thank you—for nothing." Laughing, she hurried away up the steps of the church.

Kerrigan hesitatingly watched her go, then walked to a side porch and sat down.

"I 'll tak' the hint to this extint," he muttered, and patiently waited through the hour of service; but as the audience streamed forth at the close he returned to the main door and stood watching.

But suddenly he felt a touch on his arm and heard a voice say:

"I 'll be going home now."

Startled, he looked down into the face of the girl. It was very demure, though flushed.

"Ah, 't is ye thot 's repinted—of yer haard heart," he said. "Ye 've come back to tell me so."

"I 've repented of naught but my sins," she replied, "and a hard heart is not one of them. But I 'd borrow you for a little, if you have nothing better to do."

"I 'll have nothing better to do all through purgatory, which will be hiven to me if ye 're wid me," he replied. "And there 's another miracle."

She laughed.

"I 'd not care to keep you so long."

"Thin I 'll get me hell first, which is wrong," he answered sadly. "I tho't ye were orthodox."

"I 'm—" She pressed his arm in warning as a man passed them rapidly, turning to look back into their faces. He was weazen, middle-aged, with a wry face.

"That 's the reason for borrowing you," she explained in a low voice.

"Thot 's not a reason; ut 's an apology," Kerrigan said tartly. "Ut 's a monkey, not a mon."

"He 's always hanging about," she replied. "My father and mother favor him; he 's got money."

"Ut 's a curse," Kerrigan declared solemnly.

"So the rich tell me," said the girl with a laugh.

"I 'm rich mesilf while I have ye," he said.

"You 're only borrowed," she warned him. "Are you a masterful man?"

"I 'm meek as Moses," he assured her. "A child could lade me."

"Oh, then you won't do at all!" she cried. "I thought you were masterful by your looks. My father and mother are meek, but set in their ways, and I 'm tired of it. Now, a man who 'd knock me about and *them*—"

"Ye waant me to knock thim about—yer father and mither?"

"I want them to think you would," she corrected him. " 'T would be good for them. But of course you 'd not do it; you 'd only be soft-spoken and blarneying."

"I 'm as gintle as a cow by nature," he assured her; "but I 'd sell me birthright to plaze ye. Now tak' me home wid ye and prove ut."

" 'T is worth trying," she replied. "You 'll stay to dinner? I 've taken to you, you know."

"I accipt both the dinner and the compliment," he answered, "and thank ye kindly for both."

In the porch of their small house near the wall of the cemetery of the city her father and mother sat waiting as they entered the gate.

"My friend, Mr. ——" The girl hesitated.

"Kerrigan—Thomas Kerrigan," that gentleman said promptly.

"My father and mother," continued the girl. "Reilly 's their name. The gentleman was very kind. He lost his car to return my handkerchief."

Her father, a weather-beaten little man, looked Kerrigan over coolly as he nodded.

"Faith!" he said at last, "I 'm thinkin' he 's likely to lose his supper before he returns it; he 's got it in his hand yet."

The girl laughed.

"It was not mine, you know," she explained.

"I don't see the joke," her father said irritably. "What 's all the stir, Kate?"

"Ye 'll see ut in time," Kerrigan replied with composure. " 'T is like this: she liked me betther nor the bit of white rag, so she took me instid."

"She was always greedy," replied Reilly; "she 'd take the biggest lump iv'ry time, not countin' the quality." He turned to his wife. "Do ye mind thot, Mary?"

"I don't understand a' the nonsince," replied his wife, a meek little wisp of a woman. She rose and went into the house, followed by Kate.

Kerrigan was looking complacently about him, and now said:

"Ye have the cimetery handy, Reilly."

"I need to," the old man replied. "I worrk in it."

" 'T is the fine job," declared Kerrigan. "Ye can feel all the time how much betther off ye are than yer neighbors. I doubt not ut makes ye consated."

"There 's thim that are livin' that make me feel the same," Reilly said significantly. He glared at Kerrigan, who nodded.

" 'T is a habit and grows on ye, like drinkun'," Kerrigan declared. "What do ye do to cure ut?"

"I choose me own fri'nds mostly," Reilly said tartly. "Belikes ye will take the hint."

"I do," replied Kerrigan. " 'T is the

raison ye worrk in the cimetery, I tak' ut; the talk 's wan-sided. Ye 'd like thot."

Kate came out and, seeing her father glowering, sat down by Kerrigan, carelessly placing her hand on the back of his chair.

"My father has taken to you," she said with a coquettish glance. "He 'll monopolize you. I 'll not see you at all. I 'm fair green with the jealousy."

"Good Lord!" sputtered the old man, and glared at her, but she seemed not to hear or see.

"We 'll go for a walk after dinner," she went on—"in the cemetery. It 's the only place I can get you away from him; for he works there in the week, and he 'd not like to spoil his holiday by seeing the place."

" 'T will be a sore thing to part from him," answered Kerrigan, "for we 're like brithers alriddy, barrun' the size of us and the looks; but I 'd not like to remind him of worrk, so we 'll go, as ye say."

" 'T is the nice, quiet place for young people," Kate said and laughed. "You 'll find them all about, walking arm and arm, and sitting on the benches in the shade, hand in hand. They 'll not notice us at all."

"Thin we 'll not notice thim," answered Kerrigan, with good-natured generosity; but Reilly rose up and stormed into the house, slamming the door.

He ate his dinner rapidly and in silence, and left the table long before the others, and when, ready for their walk, Kate and Kerrigan appeared in the porch, he sat there grim and silent, wearing his coat and hat.

Kate showed her surprise.

"Why, Father, have you the chill?" she asked anxiously. "Are you cold?"

"Wan worrd more, me girl, and I 'll fetch ye a clip on the side of the head, old as ye are," Reilly said savagely.

"You 'd never do the like of such a queer thing," she exclaimed—"never. And you know me Tom would not stand for that at all. Would you?" She looked trustingly up into Kerrigan's face.

" 'T would hurt me more nor him to tak' a little, small mon across me knee," Kerrigan replied, "but 't would be both me duty and right. But he 's only jokun', me dear. He 's laughun' in his sleeve this minut'."

Reilly eyed him with a look of ferocity.

"Tin years younger, ye lump," he said, "and small as I am, I 'd fetch ye the mate of it over the jaw, big as ye are."

"Hiven be thanked for the tin years, thin!" exclaimed Kerrigan, piously.

"Yes, Heaven be thanked!" echoed Kate. " 'T would be a sore thing for a loving girl to see her old father in the hands of a strong man. You 'll always be tender to him, won't you?"

"Always," promised Kerrigan—"tender, but firm."

"Thank you," she said softly. "I knew you would. But good-by, Father."

"Ye can't go," snapped Reilly. "Into the house wid yez!"

"What!" she cried. "And me of age, and earning me living these five years!" She threw back her head and walked toward the gate, with her father following after.

"Thin I 'll go wid yez, ye ungrateful girl," Reilly declared.

"Thin take me ither arm," said Kerrigan, with a solicitous air; but Reilly stepped back, waving him off.

"Go on, ye lump!" he commanded.

"Aye, ye know best," Kerrigan agreed. " 'T is more like a marriage procission yer way."

Kate laughed.

"For shame," she cried, "to talk of marriage so soon! I 've known you but four hours."

"What 's time to the lovun' hearrt thot knows uts own mate?" asked Kerrigan.

"True," she replied; "it 's nothing at all."

"If ye 've no respict for yer owld father, ye hussy," Reilly hissed close at her ear, "think shame to yersilf for the bowldniss of yez."

"To think you 'd put the black name of boldness on your own daughter!" Kate cried, turning angrily. "I 'll not listen to you." She flounced up the road.

Reilly followed. He passed into the cemetery behind them and stubbornly kept near; but as they turned into an avenue of live-oaks, he caught sight of a slender young man who stood in a path and watched Kate and Kerrigan go by. Reilly beckoned to him, and the young man came hesitatingly forward.

"And how are ye the day?" Reilly said genially, and extended his hand. In mani-

fest surprise the young man shook hands and said:

"Well, Mr. Reilly, as the world goes. And how are you?"

"Fine, Michael," Reilly replied, "though troubled a small bit." He glanced ahead at the pair, who had not looked back. The young man's eyes also followed them.

"Aye, it 's the world's way," he agreed with a somber air. "It 's up and down with us all."

"It is, Michael Cassidy," replied Reilly. "But I 've not seen ye for the long time."

As Michael had been forbidden to come to the house, he deemed it politic to make no reply. His silence left Reilly at a loss, and presently he said with a melancholy shake of the head:

"It 's God's truth, as they say, that a mon niver knows what 's good for him."

Michael looked at him inquiringly.

"Are you speaking of yourself, Mr. Reilly?" he asked.

"I am," Reilly confessed. "Here was I keepin' a fine lad like yersilf from me house, and who should me daughter bring into it but thot big lump yon! Bedad! he fills the whole place!"

"Lord keep us all!" exclaimed Michael.

" 'T is well said, Michael Cassidy," replied Reilly. " 'T is the bitter, true worrd."

"But not past mending, Mr. Reilly," Michael said with a sly glance. " 'T is only to let me come back and send the lump flying."

"Flyin' is it?" exclaimed Reilly, wrathfully. "Faith! he flies like a tree."

" 'T is your own house," Michael replied. "You have only to say the word go. I know how it sounds myself."

"Have I? 'T is all ye know. I give him a couple or three hints of the same, and he was for takin' me over his knee—me, the father of me own daughter. And what did she do but egg him on!"

"Aye, that 's bad."

"It is so."

"If you could manage to let him do it," Michael said thoughtfully, "and then call the police for assault, you 'd have him fine. 'T would shame Kate. 'T would be bad for him."

"Would it?" Reilly said with scorn. "And how would it be for me in me owld age to be taken across a mon's knee? Tell me thot."

Michael snickered, but quickly changed his snicker to a cough under Reilly's wrathful look.

"You 're right, Mr. Reilly," he said soberly; " 't would make angels weep."

"I 'd not distress the howly wans to thot extint," Reilly declared. He was silent a moment, then said with a brightening face: "If you 'd pass a scrappy worrd wid him yersilf, Michael, and take a clip or two of his fist, belikes Kate would take pity on ye and—"

"The pity of a woman is a poor tale," Michael replied hastily. "Has Kate taken a liking to him?"

"A liking to him, is it!" exclaimed Reilly. "She makes me fair blush for her bowldniss."

"Then she 's given me up, and it 's no use at all," Michael said with a groan.

"Well, if she 's given ye up, ye 've nothing to lose by me plan," argued Reilly. "She might take ye back."

"And be where I was before," objected Michael, "and that was nowhere at all, with you against me. That 's the plain word between friends, Mr. Reilly, and no harm meant."

"But all that 's done and gone, as I told ye," Reilly irritably replied. "I 'm for ye now, Michael. 'T is her pity that 's the only way to win her now."

"Faith! I think I 'd get it," answered Michael, dolefully; "the man 's as broad as a house."

"Well, if it comes to the blows bechune ye," Reilly said, "just grapple wid him, and I 'll give him a little small clip on the back of the head wid me stick." He gripped his cane hard as he added grimly: "Bedad! I 'll put me heart in it, and that 's no lie. Now come on and try me plan."

But Michael still held back.

"What 's changed you all at once?" he asked. "You never liked me."

"That lump," said Reilly. "He 'll marry her out of hand before their walk 's over if ye do not stop him."

"And if I do stop him, will I have her myself?" Michael asked.

"Ye will," Reilly promised. "I 've passed me worrd."

"Then God be with us all, and here goes!" said Michael.

They quickened their pace and caught up with the pair, and Kate, looking back, stopped.

"I thought you 'd forgotten us, Father," she said with a laugh. "And is it Mr. Cassidy with you, the great stranger!" She introduced him to Kerrigan as a "friend of the family," and they walked on together, Reilly straggling on ahead, leading the way toward his tool-house, in a lonely part of the cemetery.

"It 's the long time since you 've been to see us, Mr. Cassidy," Kate said at last.

"It is," Michael replied. "The place is fairly overrun. It 's the queer lot you have hanging about."

"Overrun, do you say!" exclaimed Kate. "There 's not been a soul there in weeks."

Michael laughed disagreeably.

"It 's not an hour since I saw this wind-bag come out of the door," he replied in a loud voice. Then he put his hand to his mouth, saying softly: "When you strike, strike quick and hard, Mr. Kerrigan. I 'd like to have it over. And look out for the old man's stick." Kerrigan grinned.

Kate, on Kerrigan's left, had not heard the aside, and she grew pale. She leaned forward now to say sweetly:

"And how are your father and mother —Michael? Are they well?"

"They are," Michael answered; "but a bit low in spirit. I 'd take it kindly if you 'd parade the big monkey you 've got with you before their gate. Belikes it would hearten them up; they 're fond of a show."

They heard Reilly chuckle.

"Aye, Michael 's the b'y," he muttered, and gripped his stick hard.

Kerrigan stopped short.

"We 'll go now," he said stiffly.

"With all my heart," retorted Michael, and turned back. But Kate caught Kerrigan's arm, pulling him forward.

"Would you leave a girl in the middle of a walk to go following after a joker like Michael?" she cried. "Sure, he was always up to his tricks. It 's some little, small joke on his father, the poor old man. I 'll have naught to do with it."

The two men stood glaring at each other, the grimness of Kerrigan's face being lighted, however, as he stood with his back to Kate, by a sly wink.

"Is ut a joke?" he demanded.

"Would you call the lady a liar?" Michael asked hotly. "She says it 's a joke; and if she says it 's one, it is, even if it is n't. Are your manners as awry as your face?"

"I niver quarrel before ladies, but we 'll take a walk soon and try to match faces," Kerrigan said significantly.

"You could n't please me more if you asked me to your wake," Michael airily replied.

"Oh, Father, there 's your little work-house," nervously called Kate. "I left something in it when I brought you your dinner-pail Thursday. I 'll get it now, if you have your key, though I 'm thinking you 've forgotten it, as usual."

"I niver forget it," retorted Reilly; and to prove his contention, led the way to the tool-house.

It was a stout little stone house with a strong door, and as Reilly opened it, he stepped in, looking back at the others with a sour smile.

"Forget it, did I?" he snapped. "Now, where did ye l'ave what ye left?"

"I hid it on top of that shelf—a little, small box," Kate said. "Will you reach it down, Mr. Kerrigan? You 're as tall as the house yourself, and 't will not trouble you, like these small men."

Kerrigan stepped into the room, and in a flash she closed the door and locked it.

"Now, Michael, run, if you love me!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I want to see you murdered before my eyes? Your courage is two sizes too big for your body."

But Michael did not move.

"Better be murdered than see you making love to that brute," he said doggedly. "I 'll see it out now."

She caught him by the shoulders and tried to push him away.

"But it 's not making love, Michael dear," she replied. "It was just to stir father." She explained in a word, with Michael's face gradually relaxing in a grin.

"Well, you 've stirred him all right," he said; "he wants you to marry me now. We 'll do it at once before he changes his mind."

"In a hurry like this!" she cried. "Oh, I could n't."

"All right," he replied, and seated himself on the door-step. "Then I 'll stay and be murdered."

For a moment Kate stood irresolute, wringing her hands.

"Oh, what shall I do!" she murmured.

"I told you—marry me now," he replied. He went to her, and, taking her hands, said quickly: "I 've the license; I 've had it for weeks. It would be the fine thing, would n't it, to have it found like that on my dead body?"

"I think I should die of shame," she confessed. "It would hardly seem decent."

"It 's the true word you say, Katie dear. You see, there 's nothing left but to use it."

"Sure, it would make me feel like a widow, and me not yet a wife," she said. "I 'll go, Michael. It 's all that 's left for us now. Hurry."

INSIDE the barred window Kerrigan and her father saw them hasten away. Her father chuckled.

"She fooled ye," he said, for Kerrigan had not found the box.

"She did," Kerrigan agreed. He seated himself on a stool and looked about him complacently. "Ye 've the nice little shop for wet weather," he went on.

"For anny weather," Reilly replied. He had suddenly become genial, and he began to talk of his work. "Thirty years I 've worked here," he said at the close, "and I 've put by a little against me owld age. And now Kate will marry, and there 's wan trouble liss off me mind. Michael 's a good b'y."

"He is," Kerrigan agreed with great heartiness. "Did ye hear him blackguarrdun' me to me face as bowld as ye plaze? Me hearrt warrmed to the laad."

"Aye, and he fooled ye well; they both did," said Reilly, and chuckled.

"They did," answered Kerrigan. "And now I 'm like a hin in a coop; but I 'm not alone."

For a moment Reilly looked at him, and then a shadow crossed his face.

"Ye take it aisy," he said suspiciously.

"Ut 's me way," replied Kerrigan. "I 'm a sedenthary mon by nature, though I 'm slightly out of practice, though ut all comes back. I 'll shmoke now." He took his pipe from his pocket and leisurely began to fill it.

"But ye lost the girl," Reilly told him.

"Can I lose what I niver had or waanted?" Kerrigan asked. "I don't know."

"It was not an hour since ye were all but marryin' her before me eyes," snapped Reilly. "What of that?"

"I was borrowed only," exclaimed Kerrigan.

"And what do ye mane?" demanded Reilly.

" 'T was what Katie said," answered Kerrigan. "We were standun' before the church whin up edged a red-headed little old mon, and says she to me, 'May I borrow ye for a bit?' 'Sure,' says I. And she borrowed me to get rid of the mon, and now she 's borrowed anither to get rid of you and me. Sure, she 's the bright wan."

Reilly was staring straight ahead, piecing the broken patches of truth together. Suddenly he looked up.

"And nayther of ye meant nothing at all by all the love-talk?"

"Nothing at all," answered Kerrigan.

"Thin she 's a desateful hussy," cried Reilly, angrily. "She 's made me ate me own worrds through fear of ye. I said young Cassidy should niver have her, and now she 's made me fair' throw him at her, as if he was the last mon on God's earth! Ye can't trust a woman at all."

"Sometimes ye can and sometimes ye cannot," amended Kerrigan, "but ye niver know which ut is till ut 's too late."

"It 's the true worrd," agreed Reilly. He sighed, then added not without a touch of pardonable pride: "Well, she 's no fool, and she 's me own daughter. There 's something in that."



RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERIC REMINGTON

BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Author of "Arizona," "The Witching Hour," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON AND A PORTRAIT

FREDERIC REMINGTON had a large mind in a big body. The mind had great natural capacity in many directions, and in one of those directions was remarkably self-taught. The body had been splendidly cultivated and came to be unwisely overtaxed. His young manhood was spent in the far West, at work with the cow-boys and near the soldiers and Indians whose picture historian he was destined to become. The life of those men was rude and exciting. Much that would be considered dissipation in civilized surroundings was logical reaction to their environment—man's answer to nature's challenge. Remington adopted the cow-boy habit and point of view, and finally assimilated the cow-boy standard and philosophy. It is necessary to consider that fact if one would accurately estimate his character, his work, his achievement, and his untimely end. His very intimacy with the men and the material he drew was purchased at what others may call that cost. Future generations who profit by the facts he recorded must not quarrel with the method of their unconscious acquisition; and the wisest of those who loved him would be less wise if they wished any of his steps retraced. That education reinforced the independence of his nature, made him indifferent to the "cards and custards" of society, and, to speak after his own fashion, kept him "with the bark on." He worked unhampered by rule, example, or opinion, a veritable child of nature, and he died untamed. Nature and second nature kept him at high pressure. He lived, thought, spoke, and worked by a series of explosions insulated under deep sympathy and great good humor.

Remington was primitive and partizan. Sensitive as an Indian, he liked instinctively and enduringly, he hated intuitively and long. He adored the memory of his father, who had been a soldier, and he remembered him in his uniform. Besides, in the West, in Frederic's day, the local advent of the troopers meant sudden and inflexible order. The military acted promptly and without debate.

Remington loved the soldiers; he loathed all politicians because they talked.

One of Remington's distinctions between orators and officers is worth recording. He had been recently visiting General Chaffee and more recently listening to Mr. Bourke Cockran and Mr. William J. Bryan. Indian fashion, he was half acting the manner of all three and feeling inwardly for his answer. "This is it," he said; "Chaffee tells you to do a thing like this; he looks out from under his eyebrows with his head down; the orator throws his head up and looks out from under his eyelids. The soldier menaces—the orator hypnotizes."

Remington kept near the ground in all his thinking. The superstructure of things, the embellishment of ideas, the amplification of systems, had small attraction for him. He had a passion for the roots, for the explanations, for the causes. His speech was laconic. If his friends had known the sign language he would generally have used it. His own vocabulary was small, vital, and picturesque, singularly free from slang, but strongly colored with military terms and phrases. He was a good listener and a good laugher. Like the disappearing Carson River, an adequate joke flowing through his system would rise again with recurrent and unexpected irruptions of reflected sunshine. He had also the quality of being humorous himself, and the flavor of his humor was Western, fresh, and wholesome.

One evening he strolled, astonished and abashed, into our half-lighted dining-room,

where, unknown to him, a dinner party was in progress. After his own dinner he had come "across lots" for a cigar and our usual argumentative salvation of mankind. The introductions being over, a lady purring at the great man in knickerbockers and herculean stockings asked:

"Did you ride your bicycle, Mr. Remington?"

"Ride it? Ha-ha! Why the blankety-blanked thing would n't let me walk with it."

Mrs. Remington had a liking and a capacity for philosophic study. Some of the modern phases had her attention, and one of them which she felt would be useful she pressed upon Remington's notice. His hospitality to the idea was more tolerant than acquisitive, and at times he may have really doubted its potency; but if he had any criticism it was never spoken, and perhaps never implied. One morning during that period, however, his man Tim brought me a brief note, which read as follows:



From a photograph by Sarony, owned by F. W. Remington

FREDERIC REMINGTON

Dear Tommy:

I was in town last night at The Players and I got so out of tune with the Infinite that you could notice it for two blocks.

The value of mere anecdotes of any man is that each reader draws from them

that side of the personality which he would have seen and drawn from the man himself, not merely the element open to the proper vision of the reporter; and that must be the excuse for anecdotes. E. W. Kemble, or, as his friends know him, Ed Kemble, introduced the writer to Remington in 1890. The two illustrators were friends, but the most beautiful side of their friendship needed a third friend for its precipitation. Kemble is universally amusing when he cares to be. Few men are his equal in putting the spirit of caricature into ordinary verbal report or comment; even his famous drawings do not show such sure fun. Remington responded promptly to Kemble's comedy, however expressed. Most men who know it do the same, but Remington went further. When Kemble had left him after any interview, all of Kemble's woes of which Remington had been the repository were suddenly dwarfed in the larger horizon of Remington's experiences and transmuted into side-splitting jokes. In his mind, Kemble was never "grown up"; and Kemble reciprocated. Remington's throes, viewed through Kemble's prism, were just as amusing. They took even each other's art as playfellows take each other's games. There were years when much of their leisure was passed in company; in the winter, skating and long walks over the hills of Westchester; in the summer, swimming baths in the Sound, bicycling, and tennis. Their understanding was mutual and immediate. One night after the theater, on the train home from New York, sitting together, Remington was by the car window, Kemble next to the aisle. An obstreperous commuter was disturbing the passengers, men and women. The busy conductor's admonition had been ineffective, the brakeman's repeated expostulations useless. The men passengers seemed cowed; the rowdy was gaining confidence. On his third blatant parade through the car, and as he passed Kemble's side, Remington's two hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle reached out into the aisle, and, with the precision of a snapping-turtle, lifted him from his feet like a naughty



Copyright by Mrs. Frederic Remington

"THE SCALP"

MODELED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

boy and laid him face downward over Kemble's interposing lap. With the spirit of perfect team-work, as Remington held the ruffian, Kemble spanked him, while the legs in the aisle wriggled frantically for a foothold. The correction, prolonged and ample, was accompanied by roars of laughter from fifty other passengers. Being done, Remington stood the offender on his feet. The man began a threatening tirade. Before half a sentence was uttered Remington had him again exposed to Kemble's rhythmic tattoo. This was enough; and when again released the fellow rapidly left the car for the relative seclusion of the smoker.

Mrs. Remington used to tell of her husband's return to her one night when they had transiently taken rooms at a New York hotel. Remington, after escorting her back from the theater, had her consent to a little romp at the club. It had come to be two o'clock in the morning; Mrs. Remington had gone to bed, but was as yet only in the border-land of sleep when she was aroused by the repeated slamming of hallway doors. At the proper moment in the crescendo her own door was opened, and in the frame of light stood her husband, quickly joined by a protesting attendant.

"It 's all right," said Remington; "this one 's my wife—good-night!"

One early morning in February, 1898, James Waterbury, the agent of the Western Union Company at New Rochelle, telephoned me that the *Maine* had been blown up and had sunk in the harbor of Havana. Knowing the interest the report would have for Remington, I immediately called him on the telephone and repeated the information. His only thanks or comment was to shout "Ring off!" In the process of doing so I could hear him calling the private telephone number of his publishers in New York. In his mind, his own campaign was already actively under way.

One incident of that campaign illustrates the primitive man in Remington. He and Richard Harding Davis were engaged to go into Cuba by the back way and send material to an evening newspaper. The two men were to cross in the night from Key West to Cuba on a mackerel-shaped speed boat of sheet-iron and shallow draft. Three times the boat put out from Key West and three times turned back, unable to stand the weather. The last time even the crew lost hope of regaining port. Davis and Remington were lying in the scuppers and clinging to the shallow rail to keep from being washed overboard. The Chinaman cook between lurches was lashing together a door and some boxes to serve as a raft. Davis suggested to Remington the advisability of trying something of the kind for themselves.

"Lie still," Remington commanded; "you and I don't know how to do that. Let him make his raft. If we capsize, I 'll throttle him and take it from him."

Some months later, on learning of the incident, I tried to discuss the moral phase of it with him; but he brushed my hypocrisy aside with the remark: "Why, Davis alone was worth a dozen sea-cooks. I don't have to talk of myself."

His experiences in Cuba were scarcely more supportable than this unpropitious start. The heat was terrible, the transportation bad, and his physical condition poor. He suffered. Growling over it all, long afterward he said to me:

"From now on I mean to paint fruits and flowers. Then if I 'm ordered to the scene of action I can go fearlessly."

Until his increasing weight made it hard to find a mount, he liked to ride. He had no fear of any horse, and among men he had a man's courage; but he had an unreasonable fear of dogs. Once, on the occasion of a men's dinner in the early days of the bicycle's popularity, Kemble had made a souvenir caricature for each guest. The card at Remington's plate represented Frederic in the costume of a bronco buster, with chaps, sombrero, and guns, riding a bicycle—a look of terror on his face. The bicycle was bucking halfway over the road, frightened at a little cotton dog on four wooden wheels. Nobody laughed more heartily over the card than Remington, and for years it had a place of honor in his studio.

The waning of his great strength was a more sensitive subject with him than his increasing weight, which produced the condition. Gradually in our Sunday walks, the hills grew steeper for him. His favorite ruse for disguising the strain on him was to stop occasionally and survey the landscape:

"Look there, Tommy, how that land lies. I could put a company of men back of that stone wall and hold it against a thousand until they flanked me."

As with the Southern gentleman who used to look out of the window after passing the decanter to his guest, it was the part of friendship on these occasions to multiply details of the supposititious fortifications until the commander regained his wind.

One Sunday morning in those later days I went with him to the office of an osteopathic physician who was treating him. The osteopath was a slight man and not tall. Remington, lying face downward on the operating - table, presented a skyline so much higher than that of the average patient that the doctor standing on the floor lacked the angle of pressure necessary to his treatment. The doctor therefore mounted a chair, from which he stepped to the table, and finally sat astride of Remington, applying his full weight to the manipulation which he was giving to the spinal column.



Copyright by Mrs. Frederic Remington. From a photograph by Davis and Sanford

"THE BRONCO BUSTER"

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

"I hope I 'm not hurting you, Mr. Remington?" said the doctor. Remington answered:

"It 's all right, Doctor—so long as—you don't—use your spurs."

Early in his occupancy of the New Rochelle home—perhaps in 1895—he added to his house a studio. This room was twenty by forty feet on the floor, and twenty feet to the roof-tree. A big skylight was in one pitch of the roof; windows with the sills breast-high were on one end, and one side wall. The second end had a double door big enough to admit a horse, or to be opened wide as he painted the horse in the open air outside. All four walls of the studio were covered, above doors and windows and in their dead spaces, with military and Indian and Mexican trappings of all descriptions from spurs to war-bonnets; there were guns of every kind ever carried by an American soldier; all kinds of swords and bridles, saddles, belts, canteens, and cartridge-boxes, powder-horns, bayonets, and knives; there were war clubs, tomahawks, bows, arrows, spears, tom-toms, pipes, scalps, and the wands of medicine-men; moccasins, blankets, beaded deerskins, and the skulls of buffalo, mountain goats, and American carnivora; sombreros, quirts, horsehair lassos, chaps, serapes, ollas, mats, pots, and baskets; in short, not prints or catalogues, but, for all that he might need for any Western picture, the veritable thing itself. He knew the troop and tribe and time and latitude of each. Accuracy in their use was his religion. In his chosen field he abhorred anachronisms. There was considerable éclat over the exhibition of a painting by a new-comer. The subject showed in an Indian fight the rescue of one trooper by another. Remington took one look at it and turned away in disgust. Bits of arms, uniforms, and harness that had never met outside of a museum were assembled in the picture. To the ordinary observer their association was harmonious; but to his expert eye it was falsehood and fake.

In the four arts which he essayed—letters, illustration, painting, and sculpture—



Drawn by Frederic Remington

"I TOOK YE FOR AN INJIN"

Remington was self-taught. His writing was soon abandoned because it was not easy to him, and was not so remunerative as was drawing done in the same time. He had something to say, however, when he did write, and he had an attractive and a graphic style. Great good nature and wholesomeness showed through his lines, and he wrote always from the inside of his subject. It is not the province of this rambling anecdotal recollection of him to attempt an appreciation or a criticism of his art, but one may with propriety note the rapidity with which he overcame the initial difficulties of his tasks and outgrew the unavoidable mistakes of the beginner. Thumbing the older numbers of the magazines in which his earliest illustrations appear,[1] notably those of the Roosevelt articles, one sees that the salient marks of the novice, the small hands and feet of his figures, soon disappear, and in their stead the vigorous members of a master are employed.

Remington's first work was in black-and-white India-ink washes. He was skilled with the pen, but to achieve values by multiplied strokes was foreign to both

[1] See The Century for January, April, July, and August, 1889, June, 1896, and February, 1902.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE PACK-HORSE MEN REPELLING AN ATTACK BY INDIANS

FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

temperament and training. As those technically informed are aware, but as not all readers know, his illustrations, like all printed pictures, since the direct drawing upon boxwood and lithographic stone was superseded, were made on a large scale and reduced by photographic processes to the size needed for the printed page. He usually worked on a cardboard twenty-four by thirty inches, or thereabout, in size. From black-and-white washes he advanced to black-and-white in oils, and again from these to canvases of such color in flat fields as lent themselves to the earlier reproductions for magazine covers and double pages. During all of this time he was acquiring a technic that grew through the various stages of his contemporaries' estimate from rebuke to admiration.

It was an exhibition of Charles Rolla Peters's moonlights, about 1894, that gave Remington his most serious wish to paint. The mystery of these efforts and their largeness were keyed to the mute though not inglorious poet in him. He came to see and to master the nuances of the moon's witchery in all her moods. It was interesting to follow his awakened and developing sense of color. Nature on that side made more and more appeal to him, until in our Sunday-morning and week-day-evening tramps the tints of sky and field and road almost totally dislodged the phantom soldiery from the hillsides.

About 1896 Ruckstuhl, the sculptor, set up a tent on a vacant lot back of our place at New Rochelle, New York, and began in clay the construction of the half-size model for the heroic equestrian statue of General Hartranft that now stands in bronze in front of the State-house at Harrisburg. It was Remington's first intimate view of sculpture in the making. The horse especially interested him. During the two months that the sculptor labored, Remington made daily visits to the Ruckstuhl tent. The following winter I was sitting one day in his studio watching him at an illustration for some story of Owen Wister's. He was working "chic," that is to say, without models, and was making his first marks in charcoal. His outline began to show a cow-boy in the foreground of a bar-room shooting toward the back of the picture, into the perspective of which ran the bar and its stampeding clientele. As it occurred to him that the bulking figure of the local egotist obscured too much of other interesting detail, he quickly dusted off the drawing and reversed his characters, thereby making the aggressor stand in the background and putting the victims to the front. With equal ease he could have put his cow-boy to either side of the room. I said to him:

"Frederic, you 're not an illustrator so much as you 're a sculptor. You don't mentally see your figures on one side of them. Your mind goes all around them."

Not long after that he bought a set of tools. Ruckstuhl sent him a supply of modeler's wax, and he began his "Bronco Buster." It was characteristic of the man that his first attempt should be a subject difficult enough as a technical problem to have daunted a sculptor of experience and a master of technic. His love of the work when he got at it, his marvelous aptitude for an art in which he had never had a single lesson, are some evidence that it was possibly his *métier*. His few bronze groups and figures that rapidly followed "The Bronco Buster," and his heroic equestrian monument of "The Pioneer" in Fairmont Park, are the work of one who surely would have excelled in sculpture if he had lived to follow it.

Remington thought he believed in "art for art's sake," but I know of nothing that he ever did in any of its departments that did not primarily attempt a story. His wish to tell something that had touched him, and tell it at first hand, was as primitive as the instinct of a caveman.

The boy in the nursery wants something that will go. There is a kinship in Remington's frequently expressed choice of an epitaph:

"He Knew the Horse."

His death occurred December 26, 1909. On January 1, 1912, the present Democratic administration of New Rochelle was formally installed. It transacted no business that day except to pass a resolution requesting the New Haven Railroad, which was constructing a new station near Remington's old home, to call that stop "Remington Place." The railroad graciously complied. Remington's fellow sculptor, Robert Aitken, has under way a portrait bust of him and four pedestal bas-reliefs. This monument is to be set up fronting the station, and perhaps it, too, will carry that commemorating phrase.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"PEGGY"

FROM THE MARBLE BUST BY EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN

THE AMERICAN SPINSTER

BY AGNES REPPLIER

Author of "The Fireside Sphinx," etc.

THAT this is the Golden Age of spinsters no one will deny, and that America furnishes the soil in which these hardy plants put forth their finest bloom is equally indisputable. How many years have passed since the "antient maydes" of Boston—which term included all unmarried women older than twenty-five—were pronounced by John Dunton to be a "dismal spectacle"?[1] How many years since a few "acute and ingenious gentlewomen" in colonial Virginia had the temerity to remain single and cultivate their own tobacco plantations, for which unnatural behavior they were subjected to repeated "admonishments"? *Now* the "antient mayde" flaunts her freedom in the faces of those who are patiently doing their duty to the world. *Now* if a woman runs a successful apple-orchard or dairy-farm, her exploits are heralded far and wide, and other women write exultant papers about her, intimating that the day of the male agriculturist is virtually over. I am not sure that the attitude of our great-great-grandfathers, who jealously and somewhat fearfully guarded their prerogatives, was not more flattering to my sex than this enthusiasm evoked by achievements which in a man would not be found worthy of notice.

As for age—well, who in these years of grace is frankly and confessedly old? We no longer say, "On a l'âge de son cœur," but "On a l'âge de sa volonté." Jane Austen settled down to caps and spinsterhood before she was thirty. Dr. Johnson alluded to Miss Lucy Porter's "hoary virginity" when that lady was fifty-two. The Ettrick Shepherd stubbornly protested that "to ca' a woman saxty, and then mainteen that ye didna ca' her auld, is naething short o' a sophism." But now no one gets beyond middle age, or "the prime of life." I have heard a Boston spinster of eighty-two (a remarkable woman, I admit) casually spoken of as middle-aged; and when, in a desperate resolve to push matters to an issue, I said: "Miss D— is not middle-aged; she is old. If you are not old when you are eighty-two, when *are* you old?" the remark was taken in ill part. "I should not dream of calling Miss D— old," said one gallant Bostonian, and all his hearers agreed with him.

The French spinster is a negligible factor. The English spinster has conquered her territory and become a force to be reckoned with. But the American spinster is the standard-bearer of the tribe. Her incessant activities and her radiant self-satisfaction have made her appear more dominant than she is, and have caused her critics much needless apprehension. When Mrs. Van Vorst wrote, in 1903, "Our factories are full of old maids, our colleges are full of old maids, our ball-rooms in the worldly centers are full of old maids," Americans read these words with placid unconcern. They had given too many wedding presents in their day to have any doubts anent the permanent popularity of marriage. But English readers, who are ever prone to be literal, appear to have accepted Mrs. Van Vorst's statements *au pied de la lettre*. Mr. Marriott Watson, chilled to the heart—as well he might be—by the vision of a ballroom destitute alike of girls and matrons, wrote for the "Nineteenth Century" a severe and agitated protest. He asserted that a woman's "functions" "alone excuse or explain her existence,"—which is one way of looking at the matter; and he pointed out that American women are the most remote the world can show from the primitive and savage type which represents the dynamic force of a race.

The mere fact that the American spinster is so often and so sharply censured marks the strength of her position. No one dreams of censuring the French *vieille fille* or the German *jungfrau*. These victims of fate meet with scorn or sympathy, according to the taste and breeding of commentators. In either case, their lives

[1] "Life and Errors of John Dunton," 1705.

are registered as failures. Nothing can rob the German woman of those vital sensibilities which center in the home and family. "Every great movement of the Teutonic soul," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "has been rooted in emotion." If the women of Germany are demanding "rights," and demanding them with no uncertain voice, it is because they seek to meet their responsibilities with authority. The sphere of home and child-rearing is their sphere, and they purpose to rule in it.

It is not possible for the Frenchwoman, who understands the structure of society, to welcome spinsterhood. "All her instincts of expansion," says that acute observer Mr. William Crary Brownell, "are hostile to it. There is no more provision in the French social constitution than in the order of nature itself for the old maid." Therefore, as the twin passions of the French heart are to be in rational accord with nature and in rational accord with social life, the unmarried woman has no alternative but to feel herself doubly incomplete. She is unstirred by the American woman's vaulting ambition to be man's rival, or by an uneasy envy of man's estate. Perhaps it is because a French girl never regrets her sex that France has produced more eminent women than any other nation in the world. Certainly the only man who ever had the courage to say he would like to be a woman (a beautiful woman, he stipulated) was that distinguished Frenchman M. Jules Lemaître.

No one since De Quincey has spoken so generously of the English spinster as has Mr. John B. Atkins in the pages of THE CENTURY. He does not, like so many of his contemporaries, accuse her of gross selfishness. He does not deny her the right to control her own life. He goes so far as to say that she may use it to good purpose, and extract from it some measure of content. He points out the philanthropic paths which it should be her duty and her pleasure to tread. He draws a pleasing picture of the maiden aunt giving to nieces and nephews—to nephews especially—her sympathy and comradeship. Sir Leslie Stephen says that "Woman to a boy is simply an incumbrance upon reasonable modes of life," and it is to be feared that many women—aunts and others—have the same doubtful regard for boys. But British sentimentality demands of the old maid, if she be a good old maid, that yearning attitude toward other people's children which marks her as "womanly" and earns for her the tolerance of the world.

The American spinster is seldom sentimental, which is in her favor, and she is seldom emotional, which is both gain and loss. Her attenuation of feeling lessens her charm and influence, but serves to keep her in accord with the orderly conventions of society. She is keenly competitive, and eager for new fields of activity; but she can read Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage" with intelligent detachment. She cries occasionally for the moon, but she is in no immediate danger of scorching her fingers by trying to play with the sun.

The flexibility of American social life gives to the unmarried woman an assured position which has no counterpart in the older civilizations. She may be an anomaly in nature, but she is in perfect accord with her more or less agreeable surroundings. She has no background to give repute and distinction to her rôle; but she infuses into it her own persuasive personality. She stands free from the common obligations of her sex, but she does work which is well worth doing, and she not infrequently adds to the gaiety of life. "Of how many homes," says Mr. Brownell, "is she not the decorously decorative ornament! She may have courted or have drifted into her position of dignified singleness; it is in either case equally sure that she has not considered her estate incomplete in itself, or disengaged from the structure of society."

As a matter of fact, she is wont to feel herself—birth and fortune permitting—a pillar of society. It is no question with her of wasted force or blighted vitality. It is a question of directing her superabundant energy into those channels where she can accomplish measurable results. She seeks and finds a constructive human existence remote from marriage and maternity. The French or German woman remains unmarried because the unkindly fates have so decreed. The English woman occasionally assists fate from sheer love of independence. "The most ordinarie cause of a single life," says Bacon, "is liberty, especially in certain self-pleas-

ing and humorous minds." But it is surely reserved for the American woman to remain unmarried because she feels herself too good for matrimony, too valuable to be intrusted to a husband's keeping. Her attitude bears some resemblance to that of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who wrote with praiseworthy conviction: "I may say without vanity that just Heaven would not bestow such a woman as myself upon a man who was unworthy of her."

This is not idle jesting. Would it be possible in any country save our own for a lady to write to a periodical, explaining, "Why I am an Old Maid," and be paid coin of the realm for the explanation? Would it be possible in any other country to hear such a question as "Should the Gifted Woman Marry?" seriously asked, and seriously answered? Would it be possible for any sane and thoughtful woman who was not an American to consider even the remote possibility of our spinsters becoming a detached class, who shall form "the intellectual and economic élite of the sex, and leave marriage and maternity for the less developed woman"? What has become of the belief, as old as humanity, that marriage and maternity are highly developing processes, forcing into flower a woman's latent potentialities; and that the less developed woman is inevitably the woman who has escaped this keen and powerful stimulus. "Never," says Edmond de Goncourt, "has a virgin, young or old, produced a work of art." One makes allowance for the Latin point of view. And it is probable that M. de Goncourt never read "Emma."

Signor Ferrero, contemplating the unmarried women of England, those amazing creatures who "devote themselves to sterility, not from religious motives, but from sheer calculation" (which is also a Latin point of view), has recorded his conviction that they will make themselves felt as a force, and has expressed his genuine dismay as to the possible results of their activity. He has even confessed to some whimsical misgivings lest Italian and Sicilian women should acquire this Saxon taste for spinsterhood. Yet England is emphatically a man's country—which France has never been—and its attitude toward marriage is a robustly masculine attitude, as unacceptable to the French as to the American woman. There is no attempt anywhere to gloss over this rude fact. The Englishman believes with Mr. Kipling:

"He travels the fastest who travels alone."

He echoes the verdict of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, "Marriage narrows and damps the spirits of generous men." "The position of a single man," says a stout-hearted writer in the "Contemporary Review," "is in itself envied and applauded; that of a single woman certainly is not. To every woman marriage is still accounted a promotion. There may be counterbalancing circumstances, but to be married is, in itself, an object of desire and a subject for congratulation."

In the good old days when English spinsters softened the reproach of spinsterhood by borrowing the prefix "Mrs.," as did those excellent ladies, Mrs. Hannah More and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the position of a single man was neither envied nor applauded. He was held to be (if of decent life,—much allowance was made for rakes) only a little less contemptible than a single woman. "The pain and the opprobrium o' defunckin an auld bachelor," writes the Ettrick Shepherd, expressing after his hardy fashion the sentiment of his time. Dr. Johnson firmly maintained that marriage was more necessary for a man than for a woman, because a woman could make herself comfortable and a man could not. The responsibility for the more modern and more supercilious masculine attitude must be placed where it belongs,—on the shoulders of the Englishwoman, who has accepted the creed that for her marriage is a promotion, and that "counterbalancing circumstances" should not be held to weigh too heavily in the scale. As Dean Hole's friend said to him, when congratulated on her daughter's engagement: "To be sure, Jenny hates the man, but then there 's always something."

Miss Austen was the most veracious of chroniclers, one who with careful self-control refused to wander beyond the area of her own observation; but there is nothing in American fiction, and very little, I fancy, in the fiction of any land, which is comparable to the marriage of *Charlotte Lucas* and *Mr. Collins*. Many novelists have made easy copy of husband-

hunting. It is a favorite theme with Trollope, who treats it with ruthless cynicism, and it is a not uncommon element in modern story-telling. But *Charlotte Lucas* staggers us. Miss Austen calls her "sensible and intelligent." She is also well-bred, clear-headed, and kind. She is *Elizabeth Bennet's* chosen friend. And she marries *Mr. Collins!* Marries him with alacrity, and with permanent satisfaction. If there be any one episode in life and letters which is calculated to reconcile us to the rapid increase of spinsterhood in England and America, it is the amazing fact that Jane Austen not only married *Charlotte Lucas* to *Mr. Collins,* but plainly considered it a not unnatural thing for her to do.

Ten years ago, when a rage for compiling useless statistics swept over Europe and the United States, it occurred to some active minds that children should be made to bear their part in the guidance of the human race. Accordingly a series of questions—some sensible and some foolish—were put to English, German, and American school children, and their enlightening answers were given to the world. One of these questions read: "Would you rather be a man or a woman, and why?" Naturally this query was of concern only to little girls. No sane educator would ask it of a boy. Even Jules Lemaître at twelve must have shared the convictions of his fellows. German pedagogues, be it noted, struck the question off the list. They said that to ask a child, "Would you rather be something you must be, or something you cannot possibly be?" was both foolish and useless. Interrogations concerning choice were of value only when the will was a determining factor.

In this country no such logical inference chilled the examiner's zeal. The question was asked and was answered, and we discovered as a result that a great many little American girls (a minority, to be sure, but a respectable minority,) were well content with their sex; not because it had its duties and dignities, its pleasures and exemptions; but because they plainly considered that they were superior to little American boys, and were destined, when grown up, to be superior to American men. One small New England maiden wrote that she would rather be a woman because "Women are always better than men in morals." Another, because "Women are more use in the world." A third, because "Women learn things quicker than men, and have more intelligence." And so on through varying degrees of self-sufficiency. "Lord, gie us a gude conceit o' ourselves!" prayed the Scotchman, who knew the value of assurance.

Now certainly these little girls were old maids in the making. They had stamped upon them in their tender infancy the hall-mark of the American spinster. In a few more years they will be writing papers on "The Place of Unmarried Women in the World's Work," and reading addresses on "The Woman of Intellect: her Duty to Herself and to the State." There is a formidable lack of humor in this easy confidence, in the somewhat contemptuous attitude of women whose capacities have not yet been tested, toward men who stand responsible for the failures of the world. It denotes, at home or abroad, a density not far removed from dullness. In that dreary little Irish drama, "Mixed Marriages," which the Dublin actors played in New York two years ago, an old woman, presumed to be witty and wise, said to her son's betrothed: "Sure, I believe the Lord made Eve when He saw that Adam could not take care of himself"; and the remark, while received with applause, reflected painfully upon the absence of that humorous sense which we used to think was the birthright of Irishmen. The too obvious retort which nobody uttered, but which everybody must have thought, was that if Eve had been designed as a care-taker, she had made a shining failure of her job.

It is conceded, theoretically at least, that woman's sphere is an elastic term, comprising any work she is able to do well. Therefore, it may be that American spinsters, keen, college-bred, ambitious, and, above all, free, are destined to compete vigorously and permanently with men. They are, we are told, the only women who can give themselves unreservedly to work, and from them alone enduring results are to be expected. Yet it is at least worthy of notice that most of the successful business women of France,—Mme. Clicquot-Ponsardin, Mme. Pommery, Mme. Dumas, Mme. Bernet, Mme. Boucicault,—have been either married wo-

men who were their husbands' partners, or widows who took upon their capable shoulders the burden of their dead husbands' cares. They were also mothers who, with the definite aims and practical instincts of their race, projected themselves into the future, and wove out of their own pursuits the fabric of their children's lives.

At present the American spinster is in a transition stage, a stage so replete with advantages that we may be permitted to hope it will last long. She has escaped from the chimney-corner, and is not yet shut up in banks and offices. She does a reasonable amount of work, and embraces every reasonable opportunity of enjoyment. She gratifies her own tastes, and cherishes her natural affinities. She sometimes cultivates her mind, and she never breaks her heart. She is the best of friends, and she has leisure for companionship. She is equally free from *l'esprit gaulois* and from *"les mœurs de vestales pétrifiées,"* which are the Scylla and Charybdis of the French *vieille fille*. She is content with a contentment which the German *jungfrau* neither understands nor envies. She is assured with an assurance unknown to the experienced English old maid. She is, as I have said, the standard-bearer of her tribe, and the pibroch to which she marches blithely through life has the ring of the old Covenanting song:

> "That a' the world may see
> There 's nane in the right but we."

All this is far removed, as Mr. Marriott Watson warns us, from the savage and primitive woman, who represents the dynamic force of a race. But who shall ring the bells backward? And who shall reconcile the primitive woman to the exigencies and formalities of civilization? Some years ago in South Carolina I came to know and love an old Negro "mammy," a wise, fat, kind, mysterious old mammy, whose heart was soft, whose touch was healing, whose voice was like a lullaby, and whose experiences would have colored half a dozen ordinary lives. Her sister, the laundress, was one day under discussion, and I asked, with more than my customary ineptitude: "Aunt Cordelia, is Caroline an old maid?"

Aunt Cordelia turned upon me a look in which contempt for my ignorance blended with a deep acceptance and understanding of life as she had known it, unfiltered, unsheltered, unevasive. "Laws, honey," she said, "we 's no ole maids. Some 's married, and some is n't; but we 's no ole maids."

PRAYERS FOR THE LIVING

BY MARY W. PLUMMER

O SOUL of all souls whitest, what need'st thou
Of solemn masses who with angel choirs
Dost chant enraptured thy most pure desires,
And to the heavenly will, as erst on earth, dost bow?
What can I ask for thee, in halting prayer,
Heavy with grief, that could increase thy bliss?
What in thy perfectness can be amiss
Who grewest to angelhood all unaware?
Rather, pray thou for me. And when ye stand,
Making petition, folding wing on wing,
Drooping your eyes before the glory-light,
Think, if thou may'st, on him who, wandering
Along the lower way, hath lost thy hand,
Yet seeketh for thy footprints day and night!

THE COMING SNEEZE

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Sons and Fathers," "Two Runaways," etc.

WHAT it really was that twisted Aunt Tildy's features into the anxious expression which inevitably waits on an approaching sneeze, no one, it is likely, will ever discover, though several plausible explanations have been offered; but twisted they were, early in life, and for all time Aunt Tildy was condemned to face the world with wrinkles on her forehead, lifted brows, a ruffled nose, half-closed eyes, and a drawn mouth. The theory of an arrested sneeze was advanced many years ago by Tim Broggins, who still sits around the cotton warehouse and, while he whittles white pine splinters and chews tobacco, is wont to settle all questions as they arise. Tim knows everything worth knowing and probably some things that are not; and of course he knew what was the trouble with Aunt Tildy's face.

"Hit 's er comin' sneeze, that 's what!" said he once, when Aunt Tildy, passing in her little country buggy, drew comment after her. "Hit 's er comin' sneeze! Hit 's er sollum fac', gentle*men,* that Aunt Tildy ain't been known ter sneeze in her whole life. She started oncet erlong back in th' sixties; got her face twisted jes right, looked at th' sun an' was er-strainin' of her corsits when somebody hollered 'Cyclone!' She 'd been in one cyclone that like ter drug her hair out by th' roots, an' when she heard th' name ag'in, she jes natchully hunted cover an' forgot to pull 'er face together. When th' cyclone passed, hit were too late. She ain't never sneeze' sence that day. Thought I 'd try her some time with snuff or red pepper an' see if hit would n't tech 'er off an' straighten out things; but hit 's done growed that erway now. The thing is sot an' fixed!"

Aunt Tildy, however, did not let the tangled condition of her features interfere with business. From the profits of her little farm and country store she managed to sustain herself admirably; to educate and marry off her niece and lay up a competency for old age. It mattered not how hard the times, how poor the crops, and how bad were general collections, there was seldom a day when she did not have money in bank to loan at legal interest on exceptional collateral. With her bonnet pushed back, her fat umbrella grasped by its middle, and her little worn bag, she was a familiar figure in town on most Saturdays.

It was on a Saturday that Aunt Tildy and handsome Jack Cromby met for the first time, and Jack heard from Tim Broggins the old legend of the coming sneeze. Jack was the wide-awake and pushing representative of an up-State snuff factory, and was flooding the county with little red labeled tin boxes that contained samples of its product.

"Tell yer what, Jack," said Tim, as he passed his knife-blade under a delicate curl of pine to the end of his splinter, "ef you was ter git th' ole lady's face on your boxes an' call it 'The Comin' Sneeze' brand, hit would ketch th' town. Say, Jack! why 'n't you try er little of the stuff on her, anyhow? Seems ter me ef you could jes git her up-town on the Court-House Square whar folks could see it all, an' git her to turn loose that sneeze that 's been er hangin' fire forty years, you 'd sell er million! I ain't er-sayin' yo' ole stuff could reach it, but it mout. My private opinion is that when that sneeze do come, hit 'll have ter be broke up with dynamite firs' an' then took out of her system piece by piece. Still, as I said, yo' pertickerlar brand of tickler mout tech it off!"

Jack laughed heartily at the drollery of the wag; and then, the spirit of commercial enterprise taking possession of him, he suddenly grew serious.

"Not a bad idea, Tim—that about the picture. Think of the big ones to hang in the window—three colors—'The coming sneeze'! And what a trade-mark! By George! I wonder whether I can get a photograph of her."

"Dunno 'bout *that.* But I did hear John Belton who runs the gallery up-town say as how las' week he took some to sen' to her niece out in Texas. Maybe you mout git hold o' one ef you go 'bout it

right. But looker here, Jack!—don't you git me mixed up in this thing! Lord! She run down that sneeze joke o' mine ten years ago an' sech er tongue lashin'!—Keep me out o' hit er I 'll call you er liar, sho'!"

"I 'll keep you out, Tim. Belton, did you say?"

"Yes—John Belton. He 'll let you have one of the pictur's, mebbe, ef you don't tell what you want with hit. Ef you tell him *that,* he would n't sell you one fer no price—'cause Belton wants ter live erwhile yet."

Jack Cromby finessed. He had his own picture taken, being now thoroughly carried away with the advertising scheme, and voluntarily paid cash in advance. He then begged of the well-pleased artist one of Aunt Tildy's,—to "send away to some friends." In after days—though it is a shameful thing to print—he very generously assisted the unfortunate Belton to erect a barricade of fiction between himself and his outraged patron.

Jack's one great error in discretion, after embarking on this perilous enterprise, was committed when he confided his plans to a young belle of the community. Handsome, dashing, well-dressed, and generous, Jack was a favorite, and numbered his sweethearts by dozens up and down the road. Among these was Miss Pinkie Appleby, selected by him in an evil moment to become the joint custodian of his mature plans touching Aunt Tildy's likeness. Of course, Miss Pinkie laughed. What girl would not, in the circumstances? How could the innocent joke, as Jack described it, in any way injure Aunt Tildy? And what girl would not have promptly confided the secret to several intimates whom Jack had not honored, with strict injunctions as to secrecy?

The little group of idlers around the warehouse were holding their usual morning conversation when Aunt Tildy's vehicle turned the corner at a pace that caused all four wheels to slide sidewise and give forth a harsh warning. Tim Broggins suspended his whittling a moment, looked at the broad scar left in the dust, and suffered his contemplative gaze to follow the receding figure in the buggy.

"What ails Tildy?" The question came from Judge Oglesby, whose two hundred and fifty pounds were waiting upright in a broad chair while his justice court threatened to convene. "Sorter flustered, 'pears to me." He crossed his fat hands on his hickory cane and rested them against his zone of greatest circumference, blinking, as the dust began to float in.

"I wonder!—I wonder!" said Tim, reflectively, as he resumed his interrupted occupation. "Now, gentle*men,* I 'm goin' ter give er guess; an' watch me hit the nail on the head! Jedge, you know how ol' Squire Jones laugh' erbout that sneeze picture las' night, an' how drunk he were?"

"Squire was putty drunk, Tim. Worse 'n usual."

"Well, now, I bet squire stop' an' tole Aunt Tildy all erbout hit! Right on his way home, her store is, an' most gener'ly he begins to ricollec' things he was to bring back 'bout time he gits there! Aunt Tildy gits er big trade o' that sort. Hit 's a good soberin'-up stan' for fellows goin' thet erway an' totin' too much of the brand o' O-be-joyful they buy eroun' town. Yes, sir, squire tole 'er cert'in—dad blast his ol' skin, he had oughter be lynched! Where 'd she pull up, Jedge?"

"Lawyer Thomas's office!"

"Thar now! She ain't got no common business on 'er mind ter-day! This ain't no mortgage, gentlemen, ner no jumpin' account case. This is *fight.* She 's done cross the line an' got on the criminal side o' th' docket, Jedge. Let 's go an' stan' eroun' an' see what 's up!"

But if the idlers sought excitement, they failed to get it. Aunt Tildy, after half an hour spent in consultation with her lawyer, issued from his office and, with one withering glance at the group, climbed into her buggy. When she turned it about, it slid as before, only this time the sound that came back seemed a defiance. Tim surveyed the little drama with intense interest.

"See 'er cut the horse, Jedge—three times 'twixt crossings! Mad? Dad blast my skin, she 's jes natchully er hornet now! Hit 's squire's work."

The pictures arrived a week or two later. They set the town wild with laughter. Merchants, clerks, and customers came out on the sidewalks up and down the single business street and exchanged criticisms after an ancient fashion of town people. There was Aunt Tildy, sure

enough, in the act of holding a box of snuff; and there was the old, familiar, coming, but long delayed, sneeze! The supply of pictures was exhausted in thirty minutes. At ten o'clock they brought fifty cents each; at eleven, a dollar; and at noon Tim Broggins sold his copy to the town bank for one dollar and a half. The cashier was Aunt Tildy's agent.

The laughter, which began down-town, spread over the dinner-hour up-town and rippled over the county for a week. No more striking advertisement had ever been put forth in that region. No other snuff could touch the trade. "The Coming Sneeze" brand had won and held the market.

Then one day Lawyer Thomas took the train for Macon and filed suit for $10,000, as damages direct and punitive, against the snuff company for infringement of copyright. For, on the day Aunt Tildy had come to town so angry, she had bought the negative of Belton and applied through him for a copyright on her own face as portrayed in that photograph. "The Coming Sneeze" was her own personal property.

After this fact became known, the idlers took their hats off and cheered Aunt Tildy whenever she passed. Her sole recognition of their friendliness was an abortive smile that flickered for an instant against the background of the coming sneeze.

Tim became oracular.

"Tell you what, boys!—Jedge—that 's er new p'int in law, on me! Don't er man or er woman own his own face? Fer an instance, has er man got ter put his face on er record like er guano contrac' or mule mortgidge befo' he can pertec' hisself? Dad blast my skin, *nobody* ain't safe! I 'm er goin' right up-town an' git my pictur' struck off an' patented now! Some o' these smarties like Jack Cromby 'll be comin' erlong here bimeby an' er gittin' me onter er Christmas cyard, an' you on er valentine!" Tim laughed silently. "Po' Jack!" he said. "Always did lack jedg*ment* an' allus will, I reck'n!"

Jack Cromby's experience with the managers of his snuff company is not a matter of public record. He may have suffered criticism or he may have convinced them that their product was getting, throughout the rural districts for which it was manufactured, an advertisement worth all it might cost. If the airing of Aunt Tildy's complaint was not confined to a city office and its spectacular values lost in the multiplicity of graver legal causes, the snuff company would not suffer much, if any. A local hearing would give him a chance to fill a column of the town's weekly paper with a carefully prepared report of the trial, which report would be quoted in full in all the rural weeklies of the State. The advertisement department of his company would see to that.

The transference of Aunt Tildy's case to her home county was easily effected. Lawyer Thomas was after a verdict in her favor, and perhaps was not unmindful of the advertising feature as concerned himself, and greatly preferred the home atmosphere.

The reappearance of Jack on the scene, therefore, betrayed no evidence of chagrin. On the contrary, his step was a little more elastic, his head held a bit higher, his movements were quicker, and his salutes and greetings full of cheer. Resiliency was written all over him; the sunrise was on his face.

"Now ding blast his imperdunce!" said Broggins one day when Jack, passing on the opposite side of the street, had waved a hand to them joyously and shouted a greeting: "Hello, Tim! Hello, Judge! Major, how are you? See you boys later!" —"ding blast his imperdunce! What 's he got up his sleeve now? Jack! Oh, Jack!" he called lazily.

"What 's the matter, Tim?"

"Got you going some—ain't they?"

"Not—on—your—life, Tim! Watch *me!*"

Aunt Tildy's case, by consent, came up in her own town before a special master appointed by the court.

Long before the hour set for the hearing arrived, people began to appear on the scene. Every wagon-yard, every vacant lot was crowded with vehicles; every horse-rack and hitching-post was in use. There had been great days in town before; Robinson's old one-ring circus had occasionally depopulated the rural district in its favor, and at another time the political contest between Democrats and Populists and Tom Watson's impassioned speeches had made it the storm-center of excitement. But no such crowd ever had assembled within the incorporated limits



Drawn by T. R. Gruger

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'WELL, NOW, I BET SQUIRE STOP' AN' TOLE AUNT TILDY ALL ERBOUT HIT!'"

as that which gathered to see Aunt Tildy through in her brave assault on the enemy. The special master had elected to hear the issue in a private office, but indignant public opinion drove him into the court-house and to the bench, where he was soon surrounded by an eager crowd so dense that breathing became difficult despite the fact that all the court-room windows were open.

Not half the visitors secured entrance. The majority gathered around the building in the public square, men, women, and children, and took, second-hand, from those who struggled exhausted out of the doors, such reports of the proceedings as were not borne to their ears direct on the vibrant air. Buggies, wagons, carryalls, and the grass afforded seats, and the good-natured crowd settled down to enjoy the day.

Within the building the master and the lawyers soon arranged preliminaries and the case was opened, Aunt Tildy sitting serenely scornful beside her lawyer and facing the curious spectators with perfect indifference. It was a long trial, stubbornly contested at every point. The defense protested against "imperfect service" and "surprise." Both sides amended and contested each other's amendments. Both sides "demurred" and fought each other's demurrers. Both sides offered documentary evidence, and both sides moved to "strike out." And there were arguments at every crisis. So the day wore along, and the people outside proceeded to dine from their baskets. They were having the best of it by far.

Finally a buzz of excitement came from within. Persons visible through the windows were observed to straighten up and face one way. The crowd on the outside were now having the worst of it.

About this time Tim Broggins, who had heretofore been in evidence chiefly around the grocery down the street, where he had all day elaborately explained between "treats" the features of Aunt Tildy's remarkable case, as well as the Federal law governing copyrights, appeared on the scene bearing a long scaling-ladder. Tim's approach to the building with his burden was one of the features of the case not soon forgotten. The unsteadiness of his gait, the weight and length of the ladder, and his attempts to face every one who asked him questions—there were dozens of them—produced a set of gymnastics on his part that cleared the whole north side of the square. People fled from him as from a plague, the women with babies leaving first.

Reaching the court-house, Tim made heroic efforts to place the ladder upright against the wall—a performance that convulsed his audience, then at a safe distance. The final result was, Tim went over on his back with the ladder on top of him, escaping miraculously without broken bones. Friendly hands stood up both Tim and the ladder, and presently he climbed unsteadily to the second-story window, where, after a brief survey of the court-room scene and swaying dangerously, he began to laugh.

"Jedge," he called eagerly to Oglesby below, "come up! Come up!" The judge was about as happy as Tim, but more discreet. He shook his head and shifted his quid.

"Tell us erbout it, Tim!"

"Ol' lady on th' stan', Jedge, hammerin' away with her umberella!—Go it, Aunt Tildy!" he shouted. The master's gavel was heard, and those within the room near the window turned and shook their heads at Tim.

"What 's she sayin', Tim?"

"She 's jes p'intedly er-skinnin' of Jack Cromby! 'Oudacionest' is the shortes' word I 've ketched. Go it, Aunt Tildy, I 'm er bettin' on yer! Whoopee-ee—!"

"Silence in court!" The master's angry voice could be heard by the outsiders; and again the people at the window, gesticulating, turned on Tim, whose expostulations descended.

"Thass all right, gentle*men,*—all right! I ain't in the court ner on th' earth ner in th' heavens, ner in the waters unner th'—earth!" Tim made a dangerous lurch as he concluded, but swayed back into the perpendicular, while the crowd below held their breath. Then he straightened up and craned his neck over his neighbors' heads, his sides shaking while he hammered on the ladder with his fist. The people below him were burning with curiosity and the judge grew impatient.

"How goes it, Tim?"

"Fine, Jedge! Come up!—Come up! Room at the top! Allus room at the top!"

"More room down here! What 's she sayin' now?"

"Oh, gee! Oh, gee!—" Tim laid his head against the wall and joined loudly in the subdued laugh which rippled through the window. "This here is er circus right, Jedge! She says anybody says she ever took er pinch o' snuff er wet er snuff-stick in her born days is er lower down houn' th'n Jack Cromby, an' Jack is th' lowes' she met in thirty years' tradin' with Niggers an' po' white trash! Jedge,—oh, Jedge!—" Tim held on with both hands for safety and let his laughter come. He finally ended it with a wild "Whoop-ee-ee!" which was followed by furious strokes of the master's gavel and the usual pantomime in the window. These did not trouble Tim. "Jedge, you had oughter see Jack's face *now! Gem*iny *crim*iny! He better keep outer the way of the 'befo' takin' ' man or git er patent on it quick! Hello, Jack!" He had thrust his head in the window. Somebody shook him and pushed it out. "All right, *all-l-l* right, gentlemen. Would n't 'sturb nobody fer nothin'!"

Then the vibrant voice of Lawyer Thomas rang out clear and loud, and the attentive people in the square below needed no interpreter. His arraignment of the foreign firm which had slandered and humiliated one of the noble women of the county, his scathing denunciation of Jack Cromby, were things to talk about for years. Despite the gavel, applause followed his every rounded period, and to this applause Tim contributed each time a wild whoop that fairly split the air. When Lawyer Thomas closed with a flight of eloquence that caused the older people to mention Toombs and Linton Stevens, the applause from within was answered by cheers from without. At this climax Tim Broggins's feet slipped, the outer cheers subsided suddenly into something like a gasp of horror, and Oglesby beat a hasty retreat. Fortunately, however, Tim lodged among the upper rounds of the ladder from which he disengaged himself only after five minutes of hard work. During his struggles to get back on the upper side of his ladder he was good-naturedly assisted by advice from the sympathetic crowd who knew a "Roman holiday" sacrifice by sight if not in terms.

But all good things as well as bad must have an end. There came a few moments of silence with evidence of close attention above.

"What 's up now, Tim?" The judge drew nearer the ladder to avoid shouting.

"Hush! The boss is talkin'!" The silence was short; presently the people in the court-room began to move excitedly and to clap hands, and once more Tim, who had regained his lost ground, uttered his "Whoopee-ee!"

"One thousan', Jedge, one thousan'! That 's what she gits! Oh, gee!—oh, gee!" he cried, cupping one hand toward Oglesby, who had ventured back into the danger zone below.

Then a queer sound issued from within, a single sound, a shrill, high-pitched, prolonged note, so totally divorced from the masculine hubbub there that it attracted the attention of everybody. And this time the people within the court-room cheered wildly, joyously, and hilariously, shaking one another by the shoulders and slapping backs. But almost instantly there began to mingle with the cheers certain vocal explosions up and down the whole chromatic scale which, swelling in volume, finally swallowed up all other sounds, and frantic hands were seen through the windows clutching at elusive coat-tail pockets. Tim was holding to the window-sill desperately and swaying violently as he gasped for breath to answer the excited questions hurled up to him. He found it at last.

"Aunt Tildy has snee—snee—*sneezed!* And scattered er box over ev'ybody! The comin' sneeze has done come! An'—an' —by gosh!—hit 's—got me—too,—Currasha-h-h-o! Kitty!" The ladder went out from under him, and he hung, sneezing, to the window-sill, while below the women shrieked.

However, no tragedy marred the day. Judge Oglesby galloped out from under the falling ladder, and responsive to the frantic appeals of women, and greatly to the relief of all, the men at the window reeled Tim in by his hair and coat-collar and trousers' seat, despite his struggles.

"Hurrah for Tim Broggins!" yelled the delighted Oglesby from a safe distance, waving his hat. A ringing shout went up.

"Currasha-h-h-o!" faintly replied the invisible Tim.

SKIRTING THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM TRIEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE

FIFTH PAPER: IN CONSTANTINOPLE

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land," "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN (SEE FRONTISPIECE) AND PHOTOGRAPHS

CONSTANTINOPLE is beautiful and hateful. It fascinates and it repels. And it bewilders—how it bewilders! No other city that I have seen has so confused and distressed me. For days I could not release myself from the obsession of its angry tumult. Much of it seems to be in a perpetual rage, pushing, struggling, fighting, full of ugly determination to do—what? One does not know, one cannot even surmise what it desires, what is its aim, if, indeed, it has any aim. These masses of dark-eyed, suspicious, glittering people thronging its streets, rushing down its alleys, darting out of its houses, calling from its windows, muttering in its dark and noisome corners, gathering in compact, astonishing crowds in its great squares before its mosques, blackening even its waters, amid fierce noises of sirens from its innumerable steamers and yells from its violent boatmen, what is it that they want? Whither are they going in this brutal haste, these Greeks, Corsicans, Corfiotes, Montenegrins, Armenians, Jews, Albanians, Syrians, Egyptians, Arabs, Turks? They have no time or desire to be courteous, to heed any one but themselves. They push you from the pavement. They elbow you in the road. Upon the two bridges they crush past you, careless if they tread upon you or force you into the mud. If you are in a caique, traveling over the waters of the Golden Horn, they run into you. Caique bangs into caique. The boatmen howl at one another, and somehow pull their craft free. If you are in a carriage, the horses slither round the sharp corners, and you come abruptly face to face with another carriage, dashing on as yours is dashing, carelessly, scornfully, reckless apparently of traffic and of human lives. There seems to be no plan in the tumult, no conception of anything wanted quietly, toward which any one is moving with a definite, simple purpose. The noise is beyond all description. London, even New York, seems to me almost peaceful in comparison with Constantinople. There is no sound of dogs. They are all dead. But even their sickly howling, of which one has heard much, must surely have been overpowered by the uproar one hears to-day, except perhaps in the dead of night.

Soldiers seem to be everywhere. To live in Constantinople is like living in some vast camp. When I was there, Turkey was preparing feverishly for war. The streets were blocked with trains of artillery. The steamers in the harbor were vomiting forth regiments of infantry. Patrols of horsemen paraded the city. On my first night in Pera, when, weary with my efforts to obtain some general conception of what the spectacular monster really was, what it wanted, what it meant, what it was about to do, I had at length fallen asleep toward dawn, I was wakened by a prolonged, clattering roar beneath my windows. I got up, opened the shutters, and looked out. And below me, in the semi-darkness, I saw interminable lines of soldiers passing: officers on horseback, men tramping with knapsacks on their backs and rifles over their shoulders; then artillery, gun-carriages, with soldiers sitting loosely on them holding one another's hands; guns, horses, more horses, with officers riding them; then trains of loaded mules. On and on they went, and always more were coming behind. I watched them till I was tired, descending to the darkness of Galata, to the blackness of old Stamboul.

Gradually, as the days passed by, I began to understand something of the city, to realize never what it wanted or what

it really meant, but something of what it was. It seemed to me then like a person with two natures uneasily housed in one perturbed body. These two natures were startlingly different. One was to me hateful—Pera, with Galata touching it. The other was not to be understood by me, but it held me with an indifferent grasp, and from it there flowed a strange and almost rustic melancholy that I cared for—Stamboul. And between these two natures a gulf was fixed—the gulf of the Golden Horn.



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THE WATER-FRONT OF STAMBOUL, WITH PERA IN THE DISTANCE

Pera is a mongrel city, set on a height and streaming blatantly to Galata; a city of discolored houses not unlike the houses of Naples; of embassies and churches; of glaring shops and cafés glittering with plate-glass, through which crafty, impudent eyes are forever staring; of noisy, unattractive hotels and wizen gardens, where bands play at stated hours, and pretentious, painted women from second-rate European music-halls posture and squall under the electric lamps. There is no rest, no peace in Pera. There seems to be no discipline. Motor-cars make noises there even in the dead of night, and when standing still, such as I never before heard



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A STREET OF HAREM HOMES IN CONSTANTINOPLE

or imagined. They have a special breed of cars in Pera. Bicyclists are allowed to use motor sirens to clear the way before them. One Sunday when, owing to a merciful strike of the coachmen, there was comparative calm, I saw a boy on horseback going at full gallop over the pavement of the Grande Rue. He passed and repassed me five times, lashing his horse till it was all in a lather. Nobody stopped him. You may do anything, it seems, in Pera, if it is noisy, brutal, objectionable. Pera has all that is odious of the Levant: impudence, ostentation, slyness, indelicacy, uproar, a glittering commonness. It is like a blazing ring of imitation diamonds squeezing a fat and dirty finger. But it is wonderfully interesting simply because of the variety of human types one sees there. The strange thing is that this

multitude of types from all over the East and from all the nations of Europe is reduced, as it were, by Pera to a common, a very common, denominator. The influence of place seems fatal there.

Stamboul is a city of wood and of marble, of dusty, frail houses that look as if they had been run up in a night and might tumble to pieces at any moment, and of magnificent mosques, centuries old, solid, huge, superb, great monuments of the sultans. The fire-tower of Galata looks toward the fire-tower of Stamboul across a forest of masts; but no watchfulness, no swiftness of action, can prevent flames from continually sweeping through Stamboul, leaving waste places behind them, a wonderful garden city, warm, almost ruddy, full of autumnal beauty, with its red-brown roofs and its trees. And out of its rich-toned rusticity the mosques heave themselves up like leviathans that have nothing in common with it; the Mosque of Santa Sophia, of the Sultan Achmet, with its six exquisite minarets, of Mohammed the Conqueror, of Suleiman the Magnificent, and how many others!

There is no harmony between the mosques of Stamboul and the houses of Stamboul. The former are enduring and grand; the latter, almost like houses of cards. And yet Stamboul is harmonious, is very beautiful. Romance seems brooding over it, trailing lights and shadows to



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

GALATA BRIDGE, WHICH CONNECTS GALATA AND PERA

but dying at the feet of the mosques. As one looks at Stamboul from the heights of Pera, it rises on its hills across the water, beyond the sea of the Golden Horn, like clothe it with flame and with darkness. It holds you, it entices you. It sheds upon you a sense of mystery. What it has seen, Stamboul! What it has known! What



THE COURTYARD OF THE "PIGEON'S MOSQUE"

FROM THE PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

a core of red violence that heart has and always has had! When the sunset dies away among the autumnal houses and between the minarets that rise above the city like prayers; when the many cypresses that echo the minarets in notes of dark green become black, and the thousands of houses seem to be subtly run together into a huge streak of umber above the lights at the waterside; when Seraglio Point stretches like a shadowy spear toward the Bosporus and the Black Sea, and the coasts of Asia fade away in the night, old Stamboul murmurs to you with a voice that seems to hold all secrets, to call you away from the world of Pera to the world of Aladdin's lamp. Pera glitters in the night and cries out to heaven. Old Stamboul wraps itself in a black veil and withdraws where you may not follow.

When I think of Constantinople as a whole, as seen, say, from the top of the Galata tower, set up by the Genoese, I think of it as the most wonderful, the most beautiful, and the most superbly situated city I ever have seen.

It is an Eastern city of the sea, pierced by water at its heart, giving itself to the winds from Marmora, from the Golden Horn, from the Bosporus, from the Black Sea. The snows of Asia look upon it across the blue waters of Marmora, where the Iles des Princes sleep in a flickering haze of gold. Stamboul climbs, like Rome, to the summits of seven hills, and gazes over the great harbor, crowded with a forest of masts, echoing with sounds of the sea, to Galata, and to Pera on the height. And the Golden Horn narrows to the sweet waters of Europe, but broadens toward Seraglio Point into the Bosporus, that glorious highway of water between Europe and Asia, lined with the palaces and the villas of sultans and pashas, of Eastern potentates and of the European Powers: Yildiz, and Dolma bagtché, Beylerbey, and Cheragan, the great palace of the Khedive of Egypt's mother, with its quay upon the water, facing the villa of her son, which stands on the Asian shore, lifted high amid its woods, the palace of the "sweet waters of Asia," the gigantic red-roofed palace where Ismail died in exile. Farther on toward Therapia, where stand the summer embassies of the Powers, Robert College, dignified, looking from afar almost like a great gray castle, rises on its height above its sloping gardens. Gaze from any summit upon Constantinople, and you are amazed by the wonder of it, by the wonder of its setting. There is a vastness, a glory of men, of ships, of seas, of mountains, in this grand view which sets it apart from all other views of the world. Two seas send it their message. Two continents give of their beauty to make it beautiful. Two religions have striven to sanctify it with glorious buildings. In the midst of its hidden squalor and crime rises what many consider the most beautiful church—now a mosque—in the world. Perhaps no harbor in Europe can compare with its harbor. For human and historical interest it can scarcely be equaled. In the shadow of its marvelous walls, guarded by innumerable towers and girdled by forests of cypresses, it lies like some great magician, glittering, mysterious, crafty, praying, singing, intriguing, assassinating, looking to East and West, watchful, and full of fanaticism.

I crossed the new bridge. The famous old timber bridge, which rocks under your feet, has been moved up the Golden Horn, and now spans the sea by the marine barracks. Evening was falling; a wind had brought clouds from the Black Sea. The waters were colorless, and were licked into fretful wavelets, on which the delicate-pointed caiques swayed like leaves on a tide. Opposite to me, at the edge of Stamboul, the huge Mosque of Yeni-Validé-Jamissi rose, with its crowd of cupolas large and small and its prodigious minarets. Although built by two women, it looked stern and male, seemed to be guarding the bridge, to be proclaiming to all the mongrels from Galata and Pera, who hurried from shore to shore, that Stamboul will make no compromise with the infidel, that in the great space before this mosque the true East in Europe begins.

Russia was in the wind, I thought. The breath of the steppes was wandering afar to seek—what? The breath of the desert? The great mosque confronted it, Islam erect, and now dark, forbidding under the darkening sky. Even the minarets had lost their delicate purity, had become fierce, prayers calling down destruction on unbelievers. And all the cries of Stamboul seemed to gather themselves together in my ears, keening over the sea above

which I stood—voices of many nations; of Turks, Arabs, Circassians, Persians, of men from the wilds of Asia and the plains of India; voices of bashi-bazouks and of slaves; even, thin high voices of eunuchs. From the quays to right and left of the bridge crowds of people rose to my sight and hurried away; to them crowds of people descended, sinking out of my sight. Soldiers and hamals passed, upright and armed, bending beneath the weight of incredible loads. Calls of Albanian boatmen came up from the sea. From the city of closely packed fishermen's vessels rose here and there little trails of smoke. On their decks dim figures crouched about wavering fires. A gnarled beggar pushed me, muttering, then whining uncouth words. Along the curving shore, toward the cypress-crowned height of Eyub, lights were strung out, marking the waterside. Behind me tall Pera began to glitter meretriciously. The Greek barbers, I knew, were standing impudently before the doors of their little saloons, watching the evening pageant as it surged slowly through the Grande Rue and toward the Taxim Garden. Diplomats were driving home from the Sublime Porte in victorias. The "cinemas" were gathering in their mobs. Tokatlian's was thronged with Levantines whispering from mouth to mouth the current lies of the day. Below, near the ships, the business men of Galata were rushing out of their banks, past the large round-browed Montenegrins who stand on the steps, out of their offices and shops, like a mighty swarm of disturbed bees. The long shriek of a siren from a steamer near Seraglio Point tore the gloom. I went on, despite menacing Validé Sultan, I lost myself in the wonderful maze of Stamboul.

Stamboul near the waterside is full of contrasts so sharp, so strange that they bewilder and charm, and sometimes render uneasy even one who has wandered alone through many towns of the East. Sordid and filthy, there is yet something grandiose in it, something hostile and threatening in the watchful crowds that are forever passing by. Between the houses the sea-wind blows up, and you catch glimpses of water, of masts, of the funnels of steamers. Above the cries of the nations rise the long-drawn wails and the hootings of sirens. The traffic of the streets is made more confusing by your constant consciousness of the traffic of the sea, embraced by it, almost mingling with it. Water and wind, mud and dust, cries of coachmen and seamen, of motor-cars and steamers, and soldiers, soldiers, soldiers passing, always passing. Through a window-pane you catch a glitter of jewels and a glitter of Armenian eyes gazing stealthily out. You pass by some marble tombs sheltered by weary trees, under the giant shadow of a mosque, and a few steps farther on you look through an arched doorway and see on the marble floor of a dimly lighted hall half-naked men, with tufts of black hair drooping from partly shaved heads and striped towels girt round their loins, going softly to and fro, or bending about a fountain from which water gushes with a silvery noise. This is a Turkish bath. Throughout Stamboul there are bath-houses with little cupolas on their roofs, and throughout Stamboul there are tombs; but the uneasy and watchful crowds throng the quarters near the waterside and the great bazaars and the spaces before the principal mosques. They are not spread throughout the city. Many parts of Stamboul are as the waste places of the earth, abandoned by men.

By night they are silent and black; by day they look like the ways of a great wooden village from which the inhabitants have fled. In their open spaces, patches of waste ground, perhaps a few goats are trying to browse among rubbish and stones, a few little children are loitering, two or three silent men may be sitting under a vine by a shed, which is a Turkish café. There is no sound of steps or of voices. One has no feeling of being in a great city, of being in a city at all. Little there is of romance, little of that mysterious and exquisite melancholy which imaginative writers have described. Dullness and shabbiness brood over everything. Yet an enormous population lives in the apparently empty houses. Women are watching from the windows behind the grilles. Life is fermenting in the midst of the dust, the discomfort, the almost ghastly silence.

The great bazaar of Stamboul is a city within a city. As you stand before its entrance you think of a fortress full of immured treasures. And there are treasures of price under the heavy arches, in the

long roofed-over lanes. The bazaars of Tunis seem minute, of Damascus ephemeral, of Cairo dressed up, of Jerusalem crushed together and stifling, when compared with the vast bazaars of Stamboul, which have a solidity, a massiveness, unshared by their rivals. I saw there many cheap goods such as I have seen on certain booths in the East End of London, but they were surrounded with a certain pomp and dignity, with a curious atmosphere of age. Some parts of the bazaars are narrow. Others are broad and huge, with great cupolas above them, and, far up, wooden galleries running round them. Now and then you come upon an old fountain of stained marble and dim faience about which men are squatting on their haunches to wash their faces and hands and their carefully bared arms. The lanes are paved and are often slippery. Just under the lofty roof there are windows of white glass, and about them, and on arches and walls, there are crude decorations in strong blues and purples, yellows and greens. The serious merchants from many lands do not beset you with importunities as you pass; but sometimes a lustrous pair of eyes invites you to pause, or a dark and long-fingered hand gently beckons you toward a jewel, a prayer-carpet, a weapon, or something strange in silver or gold or ivory.



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PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS IN A CONSTANTINOPLE STREET

One day a man from Bagdad invited me to buy a picture as I drew near to him. It was the portrait of a dervish's cap worked in silk. The cap, orange-colored and silver, was perched upon a small table (in the picture) above which hung curtains in two shades of green. A heavy gilt frame surrounded this "old master" of the East. We bargained. The merchant's languages were broken, but at length I understood him to say that the cap was a perfect likeness. I retorted that all the dervishes' caps I had seen upon living heads were the color of earth. The merchant, I believe, pitied my ignorance. His eyes, hands, arms, and even his shoulders were eloquent of compassion. He lowered the price of the picture by about half a farthing in Turkish money, but I resisted the blandishment and escaped into the jewel bazaar, half regretting a lost opportunity.

Many Turkish women come to the ba-

zaars only to meet their lovers. They cover a secret desire by a pretense of making purchases. From the upper floor of the yellow-blue-and-red kiosk, in which Turkish sweets are sold, and you can eat the breasts of chickens cooked deliciously in cream and served with milk and starch, I have watched these subtle truants passing in their pretty disguises suggestive of a masked ball. They look delicate and graceful in their thin and shining robes, like dominoes, of black or sometimes of prune-color, with crape dropping over their faces and letting you see not enough; for many Turkish women are pretty.

One day I was in the upper room of a photographer's shop when two Turkish women came in and removed their veils, standing with their backs to the English infidel. One was obviously much younger than the other, and seemed to have a beautiful figure. I was gazing at it, perhaps rather steadily, when, evidently aware of my glance, she turned slowly and deliberately round. For two or three minutes she faced me, looking to right and left of me, above me, even on the floor near my feet, with her large and beautiful blue-gray eyes. She was lovely. Young, perhaps eighteen, she was slightly painted, and her eyebrows and long curling lashes were blackened. Her features were perfect, her complexion was smooth and brilliant, and her expression was really adorable. It seemed to say to me quietly:

"Yes, you are right. It is foolish ever to conceal such a face as this with a veil when really there is not too much beauty in the world. Mais que voulez-vous? Les Turcs!" And the little hanum surely moved her thin shoulders contemptuously. But her elderly companion pulled at her robe, and slowly she moved away. As the two women left the room, the photographer, a Greek, looked after them, smiling. Then he turned to me, spread out his thin hands, and said, with a shrug, "Encore des désenchantées!"

I thought of the disenchanted one day as I sat among the letter-writers in the large and roughly paved court of the "Pigeon's Mosque," or Mosque of Bajazet II. For hours I had been wandering on foot through the upper quarters of old Stamboul, and I could not release my mind from the dull pressure of its influence. All those wooden houses, silent, apparently abandoned, shuttered—streets and streets of them, myriads of them! Now and then above the carved wood of a lattice I had seen a striped curtain, cheap, dusty, hanging, I guessed, above a cheap and dusty divan. The doors of the houses were large and solid, like prison doors. Before one, as I slowly passed by, I had seen an old Turk in a long quilted coat of green, with a huge key in his hand, about to enter. He glanced to right and left, then thrust the key into the door. I had felt inclined to stop and say to him:

"That house has been abandoned for years. Every one has migrated long ago from this quarter of Stamboul. If you stay here, you will be quite alone." But the old Turk knew very well that all the houses were full of people, of imprisoned women. What a fate to be one of the prisoners!

That was my thought as I looked at the sacred pigeons, circling in happy freedom over the garden where Bajazet slumbers under his catafalque, fluttering round the cupolas of their mosque, and beneath the gray-pink-and-white arcade, with its dull-green and plum-colored columns, or crowding together upon the thin branches of their plane-tree. A pure wind blew through the court and about the marble fountain. The music made by the iridescent wings of the birds never ceased, and their perpetual cooing was like the sweet voice of content. The sunshine streamed over the pavement and penetrated under the arches, making the coral beads of a rosary glow and its gold beads glitter, giving to the amber liquid carried on a tray by a boy to a barber beneath his awning a vivacity almost of flame. Beside me a lover was dictating a letter to a scribe, who squatted before his table, on which were arranged a bright-blue inkstand and cup, a pile of white paper, and a stand with red pens and blue pencils. Farther on, men were being shaved, and were drinking coffee as they lounged upon bright-yellow sofas. Near me a very old Turk, with fanatical, half-shut eyes, was sitting on the ground and gazing at the pink feet of the pigeons as they tripped over the pavement, upon which a pilgrim to the mosque had just flung some grain. As he gazed, he mechanically fingered his rosary, swiftly shifting the beads on and



MOSQUE OF THE YENI-VALIDÉ-JAMISSI, CONSTANTINOPLE

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

on, beads after beads, always two at a time. Some incense smoldered in a three-legged brazier, giving out its peculiar and drowsy smell. On the other side of the court a fruit-seller slept by a pile of yellow melons. The grain thrown by the pilgrim was all eaten now, and for a moment the sunshine was dimmed by the cloud of rising and dispersing birds, gray and green, with soft gleams like jewels entangled in their plumage. Some flew far to the tall white-and-gray minaret of their mosque, others settled on the cupola above the fountain. A few, venturous truants, disappeared in the direction of the seraskierat wall, not far off. The greater number returned to their plane-tree on the right of the lover and the scribe. And as the lover suggested, and the scribe wrote from right to left, the pigeons puffed out their breasts and cooed, calling other pilgrims to remember that even the sacred have their carnal appetites, and to honor the poor widow's memory before going up to the mosque to pray.

One day I went up the hill toward Yildiz to see the Selamlik. That morning the sultan was going to pray in the mosque of wood which Abdul Hamid built close to the mysterious, walled-in quarter of palaces, harems, kiosks, gardens, barracks, and parks which he made his prison. From the Bosporus you can see it extending from the hilltop almost to the sea, a great property, outside the city, yet dominating it, with dense groves of trees in which wild animals were kept, with open spaces, with solitary buildings and lines of roofs, and the cupola of the mosque of the soldiers. All about it are the high walls which a coward raised up to protect him and his fear. The mosque is below the great entrance-gates on a steep hillside beyond the walls. A large modern house, white, with green shutters, in which Abdul Hamid used to grant audiences and, I believe, to give banquets, looks down on it. From the upper windows of this dwelling the Turks say the ex-sultan often stared at his city through powerful glasses.

The mosque is not large. It is yellow and white, with a minaret of plaster on the side next the sea, and a graveled courtyard surrounded by green iron railings and planted with a few trees. On the side next to Yildiz is a steep bank. A road runs up the hill to the left of the mosque as you face Yildiz, and another hidden road descends from the gates and gives access to the courtyard behind the mosque. The sultan has therefore a choice of two routes, and nobody seems to know beforehand which way he will come. There were very few tourists in Constantinople when I was there. People were afraid of war, and before I left the Orient express had ceased to run. But I found awaiting the padishah many Indian pilgrims, a large troop of pilgrims from Trebizond who were on their way to Mecca, several Persians wearing black toques, and a good many Turks. These were in the courtyard close to the mosque, where I was allowed to stand by the aristocratic young chief of police, who wore a woolly, gray, fez-shaped cap. Outside the railings stood a dense crowd of veiled women.

Soon after I arrived a squadron of the body-guard rode up from the city, carrying red-and-green pennons on long staffs, and halted before the gates of the palace. And almost at the same moment the palace musicians, in dark-blue, red, and gold, wearing short swords, and carrying shining brass instruments, marched into the inclosure. They stood still, then dropped their instruments on the ground, moved away, and sat down on the bank, lolling in easy attitudes. Time slipped by, and important people strolled in, officers, court officials, attendants. Eunuchs shambled loosely past in wonderfully fitting, long frock-coats, wearing turquoise rings on their large weak hands, and looking half-piteously impudent. Men hurried into the mosque carrying brown Gladstone bags. Nazim Pasha, weary and grave, the weight of war already on his shoulders, talked with the master of the ceremonies beside steps before which lay a bright-yellow carpet.

This is the sultan's entrance to the mosque. It is not imposing. The two flights of steps curve on right and left to a trivial glass porch which reminded me of that bulbous addition to certain pretentious houses which is dignified by the name "winter garden." Some smart, very strong Turkish sailors lined up opposite me. Not far from the porch stood a group of military doctors in somber uniforms. A second yellow carpet was un-

rolled to cover the flight of steps on the left of the porch, more eunuchs went by, more Gladstone bags were carried past me. Then came soldiers in yellowish brown, and palace officials in white and blue, with red collars. Two riding-horses were led by two grooms toward the back of the mosque. The musicians rose languidly from the bank, took up their instruments, turned round, and faced toward Yildiz. Through the crowd, like a wind, went that curious stir which always precedes an important event for which many people are waiting. Nazim Pasha spoke to the chief of police, slowly moving his white-gloved hands, and then from the hilltop came a rhythmical, booming noise of men's voices, very deep, very male: the soldiers before the gates were acclaiming their sovereign. I saw a fluttering movement of pennons; the sultan had emerged from the palace and was descending by the hidden road to perform his devotions.

In perhaps five minutes an outrider appeared from behind the mosque, advancing slowly parallel with the bank, followed by a magnificent victoria, covered with gold and lined, I think, with satin, drawn by two enormous brown horses the harness of which was plated with gold. They were driven from the box by a gorgeous coachman, who was standing. The musicians, turning once more, struck up the "Sultan's Hymn," the soldiers presented arms; the brown horses wheeled slowly round, and I saw within a few paces of me, sitting alone in the victoria in a curious, spread-out attitude, a bulky and weary old man in a blue uniform, wearing white kid gloves and the fez. He was staring straight before him, and on his unusually large fair face there was no more expression than there is on a white envelop. Women twittered. Men saluted. The victoria stopped beside the bright-yellow carpet. After a moment's pause, as if emerging from a sort of trance, the Calif of Islam got up and stepped slowly and heavily out, raising one hand to his fez. Then, as if with an abrupt effort to show alertness, he walked almost quickly up the steps to the glass porch, turned just before entering it, stood for an instant looking absolutely blank, again saluted, swung round awkwardly, and disappeared. Almost immediately afterward one of his sons, a rather short and fair young man with a flushed face, attended by an officer, hurried past me and into the mosque by another entrance.

A few persons went away while his Majesty was praying; but all the pilgrims stayed, and I stayed with them. Several of the officials walked about on the gravel, talked, smoked, and drank orangeade, which a servant brought to them on a silver tray. Now and then from within the mosque came to us the loud murmur of praying voices. The soldiers of the bodyguard descended the hill from the gates of Yildiz on foot, leading their horses, and assembled outside the courtyard. They were followed by a brilliant squadron of cavalry in dark-blue-and-red uniforms, with green-and-red saddle-cloths; their blood-red flag was borne before them, and their own music accompanied them. The soldiers in yellowish brown had piled arms and were standing at ease, smoking and talking. Twenty minutes perhaps went by, then a Gladstone bag was carried out of the mosque. We all gazed at it with reverence. What was in it? Or, if there was nothing, what had been recently taken out of it? I never shall know. As the bag vanished, a loud sound of singing came from within, and a troop of palace guards in vivid-red uniforms, with white-and-red toques trimmed with black astrakhan, marched into the court led by an officer. Some gendarmes followed them. Then the chief of police tripped forward with nervous agility, and made us all cross over and stand with our backs to the bank in a long line. An outrider, dressed in green and gold, and holding a big whip, rode in on a huge strawberry-roan horse. Behind him came a green-and-red brougham with satin cushions, drawn by a pair of strawberry roans. A smart coachman and footman sat on the box, and on each side rode two officers on white horses.

Now the singing ceased in the mosque. People began to come out. The sultan's son, less flushed, passed by on foot, answering swiftly the salutes of the people. The brougham was drawn up before the bright-yellow carpet. Nazim Pasha once more stood there talking with several officials. The soldiers had picked up their arms, the sailors were standing at attention.

Then there was a very long wait.

"The sultan is taking coffee."

Another five minutes passed.

"The Sultan is sleeping."

On this announcement being made to me, I thought seriously of departing in peace; but a Greek friend, who had spoken to an official, murmured in my ear:

"The sultan is awake and is changing his clothes."

This sounded promising, and I decided to wait.

It seemed to me that his Majesty was a very long time at his toilet; but at last we were rewarded. Abruptly from the glass porch he appeared in European dress, with very baggy trousers much too long in the leg and a voluminous black frock-coat. He stood for a moment holding the frock-coat with both hands, as if wishing to wrap himself up in it. Then, still grasping it, he walked quickly down the steps, his legs seeming almost to ripple beneath the weight of his body, and stepped heavily into the brougham, which swung upon its springs. The horses moved, the carriage passed close to me, and again I gazed at this mighty sovereign, while the Eastern pilgrims salaamed to the ground. Mechanically he saluted. His large face was still unnaturally blank, and yet somehow it looked kind. And I felt that this old man was weary and sad, that his long years of imprisonment had robbed him of all vitality, of all power to enjoy; that he was unable to appreciate the pageant of life in which now, by the irony of fate, he was called to play the central part. All alone he sat in the bright-colored brougham, carrying a flaccid hand to his fez and gazing blankly before him. The carriage passed out of the courtyard, but it did not go up the hill to the palace.

"The sultan," said a voice, "is going out into the country to rest and to divert himself."

To rest, perhaps; but to divert himself!

After that day I often saw before me a large white envelop, and the most expressive people in the world were salaaming before it.

(To be continued)

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

BECAUSE I left the hearthstone to watch the stars at night,
Because I loved the forest and wandered there alone,
The little fairy people who mock at human might
They set a spell upon me and chose me for their own.

The Little People called me—and oh, their word was sweet!
Fair as the towers of sunset I saw their kingdom rise—
But I knew my mother listened for the coming of my feet.
In tears the vision darkened and vanished from mine eyes.

The Little People called me to cast with them my lot
Or nevermore to see them, for mine own kindred's sake.
The heart cried out within me, and yet I faltered not.
My people were my people—what choice was mine to make?

My people are my people, and dear they are to me,
Yet sometimes comes a longing—till I hardly dare to pray—
For that far land of wonder that I shall never see,
And for the Little People from whom I turned away.



LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

BY JOHN KEATS

WITH A PICTURE BY PAUL MEYLAN

OH, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest 's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the mead,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:
They cried, "La belle dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.





Drawn by Paul Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Cheshwick

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long."—KEATS.



THE NEW MINISTER'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY[1]

BY C. H. WHITE

Author of "The Village Convict," "Eli," etc.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR AND A PICTURE BY HARRY TOWNSEND

(NOTEWORTHY STORIES OF THE LAST GENERATION)

"THE minister 's got a job," said Mr. Snell.

Mr. Snell had been driven in by a shower from the painting of a barn, and was now sitting, with one bedaubed overall leg crossed over the other, in Mr. Hamblin's shop.

Half a dozen other men who had likewise found in the rain a call to leisure looked up at him inquiringly.

"How do you mean?" said Mr. Noyes, who sat beside him, girt with a nail-pocket. "'The minister 's got a job?' How do you mean?" And Mr. Noyes assumed a listener's air, and stroked his thin, yellow beard.

Mr. Snell smiled with half-shut, knowing eyes, but made no answer.

"How do you mean?" repeated Mr. Noyes. "'The minister 's got a job?' Of course he has—got a stiddy job. We knew that before."

"Very well," said Mr. Snell, with a placid face; "seeing 's you know so much about it, enough said. Let it rest there."

"But," said Mr. Noyes, nervously blowing his nose, "you lay down this proposition: 'The minister 's got a job.' Now I ask, what is it?"

Mr. Snell uncrossed his legs, and stooped to pick up a last, which he proceeded to scan with a shrewd, critical eye.

"Narrer foot," he said to Mr. Hamblin.

"Private last—Doctor Hunter's," said Mr. Hamblin, laying down a boot upon which he was stitching an outer sole, and rising to make a ponderous, elephantine excursion across the quaking shop to the earthen water-pitcher, from which he took a generous draft.

"Well, Brother Snell," said Mr. Noyes,—they were members together of a secret organization, of which Mr. Snell was P. G. W. T. F., "ain't you going to tell us? What is this job? That is to say, what—is it?"

Brother Snell set his thumbs firmly in the armholes of his waistcoat, surveyed the smoke-stained pictures pasted on the wall, looked keen, and softly whistled. At last he condescended to explain.

"Preaching Uncle Capen's funeral sermon."

There was a subdued general laugh. Even Mr. Hamblin's leathern apron shook.

Mr. Noyes, however, painfully looking down upon his beard to draw out a white hair, maintained his serious expression.

"I don't see much 'job' in that," he

[1] Reprinted from THE CENTURY for August, 1883, and included in the author's volume of short stories "Five Hundred Dollars," published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.



HEMAN W. CHAPLIN ("C. H. WHITE")
Author of "The New Minister's Great Opportunity"

said. "A minister 's supposed to preach a hundred and four sermons in each and every year, and there 's plenty more where they come from. What 's one sermon more or less when stock costs nothing? It 's like wheeling gravel from the pit."

"O. K.," said Mr. Snell; "if 't ain't no trouble, then 't ain't. But seeing 's you know, suppose you specify the materials for this particular discourse."

Mr. Noyes looked a little disconcerted.

"Well," he said, "of course I can't set here and compose a funereal discourse offhand without no writing-desk; but there 's stock enough to make a sermon of any time."

"Oh, come," said Mr. Snell, "don't sneak out; particularize."

"Why," said Mr. Noyes, "you 've only to open the leds of your Bible, and choose a text, and then: When did this happen? Why did this happen? To who did this happen? and so forth and so on; and there 's your sermon. I 've heard 'em so a hunderd times."

"All right," said Mr. Snell; "I don't doubt, you know: but as for me, I for one never happened to hear of anything that Uncle Capen did but whitewash and saw wood. Now, what sort of an autobiographical sermon could you make out of sawing wood?"

Whereat Leander Buffum proceeded, by that harsh, guttural noise well known to country boys, to imitate the sound of sawing through a log.

His sally was warmly greeted.

"The minister might narrate," said Mr. Blood, "what Uncle Capen said to Issachar, when Issachar told him that he charged high for sawing wood. 'See here,' says Uncle Capen, 's'pos'n' I do. My arms are shorter 'n other folks's, and it takes me just so much longer to do it.' "

"Well," said Mr. Noyes, "I 'm a fair man; always do exactly right is the rule I go by; and I will frankly admit now and here that if it 's a biographical discourse they want, they 'll have to cut corners."

"Pre-cisely," said Mr. Snell; "and that 's just what they do want."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hamblin, laboriously rising and putting his spectacles into their silver case, for it was suppertime, "joking one side, if Uncle Capen never did set the pond afire, we 'd all rather take his chances to-day, I guess, than those of some smarter men."

At which Mr. Snell turned red; for he was a very smart man, and had just failed, to everybody's surprise,—for there was no reason in the world why he should fail,—and had created more merriment for the public than joy among his creditors by paying a cent and a half on the dollar.

"Come in and sit down," said Dr. Hunter as the young minister appeared at his office door; and he tipped back in his chair, and put his feet upon a table. "What 's the news?"

"Doctor," said Mr. Holt, laughing, as he laid down his hat and took an armchair, "you told me to come to you for any information. Now, I want materials for a sermon on old Mr. Capen."

The doctor looked at him with a half-amused expression, and then sending out a curl of blue smoke, he watched it as it rose melting into the general air.

"You don't smoke, I believe?" he said to the minister.

Holt shook his head and smiled.

The doctor put his cigar back into his mouth, clasped one knee in his hands, and fixed his eyes in meditation on a one-eared Hippocrates looking down with a dirty face from the top of a bookcase. Perhaps the doctor was thinking of the two or three hundred complimentary visits he had been permitted to make upon Uncle Capen within ten years.

Presently a smile broke over his face.

"I must tell you before I forget it," he said, "how Uncle Capen nursed one of my patients. Years and years ago I had John Ellis, our postmaster now, down with a fever. One night Uncle Capen watched; you know he was spry and active till he was ninety. Every hour he was to give Ellis a little ice-water, and when the first time came, he took a table-spoonful—there was only a dim light in the room—and poured the ice-water down Ellis's neck. Well, Ellis jumped as much as so sick a man could, and then lifted his finger to his lips. 'Here 's my mouth,' said he. 'Why, why,' said Uncle Capen, 'is that your mouth? I took that for a wrinkle in your forehead.' "

The minister laughed.

"I have heard a score of such stories to-day," he said. "There seem to be enough of them; but I can't find anything adapted to a sermon, and yet they seem to expect a detailed biography."

"Ah, that 's just the trouble," said the doctor. "But let us go into the house. My wife remembers everything that ever happens, and she can post you up on Uncle Capen, if anybody can."

So they crossed the dooryard into the house.

Mrs. Hunter was sewing; a neighbor, come to tea, was crocheting wristers for her grandson. They were both talking at once as the doctor opened the sitting-room door.

"Since neither of you appears to be listening," he said, as they started up, "I

won't apologize for interrupting. Mr. Holt is collecting facts about Uncle Capen for his funeral sermon, and I thought that my good wife could help him out, if anybody could. So I will leave him."

And the doctor, nodding, went into the hall for his coat and driving-gloves, and, going out, disappeared round the corner of the house.

"You will really oblige me very much, Mrs. Hunter," said the minister—"or Mrs. French, if you can give me any particulars about old Mr. Capen's life. His family seem to be rather sensitive, and they depend on a long, old-fashioned funeral sermon; and here I am utterly bare of facts."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Hunter. "Of course. Now—"

"Why, yes; everybody knows all about him," said Mrs. French.

And then they laid their work down and relapsed into meditation.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hunter in a moment. "No, though—"

"Why, you know," said Mrs. French —"no, I guess, on the whole—"

"You remember," said the doctor's wife to Mrs. French, with a faint smile, "the time he papered my east chamber, don't you—how he made the pattern come?"

And then they both laughed gently for a moment.

"Well, I have always known him," said Mrs. French; "but really, being asked so suddenly, it seems to drive everything out of my head."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunter, "and it 's odd that I can't think of exactly the thing just at this minute; but if I do, I will run over to the parsonage this evening."

"Yes, so will I," said Mrs. French. "I know that I shall think of oceans of things just as soon as you have gone."

"Won't you stay to tea?" said Mrs. Hunter as Holt rose to go. "The doctor has gone; but we never count on him."

"No, I thank you," said Mr. Holt. "If I am to invent a biography, I may as well be at it."

Mrs. Hunter went with him to the door.

"I must just tell you," she said, "one of Uncle Capen's sayings. It was long ago, when I was first married, and came here. I had a young men's Bible class in Sunday-school, and Uncle Capen came into it. He always wore a cap, and sat at meetings with the boys. So one Sunday we had in the lesson that verse,—you know,—that if all these things should be written, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written; and there Uncle Capen stopped me, and said he, 'I suppose that means the world as known to the ancients.' "

Holt put on his hat, and with a smile turned and went on his way toward the parsonage; but he remembered that he had promised to call at what the local paper termed "the late residence of the deceased," where, on the one hundredth birthday of the centenarian, according to the poet's corner:

"Friends, neighbors, and visitors he did
receive
From early in the morning till dewy eve."

So he turned his steps in that direction.

He opened the clicking latch of the gate and rattled the knocker on the front door of the little cottage, and a tall, motherly woman of the neighborhood appeared and ushered him in.

Uncle Capen's unmarried daughter, a woman of sixty, her two brothers and their wives, and half a dozen neighbors were sitting in the tidy kitchen, where a crackling wood-fire in the stove was suggesting a hospitable cup of tea.

The minister's appearance, breaking the formal gloom, was welcomed.

"Well," said Miss Maria, "I suppose the sermon is all writ by this time. I think likely you 've come down to read it to us."

"No," said Holt, "I have left the actual writing of it till I get all my facts. I thought perhaps you might have thought of something else."

"No; I told you everything there was about Father yesterday," she said. "I 'm sure you can't lack of things to put in; why, Father lived a hundred years—and longer, too, for he was a hundred years and six days, you remember."

"You know," said Holt, "there are a great many things that are very interesting to a man's immediate friends that don't interest the public."

And he looked to Mr. Small for confirmation.

"Yes, that 's so," said Mr. Small, nodding wisely.

"But, you see, Father was a centenarian," said Maria, "and so that makes everything about him interesting. It 's a lesson to the young, you know."

"Oh, yes, that 's so," said Mr. Small, "if a man lives to be a centurion."

"Well, you all knew our good friend," said Mr. Holt. "If any of you will suggest anything, I shall be very glad to put it in."

Nobody spoke for a moment.

"There 's one interesting thing," said one of the sons, a little old man much like his father; "that is, that none of his children have ever gone meandering off. We 've all remained"—he might almost have said remained seated—"all our lives right about him."

"I will allude to that," said Mr. Holt. "I hope you have something else, for I am afraid of running short of material: you see, I am a stranger here."

"Why, I hope there won't be any trouble about it," said Maria, in sudden consternation. "I was a little afraid to give it out to so young a man as you, and I thought some of giving the preference to Father Cobb; but I did n't quite like to have it go out of the village, nor to deprive you of the opportunity, and they all assured me that you was smart. But if you 're feeling nervous, perhaps we 'd better have him still; he 's always ready."

"Just as you like," said Holt, modestly; "if he would be willing to preach the sermon, we might leave it that way, and I will add a few remarks."

But Maria's zeal for Father Cobb was a flash in the pan. He was a sickly farmer, a licensed preacher, who, when he was called upon occasionally to meet a sudden exigency, usually preached on the beheading of John the Baptist.

"I guess you 've got things enough to write," said Maria, consolingly; "you know how awfully a thing does drag out when you come to write it down on paper. Remember to tell how we 've all stayed right here."

When Holt went out, he saw Mr. Small beckoning him to come to where his green wagon stood under a tree.

"I must tell you," he said, with an awkwardly repressed smile, "about a trade of Uncle Capen's. He had a little lot up our way that they wanted for a schoolhouse, and he agreed to sell it for what it cost him, and the selectmen, knowing what it cost him,—fifty dollars,—agreed with him that way. But come to sign the deed, he called for a hundred dollars.

" 'How 's that?' says they. 'You bought it of Captain Sam Bowen for fifty dollars.'

" 'Yes, but see here,' says Uncle Capen, 'it 's cost me on an average five dollars a year for the ten year' I 've had it for manure and plowing and seed, and that 's fifty dollars more.'

" 'But you 've sold the garden stuff off it, and had the money,' says they.

" 'Yes,' says Uncle Capen, 'but that money 's spent and eat up long ago.' "

The minister smiled, shook hands with Mr. Small, and went home.

The church was crowded. Horses filled the sheds, horses were tied to the fences all up and down the street. Funerals are always popular in the country, and this one had a double element of attractiveness. The whole population of the town, having watched for years with a lively interest Uncle Capen's progress to his hundredth birthday, expected now some electrical effect analogous to an apotheosis.

In the front pews were the chief mourners, filled with the sweet intoxication of preëminence.

The opening exercises were finished, a hymn was sung:

"Life is a span,"

and Father Cobb arose to make his introductory remarks.

He began with some reminiscences of the first time he saw Uncle Capen, some thirty years before, and spoke of viewing him even then as an aged man, and of having remarked to him that he was walking down the valley of life with one foot in the grave. He called attention to Uncle Capen's virtues, and pointed out their connection with his longevity. He had not smoked for forty years; therefore, if the youth who were present desired to attain his age, let them not smoke. He had been a total abstainer, moreover, from his seventieth year; let them, if they would rival his longevity, follow his example. The good man closed with a feeling allusion to the relatives, in the front pew,

mourning like the disciples of John the Baptist after his "beheadment." Another hymn was sung:

"A vapor brief and swiftly gone."

Then there was deep silence as the minister rose and gave out his text:

"I have been young, and now I am old."

"At the time of the grand review in Washington," he said, "that mighty pageant that fittingly closed the drama of the war, I was a spectator, crippled then by a gunshot wound, and unable to march. From an upper window I saw that host file by, about to record its greatest triumph by melting quietly into the general citizenship; a mighty, resistless army about to fade and leave no trace, except here and there a one-armed man, or a blue flannel jacket behind a plow. Often now, when I close my eyes, that picture rises, that gallant host, those tattered flags; and I hear the shouts that rose when my brigade, with their flaming scarfs, went trooping by. Little as I may have done as a humble member of that army, no earthly treasure could buy from me the thought of my fellowship with it, or even the memory of that great review.

"But that display was mere tinsel show compared with the great pageant that has moved before those few men who have lived through the whole length of the last hundred years.

"Before me lies the form of a man who, though he has passed his days with no distinction but that of an honest man, has lived through some of the most remarkable events of all the ages. For a hundred years a mighty pageant has been passing before him. I would rather have lived that hundred years than any other. I am deeply touched to reflect that he who lately inhabited this cold tenement of clay connects our generation with that of Washington. And it is impossible to speak of one whose great age draws together this assembly without recalling events through which he lived.

"Our friend was born in this village. This town then included the adjoining towns to the north and south. The region was then more sparsely settled, although many houses standing then have disappeared. While he was sleeping peacefully in the cradle, while he was opening on the world childhood's wide, wondering eyes, those great men whose names are our perpetual benediction were planning for freedom from a foreign yoke. While he was passing through the happy years of early childhood, the fierce clash of arms resounded through the little strip of territory which then made up the United States. I can hardly realize that, as a child, he heard as a fresh, new, real story of the deeds of Lexington from the lips of men then young who had been in the fight; or listened, as one of an eager group gathered about the fireside, or in the old, now deserted taverns on the turnpike, to the story of Bunker Hill.

"And when, the yoke of tyranny thrown off in our country and in France, Lafayette, the mere mention of whose name brings tears to the eyes of every true American, came to see the America that he loved and that loved him, he on whose cold, rigid face I now look down joined in one of those enthusiastic throngs that made the visit like a Roman triumph.

"But turn to the world of nature, and think of the panoramic scenes that have passed before those now impassive eyes. In our friend's boyhood, there was no practical mode of swift communication of news. In great emergencies, to be sure, some Paul Revere might flash his beacon light from a lofty tower; but news crept slowly over our hand-breadth nation, and it was months after a Presidential election before the result was generally known. He lived to see the telegraph flashing swiftly about the globe, annihilating time and space, and bringing the scattered nations into greater unity.

"And think, my hearers, for one moment of the wonders of electricity. Here is a power which we name, but do not know, that flashes through the sky, that shatters great trees, burns buildings, strikes men dead in the fields; and we have learned to lead it, all unseen, from our house-tops to the earth; we tame this mighty, secret, unknown power down into serving us as a daily messenger; and no man sets the limits now to the servitude that we shall yet bind it down to.

"Again, my hearers, when our friend was well advanced in life, there was still no better mode of travel between distant



Drawn by Harry Townsend. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'NOW, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHAT ON EARTH THERE WAS IN IT ABOUT UNCLE CAPEN?'"

points than the slow, rumbling stage-coach; many who are here remember well its delays and discomforts. He saw the first tentative efforts of that mighty factor steam to transport more swiftly. He saw the first railroad built in the country; he lived to see the land covered with the iron network.

"And what a transition is this! Pause for a moment to consider it. How much does this imply? With the late improvements in agricultural machinery, with the cheapening of steel rails, the boundless prairie farms of the West are now brought into competition with the fields of Great Britain in supplying the Englishman's table, and seem not unlikely, within this generation, to break down the aristocratic holding of land, and so perhaps to undermine aristocracy itself."

So the preacher continued, speaking of different improvements, and lastly of the invention of daguerreotypes and photographs. He called the attention of his hearers to this almost miraculous art of indelibly fixing the expression of a countenance, and drew a lesson as to the permanent effect of our daily looks and expression on those among whom we live. He considered at length the vast amount of happiness which had been caused by bringing pictures of loved ones within the reach of all, the increase of family affection and general good feeling which must have resulted from the invention, and suggested a possible lifting of the civilization of the older nations through the constant sending home, by prosperous adopted citizens, of photographs of themselves and of their homes, and referred to the effect which that must have had in new immigration.

Finally, he adverted to the fact that the sons of the deceased, who sat before him, had not yielded to the restless spirit of adventure, but had found "no place like home."

"But I fear," he said at last, "that the interest of my subject has made me transgress upon your patience; and with a word or two more I will close.

"When we remember what hard, trying things often arise within a single day, let us rightly estimate the patient well-doing of a man who has lived a blameless life for a hundred years. When we remember what harm, what sin, can be crowded into a single moment, let us rightly estimate the principle that kept him so close to the golden rule not for a day, not for a decade or a generation, but for a hundred years.

"And now, as we are about to lay his deserted body in the earth, let not our perceptions be dulled by the constant repetition in this world of death and burial. At this hour our friend is no longer aged; wrinkles and furrows, trembling limbs and snowy locks, he has left behind him, and he knows, we believe, to-day more than the wisest philosopher on earth. We may study and argue all our lives to discover the nature of life or the form it takes beyond the grave; but in one moment of swift transition the righteous man may learn it all. We differ widely one from another here in mental power. A slight hardening of some tissue of the brain might have left a Shakspere an attorney's clerk. But in the brighter world no such impediments prevent, I believe, clear vision and clear expression; and differences of mind that seem world-wide here may vanish there. When the spirit breaks its earthly prison and flies away, who can tell how bright and free the humblest of us may come to be? There may be a more varied truth than we commonly think in the words, 'The last shall be first.'

"Let this day be remembered. Let us think of the vast display of nature's forces which was made within the long period of our old neighbor's life; but let us also reflect upon the bright pageant that is now unrolling itself before him in a better world."

THAT evening Miss Maria and her brothers, sitting in state in the little old house, received many a caller, and the conversation was chiefly upon one theme: not the funeral sermon, although that was commended as a frank and simple biographical discourse, but the great events which had accompanied Uncle Capen's progress through this world, almost like those which Horace records in his ode to Augustus.

"That 's trew, every word," said Apollos Carver. "When Uncle Capen was a boy there was n't one railroad in the hull breadth of the United States, and, just think, why, now you can go in a Pullerman car clear acrost to San Francisco. My

daughter lives in Oakland, just across a ferry from there."

"Well, then, there 's photographing," said Captain Abel. "It doos seem amazing, as the minister said: you set down, and square yourself, and slick your hair, and stare stiddy into a funnel, and a man ducks his head under a covering, and, *pop!* there you be as natural as life, if not more so. And when Uncle Capen was a young man there was n't nothing but portraits and mini'tures, and these black-paper-and-scissors portraits—what do they call 'em? Yes, sir, all that come in under his observation."

"Yes," said one of the sons, "it 's wonderful. My wife and me was took setting on a settee in the Garden of Eden, lions and tigers and other scriptural objects in the background."

"And don't forget the telegraph," said Maria; "don't forget that."

"Trew," said Apollos, "that 's another thing. I hed a message come oncet from my son that lives to Taunton. We was all so sca't and faint when we see it that we did n't none of us dast to open it, and finally the feller that druv over with it hed to open it fer us."

"What was there in it?" said Mr. Small. "Sickness, death?"

"No; he wanted his thick coat expressed up. But my wife did n't get over the shock for some time. Wonderful thing that telegraph. Here 's a man standing a hundred miles off, like enough, and harpooning an idea chock right into your mind."

"Then that was a beautiful truth," said Maria, "that Father and Shakspere would probably be changed round in heaven. I always said Father was n't appreciated here."

"Well," said Apollos, " 't is always so; we don't begin to realize the value of a thing tell we lose it. Now that we sort o' stand and gaze at Uncle Capen at a fair distance, as it were, he looms. If he only hed n't kep' so quiet always about these 'ere wonders; a man really ought, in justice to himself, to blow his own horn jest a little. But that was a grand discourse, was n't it, now?"

"Oh, yes," said Maria, "though I felt nervous for the young man; but when you come to think what materials he had to make a sermon out of, why, how could he help it? And yet I doubt not he takes all the credit to himself."

"I should really have liked to have heard Father Cobb treat the subject," said Mrs. Small, rising to go, and nodding to her husband. " 'T was a grand theme. But it was a real chance for the new minister. Such an opportunity does n't happen not once in a lifetime."

THE next morning, after breakfast, on his way home from the post-office, the minister stopped in at Dr. Hunter's office.

The doctor was reading a newspaper.

Holt took a chair in silence.

The doctor laid down the paper and eyed him quizzically, and then slowly shook his head.

"I don't know about you ministers," he said. "I attended the funeral; I heard the biographical discourse; I understand it gave great satisfaction. I have reflected on it over night, and now, what I want to know is, what on earth there was in it about Uncle Capen?"

The minister smiled.

"I think," he replied, "that all that I said about Uncle Capen was strictly true."



BEAUTY IN EDEN

BY ALFRED NOYES

WHEN Beauty, white
As lilies in Eden night,
Woke for the deepening heavens' delight,

Her rosy looks
Taught laughter to the brooks,
And were the world's first gospel-books.

And wild things came,
By loveliness made tame,
And fawned on her pure feet with eyes of flame.

Yet, though her splendor
Made the fierce earth surrender,
And drew those burning panthers to attend her;

Though in her bowers,
She ruled harmonious hours,
And rode her lions with a leash of flowers;

They did not lose
The suppleness of their thews,
Nor that fierce might, loved by the warrior Muse.

Music hath fire,
Passion and deep desire,
That now plumb hell, and now to heaven aspire.

Yet, to be strong,
Must that tumultuous throng
Never escape the reins that guide the song.

So, gloriously,
She ruled earth, sky, and sea,
Being herself the law of harmony.

Strong charioteer,
The steeds are thine to steer!
Rule our weak souls! Bring back the Golden Year.



CAMILLA'S FIRST AFFAIR

BY GERTRUDE HALL

Author of "What Camilla did with Her Money," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY EMIL POLLAK-OTTENDORFF

NEVER did there live a pretty woman so poor in faith as Camilla, where the protestations of her adorers were concerned.[1] It was certainly not when they professed to find her charming that she was incredulous, nor yet when they declared themselves *épris*. It was when they asserted for their sentiments, durability; for themselves, the same conspicuous constancy as distinguishes the north star.

Particularly during the period when she was known as Princess Elaguine, and lived in Paris, was comment made—in those circles where it is thought no shame to talk over lovely ladies—upon the ultimate inaccessibility of the princess, who was yet so ready to be courted. She liked the society of men, delighted in the atmosphere of their lively admiration, accepted their compliments as animals in the Zoo will swallow buns. But she no more reposed confidence in them than she would have reached with her hand through the bars of the wild-beast cages.

A singular case. For she was Italian, and though her eyes were cool and green, there lurked in her face somewhere—her lips, perhaps, or her eyelids, or her cheeks or chin—what physiognomist could tell?—a promise of warmth and richness that drew foolish fellows to press on and on—till they came to a barrier, beyond which she looked at them with ironical eyes which told them that, sorry for them though she was, she did not believe in them one little bit. Not one of her critics had the intelligence, probably, to guess what was at bottom of it. (Yet how common it is, when you find a person afraid of dogs, to discover that he was bitten when a child!) And far from Camilla would it have been to set them on the right scent.

The truth was, in her mind there lived the memory—quite fresh still when she chose to recall it, so deep a mark had it made—of a passage in her youth to which was referable the line of a whole life with regard to the tender passion. It was the memory, as you have guessed, of her first affair.

IT was in Florence, where she was born and brought up. They were tarradiddles which she told later about her origin: that her mother was a Roman marchesa and her father court physician to Victor Emmanuel II, and that her name was Cordez. Her name, as a matter of truth, was Bugiani. Her mother had at one time waited on customers in a village *osteria,* at another had been a house-servant. The man

[1] The writer is speaking of that Camilla, once obscure companion and secretary to Mrs. Northmere, the author, and later her heir, some of whose adventures have been told in these pages. See "Mrs. Northmere's Treasure," in THE CENTURY for August, 1910, and "What Camilla did with Her Money," in THE CENTURY for January, 1911.

who called her daughter was something or other at the railway-station. Her aunt was a cook. Her sister Bianca worked in a little shop on Porta Rossa at making straw-braid into hats, with other gossiping little women who ate their simple lunch out of a piece of newspaper. Her brother Olindo was apprenticed to a gardener.

When the truth about Camilla comes out, anybody may know how it happened that she received an education so immeasurably above that enjoyed by the rest of her family—as fine an education for a woman as Florence could afford. The elegant boarding-school where she lived ten months of the year, the Institut Heller, had a reputation to maintain.

Her two-months' vacation Camilla spent at home, perforce, with her plebeian family, in the hot city.

The house stood in a wide, pleasant street, and had a handsome entrance. The main door, open all day, let you under a high arched way. The door to the ground floor gave on this, and the staircase climbed from it to the upper stories, each occupied by a different family. This passage ended in a court, with a plot of earth and an oleander or two; on this opened the modest quarters of the Bugiani, who in consideration of certain favors performed certain duties.

From all such Camilla was exempt. Antenore—Babbo, she called him—never suggested that she should work in the summer like Bianca, at straw-braiding or some such thing. It went against the grain, but what would you? Being reserved for a different destiny, she must not be creating for herself a past she might blush for, nor yet hardening her hands with labor. So she never answered the night ring at the big front door, never touched the huge pump-handle in the court, by which this house, boasting every modern convenience, was supplied with water in all its kitchens.

Every morning at nine she appeared in the *portone* dressed for the street, a picture of the well-born, well-bred young lady who never steps out unescorted. But where was her maid, where her duenna? About this matter there was simply nothing to be done. A bitter necessity to Antenore that his young daughters should run about Florence unattended—part of the hardship that drew from him so often the remark that Poverty is a Pig.

Had he been able, however, to keep a constant eye upon Camilla, he would have seen nothing to blame. She went quietly and swiftly, looking neither to right nor left, her well-brought-up eyes slid away from those of Man, appearing to prefer the paving-stones. She conducted herself like the young ladies of good family among whom she had lived; her clothes were such as theirs, their traditions had perfectly become hers; whether escorted or not, she was not to be taken for any but one of them.

Down the long street she walked to the Institut Heller, which occupied the first floor of a characteristic brown Florentine palazzo, at the corner of a wide sunny piazza with a marble-faced old church. Camilla went there to practise. As she had no piano at home, it had been arranged that she should continue during vacation to use the Pleyel upright in the school music-room, and incidentally redirect Mademoiselle Heller's mail. The servant left as caretaker could neither write nor read.

So at nine daily Camilla would set forth, in a pale yellow batiste and a black hat with a plume, carrying gloves and a parasol. Her charming eyebrows were obscured by the "fringe" which had come into fashion—for this was 1879; a thick braid hung down her neck, where it was turned back and fastened with a velvet bow.

She was not yet very pretty. The green sepals wrapped the folded rose-leaves rather straightly, the future rose hardly yet knew itself to be a rose. Antenore had no such great need to feel uneasiness at the thought of bees and butterflies.

Her little head, of course, was full of the vague dreams of sixteen, which does not mean the dreams of a New England maiden of sixteen. Camilla's grandmother had been married before that age, one of her schoolmates, only fifteen, had left school to become affianced; the Veronese Juliet, it will be remembered, was fourteen. Though Camilla fulfilled the European ideal of a *jeune fille,* unstained by so much as an unauthorized breath, and had the pretty, virginal air of such, she may be described, rather than as a stick of green wood, as a little bonfire in prepara-

tion—dry brush and resinous pine, all duly laid and for the present cold, but ready to sparkle and flame when the Torch should come.

Unconscious of this, she could still think of forty things besides love. Her chief sentiment in reaching the freedom of the streets was that it would be pleasant to be for several hours away from home, to have a series of cool, empty, palatial rooms all to herself—to practise, yes, but also to read and to look out of the window.

That was her chief sentiment on the fifth of July. By the fifteenth— But it cannot be said that Camilla ever honestly regretted the relative simplicity which she lost that summer.

With all her air of minding her own distinguished affairs, she yet saw everything. She knew by sight the tenants of the house, of course, for whom the Babbo and Olindo, or Aunt Battistina and Bianca, combining forces, agitated the stiff pump-handle. She was familiar with the faces she passed daily on her way. And she naturally remarked, the second time he appeared there, a youth, an idle, slender *damerino,* who seemed waiting for something, on the opposite side of the street. The third time she saw him, she wondered whom he was there for. The breath-catching possibility striking her that he waited to see her come forth—for that style of thing was done in Florence in those days—she gave him his share of an abstracted look, taking in the house fronts and the lamp-post near which he stood. A handsome man, young, the faintest smear of charcoal-dust on his upper lip—seventeen, perhaps. A son of family, quite certainly.

No, he was not there for her sake; he remained watching the door, while pretending not to, after she had passed. For somebody else, then, living in the same house. She had seen him half a dozen times before she could determine whom. One evening she recognized him in the shadowy form hanging about the stairs, once even in the court—her court! She knew all by that time, and scorned him. It was the French maid on the second floor. This person took a child out for the air every morning; she went to the Fortezza, where the little one could play.

And he, a gentleman, could degrade himself to pursue that creature! Parisian, yes, but ugly, and not a day less than twenty-five.

The rather sweet, hungry, expectant, young-dog look of a boy belonging to circles where the maidens are so guarded that if there is to be romance it must be sought where there are greater facilities, mollified her not at all. It disgusted her. It disgusted her to the point finally that, running into him unexpectedly under the archway, she drew herself up and gave him a look in which was expressed all that decent people, *la gente per bene,* think of such bad taste, a prolonged, punishing, proud look; then passed on, her heart thumping with the excitement of the thing.

On the day following, glancing from the tail of her eye to see whether he were at his usual post, she did not find him. Before she had reached the end of the street he passed her, then lingered and allowed her to pass. She did it in a hurry, with downcast eyes and rising color. Reaching Miss Heller's, she rang with all her might. Never, it seemed to her, never had old Italia in her distant kitchen been so slow in pulling the wire that released the catch and allowed the little door cut in the large one to swing inward.

When at midday she was obliged to come out again, the gallant was standing sentry across the way. She was aware of him following her at a just respectful distance.

To be followed by a man is frightening, for Man is a Hunter. There is a difference, though, in the degree of disagreeableness of the fright, if the Hunter is so desirable-looking as to be himself an imaginable object of hunt.

Next day it was the same thing. At a just respectful distance he followed her to school and back. On the day after that, the same. When this proceeding had been kept up for three days, it took rightly the aspect of romance, filling the thoughts of sixteen with surmises, tremors, a sense of initiation, and the excitement of a great secret.

On the fourth morning, as she was reaching the school, he passed ahead of her, and pushed a letter under the door.

It was inscribed, "To the First who shall enter." It ran thus:

Signorina,

I write to crave your pardon, and to explain my apparent impertinence in following you on the street. But how could a man of any sensibility endure the thought of so much *grazia* and *gentilezza* walking unprotected in a city with whose iniquities he is but too well acquainted? I cannot conceive of the false security or the remissness that so exposes a dove to falcons. Fear not that I shall myself presume to offer the offense which it is my determination to prevent others from offering. Regard me solely as a *cavaliere* whose courage and strength are dedicated to your service.

Suo devotissimo,

GIULIO FORTI.

How delicate! How knightly! Her climbing of the stairs was sleep-walking. She adjusted the slats of the blind so that, unseen, she could look at him where he loitered in the doorway across the street. He must have very little to do, really, to afford all that time. But of course it was vacation for him as for her. And he had the resource of cigarettes. Now he was talking with the porter, of whom he had just begged a light. He took off his straw hat to fan himself with it, for even on the shady side of the freshly watered street it was hot weather. He was a pretty boy—her words for him were "a handsome man"—with a covering of close black astrakhan to his small round head, a speaking eye, dainty features, and a warm-toned skin agreeably sprinkled with freckles. He wore the carefully fitted clothes of a good class, new, but not too new, and a light silk cravat chosen with thought.

Camilla that day omitted scales and exercises. Her piano could be heard in the street. She played her show pieces, "Les Cloches du Monastère," "Les Soupirs," "La Caressante," various Chopin waltzes.

When she came forth at noon, and her body-guard sprang from his door to fall into the relation of a dog at her heels, he first begged wistfully with his eyes to know by a look from her that he was understood and forgiven. She gave him the look he wanted. A moment later he hustled off the sidewalk a man who, he considered, had passed her too closely. There was a high word or two, then the workman grumblingly fell away from the irate young gentleman shaking his slender cane.

They were new heavens and new earth between which Camilla now moved forth at morning, with an oleander at her breast, token that she was a woman and adorned herself to be the more loved. For there was no supposing that the vague fever in her veins, glowing by day and filling the night with dreams, had not been caught, by a contagion as strange as subtle, from the fever in his brown eyes.

At the end of a week his face, when upon reaching the school he hurried forward without a word to pull the bell-handle for her, was pale with anguish, and his eyes catching hers expressed urgent reproach. On the morning following he unexpectedly pressed inside the door after her, and pushed it to. They stood alone in the great stone hallway. He was obviously agitated, and her heart had stopped.

"Signorina," he burst forth, hoarse with the sincerity of his emotion, "what have I done? I wish to know what you have against me. Never do you give me a look, never a smile. You regard me with horror, it is evident. And why? Why? I must find out before I live another day. If I am repulsive to you I had best go and drown myself. Why, tell me, do you act toward me as if I were either invisible or else a little dust in the street? Am I a toad, a reptile, in your eyes?"

Camilla had clenched one hand and pressed it over her heart; she lifted the other to her throat. Giulio was not surprised that a young girl should be terrified in the circumstances to the point of fainting. In this great moment the exhibition of her timidity must not make him timid. Trembling at his own courage, he took her hands, in part to reassure and if necessary support, in part to conquer further. He pressed them with all his strength, and commanded, imploringly, "Look at me in the face, and see whether I am such a monster! See whether you find in my eyes anything but love and loyalty! Look, I beg, look! Look!" He waited, straining her hands.

Camilla, thus masterfully summoned, slowly lifted her face and looked. Both of them looked volumes.

The next thing, he was gently grasping her head. She averted her lips with unaffected shrinking. He very respectfully

kissed her hair. He hoped he knew how a well-brought-up man behaves with a well-brought-up young girl.

A hard parrot voice, coming from above, out of sight, made them both jump. "Who is there?" It was Italia, who, when she had pulled the wire that governed the street-door, was wont to come down from her kitchen and let the visitor in at the door of the first floor. Seeing no one, she was making inquiry.

"It 's Camilla," was called to her from below. "I am coming. I am resting a minute. Leave the door open."

The stone-floored echoing hallway where they stood was vast as a royal ballroom. At the farther end, broad, low stairs vanishing upward; on the right, the long wall, unbroken save by one door—the ground floor was reserved by the owner, always absent; at the left, three open arches letting into a court, the bottom of a wide shaft with windows, over which a square of burning blue sky. The pavement of this court was green with the damp of centuries; a stone coping, projecting from the wall, hemmed in enough earth to support a spindling rose-tree.

"I am forced to go away to-morrow," Giulio, still short-breathed with emotion, whispered spasmodically; "and how can I go without learning my fate from you? I am compelled to visit my married sister and be absent for two eternal weeks. My family is obliged to stay in town through the summer, you know, by my grandmother's serious illness; but my parents insist that I shall go for the change. I vow I will not! I will disobey, and incur I know not what from their displeasure, unless you promise to answer the letters I shall write you. Do you promise? Viareggio. Poste Restante. I will not compromise you by remaining longer. On the way home make me happy by a glance now and then, when it will not be observed. Farewell, my soul! I am your slave!"

Among the letters to be redirected to Mademoiselle Heller she found his first letter. She answered it there at the school, when she ought to have been practising. In the two weeks of his absence she received about twenty letters, for in the ardor of his passion he sometimes wrote twice a day. The same did she.

As life was far from monotonous at the Mediterranean watering-place, where in beautiful striped tights of white and blue he took glorious swims twice a day, one might suppose that bits of news, information, anecdote, a little fun, would have found their way into his letters. Not at all. They were love-letters neat. He would write:

How, O my adored *fidanzata,* can I live through the days and months and years that must pass before the blessing of the sacerdote will have given me the right to call you mine, wholly, wholly, and forever, mine! When I think that at the end of summer I must, as my parents have decided, go to Zurich to complete my studies, and be divided from you by mountains as well as months, I feel that, in view of the anguish of that distance and waiting, it had almost been better had I never met the beam of your beauteous eye. But courage! Let us take courage, thinking of our future happiness.

She would write:

In the night, in dreams, you are always with me. I cannot sleep but you are there; and so I find myself, when I am not ardently wishing for a letter, sighing for the night and dreams. *Caro mio bene,* should you ever love me less, how could I endure it? If ever your heart should change toward me, if ever another should have the place with you which it is my joy and honor to hold, keep it a secret from me, I conjure you! I might kill myself, or perhaps you!

A day earlier than she had expected, he stood at the Heller entrance, in time to slip in with her. He folded her to his breast, both of them breathless and throbbing. But again with a brusk instinctive movement she got her lips out of the way, and he controlled his impulse. A man who respects himself respects his own affianced. He pressed a long, silent kiss upon her brow.

Raising a warning finger, she listened a second, then sang out to Italia, "I am going to rest a minute before doing the stairs. Let the door stand open for me."

They seated themselves on the bottom steps for a good long scene in whispers.

Never were there such facilities, for Italia would not again think of the door, save to suppose that Camilla had come in

by it and shut it behind her. Any one descending could be heard long before seen. Giulio had time to tiptoe out, Camilla would appear to be just arriving. When now in as grown-up a manner as they knew. Camilla developed an umbrageous mood one day, during which she questioned him about his past. Oh, nothing



"THEY SEATED THEMSELVES ON THE BOTTOM STEPS FOR A GOOD LONG SCENE IN WHISPERS"

the danger was past, she could let Giulio in again.

The facilities were, in fact, too great! These young things had leisure to say everything a thousand times over.

Both of them knew a great deal about lovers, from general rumor and private confidence, from drama, book, and song. Their wide-awake Latin minds had early incorporated all that lore, and they acted of the smallest consequence, he said, with regard to a certain *francese*. He had had the opportunity to render her a service, once, when she was caught in the rain with her little charge. He had chanced to be carrying an umbrella, that was all. After that, he had continued the acquaintance, just a little, from courtesy.

Novices, they played their parts according to romantic conventions known to both,

beneath which the unconventional heart did in the case of each after its nature.

It appeared, as gradually as a flower fades on its stalk, that even he, even in vacation, had duties occasionally, engagements, pressing engagements sometimes, things that must be attended to for his father, or mother, or grandmother. He would have to consult his watch. Sometimes he could stay only a minute.

She asked him one day why he was in such a heavy humor, so silent. He asked sadly in reply how he could be different, living in a house where all were so deeply concerned over the condition of his poor grandmother. Added to this, his aunt was arriving to see her mother, and was bringing his cousins. They would take up his whole time for the next few days.

Camilla looked at him attentively. Murmuring, "My idol!" he drew her cheek down to his shoulder and imprisoned her hands in those pretty, dry, brown hands of his, which had the gift of pleasing her so much.

"La Caressante," as it rang forth from her window on certain of those soft, summer mornings, might have been mistaken for a musical imitation of artillery sputtering amid the varied sounds of battle, "Les Soupirs" for the note-portrayal of a wreck tossed in a stormy swell.

One morning, with the affected briskness of a man who does his best to put a good face on a tiresome business, he said, "Expect me not, my Camilla, to-morrow. I am sent off to visit my married sister up at Vicchio. A sudden decision. My family, saying that I have grown thin, as I have, indeed, with the cruel anxiety of our secret, believe I need the change. A dreadful bore, but what can I do?"

"Another married sister? How many more married sisters, *caro mio,* have you in your pocket?"

"There is still another—three in all. I was born long after them, the only manchild, which gives an excuse to old friends of the family for saying that my parents spoil me. And I am sorry to tell you, Camilla, that you must not write to me there, for there is no such thing as *poste restante.* The letters are brought to the villa by a peasant and my sister distributes them. Nor shall I find it possible to write you, for I could not post a letter unknown."

Bianca that night was roused from the deadness of sleep by unaccustomed signs of life in her bedfellow, Camilla, who, she realized with horror, was struggling in the effort to keep her sobbing inside and unheard.

"What is it? Oh, what is the matter?" she asked, feeling in the dark for her sister's shoulder.

"Non mi seccare!" Camilla answered, with a furious dash of her heel. "Bother me not!" but without concealment after that she relieved her need to weep.

Giulio at Vicchio, far among the hills! Giulio thinking of her, while from the high loggia he looked Florenceward. Giulio sending his wishes as he gazed at Venus —*stella confidente!*—brightening in the fading sunset!

The pain of absence, of this black and total silence, was such that on the fourth day, after reading over all his letters, she broke the rule and stole out to go for just a minute to his street and satisfy her yearning to see the windows of his vacant room.

She did not go far, for on the way she saw him, or—for a moment she thought herself the victim, possibly, of an hallucination. It was his exact image, anyhow. He walked along lightly, his straw hat far back on his head, his pretty nose and white teeth to the wind, talking with a boy of his own age and type. He was laughing, as he drew something on the air with his half-burned cigarette; she caught the glint in the sunshine of the signet-ring on his little finger. She turned and ran.

That day she asked Bianca whether she would help her, and then she told her everything.

At evening—Antenore was kept late at the station on certain nights of the week —they slipped out together while Aunt Battistina's back was turned, and hurrying like guilty creatures went to the Cornelio gardens.

Almost invariably, when Camilla had asked how he had spent the evening, Giulio had said, "At Cornelio's, with my father."

They posted themselves in an unlighted doorway whence they could watch the entrance of the fashionable open-air café. Over the laurel wall inside the iron railing floated golden haze. Between pieces of band-music were intervals of clattering china and voices. Figures passed in and out.

It was not so simple as they had thought, this waiting. Wishing to be as

unnoticed as mice, they felt more conspicuous than camels. Bianca's little yellow dog, Pallina, who had refused absolutely to stay behind, had the vile habit of yapping at passers; cracks and cuffs would not subdue her. The persons barked at naturally turned to look.

Half a dozen times footsteps were heard, or imagined, on the stairs farther within. The girls each time hurried out of the way, and, against their habit, afraid of everybody, walked along the house fronts the length of the gardens, then back, to ensconce themselves again, very uneasy as to what the guard of public safety had thought, half expecting him to darken the doorway suddenly and question them. Oh, it was an evening to remember like some painful nightmare! Camilla, in spite of all, never lost sight of their reason for being there.

Now she seized Bianca's arm. Giulio was coming out, with a party—the boy of earlier in the day, and two young girls dressed exactly alike, the cousins, very likely; behind them came a middle-aged gentleman and lady.

"The grandmother must be getting well," said Camilla through her teeth, "seeing that they can laugh like that!"

"We will say," she arranged with Bianca on the way home, "that while we stood at the door taking the air, Maria Nutini and her mother passed, and we joined them for a turn. They left us at the corner."

Every time Bianca was wakened that night, she saw Camilla writing. Once tears were falling upon the paper. Ordered to keep still, Bianca sorrowfully relapsed into her healthy young sleep.

In the morning Camilla posted her letter. If it fell into his mother's hands, so much the worse for him.

To live on, days, months, years, with that burden of love turned back upon the heart, like a dammed-in torrent, how could it be endured? What, what did one do to destroy the spell by which another got this dreadful power to fill one's every thought, made himself master over the motions of one's blood? For Camilla, in her outraged pride, desired not to love Giulio any more.

The hours of suspense were so intolerable that more than once she wished she never had been born. She had calculated the earliest at which she might expect an answer. She allowed not an hour more before writing him again. And then she waited with confidence, knowing positively that she should see him.

In this second waiting she had the first glimmering notion that she might feel better by and by, that the burning sense of ignominy attached to feeling oneself trampled and disdained might be turned to victorious gladness by making the other, the dear enemy, feel himself more trampled, more disdained.

She was not wishing that she never had been born, while, gathering suggestion from Spanish ballad and Sicilian tale, she plotted a development of the story in every point worthy of herself. Her scene firmly imagined and finished off with the right artistic touches, she could actually hum that afternoon. When Bianca, helping Battistina to hunt for the vegetable-knife needed to prepare supper, asked her whether she had seen anything of it, she could answer by a careless snatch of song.

At ten precisely, without the necessity to ring, the little door cut in the large one yielded to Giulio's hand. He was fortified to meet his lady just inside, but the great hallway was empty. Surprised, he took a few doubtful steps, made up his mind, and fell to pacing the floor. After a while, he stopped under the middle arch, sent an absent glance from window to window up the white shaft to the square of blue, and composed himself to wait where he stood, arms crossed, feet well apart. He was a trifle pale, and with his troubled air appeared more grown-up than when, six or seven weeks ago, with the desert ahead of the long empty season in town, he had wondered what resources of distraction the streets, his only hope, might afford.

Half an hour passed. The shutter inside the window above and opposite moved; Camilla's hand appeared, beckoning him to mount the stairs.

She met him at the door of the *primo piano,* but when he would have taken her hand she hurried before him, into Mademoiselle Heller's own sacred sitting-room, where the chairs were in ghostly covers and the chandelier was muffled in a gauze bag. The closed windows kept out the heat and noise, kept in the faint musty smell. She turned, they looked at each other, and she smiled, as it struck him, a singular smile.

"You wished to see me," he said.

"I did. But I have seen you already. For twenty minutes I watched you from behind the shutter when you did not know I was there; you were standing under the arch. And—I believe it saved your life. See what I had brought." She showed him a little knife, bright and pointed, with a handle of horn. (It must be said that her dagger looked rather like a vegetable-knife.) He gave a just perceptible start. His heart had naturally jumped. But he knew, deep down, that the dagger was part of play-acting. With a gesture intended insolently to reassure, she threw it on the table, and smiled the singular smile which twisted her lips to an expression of such excessive irony. "Be not afraid. I had never seen your face when you were trying to cover your fear and inventing lies to tell me. After that spectacle, I decided you were not worthy of my powder. No, you need fear nothing from that silly stiletto, either for yourself or for me. I am not sure which I meant it for. Both, perhaps."

"Come, Camilla," he began, in the low, soft, ultra-reasonable tone which any man knows is the one to adopt with excited, unreasonable women. "Come! This is hardly the speech to hold to me. You are too agitated to know what you are saying. It seems to me that after such a letter as you wrote, threatening me—*nientedimeno!*—with a blow on the cheek wherever you met me, before everybody, it is I rather than you who have the right to call myself offended. If I am here, it is because I love you in spite of your bad treatment of me, and I wish to explain."

This gentle and well-intentioned speech was interrupted by a sort of human feminine rendering of a leonine roar from Camilla. "Zurigo! Zurigo! Ha!" she exclaimed, "those are your tactics, are they? What you are thinking is that in a few days more you will depart for Zurigo. You need only keep up this comedy for a few days and then you can drop me without fear. All you will have to do is not to write." Her eyes flared up intense and green; she took a pantherine step nearer. "But I—" she smacked the varnished table startlingly with the flat of her palm—"I do not admit that I am a person who can be dropped. And you are here in order that I may drop you first, and in such a manner as you cannot mistake or forget. You shall know yourself quite certainly, my fine sir, to have been discarded. But I wish you to remember for another time." Another pantherine step nearer. His manhood, of which he was at the moment intensely conscious, forbade his receding by an inch. "I wish you to remember, for another time, that one does not so lightly take up and throw over persons like me. A man of nothing, like yourself, takes a puny wax doll to make love to and then neglect, knowing that it is safe." She was under his very nose. "I wish you to learn the danger there is in making love to—to tigresses! Will you remember hereafter—" his head was suddenly clutched, he felt claws through his hair—"to keep to your own kind and let alone such creatures as could eat you at a bite? A man should be the stronger, while you—I could dare, fight, love, ten to your one. I saw it while you stood down there. Will you remember?"

The pain of her iron finger-nails in his scalp was fairly unendurable, but he stood it with boyish dignity, like a little Spartan; for one thing, certain that if he tried to free himself he would come forth all the more sorrily scratched; for another, not finding this maltreatment by passionate feminine fingers altogether disagreeable. His eyes were half closed, an enigmatic smile played over his lips. At the same time, he was intensely on the alert, ready to prevent her making him ridiculous beyond a certain limit.

"Will you remember," she said, "what happens when one amuses oneself with persons who have blood in their veins? Will you? There, go! I do not believe you will forget."

She released him with a push. With ceremonious deliberation he took out his pocket-handkerchief, to wipe a goutlet of blood from the edge of his hair.

"These are scarcely parliamentary methods!" he said, and managed a laugh. "But a man—" an enormous increase in his sense of masculine importance appeared in his bearing—"a man, you know, cannot resent such fairy touches from the hand of a lady. He is bound to consider such attentions a compliment. I have been flattered beyond my deserts. But I cannot be mistaken in thinking that I have brought love and caresses this morning to the

wrong market, and so, with your permission, I will withdraw. Until another day, Camilla, when you feel more kindly disposed. No, my Camilla, I shall not forget you. I think I can promise in all sincerity not to forget."

He got to the door a little hurriedly, but with the hope that he had not come off so very badly after all.

Once out of the house, the little future man of the world took a deep lungful of the free air. The thumb he presently slipped through his armhole, while with the other hand he swung his cane, expressed as far as it could the enrichment he felt in the knowledge of women gained that morning. Hero of a scene of jealousy! But who would have dreamed that a well-brought-up girl . . . ? He delicately touched his temple to see whether it still bled.



Drawn by Emil Pollak Ottendorff

"EVERY TIME BIANCA WAS WAKENED . . . SHE SAW CAMILLA WRITING"

Camilla had thrown herself into one of the shrouded armchairs. The scene had not been what she intended. One thing after the other—finally that ferocious need to get her fingers among his hair—had interfered. But she regretted nothing, though not unaware of having, to produce her grand effect, torn off a part of herself and thrown it to the crows. She would bleed, and she would miss it; still, for the moment she regretted nothing.

She never saw Giulio again, to speak to him. As she did not even pass him on the street for a year or two (and pretend not to know him!) she supposed him in Zurich. Often, in the night, for ever so long after their parting, her heart would be caught as if in a screw by the remembrance of the past. Shame would burn her for her lapses from a becoming rigor. There had been a kiss or two, after all. Unpractical longing for everything to have been different, or else for everything by some wonderful twist of fortune still to turn out well, and she and Giulio be together again, would wring tears from her. But in her saner moments she understood that there was no hope of that, and simply cried into her pillow because she could not get Giulio out of her blood.

But time passed. Many things happened. She grew up. When finally one day she did run into Giulio on the street (and pretend not to know him!) nothing stirred in her heart at sight of the old love. She smiled with pity for her honest ardor of the old days, and its innocent avowal.

Her dream of the future had changed. In the present dream, which naturally contained love along with riches and glory, it was always love that she received, love lavished in Arabian Nights' baskets of jewels at her feet. All her part was condescension. This was the work of Giulio—the inconstant. Never again should a man hold her in his hand, to feel and suffer in dependence upon him. She would have all the power herself.

It was the school-boy Giulio still at work when, as Princess Elaguine, in Paris, she showed herself so willing to be amused by men, and so resolved not to give any man the chance to make her miserable.



THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG[1]

BY WILL H. THOMPSON

(Of the Fourth Georgia, Doles's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps.)

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries brok
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

[1] First printed in THE CENTURY for July, 1888.



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IN VAIN VIRGINIA CHARGED AND RAGED, A TIGRESS IN HER WRATH UNCAGED"

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!





T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XIX



THE county was discreetly conservative in its social attitude. The gulf between it and the new owner of Temple Barholm was too wide and deep to be crossed without effort combined with immense mental agility. It was, on the whole, much easier not to begin a thing at all than to begin it and find one must hastily search about for not too noticeable methods of ending it. A few unimportant, tentative calls were made, and several ladies who had remained unaware of Miss Alicia during her first benefactor's time drove over to see what she was like and perhaps by chance hear something of interest. One or two of them who saw Tembarom went away puzzled and amazed. He did not drop his h's, which they had of course expected, and he was well dressed and not bad-looking; but it was frequently impossible to understand what he was talking about, he used such odd phrases. He seemed good natured enough, and his way with little old Miss Temple Barholm was really quite nice, queer as it was. It was queer because he was attentive to her in a manner in which young men were not usually attentive to totally insignificant, elderly dependents.

Tembarom derived an extremely diluted pleasure from the visits. The few persons he saw reminded him in varying degrees of Mr. Palford. They had not before seen anything like his species, and they did not know what to do with him. He also did not know what to do with them. A certain inelasticity frustrated him at the outset. When, in obedience to Miss Alicia's instructions, he had returned the visits, he felt he had not gone far.

Serious application enabled him to find his way through the church service, and he accompanied Miss Alicia to church with great regularity. He began to take down the books from the library shelves and look them over gravely. The days gradually ceased to appear so long, but he had a great deal of time on his hands, and he tried to find ways of filling it. He wondered if Ann would be pleased if he learned things out of books.

When he tentatively approached the subject of literature with Miss Alicia, she glowed at the delightful prospect of his reading aloud to her in the evenings—"reading improving things like history and the poets."

"Let 's take a hack at it some night," he said pleasantly.

The more a fellow knew, the better it was for him, he supposed; but he wondered, if anything happened and he went back to New York, how much "improving things" and poetry would help a man in doing business.

The first evening they began with Gray's "Elegy," and Miss Alicia felt that it did not exhilarate him; she was also obliged to admit that he did not read it very well. But she felt sure he would improve. Personally she was touchingly happy. The sweetly domestic picture of the situation, she sitting by the fire with her knitting and he reading aloud, moved and delighted her. The next evening she suggested Tennyson's "Maud." He was not as much stirred by it as she had hoped. He took a somewhat humorous view of it.

"He had it pretty bad, had n't he?" he said of the desperate lover.

"Oh, if only you could once have heard Sims Reeves sing 'Come into the Garden, Maud'!" she sighed. "A kind friend once took me to hear him, and I have never, never forgotten it."

But Mr. Temple Barholm notably did not belong to the atmosphere of impassioned tenors.

On still another evening they tried Shakspere. Miss Alicia felt that a foundation of Shakspere would be "improving" indeed. They began with "Hamlet."

He found play-reading difficult and Shaksperian language baffling, but he made his way with determination until he reached a point where he suddenly grew quite red and stopped.

"Say, have you read this?" he inquired after his hesitation.

"The plays of Shakspere are a part of every young lady's education," she answered; "but I am afraid I am not at all a Shaksperian scholar."

"A young lady's education?" he repeated. "Gee whizz!" he added softly after a pause.

He glanced over a page or so hastily, and then laid the book down.

"Say," he suggested, with an evasive air, "let 's go over that 'Maud' one again. It 's—well, it 's easier to read aloud."

The crude awkwardness of his manner suddenly made Miss Alicia herself flush and drop a stitch in her knitting. How dreadful of her not to have thought of that!

"The Elizabethan age was, I fear, a rather coarse one in some respects. Even history acknowledges that. Queen Elizabeth herself used profane language." She faltered and coughed a little apologetic cough as she picked up her stitch again.

"I bet Ann 's never seen inside Shakspere," said Tembarom. Before reading aloud in the future he gave some previous personal attention to the poem or subject decided upon. It may be at once frankly admitted that when he read aloud it was more for Miss Alicia's delectation than for his own. He saw how much she enjoyed the situation.

His effect of frankness and constant boyish talk was so inseparable from her idea of him that she found it a puzzling thing to realize that she gradually began to feel aware of a certain remote reserve in him, or what might perhaps be better described as a habit of silence upon certain subjects. She felt it marked in the case of Strangeways. She surmised that he saw Strangeways often and spent a good deal of time with him, but he spoke of him rarely, and she never knew exactly what hours were given to him. Sometimes she imagined he found him a greater responsibility than he had expected. Several times when she believed that he had spent part of a morning or afternoon in his room, he was more silent than usual and looked puzzled and thoughtful. She observed, as Mr. Palford had, that the picture-gallery, with its portraits of his ancestors, had an attraction. A certain rainy day he asked her to go with him and look them over. It was inevitable that she should soon wander to the portrait of Miles Hugo and remain standing before it. Tembarom followed, and stood by her side in silence until her sadness broke its bounds with a pathetic sigh.

"Was he very like him?" he asked.

She made an unconscious, startled movement. For the moment she had forgotten his presence, and she had not really expected him to remember.

"I mean Jem," he answered her surprised look. "How was he like him? Was there—" he hesitated and looked really interested—"was he like him in any particular thing?"

"Yes," she said, turning to the portrait of Miles Hugo again. "They both had those handsome, drooping eyes, with the lashes coming together at the corners. There is something very fascinating about them, is n't there? I used to notice it so much in dear little Jem. You see how marked they are in Miles Hugo."

"Yes," Tembarom answered. "A fellow who looked that way at a girl when he made love to her would get a strangleholt. She would n't forget him soon."

"It strikes you in that way, too?" said Miss Alicia, shyly. "I used to wonder if it was—not quite nice of me to think of it. But it did seem that if any one did look at one like that—" Maidenly shyness overcame her. "Poor Lady Joan!" she sighed.

"There 's a sort of cleft in his chin, though it 's a good, square chin," he suggested. "And that smile of his—Were Jem's—"

"Yes, they were. The likeness was quite odd sometimes—quite."

"Those are things that would n't be likely to change much when he grew up," Tembarom said, drawing a little closer to the picture. "Poor Jem! He was up against it hard and plenty. He had it hardest. This chap only died."

There was no mistaking his sympathy. He asked so many questions that they sat down and talked instead of going through the gallery. He was interested in the detail of all that had occurred after the ghastly moment when Jem had risen from the card-table and stood looking round, like some baited dying animal, at the circle of cruel faces drawing in about him. How soon had he left London? Where had he gone first? How had he been killed? He had been buried with others beneath a fall of earth and stones. Having heard this much, Tembarom saw he could not ask more questions. Miss Alicia became pale, and her hands trembled. She could not bear to discuss details so harrowing.

"Say, I ought n't to let you talk about that," he broke out, and he patted her hand and made her get up and finish their walk about the gallery. He held her elbow in his own odd, nice way as he guided her, and the things he said, and the things he pretended to think or not to understand, were so amusing that in a short time he had made her laugh. She knew him well enough by this time to be aware that he was intentionally obliging her to forget what it only did her harm to remember. That was his practical way of looking at it.

"Getting a grouch on or being sorry for what you can't help cuts no ice," he sometimes said. "When it does, me for getting up at daybreak and keeping at it! But it does n't; you bet your life on that."

She could see that he had really wanted to hear about Jem, but he knew it was bad for her to recall things, and he would not allow her to dwell on them, just as she knew he would not allow himself to dwell on little Miss Hutchinson, remotely placed among the joys of his beloved New York.

Two other incidents besides the visit to Miles Hugo afterward marked that day when Miss Alicia looked back on it. The first was his unfolding to her his plans for the house-party, which was characteristic of his habit of thinking things over and deciding them before he talked about them.

"If I 'm going to try the thing out, as Ann says I must," he began when they had gone back to the library after lunch, "I 've got to get going. I 'm not seeing any of those Pictorial girls, and I guess I 've got to see some."

"You will be invited to dine at places," said Miss Alicia,—"presently," she added bravely, in fact, with an air of greater conviction than she felt.

"If it 's not the law that they 've got to invite me or go to jail," said Tembarom, "I don't blame 'em for not doing it if they 're not stuck on me. And they 're not; and it 's natural. But I 've got to get in my fine work, or my year 'll be over before I 've 'found out for myself,' as Ann called it. There 's where I 'm at, Miss Alicia—and I 've been thinking of Lady Joan and her mother. You said you thought they 'd come and stay here if they were properly asked."

"I think they would," answered Miss Alicia with her usual delicacy. "I thought I gathered from Lady Mallowe that, as

she was to be in the neighborhood, she would like to see you and Temple Barholm, which she greatly admires."

"If you 'll tell me what to do, I 'll get her here to stay awhile," he said, "and Lady Joan with her. You 'd have to show me how to write to ask them; but perhaps you 'd write yourself."

"They will be at Asshawe Holt next week," said Miss Alicia, "and we could go and call on them together. We might write to them in London before they leave."

"We 'll do it," answered Tembarom. His manner was that of a practical young man attacking matter-of-fact detail. "From what I hear, Lady Joan would satisfy even Ann. They say she 's the best-looker on the slate. If I see her every day I shall have seen the blue-ribbon winner. Then if she 's here, perhaps others of her sort 'll come, too; and they 'll have to see me whether they like it or not—and I shall see them. Good Lord!" he added seriously, "I 'd let 'em swarm all over me and bite me all summer if it would fix Ann."

He stood up, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and looked down at the floor. "I wish she knew T. T. like T. T. knows himself," he said. It was all quite wistful.

It was so wistful and so boyish that Miss Alicia was thrilled as he often thrilled her.

"She ought to be a very happy girl," she exclaimed.

"She 's going to be," he answered, "sure as you 're alive. But whatever she does, is right, and this is as right as everything else. So it just goes."

They wrote their letters at once, and sent them off by the afternoon post. The letter Miss Alicia composed, and which Tembarom copied, he read and reread, with visions of Jim Bowles and Julius looking over his shoulder. If they picked it up on Broadway, with his name signed to it, and read it, they 'd throw a fit over it, laughing. But he supposed she knew what you ought to write.

It had not, indeed, the masculine touch. When Lady Mallowe read it, she laughed several times. She knew quite well that he had not known what to say, and, allowing Miss Alicia to instruct him, had followed her instructions to the letter. But she did not show the letter to Joan, who was difficult enough to manage without being given such material to comment upon.

The letters had just been sent to the post when a visitor was announced—Captain Palliser. Tembarom remembered the name, and recalled also certain points connected with him. He was the one who was a promoter of schemes—"One of the smooth, clever ones that get up companies," Little Ann had said.

That in a well-bred and not too pronounced way he looked smooth and clever might be admitted. His effect was that of height, finished slenderness of build, and extremely well-cut garments. He was no longer young, and he had smooth, thin hair and a languidly observant gray eye.

"I have been staying at Detchworth Grange," he explained when he had shaken hands with the new Temple Barholm and Miss Alicia. "It gave me an excellent opportunity to come and pay my respects."

There was a hint of uncertainty in the observant gray eye. The fact was that he realized in the space of five minutes that he knew his ground even less than he had supposed he did. He had not spent his week at Detchworth Grange without making many quiet investigations, but he had found out nothing whatever. The new man was an ignoramus, but no one had yet seemed to think him exactly a fool. He was not excited by the new grandeurs of his position and he was not ashamed of himself. Captain Palliser wondered if he was perhaps sharp—one of those New Yorkers shrewd even to light-fingeredness in clever scheming. Stories of a newly created method of business dealing involving an air of candor and almost primitive good nature—an American method—had attracted Captain Palliser's attention for some time. A certain Yankee rawness of manner played a part as a factor, a crudity which would throw a man off guard if he did not recognize it. The person who employed the method was of philosophical non-combativeness. The New York phrase was that "He jollied a man along." Immense schemes had been carried through in that way. Men in London, in England, were not sufficiently light of touch in their joc-

ularity. He wondered if perhaps this young fellow, with his ready laugh and rather loose-jointed, casual way of carrying himself, was of this dangerous new school.

What, however, could he scheme for, being the owner of Temple Barholm's money? It may be mentioned at once that Captain Palliser's past had been such as had fixed him in the belief that every one was scheming for something. People with money wanted more or were privately arranging schemes to prevent other schemers from getting any shade the better of them. Débutantes with shy eyes and slim figures had their little plans to engineer delicately. Sometimes they were larger plans than the uninitiated would have suspected as existing in the brains of creatures in their 'teens, sometimes they were mere fantastic little ideas connected with dashing young men or innocent dances which must be secured or lovely young rivals who must be evaded. Young men had also deft things to do—people to see or not to see, reasons for themselves being seen or avoiding observation. As years increased, reasons for schemes became more numerous and amazingly more varied. Women with daughters, with sons, with husbands, found in each relationship a necessity for active, if quiet, manœuvering. Women like Lady Mallowe—good heaven! by what schemes did not that woman live and have her being—and her daughter's—from day to day! Without money, without a friend who was an atom more to be relied on than she would have been herself if an acquaintance had needed her aid, her outwardly well-to-do and fashionable existence was a hand-to-hand fight. No wonder she had turned a still rather brilliant eye upon Sir Moses Monaldini, the great Israelite financier. All of these types passed rapidly before his mental vision as he talked to the American Temple Barholm. What could he want, by chance? He must want something, and it would be discreet to find out what it chanced to be.

If it was social success, he would be better off in London, where in these days you could get a good run for your money and could swing yourself up from one rung of the ladder to another if you paid some one to show you how. He himself could show him how. A youngster who had lived the beastly hard life he had lived would be likely to find exhilaration in many things not difficult to purchase. It was an odd thing, by the way, the fancy he had taken to the little early-Victorian spinster. It was not quite natural. It perhaps denoted tendencies—or lack of tendencies—it would also be well to consider. Palliser was a sufficiently finished product himself to be struck greatly by the artistic perfection of Miss Alicia, and to wonder how much the new man understood it.

He did not talk to him about schemes. He talked to him of New York, which he had never seen and hoped sometime shortly to visit. The information he gained was not of the kind he most desired, but it edified him. Tembarom's knowledge of high finance was a street lad's knowledge of it, and he himself knew its limitations and probable unreliability. Such of his facts as rested upon the foundation of experience did not include multimillionaires and their resources.

Captain Palliser passed lightly to Temple Barholm and its neighborhood. He knew places and names, and had been to Detchworth more than once. He had never visited Temple Barholm, and his interest suggested that he would like to walk through the gardens. Tembarom took him out, and they strolled about for some time. Even an alert observer would not have suspected the fact that as they strolled, Tembarom slouching a trifle and with his hands in his pockets, Captain Palliser bearing himself with languid distinction, each man was summing up the other and considering seriously how far and in what manner he could be counted as an asset.

"You have n't been to Detchworth yet?" Palliser inquired.

"No, not yet," answered Tembarom. The Granthams were of those who had not yet called.

"It 's an agreeable house. The Granthams are agreeable people."

"Are there any young people in the family?" Tembarom asked.

"Young people? Male or female?" Palliser smilingly put it. Suddenly it occurred to him that this might give him a sort of lead.

"Girls," said Tembarom, crudely—"just plain girls."

Palliser laughed. Here it was, perhaps.

"They are not exactly 'plain' girls, though they are not beauties. There are four Misses Grantham. Lucy is the prettiest. Amabel is quite tremendous at tennis."

"Are they ladies?" inquired Tembarom.

Captain Palliser turned and involuntarily stared at him. What was the fellow getting at?

"I 'm afraid I don't quite understand," he said.

The new Temple Barholm looked quite serious. He did not, amazing to relate, look like a fool even when he gave forth his extraordinary question. It was his almost business-like seriousness which saved him.

"I mean, do you call them Lady Lucy and Lady Amabel?" he answered.

If he had been younger, less hardened, or less finished, Captain Palliser would have laughed outright. But he answered without self-revelation.

"Oh, I see. You were asking whether the family is a titled one. No; it is a good old name, quite old, in fact, but no title goes with the estate."

"Who are the titled people about here?" Tembarom asked, quite unabashed.

"The Earl of Pevensy at Pevensy Park, the Duke of Stone at Stone Hover, Lord Hambrough at Doone. Doone is in the next county, but just over the border."

"Have they all got daughters?"

Captain Palliser found it expedient to clear his throat before speaking.

"Lord Pevensy has daughters, so has the duke. Lord Hambrough has three sons."

"How many daughters are there—in a bunch?" Mr. Temple Barholm suggested liberally.

There Captain Palliser felt it safe to allow himself to smile, as though taking it with a sense of humor.

"'In a bunch' is an awfully good way of putting it," he said. "It happens to apply perhaps rather unfortunately well; both families are much poorer than they should be, and daughters must be provided for. Each has four. 'In a bunch' there are eight: Lady Alice, Lady Edith, Lady Ethel, and Lady Celia at Stone Hover; Lady Beatrice, Lady Gwynedd, Lady Honora, and Lady Gwendolen at Pevensy Park. And not a fortune among them, poor girls!"

"It 's not the money that matters so much," said the astounding foreigner, "it 's the titles."

Captain Palliser stopped short in the garden path for a moment. He could scarcely believe his ears. The crude grotesqueness of it so far got the better of him that if he had not coughed he would have betrayed himself.

"I 've had a confounded cold lately," he said. "Excuse me; I must get it over."

He turned a little aside and coughed energetically.

After watching him a few seconds, Tembarom slipped two fingers into his waistcoat pocket and produced a small tube of tablets.

"Take two of these," he said as soon as the cough stopped. "I always carry it about with me. It 's a New York thing called 'G. Destroyer.' G stands for grippe."

Palliser took it.

"Thanks. With water? No? Just dissolve in the mouth. Thanks awfully." And he took two, with tears still standing in his eyes.

"Don't taste bad, do they?" Mr. Temple Barholm remarked encouragingly.

"Not at all. I think I shall be all right now. I just needed the relief. I have been trying to restrain it."

"That 's a mistake," said Tembarom. They strolled on a pace or so, and he began again, as though he did not mean to let the subject drop. "It 's the titles," he said, "and the kind. How many of them are good-lookers?"

Palliser reflected a moment, as though making mental choice.

"Lady Alice and Lady Celia are rather plain," he said, "and both of them are invalidish. Lady Ethel is tall and has handsome eyes, but Lady Edith is really the beauty of the family. She rides and dances well and has a charming color."

"And the other ones," Tembarom suggested as he paused—"Lady Beatrice and Lady Gwynedd and Lady Honora and Lady Gwendolen."

"You remember their names well," Palliser remarked with a half-laugh.

"Oh, I shall remember them all right," Tembarom answered. "I earned twenty-

five per in New York by getting names down fine."

"The Talchesters are really all rather taking. Talchester is Lord Pevensy's family name," Palliser explained. "They are girls who have pretty little noses and bright complexions and eyes. Lady Gwynedd and Lady Honora both have quite fascinating dimples."

"Dimples!" exclaimed his companion. "Good business."

"Do you like dimples particularly?" Palliser inquired with an impartial air.

"I 'd always make a bee-line for a dimple," replied Mr. Temple Barholm. "Clear the way when I start."

This was New York phrasing, and was plainly humorous; but there was something more than humor in his eye and smile—something hinting distantly at recollection.

"You 'll find them at Pevensy Park," said Palliser.

"What about Lady Joan Fayre?" was the next inquiry.

Palliser's side glance at him was observant indeed. He asked himself how much the man could know. Taking the past into consideration, Lady Joan might turn out to be a subject requiring delicate handling. It was not the easiest thing in the world to talk at all freely to a person with whom one desired to keep on good terms, about a young woman supposed still to cherish a tragic passion for the dead man who ought to stand at the present moment in the person's, figuratively speaking, extremely ill-fitting shoes.

"Lady Joan has been from her first season an undeniable beauty," he replied.

"She and the old lady are going to stay at a place called Asshawe Holt. I think they 're going next week," Tembarom said.

"The old lady?" repeated Captain Palliser.

"I mean her mother. The one that 's the Countess of Mallowe."

"Have you met Lady Mallowe?" Palliser inquired with a not wholly repressed smile. A vision of Lady Mallowe overhearing their conversation arose before him.

"No, I have n't. What 's she like?"

"She is not the early- or mid-Victorian old lady," was Palliser's reply. "She wears Gainsborough hats, and looks a quite possible eight and thirty. She is a handsome person herself."

He was not aware that the term "old lady" was, among Americans of the class of Mrs. Bowse's boarders, a sort of generic term signifying almost anything maternal which had passed thirty.

Tembarom proceeded.

"After they get through at the Asshawe Holt place, I 've asked them to come here."

"Indeed," said Palliser, with an inward start. The man evidently did not know what other people did. After all, why should he? He had been selling something or other in the streets of New York when the thing happened, and he knew nothing of London.

"The countess called on Miss Alicia when we were in London," he heard next. "She said we were relations."

"You are—as we are. The connection is rather distant, but it is near enough to form a sort of link."

"I 've wanted to see Lady Joan," explained Tembarom. "From what I 've heard, I should say she was one of the 'Lady's Pictorial' kind."

"I am afraid—" Palliser's voice was slightly unsteady for the moment—"I have not studied the type sufficiently to know. The 'Pictorial' is so exclusively a women's periodical."

His companion laughed.

"Well, I 've only looked through it once myself just to find out. Some way I always think of Lady Joan as if she was like one of those Beaut's from Beautsville, with trains as long as parlor-cars and feathers in their heads—dressed to go to see the queen. I guess she 's been presented at court," he added even a trifle more unsteadily.

"Yes, she has been presented."

"Do they let 'em go more than once?" he asked with casual curiosity.

"Confound this cough!" exclaimed Captain Palliser, and he broke forth again.

"Take another G," said Tembarom, producing his tube. "Say, just take the bottle and keep it in your pocket."

When the brief paroxysm was over and they moved on again, Palliser was looking an odd thing or so in the face. "I always think of Lady Joan" was one of them. "Always" seemed to go rather far. How often and why had he "always thought"?

The fellow was incredible. Did his sharp, boyish face and his slouch conceal a colossal, vulgar, young ambition? There was not much concealment about it, Heaven knew. And as he so evidently was not aware of the facts, how would they affect him when he discovered them? And though Lady Mallowe was a woman not in the least distressed or hampered by shades of delicacy and scruple, she surely was astute enough to realize that even this bounder's dullness might be awakened to realize that there was more than a touch of obvious indecency in bringing the girl to the house of the man she had tragically loved, and manœuvering to work her into it as the wife of the man who, monstrously unfit as he was, had taken his place. Captain Palliser knew well that the pressing of the relationship had meant only one thing. And how, in the name of the Furies! had she dragged Lady Joan into the scheme with her?

It was as unbelievable as was the new Temple Barholm himself. And how unconcerned the fellow looked! Perhaps the man he had supplanted was no more to him than a scarcely remembered name, if he was as much as that. Then Tembarom, pacing slowly by his side, hands in pockets, eyes on the walk, spoke:

"Did you ever see Jem Temple Barholm?" he asked.

It was like a thunderbolt. He said it as though he were merely carrying his previous remarks on to their natural conclusion; but Palliser felt himself so suddenly unadjusted, so to speak, that he palpably hesitated.

"Did you?" his companion repeated.

"I knew him well," was the answer made as soon as readjustment was possible.

"Remember just how he looked?"

"Perfectly. He was a striking fellow. Women always said he had fascinating eyes."

"Sort of slant downward on the outside corners—and black eyelashes sort o' sweeping together?"

Palliser turned with a movement of surprise.

"How did you know? It was just that odd sort of thing."

"Miss Alicia told me. And there 's a picture in the gallery that 's like him."

Captain Palliser felt as embarrassed as Miss Alicia had felt, but it was for a different reason. She had felt awkward because she had feared she had touched on a delicate subject. Palliser was embarrassed because he was entirely thrown out of all his calculations. He felt for the moment that there was no calculating at all, no security in preparing paths. You never know where they would lead. Here had he been actually alarmed in secret! And the oaf stood before him undisturbedly opening up the subject himself.

"For a fellow like that to lose a girl as he lost Lady Joan was pretty tough," the oaf said. "By gee! it was tough!"

He knew it all—the whole thing, scandal, tragically broken marriage, everything. And knowing it, he was laying his Yankee plans for getting the girl to Temple Barholm to look her over. It was of a grossness one sometimes heard of in men of his kind, and yet it seemed in its casualness to outleap any little scheme of the sort he had so far looked on at.

"Lady Joan felt it immensely," he said.

A footman was to be seen moving toward them, evidently bearing a message. Tea was served in the drawing-room, and he had come to announce the fact.

They went back to the house, and Miss Alicia filled cups for them and presided over the splendid tray with a persuasive suggestion in the matter of hot or cold things which made it easy to lead up to any subject. She was the best of unobtrusive hostesses.

Palliser talked of his visit at Detchworth, which had been shortened because he had gone to fit in and remain until a large but uncertain party turned up. It had turned up earlier than had been anticipated, and of course he could only delicately slip away.

"I am sorry it has happened, however," he said, "not only because one does not wish to leave Detchworth, but because I shall miss Lady Mallowe and Lady Joan, who are to be at Asshawe Holt next week. I particularly wanted to see them."

Miss Alicia glanced at Tembarom to see what he would do. He spoke before he could catch her glance.

"Say," he suggested, "why don't you bring your grip over here and stay? I wish you would."

"A grip means a Gladstone bag," Miss Alicia murmured in a rapid undertone.

Palliser replied with appreciative cour-

tesy. Things were going extremely well.

"That 's awfully kind of you," he answered. "I should like it tremendously. Nothing better. You are giving me a delightful opportunity. Thank you, thank you. If I may turn up on Thursday I shall be delighted."

There was satisfaction in this at least in the observant gray eye when he went away.

CHAPTER XX

DINNER at Detchworth Grange was most amusing that evening. One of the chief reasons—in fact, it would not be too venturesome to say *the* chief reason—for Captain Palliser's frequent presence in very good country houses was that he had a way of making things amusing. His relation of anecdotes, of people and things, was distinguished by a manner which subtly declined to range itself on the side of vulgar gossip. Quietly and with a fine casualness he conveyed the whole picture of the new order at Temple Barholm. He did it with wonderfully light touches, and yet the whole thing was to be seen—the little old maid in her exquisite clothes, her unmistakable stamp of timid good breeding, her protecting adoration combined with bewilderment; the long, lean, not altogether ill-looking New York bounder, with his slight slouch, his dangerously unsophisticated-looking face, and his American jocularity of slang phrase.

"He 's of a class I know nothing about. I own he puzzled me a trifle at first," Palliser said with his cool smile. "I 'm not sure that I 've 'got on to him' altogether yet. That 's an expressive New York phrase of his own. But when we were strolling about together, he made revelations apparently without being in the least aware that they were revelations. He was unbelievable. My fear was that he would not go on."

"But he did go on?" asked Amabel. "One must hear something of the revelations."

Then was given in the best possible form the little drama of the talk in the garden. No shade of Mr. Temple Barholm's characteristics was lost. Palliser gave occasionally an English attempt at the reproduction of his nasal twang, but it was only a touch and not sufficiently persisted in to become undignified.

"I can't do it," he said. "None of us can really do it. When English actors try it on the stage, it is not in the least the real thing. They only drawl through their noses, and it is more than that."

The people of Detchworth Grange were not noisy people, but their laughter was unrestrained before the recital was finished. Nobody had gone so far as either to fear or to hope for anything as undiluted in its nature as this was.

"Then he won't give us a chance, the least chance," cried Lucy and Amabel in unison. "We are out of the running."

"You won't get even a look in—because you are not 'ladies,'" said their brother.

"Poor Jem Temple Barholm! What a different thing it would have been if we had had him for a neighbor!" Mr. Grantham fretted.

"We should have had Lady Joan Fayre as well," said his wife.

"At least she 's a gentlewoman as well as a 'lady,'" Mr. Grantham said. "She would not have become so bitter if that hideous thing had not occurred."

They wondered if the new man knew anything about Jem. Palliser had not reached that part of his revelation when the laughter had broken into it. He told it forthwith, and the laughter was overcome by a sort of dismayed disgust. This did not accord with the rumors of an almost "nice" good nature.

"There 's a vulgar horridness about it," said Lucy.

"What price Lady Mallowe!" said the son. "I 'll bet a sovereign she began it."

"She did," remarked Palliser; "but I think one may leave Mr. Temple Barholm safely to Lady Joan." Mr. Grantham laughed as one who knew something of Lady Joan.

"There 's an Americanism which I did n't learn from him," Palliser added, "and I remembered it when he was talking her over. It 's this: when you dispose of a person finally and forever, you 'wipe up the earth with him.' Lady Joan will 'wipe up the earth' with your new neighbor."

There was a little shout of laughter. "Wipe up the earth" was entirely new to everybody, though even the country in England was at this time by no means wholly ignorant of American slang.

This led to so many other things both mirth-provoking and serious, even sometimes very serious indeed, that the entire evening at Detchworth was filled with talk of Temple Barholm. Very naturally the talk did not end by confining itself to one household. In due time Captain Palliser's little sketches were known in divers places, and it became a habit to discuss what had happened, and what might possibly happen in the future. There were those who went to the length of calling on the new man because they wanted to see him face to face. People heard new things every few days, but no one realized that it was vaguely through Palliser that there developed a general idea that, crude and self-revealing as he was, there lurked behind the outward candor of the intruder a hint of over-sharpness of the American kind. There seemed no necessity for him to lay schemes beyond those he had betrayed in his inquiries about "ladies," but somehow it became a fixed idea that he was capable of doing shady things if at any time the temptation arose. That was really what his boyish casualness meant. That in truth was Palliser's final secret conclusion. And he wanted very much to find out *why* exactly little old Miss Temple Barholm had been taken up. If the man wanted introductions, he could have contrived to pick up a smart and enterprising unprofessional chaperon in London who would have done for him what Miss Temple Barholm would never presume to attempt. And yet he seemed to have chosen her deliberately. He had set her literally at the head of his house. And Palliser, having heard a vague rumor that he had actually settled a decent income upon her, had made adroit inquiries and found it was true.

It was. To arrange the matter had been one of his reasons for going to see Mr. Palford during their stay in London.

"I wanted to fix you—fix you safe," he said when he told Miss Alicia about it. "I guess no one can take it away from you, whatever old thing happens."

"What could happen, dear Mr. Temple Barholm?" said Miss Alicia in the midst of tears of gratitude and tremulous joy. "You are so young and strong and —everything! Don't even speak of such a thing in jest. What *could* happen?"

"Anything can happen," he answered, "just anything. Happening 's the one thing you can't bet on. If I was betting, I 'd put my money on the thing I was sure *could n't* happen. Look at this Temple Barholm song and dance! Look at T. T. as he was half strangling in the blizzard up at Harlem and thanking his stars little Munsberg did n't kick him out of his confectionery store less than a year ago! So long as I 'm all right, you 're all right. But I wanted you *fixed,* anyhow."

He paused and looked at her questioningly for a moment. He wanted to say something and he was not sure he ought. His reverence for her little finenesses and reserves increased instead of wearing away. He was always finding out new things about her.

"Say," he broke forth almost impetuously after his hesitation, "I wish you would n't call me Mr. Temple Barholm."

"D-do you?" she fluttered. "But what could I call you?"

"Well," he answered, reddening a shade or so, "I 'd give a house and lot if you could just call me Tem."

"But it would sound so unbecoming, so familiar," she protested.

"That 's just what I 'm asking for," he said—"some one to be familiar with. I 'm the familiar kind. That 's what 's the matter with me. I 'd be familiar with Pearson, but he would n't let me. I 'd frighten him half to death. He 'd think that he was n't doing his duty and earning his wages, and that somehow he 'd get fired some day without a character."

He drew nearer to her and coaxed.

"Could n't you do it?" he asked almost as though he were asking a favor of a girl. "Just Tem? I believe that would come easier to you than T. T. I get fonder and fonder of you every day, Miss Alicia, honest Injun. And I 'd be so grateful to you if you 'd just be that unbecomingly familiar."

He looked honestly in earnest; and if he grew fonder and fonder of her, she without doubt had, in the face of everything, given her whole heart to him.

"Might I call you Temple—to begin with?" she asked. "It touches me so to think of your asking me. I will begin at once. Thank you—Temple," with a faint gasp. "I might try the other a little later."

It was only a few evenings later that

he told her about the flats in Harlem. He had sent to New York for a large bundle of newspapers, and when he opened them he read aloud an advertisement, and showed her a picture of a large building given up entirely to "flats."

He had realized from the first that New York life had a singular attraction for her. The unrelieved dullness of her life—those few years of youth in which she had stifled vague longings for the joys experienced by other girls; the years of middle age spent in the dreary effort to be "submissive to the will of God," which, honestly translated, signified submission to the exactions and domestic tyrannies of "dear papa" and others like him—had left her with her capacities for pleasure as freshly sensitive as a child's. The smallest change in the routine of existence thrilled her with excitement. Tembarom's casual references to his strenuous boyhood caused her eyes to widen with eagerness to hear more. Having seen this, he found keen delight in telling her stories of New York life—stories of himself or of other lads who had been his companions. She would drop her work and gaze at him almost with bated breath. He was an excellent raconteur when he talked of the things he knew well. He had an unconscious habit of springing from his seat and acting his scenes as he depicted them, laughing and using street-boy phrasing:

"It 's just like a tale," Miss Alicia would breathe, enraptured as he jumped from one story to another. "It 's exactly like a wonderful tale."

She learned to know the New York streets when they blazed with heat, when they were hard with frozen snow, when they were sloppy with melting slush or bright with springtime sunshine and spring winds blowing, with pretty women hurrying about in beflowered spring hats and dresses and the exhilaration of the world-old springtime joy. She found herself hurrying with them. She sometimes hung with him and his companions on the railing outside dazzling restaurants where scores of gay people ate rich food in the sight of their boyish ravenousness. She darted in and out among horses and vehicles to find carriages after the theater or opera, where everybody was dressed dazzlingly and diamonds glittered.

"Oh, how rich everybody must have seemed to you—how cruelly rich, poor little boy!"

"They looked rich, right enough," he answered when she said it. "And there seemed a lot of good things to eat all corralled in a few places. And you wished you could be let loose inside. But I don't know as it seemed cruel. That was the way it *was,* you know, and you could n't help it. And there were places where they 'd give away some of what was left. I tell you, we were in luck then."

There was some spirit in his telling it all—a spirit which had surely been with him through his hardest days, a spirit of young mirth in rags—which made her feel subconsciously that the whole experience had, after all, been somehow of the nature of life's high adventure. He had never been ill or heart-sick, and he laughed when he talked of it, as though the remembrance was not a recalling of disaster.

"Clemmin' or no clemmin', I wish I 'd lived the loife tha 's lived," Tummas Hibblethwaite had said.

Her amazement would indeed have been great if she had been told that she secretly shared his feeling.

"It seems as if somehow you had *never* been dull," was her method of expressing it.

"Dull! Holy cats! no," he grinned. "There was n't any time for being anything. You just had to keep going."

She became in time familiar with Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house and boarders. She knew Mrs. Peck and Mr. Jakes and the young lady from the notion counter (those wonderful shops!). Julius and Jim and the hall bedroom and the tilted chairs and cloud of smoke she saw so often that she felt at home with them.

"Poor Mrs. Bowse," she said, "must have been a most respectable, motherly, hard-working creature. Really a *nice* person of her class." She could not quite visualize the "parlor," but it must have been warm and comfortable. And the pianola—a piano which you could play without even knowing your notes—What a *clever* invention! America seemed full of the most wonderfully clever things.

Tembarom was actually uplifted in soul when he discovered that she laid transparent little plans for leading him into talk about New York. She wanted him

to talk about it, and the Lord knows he wanted to talk about himself. He had been afraid at first. She might have hated it, as Palford did, and it would have hurt him somehow if she had n't understood. But she did. Without quite realizing the fact, she was beginning to love it, to wish she had seen it. Her Somerset vicarage imagination did not allow of such leaps as would be implied by the daring wish that sometime she *might* see it.

But Tembarom's imagination was more athletic.

"Jinks! would n't it be fine to *take* her there! The lark in London would n't be ace high to it."

The Hutchinsons were not New Yorkers, but they had been part of the atmosphere of Mrs. Bowse's. Mr. Hutchinson would of course be rather a forward and pushing man to be obliged to meet, but Little Ann! She did so like Little Ann! And the dear boy did so want, in his heart of hearts, to talk about her at times. She did not know whether, in the circumstances, she ought to encourage him; but he was so dear, and looked so much dearer when he even *said* "Little Ann," that she could not help occasionally leading him gently toward the subject.

When he opened the newspapers and found the advertisements of the flats, she saw the engaging, half-awkward humorousness come into his eyes.

"Here 's one that would do all right," he said—"four rooms and a bath, eleventh floor, thirty-five dollars a month."

He spread the newspaper on the table and rested on his elbow, gazing at it for a few minutes wholly absorbed. Then he looked up at her and smiled.

"There 's a plan of the rooms," he said. "Would you like to look at it? Shall I bring your chair up to the table while we go over it together?"

He brought the chair, and side by side they went over it thoroughly. To Miss Alicia it had all the interest of a new kind of puzzle. He explained it in every detail. One of his secrets had been that on several days when Galton's manner had made him hopeful he had visited certain flat buildings and gone into their intricacies. He could therefore describe with color their resources—the janitor; the elevator; the dumb-waiters to carry up domestic supplies and carry down ashes and refuse; the refrigerator; the unlimited supply of hot and cold water, the heating plan; the astonishing little kitchen, with stationary wash-tubs; the telephone, if you could afford it,—all the conveniences which to Miss Alicia, accustomed to the habits of Rowcroft Vicarage, where you lugged cans of water up-stairs and down if you took a bath or even washed your face, seemed luxuries appertaining only to the rich and great.

"How convenient! How wonderful! Dear me! Dear me!" she said again and again, quite flushed with excitement. "It is like a fairy-story. And it 's not big at all, is it?"

"You could get most of it into this," he answered, exulting. "You could get all of it into that big white-and-gold parlor."

"The white saloon?"

He showed his teeth.

"I guess I ought to remember to call it that," he said, "but it always makes me think of Kid MacMurphy's on Fourth Avenue. He kept what was called a saloon, and he 'd had it painted white."

"Did you *know* him?" Miss Alicia asked.

"Know him! Gee! no! I did n't fly as high as that. He 'd have thought me pretty fresh if I 'd acted like I knew him. He thought he was one of the Four Hundred. He 'd been a prize-fighter. He was the fellow that knocked out Kid Wilkens in four rounds." He broke off and laughed at himself. "Hear me talk to you about a tough like that!" he ended, and he gave her hand the little apologetic, protective pat which always made her heart beat because it was so "nice."

He drew her back to the advertisements, and drew such interesting pictures of what the lives of two people—mother and son or father and daughter or a young married couple who did n't want to put on style—might be in the tiny compartments, that their excitement mounted again.

This could be a bedroom, that could be a bedroom, that could be the living-room, and if you put a bit of bright carpet on the little hallway and hung up a picture or so, it would look first-rate. He even went into the matter of measurements, which made it more like putting a puzzle together than ever, and their relief when

they found they could fit a piece of furniture he called "a lounge" into a certain corner was a thing of flushing delight. The "lounge," she found, was a sort of cot with springs. You could buy them for three dollars, and when you put on a mattress and covered it with a "spread," you could sit on it in the daytime and sleep on it at night, if you had to.

From measurements he went into calculations about the cost of things. He had seen unpainted wooden tables you could put mahogany stain on, and they 'd look all you 'd want. He 'd seen a splendid little rocking-chair in Second Avenue for five dollars, one of the padded kind that ladies like. He had seen an arm-chair for a man that was only seven; but there might n't be room for both, and you 'd have to have the rocking-chair. He had once asked the price of a lot of plates and cups and saucers with roses on them, and you could get them for six; and you did n't need a stove as there was the range.

He had once heard Little Ann talking to Mrs. Bowse about the price of frying-pans and kettles, and they seemed to cost next to nothing. He 'd looked into store windows and noticed the prices of groceries and vegetables and things like that —sugar, for instance; two people would n't use much sugar in a week—and they would n't need a ton of tea or flour or coffee. If a fellow had a mother or sister or wife who had a head and knew about things, you could "put it over" on mighty little, and have a splendid time together, too. You 'd even be able to work in a cheap seat in a theater every now and then. He laughed and flushed as he thought of it.

Miss Alicia had never had a doll's house. Rowcroft Vicarage did not run to dolls and their belongings. Her thwarted longing for a doll's house had a sort of parallel in her similarly thwarted longing for "a little boy."

And here was her doll's house so long, so long unpossessed! It was like that, this absorbed contriving and fitting of furniture into corners. She also flushed and laughed. Her eyes were so brightly eager and her cheeks so pink that she looked quite girlish under her lace cap.

"How pretty and cozy it might be made, how dear!" she exclaimed. "And one would be so high up on the eleventh floor, that one would feel like a bird in a nest."

His face lighted. He seemed to like the idea tremendously.

"Why, that 's so," he laughed. "That idea suits me down to the ground. A bird in a nest. But there 'd have to be two. One would be lonely. Say, Miss Alicia, how would you like to live in a place like that?"

"I am sure any one would like it—if they had some dear relative with them."

He loved her "dear relative," loved it. He knew how much it meant of what had lain hidden unacknowledged, even unknown to her, through a lifetime in her early-Victorian spinster breast.

"Let 's go to New York and rent one and live in it together. Would you come?" he said, and though he laughed, he was not jocular in the usual way. "Would you, if we waked up and found this Temple Barholm thing was a dream?"

Something in his manner, she did not know what, puzzled her a little.

"But if it were a dream, you would be quite poor again," she said, smiling.

"No, I would n't. I 'd get Galton to give me back the page. He 'd do it quick—quick," he said, still with a laugh. "Being poor 's nothing, anyhow. We 'd have the time of our lives. We 'd be two birds in a nest. You can look out those eleventh-story windows 'way over to the Bronx, and get bits of the river. And perhaps after a while Ann would do—like she said, and we 'd be three birds."

"Oh!" she sighed ecstatically. "How beautiful it would be! We should be a little *family!*"

"So we should," he exulted. "Think of T. T. with a family!" He drew his paper of calculations toward him again. "Let 's make believe we 're going to do it, and work out what it would cost—for three. You know about housekeeping, don't you? Let 's write down a list."

If he had warmed to his work before, he warmed still more after this. Miss Alicia was drawn into it again, and followed his fanciful plans with a new fervor. They were like two children who had played at make-believe until they had lost sight of commonplace realities.

Miss Alicia had lived among small economies and could be of great assistance to him. They made lists and added up

lines of figures until the fine, huge room and its thousands of volumes melted away. In the great hall, guarded by warriors in armor, the powdered heads of the waiting footmen drooped and nodded while the prices of pounds of butter and sugar and the value of potatoes and flour and nutmegs were balanced with a hectic joy, and the relative significance of dollars and cents and shillings and half-crowns caused Miss Alicia a mild delirium.

By the time that she had established the facts that a shilling was something like twenty-five cents, a dollar was four and twopence, and twenty-five dollars was over five pounds, it was past midnight.

They heard the clock strike the half-hour, and stopped to stare at each other.

Tembarom got up with yet another laugh.

"Say, I must n't keep you up all night," he said. "But have n't we had a fine time? I feel as if I 'd *been* there."

They had been there so entirely that Miss Alicia brought herself back with difficulty.

"I can scarcely believe that we have not," she said. "I feel as if I did n't like to leave it. It was so delightful." She glanced about her. "The room looks *huge,*" she said—"almost too huge to live in."

"Does n't it?" he answered. "Now you know how I feel." He gathered his scraps of paper together with a feeling touch. "I did n't want to come back myself. When I get a bit of a grouch I shall jerk these out and go back there again."

"Oh, do let me go with you!" she said. "I have so enjoyed it."

"You shall go whenever you like," he said. "We 'll keep it up for a sort of game on rainy days. How much is a dollar, Miss Alicia?"

"Four and twopence. And sugar is six cents a pound."

"Go to the head," he answered. "Right again."

The opened roll of newspapers was lying on the table near her. They were copies of "The Earth." The date of one of them by merest chance caught her eye.

"How odd!" she said. "Those are old papers. Did you notice? Is it a mistake? This one is dated—" She leaned forward, and her eye caught a word in a head-line.

"The Klondike," she read. "There 's something about the Klondike." He put his hand out and drew the papers away.

"Don't you read that," he said. "I don't want you to go to bed and dream about the Klondike. You 've got to dream about the flat in Harlem."

"Yes," she answered. "I must n't think about sad things. The flat in Harlem is quite happy. But it startled me to see that word."

"I only sent for them—because I happened to want to look something up," he explained. "How much is a pound, Miss Alicia?"

"Four dollars and eighty-six cents," she replied, recovering herself.

"Go up head again. You 're going to stay there."

When she gave him her hand on their parting for the night, he held it a moment. A subtle combination of things made him do it. The calculations, the measurements, the nest from which one could look out over the Bronx, were prevailing elements in its make-up. Ann had been in each room of the Harlem flat, and she always vaguely reminded him of Ann.

"We are relations, ain't we?" he asked.

"I am sure we often seem quite near relations—Temple." She added the name with very pretty kindness.

"We 're not distant ones any more, anyhow," he said. "Are we near enough—would you let me kiss you good night, Miss Alicia?"

An emotional flush ran up to her cap ribbons.

"Indeed, my dear boy—indeed, yes."

Holding her hand with a chivalric, if slightly awkward, courtesy, he bent, and kissed her cheek. It was a hearty, affectionately grateful young kiss, which, while it was for herself, remotely included Ann.

"It 's the first time I 've ever said good night to any one like that," he said. "Thank you for letting me."

He patted her hand again before releasing it. She went up-stairs blushing and feeling rather as though she had been proposed to, and yet, spinster though she was, somehow quite understanding about the nest and Ann.

(To be continued)

MANNERING'S MEN

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"IN that town," said Blake to himself, peering cautiously through the scrub, "is Mannering's grave, and the wreck of a brave man's life-work. Oh, Sergeant, if those two beggarly Nyam-Nyams try to run away, deal with them straightly. At moonset we will go down."

"O sons of Eblis," murmured the Haussa sergeant with a grin, "scum of the market-place, little frogs of the mud-puddles of Wakonda, in that town is good soured milk, much grain, and chickens and goats as many as the prayers of the prophet. At moonset we will go down."

The command gurgled pleasantly to itself and lay closer. Blake crawled nearer Macartney, who was raking the silver-patched blackness with a pair of night-glasses wrapped in dark cloth.

"I can make out a tin roof," whispered Macartney at last; "that will be the roof of the residency."

"Where Mannering was speared on his own door-step," said Jim Blake, taking the glasses. "Dead, down and dead, wiped out, an absolute failure, Mannering. I can't get over that, you know. He was such a keen old beggar, so wrapped up in his work. He simply spent himself on this beastly country. And he cleared out Wakonda, as far as mortal eye can see, on purpose to make room for seven other devils worse than the late king."

"Could n't be," put in Macartney.

"It 's not being speared that 's the worst part of it," persisted Blake; "we all come to that sooner or later. It 's having absolutely nothing to show for his life or his death. Nothing even for the next man to build on. It 's that," he continued, shivering as the dawn chill blew up the valley, "which I fancy must worry old Mannering—still."

"What you need is chlorodyne," whispered Macartney, indignantly.

They lay silent in the dank, upland grass, and the dew beaded and dripped on the thorns overhead. The command hunted for prickles in its feet, tightened belts, and babbled softly of stewed fowl.

From immense spaces, as spun out and thin as a thread, came the hunting-cry of a lion. The Haussa sergeant crept up and touched Blake's foot.

"The moon sets, O Effendi, and it is not yet the dawn."

Blake rose to his feet and looked at the sky. "We be ready," he said.

The command moved as one man, eyes glinting whitely under the tarbooshes. The last few days had been hungry ones. Below in the valley was good food; it was only to fight a little, and all would be full. "*Ya Illah,* brethren, let us go down."

They went down. Blake was no tactician, and his plan in such cases was simple. You took the main gate, held it, and swept the obstructionists out of the other gates or over the mud walls, broom fashion. He had worked with his present command for a year, and they followed him like a foot-ball team. The sergeant at his elbow presently touched his sleeve.

"There is made ground here."

"Made ground?"

"Yes. The road built by Mannering Bimbashi."

Already the road built by Mannering for the grain dealers and spice merchants was no more than a track in the undergrowth, and the grass swept to the thigh. Their way dipped sharply, and a river valley swirling in mist took them like shadows. Blake felt under his feet the rotten piles of a bridge, and a rifle clanged against rusted iron.

"I think these cattle of Wakonda have the alarm," said the sergeant as they grunted up the opposite slope.

"Why?"

"There was a watchman at the bridge end; we should have crossed by the ford farther down. But these Wakondai cannot fight, and all is as Allah wills. O Ibrahim, son of Suleiman, keep thy rifle dry and remember to get under the walls."

The town was clattering like a frightened hen-roost when a company of shadows flitted through the fog, and flung themselves under the walls and against the main gate. Five minutes of noisy,

scrambling, hit-or-miss fighting followed, and they were inside, with their hardest work before them. Their fire had driven back the defenders, but they themselves had for the moment no cover. Presently the slugs began to flop on the walls behind them, and two men fell. Blake felt a stinging blow on the knee, and went down on all fours. He rose, laughing rather shakily into Macartney's scared face.

"A spent bullet," he cried in the din; "can't put my foot to the ground. Clear those houses, old man; I 'll hold the gate."

Macartney nodded and was gone, his men after him. Blake and his handful took cover behind a mud buttress and a dead camel, and prepared to hold the gate. It was only then that Blake saw the sergeant.

"Why art thou here?"

"I stay with thee, O Effendi. Besides," —he sniffed wistfully,—"in that house they have been cooking good mutton. I would not go too far."

The din and turmoil of the narrow ways rose and fell like the froth of a sea. The roofs were beginning to burn in a dozen places as Macartney, in rough-and-ready fashion, cleared out the slug-shooters. The red light of burning thatch danced in the fog and the thinning dark, and by this light Blake saw a score of white-wrapped figures leap from the reek and rush for the gate, shouting as they came.

"Steady, men, steady!"

"By the prophet's beard!" cried the Haussa sergeant, flinging himself flat behind the camel, "these be no Wakondai, but ghazis of the far desert. Shoot well, O my children!"

It was all happening with the jerky rapidity of a cinematograph film, and the noise passed hearing. The command, inspired with visions of buttered mutton, loaded and fired as one man. Two, three close-range volleys swept between the walls, and the alley was blotched with whitish bundles that were the bodies of the desert men. But the others came on, and suddenly Blake was on his feet in the shadow of the gate, fighting hand to hand for his life.

"Stand firm, O my children!"

The sergeant's voice echoed his. He was the center of an indescribable confusion. Under the gate the smoke of the volleys hung heavily. Through this broke first one fierce face, then another, the gleam of arms, the surge and retreat of the attack, the blows and outcries of men. Ibrahim, the son of Suleiman, fell across Blake's feet and coughed his life out in ten seconds. Another of his best men was down, speared through the heart. And then, as suddenly as they had come, the desert men retreated to the shelter of the huts, and Blake, looking up, saw that it was day.

"They are gone," said the sergeant, looking at the dead, "but they will come again. O Effendi, this is no good place."

"I should have kept more men," Blake was thinking clearly and rapidly. "If Mac does n't come back inside ten minutes, it will be too late for us, and he 'll have to cut his way out."

A moment's dreamlike quiet had succeeded the dreamlike noise. Over his head the sky was clear and growing gold, barred with the black flocks of wild-fowl that flew to their feeding-grounds in the valley. The sun rose with the hard flash of metal, and the blink of metal answered from the ruined roof of Mannering's house. Blake's breath drew cold. Was he also to die uselessly, wastefully, his work unfinished, under the spears of Wakonda? "Steady, men, steady, and fire slowly! It is ours to hold the gate."

The Haussa sergeant leaped to his feet.

"They come again! O jackals of the sands, we men are ready—"

"Silence—and lie down!"

Again with that dreaming sense of unreality Blake watched the rush of fluttering figures up the alley. The men were loading and firing as fast as they could, but the rush was scarcely checked. Someone behind him began to croon a wild death-song. A thrown spear flickered before his eyes and struck his head a glancing blow. He looked at it curiously as it clattered down on his boots, and wondered why his hands felt so weak, and why the earth reeled under his feet like an outrolled ribbon. Then everything was lost in a warm, red mist through which savage faces seemed to peer and yell. Blinded and dizzy, he braced himself for the shock of the charge, the while some voice in his head was buzzing busily, "You will go down as Mannering did, a failure, a failure—"

An utter pity for Mannering filled him.

He leaned back against the wall, leveled his revolver as well as he could on his knee, and waited—as Mannering had waited.

"*Ya Illah!*" shouted the sergeant hoarsely. "Who be these?"

Blake cleared the blood from his eyes and looked. The attack had wavered and had turned upon itself, for a compact little force of ten had filed out from behind a house and fallen upon the desert men in the rear. They were in all degrees of dress and undress. Their leader was very tall and very thin, with a great bush of hair, upon which he wore the remains of a tarboosh, and he had an empty bandoleer round his neck. He and his were armed variously, ranging from a damaged Martini to an inlaid jezail from the North. These weapons they were using variously, but effectively, in disciplined silence. So much Blake saw in a photographic flash of amazement. Then strength came back to him, and he and the sergeant flung themselves across the dead camel.

"Come on, you black rascals!" shouted Blake, staggering as he stood.

"Follow me, sons of darkness!" yelled the sergeant.

The men obeyed with howls. Caught between two forces, the enemy, fighting like wolves, were driven down alleys, cut down in corners, scattered and broken. In five minutes Blake's men and their unknown allies were staring and panting under the gate, their work done.

"Now," suggested the Haussa, patting Blake all over with his delicate black hands in a search for fatal injuries—"now I go and picket that street whence came the good cooking smell."

"Wait!" commanded Blake. He looked at the gate, at the dead lying in the light and the black shadow. Even now the gold had scarcely gone from the faint, hot blue of the sky; scattered bands of birds still flew across it, and the high air seemed stirred with a multitude of wings. He looked at the leader of the allies, who was standing on one leg and grinning anxiously.

"Who art thou?"

The man drew his dusty heels together and carefully saluted.

"We be the men of Mannering Bimbashi."

"Of Mannering Bimbashi?"

"Yea, master. I was a policeman of the force wherewith he policed this town. He said to us, 'Go here,' or 'Go there,' and we went and punished the evil-doers. Twice and thrice have I fought under Mannering Bimbashi." He gazed contemptuously at his command. "These others are also of his force, or of his house—warriors, as I am, or gardeners and herders of goats; but all Mannering Bimbashi's men."

"Go on," said Blake, quietly.

"Mannering Bimbashi was slain, and many of his folk; but I was left. I remembered. I gathered these others together, and bade them remember also. Mannering Bimbashi was dead, but we were not freed from our service. We had to live. I was a seller of rock-salt in the market-place, and these others did work after their kind. Sometimes we met and spoke together. None knew us for his men, and his name might not be upon our lips; but we laid our hands upon our mouths—so—and then we remembered."

"Go on."

"There is no more. It is very difficult to remember. But I knew the English would come in the footsteps of our bimbashi, and I held these of his together in readiness, as thou hast seen. But our bimbashi—on whom be peace!—has been dead a long time, and now we would take service with thee, O master."

"Thou hast done well." Blake's voice shook a little as he thought how well. "Thou hast done very well. But why?"

The man was very ugly and very black, but all the poetry and sadness of the Arab were in his face as he answered:

"We were his men. We loved him."

Blake's eyes were dim as he looked across at the ruined house. There Mannering had gone down, and his hope, his work, his deeds—all these had gone down with him into dust.

"But even here there was love left," said Blake aloud, with a kind of wonder; "even here there was love left!"

Then he took his men and Mannering's and went to join Macartney in the ordering of Wakonda.

VERITA'S STRATAGEM

BY ANNE WARNER[1]

Author of "Susan Clegg," "Seeing France with Uncle John," etc.

THERE were very many people who gave a good deal of time to wondering whether Lady Verita Veritas would really ever marry Captain Adair. Many were the opinions on the subject, and some fair-sized bets, one man even proposing to take out the risk at Lloyd's that she would not. The general view was that marrying Captain Adair was about the only thing that her very original ladyship had *not* done so far; but on the heels of this undeniable proposition followed the query as to whether her very original ladyship would ever do anything that even the wildest imagination might have accidentally predicted. It was felt that the chances were all against this possibility, and good society was preparing to return to its old favorite topic of how very curiously the young lady treated the young man if she *did* mean to marry him, and how much more curious was her course of action if she *did n't,* when suddenly, one fair May morning, on every news-stall in England appeared a well-known magazine, displaying upon its cover list of contributors the name of our heroine, and upon its pages a terrible tale, entitled, "The Dowager Marchioness does n't Think," which clearly owed its inception and development to the quick wit and ready pen of that same blue-blooded young woman.

Here was a fresh sensation in good earnest, the more pronounced from the fact that there was a very thoughtless dowager marchioness in the Veritas family. It was not many hours before all London was buzzing, and none of the buzzing was louder than that set up by the wheels of the irate aunt's car as they hummed round and round, spinning her rapidly toward her niece. For the earl's eldest sister lived near Windsor and was very, very rich, quite rich enough to have a good and legal right to a thoughtless disposition, the latter combined, be it added, with a most uncertain temper.

The marchioness had the magazine with her, but the speed she had commanded was so great and the purchase of her pince-nez so uncertain that she could only glance casually from time to time at the iniquities portrayed therein. It was easy to see, however, that it was a frightful story and calculated to incite to riot and bloodshed, or, at the very least, to upset all discipline in the servants' hall. The plot seemed to hint at some vague system of retribution (here the marchioness held the page very close), and in one spot there were certain vicious passages about downing—or was it drowning?—all aristocrats; but just at that moment the car struck a stone, and the noble lady lost her place, in fact, both her places. By the time that she had readjusted herself, the leaf had turned over, and her eye fell on another and yet more absorbing horror, for an old villager in the story predicted death to all who had oppressed him, and following immediately upon this bloodthirsty prophecy came a style of invective that quite shocked one, and made Verita's aunt suspect that her dear niece had been slumming in Limehouse.

"I wonder what her father will—" reflected the ancient lady of ten times more ancient lineage, shutting tight her thin-lipped mouth; but there the car, making ever more and more violent efforts to save time at the expense of every other consideration, skidded, and again the dowager marchioness was forced to give up thinking.

She gave it up for so long a time that the next thing of which she became aware was the pillared entrance to Veritas House and the green-and-silver footman who was brother to her own maid. He took her out with a solicitude that showed that he also was fully aware of the tragic happening which had just shaken the august family.

"The duchess is up-stairs, your Ladyship," he whispered respectfully, as she clung to his arm, "and Captain Adair, too."

The dowager marchioness nodded with jelly-like faintness. Then she mounted the staircase in real agitation, and was an-

[1] This story was received by THE CENTURY shortly before the death of the author, which occurred February 4, 1913.

nounced by a second footman, this one being a son of her own cook.

The countess was "laid up with her head," so Verita was pouring the tea; no one else was present except the duchess and the captain.

"Not a copy to be had," the captain was saying excitedly; "I tried everywhere. I tried at Paddington and at the club, and then I took a taxi to Gray's Inn. There 's a news-stall just across the way, don't you know; but not a beastly one could I find."

"Too bad," said the author, going to kiss the new arrival; "but it does n't matter so much now, because here 's one." She took the dowager marchioness's magazine as she spoke, and gave it to the duchess, who opened it eagerly.

"O Vera, how *could* you?" began her aunt at once. "Or if you wanted to do it, why did you drag us all in in this terrible way? *This* is something much more dreadful than walking in processions and being arrested; this is the *most* dreadful thing that you 've done yet."

"The worst of it is," said the captain, "that it breaks down all the sense of *noblesse oblige* and *entre nous*—all that kind of thing, you know. If it were anybody else, it would n't so much matter, for we seem to be baited from every side just now; but I don't think that *she* ought to join in, and what worries me especially is that their being sold out at Paddington shows that the magazine has gone out on the afternoon trains in every direction." He drew a hard breath and glared. Just to look at him, any casual observer would have declared on the Bible that here was a man with great force of character.

"The Paddington trains go only as far as Oxford," said Lady Verita in a soothing tone, but Captain Adair was clearly in no easily soothed mood.

"They go to Reading, too," he said with an uncommon air of real opposition, "and to Banbury."

"And to Stratford—they go to Stratford, too," interposed the dowager marchioness. "Oh, I 'm sure, if you looked into the matter, you 'd find that quite a number of places are reached from Paddington. Else why should n't those trains have gone from some other station?" She paused at this bit of constructive London logic, and reverted to her usual condition.

"I wish that they did go from some other station," said Captain Adair, irately, "it took me so long to get to Paddington. To-day was the first time in ages that I 'd gone there, and I would n't have gone there to-day only I was right in the neighborhood."

Lady Verita looked at him in a way that she had, and he ceased speaking. There was no special quality in her glance, but it was of a kind that one frequently encounters in the best English circles, and it always causes some one to cease speaking. Captain Adair would become a duke some day if one man should die and another should never marry; but it must be confessed that Lady Verita, whether she did or did not have his interest at heart, frequently chose that he should cease speaking.

"I wish that you had n't put your name to it," said the dowager marchioness, suddenly awakened to life and their family grievance by the duchess's turning a page with a smart snap; "there 's a place there where a man shrieks that he will fight until not one drop of blue blood is left running beside another. That is really very terrible, my dear, that"—She was stopped abruptly, for the duchess threw the book violently from her, gathered up her feather boa, and, rising abruptly, started toward the door.

"What is it?" asked Lady Verita, rising also.

Without a word of explanation or adieu, her grace sailed out of the room. Captain Adair having jumped to open the door for her.

The dowager marchioness sat open-mouthed.

"She must be mad," said the man as he returned to his seat; "but you know that you really should n't have written it, Vera; really you should n't. People don't do such things."

"So revolutionary!" expostulated the dowager marchioness, finding her tongue. "You ought to consider the times. We might as well have Tolstoy in the family, or that horrid little man who led the French strike. Think of your country. Think of her need. Think of our ships."

"Think of the docks," the captain added, "or don't write. That would do just as well."

"Or, if you must write," said the aunt, "why not write about the cottage indus-

tries? We 've such a nice cottage industry near us."

"You might as well be a socialist," continued the captain; "think of the danger *then*. Think of the taxes."

"Think of all the men who are continually being killed," said the dowager, warming to her argument.

"Think of the condition of your party," said the captain; and then, having picked up the magazine and hunted out the offending matter, he ceased speaking and carefully adjusted his glass.

Lady Verita leaned back in her chair and seemed to resign herself to the inevitable.

"And if I were not kindness itself," went on the marchioness, after a slight somnolent pause, "I should feel outraged over your taking your title from me. That"—

"Well, by George!" cried the captain.

"What is it?" asked the marchioness.

Lady Verita began to laugh.

"I declare!" The captain began to laugh, too.

"*What* is it?" cried the marchioness again.

"The whole thing is about the French Revolution!"

"Of course," said the author, laughing more.

"The French Revolution!" stammered her aunt.

"It does n't mean us at all," said Adair, dropping his glass and staring at both ladies.

"Naturally not." Lady Verita began crumbling bread for the poodle. "How could any of you suppose that I would make a story out of you?"

"The French Revolution!" repeated the dowager.

"I 'll wager that 's why the duchess bolted," said the captain, suddenly. "She 'd seen through it."

"Selbstverständlich," said Lady Verita, pouring cold tea over the crumbs, to the end that the poodle might enjoy some truly kind attention.

"I 'm going straight to her!" announced the marchioness, rising with dignity. "I wish to let her know that *I* know, too."

In less than two minutes the lady and the captain were left alone together.

"I believe you wrote it for a sell," the man said then. He did occasionally beam brightly through his own fog, and he was anxious now to be on good terms again; "you knew how it would be taken."

"Perhaps," said Lady Verita, calmly; "but do ring for them to take away the tea, and then run along yourself. I 'm tired."

"You treat me like a dog," grumbled the captain, "and I never rebel. Do kiss me once before I go, anyhow, and say you love me just once. Do!"

She kissed him, and that so sweetly that she was barely through with it when the men came in for the tea-things. The men going out with the tea-things were barely on the other side of the door when she said "I love you," and that sweetly, too. The captain went away in raptures. If only—if only—

It was this sort of happenings that kept so much gossip afloat about the young couple.

THERE are only two short months between the first of May and the first of July; it follows therefore that there were only two short months between the publication of "The Dowager Marchioness does n't Think" and that of "The Earl's Own County." Every one who had been shocked by the title of "The Dowager Marchioness does n't Think" had become quickly calmed upon discovering that it concerned nothing nearer home than the French Revolution, and so could not have meant anything invidious in relation to either our particular dowager marchioness, or yet her times, or yet her class. But there was quite another tale to tell about "The Earl's Own County," and both the earl and his county were so well known and so dreadful, the description of them was so vividly accurate, and the language so painful and so glowing, that those who knew the whole truth stood open-mouthed and aghast, wondering what the noble father would do with his noble daughter *now*.

The noble father was off yachting and thus altogether removed from the field of immediate retribution. But his noble brother, the bishop, came trundling up from his bishopric as fast as, first, a pair of cobs, second, a first-class ticket, and third, a taxi, could be induced to bring him. Arriving at Veritas House, he found his sister-in-law, the countess, laid up with her

head, as usual; but the youthful culprit received her uncle with an outstretched hand and a beaming smile. It was hard to believe her so great a sinner as she had proved, but the bishop was ready to believe anything of a daughter and an aristocrat who would write "The Earl's Own County."

"Verita," he said at once and gravely, "*this* is no light matter. *This* cannot be overlooked. Your own ancestral acres! It is really *most* dreadful. You have absolutely identified the place by your detailed description of the thatches and the drains. Thatches and drains are no longer mere impersonal matters of picturesque possibility, as in the past. The low-lying politics of the present government have unduly exalted the drain and all but carried off the thatch. To write lightly of the matter is the reverse of pardonable. Indeed, I may say without fear of prevarication that it is a *very* serious offense. Statements such as yours, put in the peculiarly unfortunate manner which you have somehow hit upon, stir people up beyond all reason. You remember that American book about the pigs in the jungle near Chicago? Do you recollect that it nearly wrecked the whole slaughtering industry? These things are better left alone. There is no knowing to what end they may lead. You might bring about a question in the House. Consider *that* possibility. Such fearful issues have arisen out of most trivial matters. In the present state of German tiles, we must put down with a hand of steel all reference to English thatches. I trust that you are following me?" The bishop paused, quite out of breath.

"But I have a purpose," said Lady Verita. "Have you read my story?"

"In part—only in part; vespers intervened to spare me useless pain. But that little was enough—too much, in fact. It is pulling the very foundations from under our civilization to write as you have written. I cannot in justice deny that your description of life among the poor is a remarkable piece of work, but no good can come of descriptions of life among the poor. Indeed, in my estimation, it is a thing that never should be done. We have our master's own warrant for the continual existence of the poor, and we may not question his statement. 'Always with you,' he said. What could be clearer? In my estimation, their elimination would undermine the whole foundation of that crown of virtue, Christian charity."

"But I don't agree with that view," said Lady Verita; "I disagree with it completely. I think that the situation of the poor can be vastly improved; in fact, it *is* being improved; which absolutely proves that it can be. That 's logic."

"Not at all," protested the bishop; "on the contrary, it 's altogether the opposite of logical. I have it on the authority of nearly all who view the matter as I do, that things are getting continually worse. And with things getting continually worse, the case is proved in opposition to all law and all your so-called logic. I must decline to argue the matter, for the simple reason that the only side to take is mine. Therefore, do not let us go into it. Nothing can be gained by discussing. No one denies that the country has fallen on evil days, but that is a mere trifle compared to the horror of what you have written—and to think that it should have been written by one in the lofty station of your father's daughter!" Again the bishop paused for breath.

"I 'm interested in the poor," said Lady Veritas, meditatively.

"Perhaps we had best leave the poor out of the question," said the bishop, who was noted for the firmness with which he adhered to any ground that he had once taken. "As a churchman of more than ordinary weight, I may say that I have ever deprecated the wasting of words as to the economic position of the poor. The poor, in my opinion, are becoming far too prominent. They occupy at present a position never intended in that divine order of things to which I have already referred. It is a position that even the most casual observer must admit is far beyond their limited capabilities to hold. Much of the provision which is needed—and I may say even bitterly needed—by the church is now being diverted to what may well be denominated as the bottomless pit wherein dwell the poor. The poor are fast becoming the rich. The rich are rapidly being pauperized for the unreasonable aggrandizement of the poor. The situation will all too soon become completely unbearable. Now, I put it to you," —the bishop warmed suddenly in his most persuasive pulpit manner,—"why make it

worse? A story like yours is to all intents and purposes a suggestion as to making everything better, and *what* could be worse? I may say without fear of prevarication that this is a serious matter. It is a very serious matter. Here in your story you have your childhood home desecrated! Our old ancestral acres stripped for the popular gaze! Why did you do it? Or, if an unconquerable longing to perpetuate them in print obsessed you, why did you not perpetuate the beeches or the wild boar or one of the sweet old stories of dole and dungeon? Why drag forth into the fierce light of the present unfortunate tendency to look into matters which, after all"—

"Dear uncle," said Lady Verita, quite wearied by the length as well as the breadth of her right reverend relative's scope, "to say the truth, the story is about Ireland. Any one who reads it carefully through to the end sees that. The difficulty is that no one reads anything through to the end nowadays. They skip all but the love scenes. There is n't a word about any of us or our own wretched belongings in the whole thing. It is all about County Mayo."

"County Mayo!" cried the bishop.

"Yes," said his niece, "it is all about County Mayo. Of course it is written very carefully, just as the other story was, and I had a fancy that it might lead some readers to think, 'Whom the cap fits, let him wear it.' It has amused me not a little to see how the guilty jump at conclusions. I drew a picture of the French Revolution, and every one cried out that I was writing of ourselves. And now I write of a poor corner in a poor county in Ireland, and your own conscience at once attaches my silly tale to a poor corner in a poor county in England. That amuses me."

A dull red glowed in the bishop's angry face. He never had liked this girl, and now he felt that he disliked her intensely. But of course there was no more to be said. An English bishop must not allow himself to be interested in Ireland.

"I am afraid that your youthful spirits will cause you to do what you never can undo," he said, carefully avoiding her glance of fun as he rose stiffly.

"They have," said his niece.

"You admit it. Yes, I should imagine so. I"—

Just here Captain Adair was announced.

"Dear uncle," said Verita, putting her hand into the captain's while she looked toward the bishop, "we are what Fate wills in our weaving, and I am busy unraveling my skein, that 's all."

The bishop shook his head in a rather irritated manner and went away. Left alone together, the captain kissed her ladyship and drew her to a seat on the divan.

"My uncle has been expostulating about 'The Earl's Own County,' " she said then.

"It 's an awful sell," said Adair, half angry, half laughing; "down to the last line, every one thinks it 's your place. Of course *I* always read to the last line before I say anything now. I 've learned your little way."

Verita laughed brightly.

"But is n't it droll that directly I deny it, no one sees the real truth in the descriptions any more?"

"Y-e-s," said the captain, looking into her pretty face; "and yet I wish that you would n't—'pon my soul I do. You might consider *me* a little, I think. You know what a hard time I have. I 've stood such a lot for you. We have all stood such a lot with you. The trouble is, you 're so much too clever for a woman. All women are nowadays. They 're going ahead of all the rules of the game. And you go ahead of all the rest of them."

"Somebody must go ahead, or progress would cease," said Lady Verita. "We 've sat around quite a bit waiting for the men to do things lately, I think."

"Oh, but we 'd be so comfortable if progress ceased, don't you think?" protested the captain. "Hang it all! if I don't think that that progress cult is at the bottom of every trouble in the world these days. If everybody 's going to join in for progress, there never will be any peace any more. And as for women like you, Vera dear, if you ever do get the vote, you 'll find yourself a thorn in the side of your party. It 's that way with the clever men always: one has to give the country over to 'em just to keep 'em quiet."

"I never shall have any party," said Lady Verita, thoughtfully. "I don't believe in party politics. I 'll believe in any party that will give even the devil his due. That 's all."

"That would be the worst party of all," said the captain; "that would be the kind that no one ever would know which lobby you 'd see 'em in." He stopped to shake his head sadly, for there seemed to him so much of which he should despair, and he, like most well-born Englishmen, did so long to be hopeful and happy! "I do wish you 'd quit all this," he continued, "and settle down like other girls. Some day I 'll get on my feet, and then we 'll tell every one. It really is n't any of it my fault, you know."

Lady Verita looked at him not unkindly, —he was a handsome fellow,—and was aware of a sincere wish that she were not so very much the cleverer of the two, or, at least, that he would n't be so ready to admit it.

"I 'm aiming to accomplish something," she said, speaking almost as sadly as he had spoken. "When I 've done it, I 'll cease writing; but I can't before. You know that I never do anything very long, however, so I shall soon finish with this."

But this was cold comfort for the captain.

"You keep me so upset, Vera," he said after a moment's painful reflection. "I never know what you 'll do next."

She laughed a little.

"But there 's one thing I must say," he added, "and you must remember it, too: don't you ever write anything about me, because that 's something I won't stand for. Promise me that."

Lady Verita did not promise. She kissed him instead, and he did not notice the alteration in the program.

It was only a moon or two later that my lady's last tale appeared in print. It was called "If I were only a Duke." Captain Adair was the hero, and society, on noting the latter fact, was shaken to its very center. The captain was in Malta with a special commission of inquiry into the chance of a night attack from Germany; but he had a sister in London, who mailed him a copy the day that it appeared.

The framework of the story was remarkable.

"Of course they 're engaged," people said everywhere; "they *must* be."

"We know that it 's true about his being poor," said the cabinet minister's wife to her cousin; "she did n't need to tell *that*."

"And that his uncle 's a beast," rejoined the cousin.

"He 'll rage when he reads this," continued the cabinet minister's wife; "it *is* rather a give-away, I do think. He might have made them an allowance."

"To think of her writing openly that, after all the labor she had had to get him to offer himself, it is too bad that she must wait indefinitely to be married!" The cousin sighed deeply. As she had been waiting twenty-five years for some allowance to be made for her own marriage, she felt a secret sympathy with Lady Verita.

"A most shocking confession," said the cabinet minister's wife, knowing just what the sigh meant, and being one of those wives who never regard an allowance as necessary when the maiden ladies of the family marry. And then she gathered up her wrap and departed.

The old duke, even if he was a beast, had always been a very dignified beast; but the commotion about his supposedly published parsimony shook even his conception of noble rights. He went in his big blue car to call at the house where the dreadful young woman stayed when she was at home. The countess, her mother, was laid up with her head, as usual. Lady Verita received his grace exactly as she received most persons in these trying times.

"I suppose it is the story," she said as she greeted him. She was n't a bit afraid of him, having learned to regard him as much the same stuff as the rest of humanity, only more in her way.

"Yes, it is the story," he said haughtily. He regarded it as most unfortunate that she herself differed so widely from the rest of humanity. "It 's really too bad of you, don't you know. If Clifford wishes to marry, I 'll give him a little something regular. He ought to know that. You ought to know that. What 's the good of rowing?"

Lady Verita lowered her eyes. She thought that there had been a deal of good in rowing, since it had brought his close-fisted grace to this.

"But it 's very shocking to write it out for the *hoi polloi,* don't you know," the duke continued vigorously; "I must beg, if you marry Clifford, that we have no more of this kind of thing."

"But it was n't meant for any one we know," protested Lady Verita.

"Yes, it was," said the duke, putting up his glass and glaring at her; "everything you 've written has been straight from the shoulder. I read the other two, and it was rubbish to suppose you meant the French Revolution or Ireland. Ireland, indeed! Any one with half an eye could see what you meant. And I don't need even half an eye to see what you mean now. You mean to marry Clifford, and you wish to do it at once. Dash it all! if putting it off is going to lead to more of these stories, and putting it forward will stop 'em, I 'll set you up in housekeeping to stop 'em. We can't let this kind of thing continue."

"Thank you so much," said Lady Verita, casting down her eyes modestly. "We *are* betrothed."

"Yes, I thought so," said the duke; "I 've reason to think so, for every one 's been telling me so for the last two years. But what beats me is how, with your daring, you have n't found a way to marry him before this."

Lady Verita hesitated.

"I have," she said finally.

On receipt of the magazine, Captain Adair flew home as if he had been a dynamite cartridge. For the first time in his life he was stirred enough to be really very much worth while.

"What did I tell you?" he cried, rushing in upon the guilty person without even having stopped to be brushed by his valet. "Now you *have* done it. We 'll *have* to tell now."

Verita was n't in the least upset. If he had been plate-glass and she had been a hammer, she could n't have been more aware of where the advantage lay.

"We 'll have to tell now," he repeated; "in fact, you have virtually told already."

She did not deny it. But she rose and went to him. There was something about her that always had a calming effect when he was vexed, and the charm worked this time as always. He took her hands, clasped them behind his neck, and drew her to him.

"Do let us announce it," he said in a tone that was muffled by circumstances.

She returned his kiss, for although she knew all his mental deficiencies, she loved him dearly.

"I want to tell," he whispered; "I 've always wanted to tell, you know. What if we are poor? We 'll scrape along somehow. We 'll open a flower-shop or a laundry or something."

She laid her face against his breast.

"I think we 'd better tell, too," she said. "That was the reason why I wrote the story. Writing stories is such a simple way of bringing the truth before the public."

"But our marriage is n't on a par with the state of the times nor the condition of your father's estate," he reminded her.

"No, not exactly," she admitted; "but it was something that I felt should be known and which required careful leading up to."

He kissed her again.

"But you 'll let it be known now?" he asked.

She did not say:

"I 've wanted it known all the time, but you were so beastly afraid of your uncle." Instead she murmured, "We 'll send an announcement to the newspapers to-night."

Then she looked at him and smiled, and then for an instant her heart misgave her and she sighed. She knew that she had gained her purpose, and she knew that she liked him better than any other man; but she was a *femme d'esprit,* and she knew also that although he would one day be a duke, he never would be her equal. And, like all clever women who marry future dukes for love, she could but sigh slightly.





Owned by Sir William Van Horne

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY. BY FRANCISCO ZURBARÁN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES

ST. ELIZABETH
OF HUNGARY

BY

ZURBARÁN

THE CENTURY'S
AFTER-THE-WAR
SERIES

THE RETURN TO HARD MONEY

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

Formerly Washington Correspondent of the New York "Journal of Commerce"

WITH PORTRAITS AND CARTOONS

TAXES FOR EVERYBODY

WHEN the wrack and waste of war are done, and ceased are the tumults and the shouting, the harder task lies before the statesman and the financier of paying the cost. A great war, at least down to very recent times, has usually carried with it haphazard and wasteful financing, an oppressive debt, unequal and burdensome taxation, and a depreciated currency. The aftermath of the Civil War was no exception. At its close all these evils lay heavy upon the people of the United States.

The public debt stood at $2,846,000,000, or about $80 per capita; and of this amount nearly $1,900,000,000 was paying interest at the rate of six per cent., or higher. The ordinary expenditures of the Government, including the support of the armies, were running at the rate of about $3,300,000 a day, while receipts from taxation and other sources than loans were falling below $1,000,000 a day. The man of business could not affix his signature to a check, a receipt, or a bill of exchange, receive a legacy or transfer a piece of real estate, without paying a tax. Cotton was taxed two cents a pound; salt, six cents a hundred pounds; sugar, from two to three and a half cents a pound. Manufacturers were paying licenses for the right to do business, and also taxes upon the value of their output whether a profit emerged or not; middlemen were taxed upon the volume of goods dealt in, irrespective of the fact that such goods had already paid several times. Among other taxes were those levied on matches, photographs, lottery tickets, perfumery, theaters, and carriages; and additions made by repairs to the value of a carriage or a machine paid their own distinctive tax. Incomes were taxed up to twelve and one half per cent. There existed, in short, to use the terse language of David A. Wells, "a system of internal taxation which for its universality and peculiarities has no parallel in anything which had theretofore been recorded in civil history."

A FLOOD OF PAPER MONEY

THE currency consisted of irredeemable paper, a part issued by national banks, a part by State banks, and a part directly from the government printing-presses. Its value, which had been as low as $35.09 in gold for $100 in paper, in July, 1864, was still less than $70 in gold after the stimulus of Lee's surrender. Prices of commodities, which had fluctuated even more wildly than the gold premium, showed an average for leading articles, in the first quarter of 1865, representing 2.62 times the corresponding average just before the war.

Brave and energetic as had been the policy of Salmon P. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury in grappling with the problems of the war, he made two economic errors which greatly added to the difficulties that confronted his successor. He continued too long the policy of borrowing instead of taxing, thereby impairing the public credit and adding to the cost of his borrowings; and he opened the Pandora's box of legal-tender paper money, which left its mark upon our political history for nearly half a century.



From a photograph by W. Kurtz

DAVID A. WELLS

McCULLOCH'S FACULTY FOR ECONOMY

THE problems presented to Hugh McCulloch, when he succeeded to the headship of the Treasury in Lincoln's second cabinet, were to reduce expenditures, to reorganize taxation, to systematize and consolidate the debt, and to restore stability to the currency. The country was fortunate in having such a man as Mr. McCulloch to perform these services. Of long experience as a practical banker, he had been made Comptroller of the Currency upon the reorganization of the national banking system, and was familiar with all branches of government finance. Fortunately, also, he was not a politician. He was a descendant of that small but prolific colony of Scotch and Scotch-Irish who settled in northern New England, whose sturdy courage enriched the blood of all other races with which it was mingled. His views of what was required to restore sanity to the national finances were not warped by fear of popular clamor; and if they went further than the condition of the country warranted in the direction of monetary contraction, they at least set a standard of national honor and obligation which was like a beacon set on a hill to the supporters of honest money.

Toward reducing expenditures, rapid progress was made as the million men who had sprung to arms at the call of the country were mustered out of the Grand Army and returned to their plows and

workshops. Expenditures for the War Department, which were $1,030,000,000 in 1865, were brought down the next year to $283,000,000, and in 1867 to $95,000,000. On the side of reducing and simplifying taxation much was accomplished by the clear-headed young man who had been called into consultation by President Lincoln a few weeks before his death. This man, David A. Wells, tall, gaunt, and deadly in earnest, had perhaps a greater capacity for massing facts than any other American economist. At his suggestion, the war taxes, which had fettered production and exchange, began to drop from the limbs of industry. By the act of July 13, 1866, taxes on articles of common consumption were abolished, the income tax was suspended from and after June 30, 1870, and the foundations were laid of the existing system of internal revenue, taxing substantially only spirits and tobacco.

Of the elaborate operations of refunding, which converted obligations paying six and seven per cent. into five, four, and finally even into three per cent. securities, and raised American credit to the level of that of other powerful nations, it is not desirable, here, to set forth the details. It is enough to say that the funded debt was reduced within ten years after the war by nearly $500,000,000, and that interest payments upon it, which in 1867 were $143,700,000, had fallen in 1877 to $97,100,000. Even more remarkable in figures were the achievements of later years; but if it is by obstacles overcome that the greatness of a victory is measured, then the palm of achievement belongs to those earlier years when, in the language of Secretary McCulloch, "the industry of one third part of the country, by reason of the war and the unsettled state of its political affairs, has been exceedingly depressed, and the other two thirds by no means exerted their full productive power."

A MEASURE OF THE COUNTRY'S GROWTH

For America was still only on the threshold of that wonderful development which was to make her in the beginning of the twentieth century one of the half-dozen great Powers of the world; with a homogeneous white population second in numbers only to that of Russia; with accumulated wealth exceeding in per capita average that of any other country except perhaps England; and with imperial interests in Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, Samoa, the Philippine Islands, and China.

The population of the United States in 1860 was only 31,443,000, or less than one third what it was in 1912; and the estimated total wealth was $16,159,616,000, or about one seventh of the great accumulations of to-day. Of these amounts, moreover, the South had taken out of the Union a proportion which may be estimated roughly at two fifths. Railway mileage, which was 30,626 for the whole Union in 1860, had increased only to 35,085 in 1865, or less than one seventh the mileage of to-day. Much of the country west of the Mississippi was still an untracked wilderness. Senator John Sherman, after the adjournment of Congress in 1866, made a vacation trip with his brother, General William T. Sherman, in the general's official inspection of army posts. The Central Pacific Railroad ended at Fort Kearney, and thence the party traveled in light army-wagons drawn by mules, camping at night, sleeping in the wagons, the horses parked near by, guarded by sentinels, and with the frequent menace of Indian attack.

Skilful as was the financial leadership required to reduce expenditures, reform taxation, and refund the debt, these were the least difficult in a sense of the economic problems of the war, because they were chiefly problems of legislation. Much more serious were the questions of escape from the hectic influences of war prices and conditions and of inflated government-paper issues; and these were to give their color to the industrial and financial history of the country for a generation. Dreams of untold fortunes derived from speculation in the securities of new railways were rendered peculiarly vivid by the disorganized state of the currency and the fluctuations in its gold value, stimulated by manipulation in the gold-room of the New York Stock Exchange, but due fundamentally to uncertainty as to the quantity of currency in circulation and as to when it would be made redeemable. Thaddeus Stevens went to the extreme of declaring that one of the measures proposed, with the approval of the Secretary

of the Treasury, would put under the absolute and uncontrolled discretion of that official more than sixteen hundred million dollars' worth of paper money, and would confer upon him more power "than was ever before conferred upon any one man in a government claiming to have a constitution." It is small wonder that amid such possibilities speculation became a rankly luxuriant growth of the financial markets.

"BLACK FRIDAY"

TYPICAL of these conditions was the famous "Black Friday" of September 24, 1869. It was the result of a daring speculation on the part of Jay Gould, "Jim" Fisk, and kindred spirits in Wall Street to corner the gold stock of the country and compel short sellers of the yellow metal to settle with them at their own price. Plans were carefully laid early in the summer of 1869 to enlist President Grant's sympathy by convincing him that high prices were necessary to the prosperity of the country, and at the same time to entangle Mrs. Grant, her brother-in-law, A. R. Corbin (the husband of General Grant's sister Virginia), the President's private secretary, General Horace Porter, the Collector of the Port of New York, and others close to the President, in the appearance of a corrupt conspiracy to participate in the profits of the corner. It was planned to bring to a stop the sales of gold which were being made from time to time by the Secretary of the Treasury, and which tended to supply the demand for gold for the payment of customs and other special purposes, and thereby keep down its price. The tendency of the yellow metal had been downward during the spring, and the quotations of early September stood at about 135.

The effort to convince President Grant that he ought not to interfere by throwing Treasury gold upon the market was begun as early as the middle of June, when the President was on board one of the Fall River steamers on his way to Boston. Supper was served at nine o'clock, and the conversation was deftly turned to the state of the country, the crops, and the financial outlook. On Gould's own confession, President Grant's favorite rôle of a listener stood him in good stead. After listening for a long time to the talk, which had been carefully planned by Gould and in which Corbin and others took part, the President remarked that he thought there was a certain amount of fictitiousness about the prosperity of the country, and that the bubble might as well be tapped in one way as another. This remark, according to Gould, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee of investigation, "struck across us like a wet blanket." They concluded that the President was a contractionist.

The game was by no means abandoned, however, as a result of this first rebuff. A prominent English financier who was visiting the country advocated the theory that business interests required an advance in the price of gold in order to move the crops and sell them on favorable terms in foreign markets. Corbin was a willing convert to this theory, for he was already a party to a pool in which Gould and Fisk were members. Corbin was put forward to talk to the President whenever he came in contact with him, and even introduced Gould for the purpose of presenting his views. The President, according to Corbin, engaged in these conversations with reluctance, and the moment any allusion was made to the future policy of the Government he became very reticent. Fisk also tried his hand on the President, but without much success. Thus matters dragged along until September, when the President wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, George S. Boutwell, suggesting that it would not be wise to sell gold in large amounts to force down the price while the crops were moving, as it might embarrass the West. This was the first ray of light from the Presidential office that had reached the conspirators. It is not certain that they knew definitely of this letter; but on the third and fourth of September gold began to rise rapidly, and on the sixth it touched 137⅝.

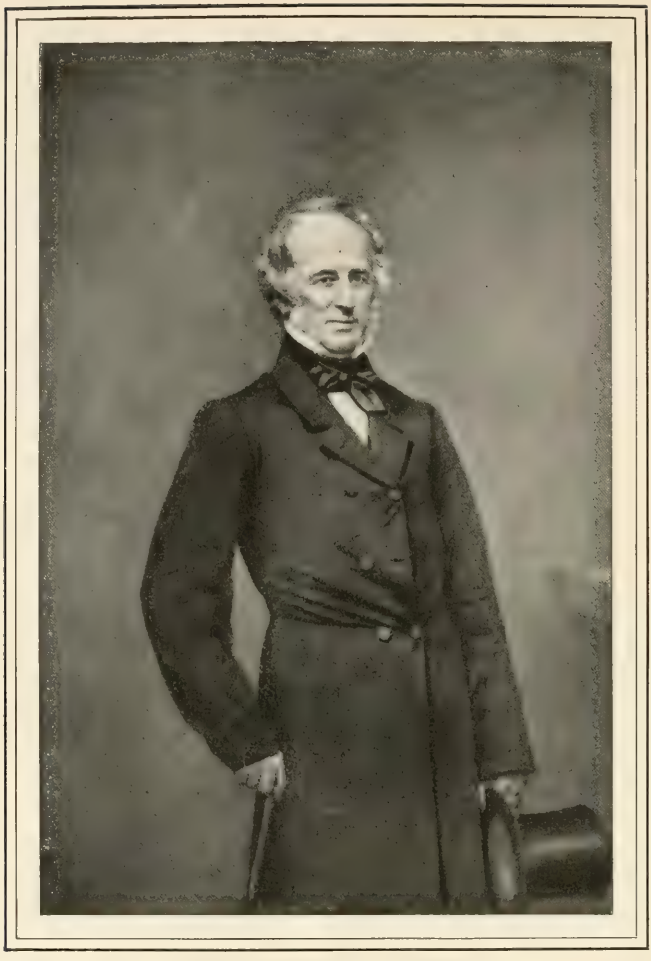
About two weeks later, with President Grant staying at a small country place in Washington, Pennsylvania (on a visit to William Smith, a cousin of Mrs. Grant), far from the railway and the telegraph, the time seemed ripe to push up the price of the yellow metal, drive the "shorts" to cover, and compel them to settle. The final coup was played by getting Corbin to write a letter to the President, urging him not to interfere in the struggle between the

two factions in the gold market by ordering or permitting sales of gold by the Treasury. A faithful messenger, W. O. Chapin, was selected to take this letter to Pittsburgh, and from there by carriage to Washington, thirty miles distant. It was testified by General Horace Porter, secretary to the President, that they were engaged one morning in playing a game of croquet when General Porter was told that a gentleman wished to see him. The messenger was asked to wait until the game was finished, when he handed Porter a note stating that he had a letter which he desired to deliver to the President. The letter was shown to the President, who glanced over it and said to the bearer, "No answer." General Porter then called the President's attention to the peculiarity of the missive being brought so far by a special messenger, with a letter of introduction. The President was set to thinking. The letter, which Corbin and his conspirators were relying upon to prevent interference by the Secretary of the Treasury, proved their ruin. President Grant began to see through the plot, and suggested to Mrs. Grant to say in a letter she was writing to Mrs. Corbin that rumors had reached her that Mr. Corbin was connected with speculators in New York, and that she hoped, if this were true, that he would disengage himself from them at once, adding that the President was very much distressed at such rumors.

Mrs. Grant's letter caused something approaching a panic in the ranks of the gold speculators. When Gould called at Corbin's house on the evening of Wednesday, September 22, and read the contents of the letter, it was apparent to him that Corbin had no such influence over the President as had been expected, and that a blow from the Treasury might fall at any hour. It was a picturesque spectacle, described by Gould himself in his testimony, when the two were shut in the library near midnight, Corbin bending over the table and straining with dim eyes to decipher the contents of the letter, written in pencil to his wife, while the gold-room gambler, looking over his shoulder, caught with his sharper vision every word. Corbin had already prepared a letter to the President denying that he had any interest in the movement, direct or indirect, and now told Gould that he must send the letter by the first mail; but that, if it were sent, its statements must be true. He proposed, therefore, to Gould that they should settle his (Corbin's) account, paying him his accrued profits, which as gold stood that night would amount to more than $100,000, in addition to $25,000 which he had already received. Gould put the matter over until morning and eventually drew a check, which, however, never was paid to Corbin.

Gould knew better than to divulge the unfortunate news to Fisk. It appeared to be his plan to let him and their brokers continue to buy gold and force up its price, while Gould himself was unostentatiously getting rid of his stock at maximum prices. Fisk entered the gold-room the next morning and struck terror into the hearts of the "bears" by offering to bet any part of $50,000 that gold would sell at 200. Thursday afternoon gold closed at about 144, and the conspirators held a meeting in the evening to lay plans for the next day's campaign. They held calls for more than $100,000,000 in gold, and there were not more than $15,000,000 of gold and gold certificates in New York, outside of the Sub-Treasury. They had a full list of those who were short of gold, including more than two hundred and fifty prominent firms; and it was proposed to publish this list next morning, and to inform the victims that if they did not settle at 160 before three o'clock, a higher rate would be demanded. This detail was abandoned because they were advised by counsel that under the statutes of New York such a course would constitute a conspiracy. Fisk was asked the next morning why he feared any sale the Treasury could make, since the clique held calls for more gold than both the Treasury and the city could command. His answer was, "Oh, our phantom gold can't stand the weight of the real stuff!"

About Friday noon, the blow from the Treasury fell. President Grant had returned from Pennsylvania to Washington on the previous afternoon, and in the evening had held a consultation with the Secretary of the Treasury. Both agreed that if the price of gold should be forced higher, so as to threaten a general financial panic, it would be their duty to interfere to protect business interests. Friday morning the price advanced rapidly, and



From a photograph owned by F. H. Meserve

COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

telegrams poured into Washington from all parts of the country, urging the Government to interfere and if possible prevent a financial crash. At a conference, held soon after eleven o'clock, it was agreed to sell $4,000,000 of Treasury gold. The message to the assistant treasurer at New York, General Butterfield, was not sent in cipher, and soon the news was in everybody's mouth. In the meantime, James Brown, a Scottish banker of New York, with the support of leading merchants, offered successively to sell $1,000,000 gold at 162, another $1,000,000 at 161, and $5,000,000 more at 160. The market began to break; and when ten minutes afterward the news came that the Treasury would sell, the price fell from 160 to 133.

It was with difficulty that Gould and Fisk escaped from the fury of the ruined victims who had been following their lead, and succeeded in finding refuge in their up-town stronghold, the office of the Erie Railroad Company at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. During Thursday and Friday they had sold out at high rates a large part of the gold they had purchased, and had made many private settlements at rates ruinous to their victims. They now repudiated all the purchases they had made through Belden, the principal broker who had acted as their agent. They called on Corbin and overwhelmed him with denunciations. As Fisk told the story, Corbin "was on one side of the table weeping and wailing, and I was gnashing my teeth." In vain they despatched Corbin

to Washington to plead with Grant to suspend the order to sell. The President cut him short with the remark that that subject was closed. Corbin returned to New York and did not even see his fellow conspirators when he got back. As Fisk characterized the situation, "Matters took such a turn that it was no use; it was each man drag out his own corpse." Afterward it was shown that neither Mrs. Grant nor General Porter was in any way connected with the conspiracy.

THE ERA OF RAILWAY BUILDING

"Black Friday" was only a symptom of the deeper disorders of the body politic. The minority of the committee of the House which investigated the "Black Friday" episode declared that "no one doubts that if the constitutional currency of coin had remained to us, such panics would have been, and would now be, impossible." The stimulus to over-expansion afforded by an unstable currency operated also upon mercantile enterprise and railway development. The demand for the extension of the railway network over new farm land, and across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, became the channel through which speculative influences converged to bring on the panic of 1873. Already, in 1862, Congress had granted a charter for the construction of the Union Pacific line, and in 1864 it granted further aid by making the United States bonds that were to be issued for construction purposes a subordinate lien to that of the bonds of the company sold in the market. Thus, as John Sherman put it, "The constructors of these roads, who were mainly directors and managers of the company, practically received as profit a large portion of the bonds of the United States issued in aid of the work, and almost the entire capital stock of the company." At the same time was enacted the Northern Pacific charter, which, according to the same authority, was an act "with broad and general powers, carelessly defined, and with scarcely any safeguards to protect the Government and its lavish grants of land."

Already, shortly before the war, the ground had been cleared for extensive railway enterprises by the knitting together of small roads into trunk lines connecting New York with the Mississippi Valley. Originally, eleven companies owned and operated the lines making up the route between Albany and Buffalo. After this anomaly disappeared, it remained for the genius of Commodore Vanderbilt to acquire the Hudson River road in 1864 and the New York Central lines in 1867, and to bear his share in the picturesque battles of the Stock Exchange and the courts, which gave such fascination to this lawless epoch of American finance.

VANDERBILT AND DREW

It was the period of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and "Jim" Fisk; the period in which were conceived and carried out the famous "corners" in Harlem, in Hudson River, and in Erie stocks. None of the leaders in these speculations would have shone in Newport or in the polished, well-groomed crowd that watches the races at Deauville or takes the "cures" at Vichy or at Nauheim. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the son of a farmer in moderate circumstances on Staten Island, was ferrying passengers over to New York at sixteen years of age, and at the age of eighteen owned two boats and was captain of a third. He derived his education from practical experience, his successes from innate shrewdness. Daniel Drew, beginning as a drover and afterward the keeper of a tavern, never sought to rise socially above his early environment. To a reported trick of his in early life is ascribed the familiar stock-market expression, "watering stock." According to the legend, Drew gave his cattle salt in order to create a thirst, which would cause them to drink freely and make them appear bigger and fatter when brought to market. He was negligent in his attire, even to the verge of slovenliness, and never departed from the provincial pronunciation of his youth. In many a broker's office where he called for his securities his loud demand for "them sheers" was long remembered.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS OVER ERIE

"The Commodore," as Vanderbilt was familiarly called, was seeking to develop the Hudson River property, when he found it assailed by a large "bear" element. Immediately taking the situation

in hand, he tricked his opponents into the belief that his position was weak, and lured them into increasing their output of short stock. Getting virtually all the real stock in existence into his possession, and accepting contracts for additional amounts from the short interest, he soon had the market at his mercy. From 112 the stock rose in a few days to 180. The shorts, unable to make the deliveries they had contracted for, begged for mercy, and the stock was sold back to them at a handsome profit.

Much more complicated and daring were the operations of Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and Fisk in Erie. The story of their use of the Erie road is worth outlining, if only to illustrate methods which in the financial world of to-day would no longer be tolerated, even if they were possible. In July, 1868, the Erie Railroad became the personal property of Fisk and Gould. The board of directors held no meetings; the executive committee never was called together. The Erie offices were moved to a white marble "palace" on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, which was furnished with vulgar ostentation, contained an opera-house (still a popular theater), and was connected with the private apartments of Fisk. Just before this (in 1866), Drew had operated his famous plan of loaning money to the Erie Railroad on the security of stock and convertible bonds, and converting the bonds into stock to meet his short contracts.

It was the acquisition by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1867 of the New York Central Railroad which brought him into conflict with Drew and Gould. "The Commodore" desired to acquire Erie. To guard against the transformation of more "convertible bonds" into stock, he employed the services of Frank Work to obtain from Judge Barnard an injunction restraining Drew from the payment of interest on $3,500,000 in bonds, pending an investigation of his accounts as treasurer of the railway. But Drew was equal to the emergency. Under a statute authorizing any railroad to create and issue its own stock in exchange for that of a leased line, he and his associates issued against an insignificant property, worth perhaps $250,000, the amount of $2,000,000 in Erie stock. Deals and counter-deals, and injunctions to restrain injunctions, did not prevent Fisk from seizing the enjoined stock certificates by force, nor Drew from aiding him by throwing 50,000 shares on the market and breaking Vanderbilt's attempted "corner." It is said that while new stock was thus being put out, Fisk summed up the purposes of his clique toward Vanderbilt in the remark, "If this printing-press don't break down, I 'll give the old hog all he wants of Erie." Vanderbilt was credited with spending $7,000,000 in this operation, and it was the wonder of his friends that he was not ruined.

To tell fully the story of these battles of the financial giants would be beyond the scope of a sketch like this. How Gould and Fisk succeeded Drew in control of the Erie; how they nearly ruined him when he came back into the speculative field; how Judge Barnard authorized Gould and Fisk to sell their Erie stock, issued at 40, back to the corporation at any price less than par, is a story of surpassing interest, but it represents methods long since discarded in American finance.

THE CHICAGO AND BOSTON FIRES

During these years of unsettlement and wild speculation, the country seemed pursued by an evil destiny. About two years after business credit was so seriously disturbed by the incidents of "Black Friday," a destruction of capital amounting to more than $200,000,000 was caused by the great fire in Chicago, and within another thirteen months came the great fire in Boston. It was a quiet Sunday on October 8, 1871, when a small wooden barn on De Koven Street, Chicago, surrounded by cheaply-built wooden buildings and lumber-yards, burst into flames. Sweeping ruthlessly through the fire-traps of the western division of the city, the fire soon got beyond control, wiped out the Union Depot and the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne Terminal, and destroyed in this division alone five hundred buildings. This, however, was only a beginning. All night Sunday and the following Monday the flames steadily advanced over the southern division, comprising nearly the whole of the business district, and then to the northern division, comprising many private residences. Business blocks of brick and granite melted like wax before

the flames, which swept clear up to the water-front of Lake Michigan, and spread a pall of smoke and cinders far across the northern sky. All the wholesale stores, the newspaper offices, and the principal banks, insurance- and law-offices were reduced to smoldering heaps of ruins. The court-house, custom-house, and other public buildings, and nearly all the hotels, suffered the same fate. Crowds of people, driven from their homes, camped in the parks and sought refuge in the buildings left standing.

In the southern division, which was the business district, it was calculated that 3650 buildings were destroyed, including 1600 stores, twenty-eight hotels, and sixty manufacturing establishments. The number of people rendered homeless was estimated at 2250 in the western division, 21,800 in the southern division, and 74,450 in the northern division. The total money loss in buildings was calculated at $53,000,000; business stocks and produce, $84,000,000; and personal effects, $58,000,000. This total of nearly $200,000,000 was swelled by the depreciation of property which naturally followed such a destruction of values. The total valuation of the city before the fire was estimated at $620,000,000, and the population at 334,270. The insurance in force in the burned district was about $100,000,000; but fifty-six insurance companies suspended, and only about $40,000,000 in insurance was collected.

The Boston fire broke out on Saturday, November 9, 1872. The fire-department was crippled in fighting the fire by a remarkable epidemic, or distemper, which prevailed among the horses. So completely were the horses of the city disabled that ordinary local deliveries of merchandise had almost come to a standstill; some of the street-railways had ceased running, and teaming by oxen or by gangs of men was the only means of moving freight. On Saturday, October 26, a meeting was held at the City Hall of the board of engineers of the fire-department to decide upon a course of action in case of serious fire during the distemper. It was decided that the strength of each fire company should be temporarily doubled by the enlistment of volunteers, and that drag-ropes should be furnished each engine-house for the purpose of drawing the apparatus by hand. But with these precautions was taken a step which probably contributed materially to the delay in attacking the fire of two weeks later. It was provided that the hose-jumpers should alone be taken out on a first alarm, and that the engines were to follow only in case of a second alarm, unless the fire was above the third story.

The neighborhood in which the fire broke out was at the corner of Kingston and Summer streets. This corner was then on the fringe of the business district, with the remains of some of the old aristocratic homes of the city still standing, which had, however, for the most part, been converted into boarding-houses. It was in a five-story granite block that the fire began, and the whole building seemed to leap into flames before there was any response from the fire-department. Inexplicable delays seemed to attend the arrival of the engines. The fire was already visible in Charlestown before 7:10, and the alarm at City Hall was received only at 7:24 P.M. from box No. 52. Box No. 52 was known among the city firemen as "a bad box," because it was in the heart of the dry-goods district, which was filled up with costly and inflammable stocks, and the principal water-mains were of insufficient size, put in years before, when it was a region of quiet dwellings. Only two engines left their quarters on the first alarm. Two others soon followed, but it required the third alarm, at 7:34, to bring out the rest of the force. Then, as the fire was gaining headway, went out the general alarm, and messages were rushed by telegraph to neighboring towns and cities to come to the aid of Boston.

The fire was already beyond control. Walls were toppling into the street, great billows of flame surged into the air, and the fire began pressing through street after street until it destroyed Trinity Church and threatened the Old South. At this historic spot was wrought something like the "miracle" that occurred on the field of Waterloo, when the burning of the chapel at Hougomont stopped when it reached the crucifix. The Old South was saved, and the fire was checked at Milk Street on the line between Devonshire and Washington streets.

The out-of-town engines in the meantime had been pouring into the city at all

hours of Saturday night and up to Sunday morning, and rendered heroic services in raising a wall of water against the flames. Crowds of citizens gathered on the corners and watched the struggle to stay the fire. President Eliot of Harvard University mingled with the crowd, his mind weighed down perhaps by the thought of the injury to Harvard's endowments invested in Boston real estate. Phillips Brooks, the young rector of Trinity, stayed in the church, then on Summer Street, near Hawley, until lines of flame were creeping along the rafters. Powder was used in some cases to blow up buildings and thereby destroy the fuel for the flames.

In Boston as in Chicago, soldiers were called to the aid of the civil authorities to patrol the smoking heaps of ruins, in which were buried many safes containing money, jewelry, and valuable documents. Serious as the fire was, it did not sweep over any such territory as in Chicago, nor represent half of the Chicago loss. The total loss in Boston was estimated at $75,291,530, out of a valuation for the entire city (which did not then include Charlestown and other suburbs) of $682,724,300. Buildings and property were largely insured, but the magnitude of the calamity again carried down many insurance companies and permitted them to pay only a percentage of their losses. Upon the whole, however, the insurance companies acquitted themselves with remarkable credit, the Massachusetts mutual companies, of which there were fourteen, paying losses in full except two. Companies organized in other States to the number of about 120, which had Boston risks, paid their losses in full, with the exception of four companies.

THE PANIC OF 1873

THE panic of 1873 was the natural result of the destruction of capital by war, fire, and unwise investment which had been going on during the previous decade, and of the encouragement given to speculation by a fluctuating paper currency. The money-markets of the world had to reckon not only with the enormous destruction of property during civil war in the United States, but with the similar fruits of two other recent wars: that between Germany and Austria in 1866, which was crowned by the victory of Germany at Sadowa, and the great war between France and Germany in 1870, for which France was compelled to pay to Germany an indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars. The direct cost of the American Civil War, exclusive of pensions, has been estimated at more than $5,500,000,000, and the cost of the Franco-Prussian War at only $2,700,000,000, owing to its shorter duration. An enormous amount of capital also was absorbed in the ten years prior to 1873 in the building of railways. New construction in the United States in 1870 was 5690 miles; in 1871, 7670 miles; in 1872, 6167 miles; and in 1873, including a part of the period of panic, 3948 miles. In Russia a system of 12,000 miles of railway had been almost entirely created since 1868, and in South America nearly $200,000,000 in English capital had been borrowed, mostly for railway enterprises. It was at about this period also that the substitution of Bessemer steel for iron began, as the material for rails, sending thousands of dollars' worth of old rails to the scrap-heap.

The severity of the panic in the United States, as well as in Austria, was heightened by the state of the currency. There had been, up to the climax of the Civil War, an almost uninterrupted decline in the value of the paper money issued by the United States Government, and a corresponding rise in paper prices. With the close of the war, these movements were reversed. A rise in the value of the currency began, and also a decline in prices. This decline in prices spelled ruin to many who had bought real estate or merchandise in the expectation of its rise in value, and it imposed paralysis even upon the more conservative, who had correctly read the downward tendency of values expressed in paper money.

The specific cause usually assigned by economic historians for the panic of 1873 was the failure of the great house of Jay Cooke and Company, as the result of tying up its resources in the Northern Pacific Railway. The incident was, however, only typical of the times; and if Jay Cooke never had lived, the story would have differed chiefly by the substitution of another name for his. The house of Jay Cooke and Company had grown to power and prestige by the clever and original meth-

ods employed by Mr. Cooke in borrowing money for the Government during the Civil War. Cooke was a true child of the new America, the first or nearly the first male child born, as he was fond of boasting, in Sandusky, Ohio. Through political and social connections, he entered a Philadelphia banking-house during the period of hazardous financing and State banking before the Civil War, and had made enough money by 1859, while still under forty years of age, to contemplate retiring from active business. But his was not a nature for inactivity. The close relations established by his father and his brother with Salmon P. Chase, the new Secretary of the Treasury, obtained Cooke a hearing in the floating of the early war loans. He was not of the old style of banker, who sat in his office waiting for a customer to come in; he quickly realized that if the Government was to obtain the money necessary to carry on the war, it must be by educating the people to understand the value of the war bonds, and the necessity of taking them as a patriotic duty.

It was a wonderful campaign of advertisement, of canvassing the post-offices, of manipulating the press, and of removing opposition, which Cooke carried on in floating hundreds of millions of the five-twenties, the ten-forties, and the seven-thirties. The later flotations, however, which came after the war, required perhaps as much skill as the earlier ones, because they involved persuading the people to retain their public funds while accepting considerable reductions of interest. Inevitably Cooke's success drew competitors into the field. When the question of refunding arose, a committee representing other New York banking-houses appeared in Washington to demand a share in the operation. The composition of this committee is of interest because it was virtually the first appearance on the stage of public finance of John Pierpont Morgan, then a young man of thirty-five. He, with Levi P. Morton, who had established the banking-house of Morton, Bliss and Company, and had enlisted the aid of the Rothschilds, appeared in Washington in January, 1873, and demanded and obtained from Secretary Boutwell a share in the new issues. The methods of the syndicate had little of the "go" of the old Cooke methods, and already the tightening of the money-market was making itself felt. Where subscriptions of $600,000,000 had been expected for the new loan, they amounted after several weeks to less than $50,000,000, and the entire operation was ultimately suspended by the outbreak of the panic.

The lack of uninvested capital to subscribe for the government loan was a warning of conditions prevailing in the money-market generally. Jay Cooke, swept along by the great success of his methods in disposing of the war loans, believed it possible to perform the same miracle with the bonds of the Northern Pacific. It was his calculation that he could sell bonds as fast as he was called upon for money for the work of construction, and it was distinctly provided in the contract with the road that the advance in excess of the amounts realized from sales of bonds by the bankers never should exceed $500,000, which itself was secured by the deposit of the company's bonds at fifty cents on the dollar.

During the summer of 1872, however, with President Grant's campaign for re-election against Horace Greeley at its height, sales of bonds fell to a few hundred thousand dollars a month, while the drafts of the treasurer of the railway company were running at about $1,000,000 a month. Inevitably, the balance of floating indebtedness by the railroad to the banking house began creeping up, until it stood near the close of August at $1,583,000. Ex-Secretary McCulloch, who had become head of the London connection of Jay Cooke and Company, and other associates of Cooke were quick to realize that the house was getting into deep water, and that further uncovered advances must be stopped. It was much easier to lay down this rule, however, than to carry it out. Already there were complaints along the line of construction that wages were not being paid promptly and that men were being laid off. Smaller railway enterprises in hands less strong were going to the wall from similar causes, and in October, 1872, the coupons were defaulted on the St. Paul and Pacific road, in which a controlling interest was owned by the Northern Pacific.

The year 1873 was thick with omens of disaster for the new railway enter-

prises. The Boston fire of the previous November, while not so disastrous as that in Chicago the year before, caused a crash in the stock market similar to that which followed the San Francisco fire in 1906. Scandalous frauds were disclosed in the management of the Erie Railroad; General John C. Frémont failed conspicuously in an effort to raise money for the Southern Pacific system in France; and at last grave exposures were made in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad, which resulted in the Crédit Mobilier investigation and its long train of scandals. A traveler in Germany wrote home in August that an American railway bond, "even if signed by an angel in heaven, would not sell." So desperate was the situation becoming that Henry Cooke, brother of Jay Cooke, put his chief dependence, in a letter to his brother, on "an unfailing confidence in the God in Whom we put our trust." "I do not believe," he said, "He will desert us."

But the Lord did not intervene to prevent the results, which seemed to the profane to be an inevitable outcome of economic laws. Jay Gould was still manipulating a powerful gold pool in the late summer and early autumn, when on September 8, 1873, the first rude blow was given to the card house of the New York money-market. The New York Warehouse and Security Company suspended, followed five days later by a firm with which Daniel Drew was associated. When Jay Cooke reached his Philadelphia office on September 18, he found a despatch announcing that the New York office had been closed by his partners in that city. The news spread like fire on one of the Northern Pacific's own dry prairies. Other houses fell the same day or the next day; stocks dropped from twenty to forty points; money could hardly be had at any price; and the Stock Exchange Committee closed the exchange, in the language of the vice-chairman, "to save the entire Street from utter ruin."

While ultimately the assets of the failed house proved to be amply adequate to meet its liabilities, the career of Mr. Cooke as a financier was ended. Facing cheerfully for a time the prospect of extreme poverty, he found his fortune partially recouped six years after the panic by an almost forgotten mining investment. Repurchasing his old home in the suburbs of Philadelphia, he continued to live there, content with the society of his children and grandchildren, his farming and fishing, almost forgotten by the new generation of Americans, until his death in 1905 at the age of eighty-four. In his great cape cloak and his wide-brimmed, gray, soft felt hat, set over a gentle face adorned by a long white beard, his patriarchal figure was long familiar in the streets of Philadelphia, a very different type from the shrewd, grasping men who speculated in their country's fortunes in the New York gold-room.

THE FIRST MOVE FOR A CONTRACTION OF THE CURRENCY

The disorder and discouragement caused by the panic did not make easy the return to a sound monetary system. Already, prior to 1873, the people had expressed themselves against the policy of acute contraction so vigorously urged by Secretary McCulloch. The return of the Southern States to the Union naturally opened a new field for the circulation of greenbacks and national bank-notes. Influenced by this wider area of circulation for the employment of money, and by the improvement of public credit, the greenbacks rose from a gold value of $49.50 in 1865 to $71.20 in 1866, for $100 in paper. There was little further change in average value until 1870, when there was a gain of about $10 per $100 and a further advance the next year to $88.70, which remained substantially the average during the years of depression that followed. The average value of these years, however, is no measure of the fluctuations, which arose naturally from differences in the demand for currency and were made erratic from time to time by speculation.

Up to 1875 no one knew what steps were to be taken, or whether any were to be taken, to restore specie payments. Half a dozen different schools argued crudely, with imperfect economic knowledge and narrow horizons, as to the proper policy to be pursued. For a moment the sturdy Scotchman, McCulloch, at the head of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869, carried Congress with him in his policy of sharply contracting the volume of government notes by an issue of bonds. A resolution passed the House of Representatives on December 18, 1865, by a vote of 144 to

6, that the House cordially concurred in the view of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the interests of the country would permit, and that "We hereby pledge coöperative action to this end as speedily as practicable."

The problem was not, however, so simple as it seemed. The greenbacks formed considerably more than one half of the currency circulation of the country. Unless gold or some other form of currency could be brought in, their retirement would mean violent contraction at the very moment when the new field of the South had been opened to the national money. While such a contraction would undoubtedly have tended to bring the greenbacks up with a jerk to their old parity of 100 cents in gold, such a sudden enhancement in the value of the monetary unit would have caused a fall in prices which would have spelled wide-spread ruin. Only vaguely, apparently, was this danger apprehended by advanced economists; but the danger was real enough to arouse among the masses, especially in the debtor States, stubborn opposition to immediate resumption or to the reduction of the volume of paper currency. Mortgages on farms, running for three, five, or even ten years, which had been incurred in paper, if required to be paid back in gold would have absorbed more than the total value of the farms. Other conditions are thus summed up by Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio in his "Life of John Sherman" (1906):

> Prices were high in 1865; great investments were made in numerous enterprises at the existing high prices; agricultural areas of the West were rapidly developed, and the production of cereals vastly increased. With the returning soldiers of the disbanding armies, and increased immigration from abroad, new fields were settled. The change of so great a multitude of soldiers from consumers to producers, changed the relation between demand and supply in many classes of products.

WHETHER TO PULL THE GREENBACK UP OR THE GOLD DOLLAR DOWN

DURING the thirteen years from July 1, 1865, to July 1, 1878, six months before the resumption of specie payments, the net monetary stock of the country in circulation remained practically stationary, and the per capita average was reduced by the addition of thirteen millions of population from $20.57 to $15.32. It is not surprising that under the pressure of such drastic contraction, all manner of financial heresies sprouted and thrived. The amazing proposition came from President Johnson himself, in his annual message of 1868, that inasmuch as the holders of government securities had received upon their bonds a larger amount than their original investment, as measured by gold, it would be just that the six per cent. interest then paid them should be applied to the reduction of the principal of the debt, thus liquidating it in sixteen years and eight months. Thaddeus Stevens, the great congressional leader of the Civil War, made violent speeches in favor of paying the bonds in paper. In the West, the proposition was so warmly advocated by Senator Thurman of Ohio that it became known as "the Ohio idea."

It is a question whether the soundest economic policy would not have been to take the resolute steps for resumption supported by McCulloch and the Eastern bankers, and at the same time to adopt a new monetary unit which recognized the status quo; in other words, to create a new gold dollar worth 75 or 80 per cent. of the old. This was the principle adopted by Austria-Hungary in 1892, by Russia in 1895, and by Mexico in 1905, in bringing to an end the instability of their currency and planting it upon a permanent basis of gold. The conclusive argument for such a policy lies in the fact that it recognizes and crystallizes the existing purchasing power of money, in which prices are expressed, instead of seeking violently to change it. It thus permits the transition from the old unstable basis to the new fixed basis without jar, and without radically changing the relations between the holders of money and those who are under contracts to pay money.

Monetary science was less advanced, however, in 1865 than it is in our time. In the United States the problem of the monetary unit was entangled by both parties with the very different problem—whether the bonded debt of the Government should be paid in the money in which

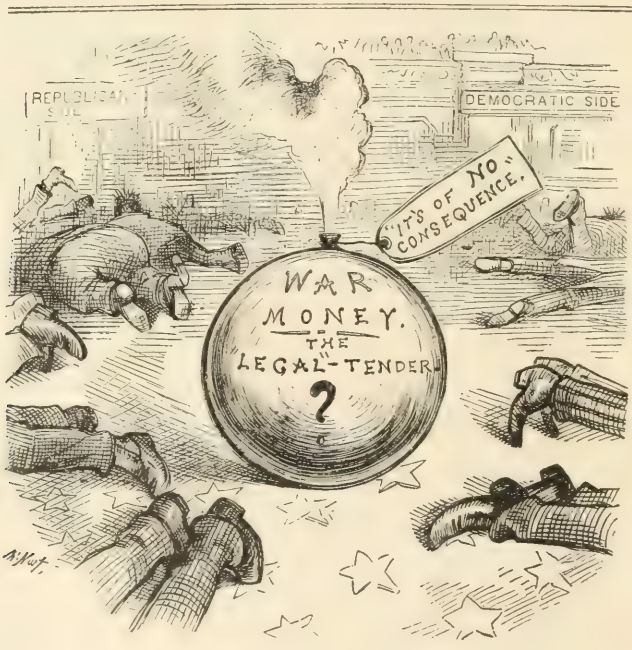
it had been promised. While ultimately the country reached the ideal of the most pronounced hard-money men of pulling the greenback up to 100 cents in gold, it was at the cost of six years of falling prices, which spread a pall over real estate and industrial development, and ruined many men who had in good faith bought property at its valuation in paper when paper was the legal-tender money of the country.

The ink was hardly dry on the resolutions by which the House approved the proposals of Secretary McCulloch in 1865 before a counter movement set in. By the following April a bill had been enacted aimed at tying the secretary's hands by limiting the retirement of United States notes to $10,000,000 for the next six months, and thereafter to $4,000,000 a month. In the face of two succeeding annual reports by the secretary in favor of contraction, Congress, by the act of February 4, 1868, suspended entirely his authority to make any reduction of the currency by retiring or canceling United States notes.

GENERAL GRANT'S SERVICE TO SOUND MONEY

THUS matters stood up to the inauguration of President Grant. Early in his term was passed the "act to strengthen the public credit," with its courageous declarations that "the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin, or its equivalent, of all obligations of the United States not bearing interest, known as United States notes, and of all interest-bearing obligations of the United States." The final clause was subject to a few proper exceptions; but coin was then held to mean gold, and the Government thus stood committed to establish its monetary system, as well as to discharge its debts, upon the basis of other advanced nations. General Grant as President brought to the solution of financial problems much of that grim, hard sense which served him so well in the field. In his annual message of 1869 he urged resumption of gold payments, but added:

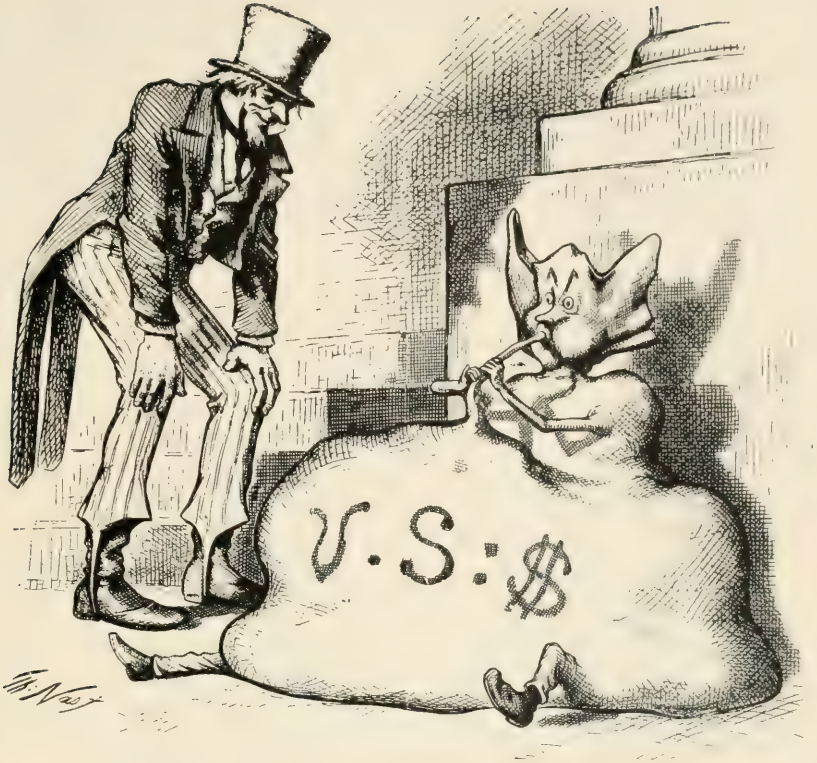
"Immediate resumption, if practicable, would not be desirable. It would compel



THE FINANCIAL BOOM

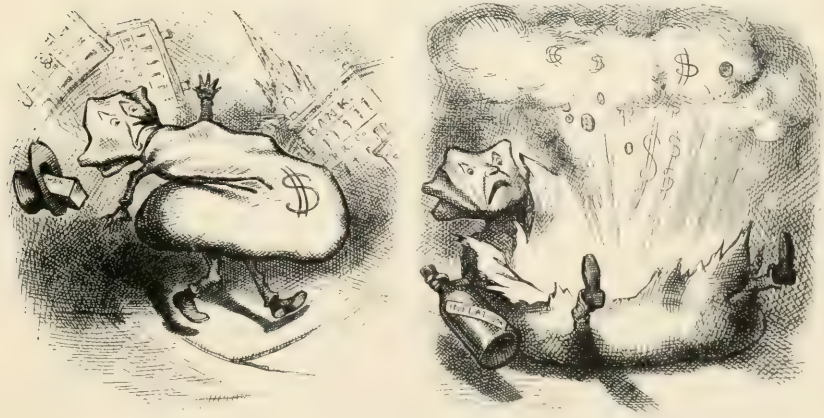
"Lay low!"

FROM A CARTOON BY THOMAS NAST IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," DECEMBER 27, 1879



BY INFLATION YOU WILL BURST

UNCLE SAM: "You stupid Money-Bag there is just so much Money in you; and you can not make it any more by blowing yourself up!"



LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE, AND DON'T MAKE IT WORSE

Money is *tight*, but let it recover itself naturally, and then it will stand on a *Sounder Basis*.

Stimulants or *Inflation* only bring *final collapse*.

FROM CARTOONS BY THOMAS NAST IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," DECEMBER [illegible], 1873

the debtor class to pay, beyond their contracts, the premium on gold at the date of their purchase, and would bring bankruptcy and ruin to thousands."

But Grant, like other Republican Presidents, set his face like a flint against further inflation. When he received from a Congress controlled by his own party the so-called "Inflation Bill" of 1874, authorizing the increase of the volume of greenbacks to $400,000,000, he promptly returned it with his veto. John Sherman, a leading member of the Senate Committee on Finance, who had been unwilling to follow McCulloch in 1865, became convinced by 1873 that the time had come for setting a definite date for specie resumption. His method was not to retire the greenbacks, but to provide a gold fund for their current redemption. It was not until the crushing Republican defeat in the Congressional elections of 1874, however, that the party was ready for action. In the short session of December a special committee of Republican senators was appointed, from whose labors emerged the Resumption Act of January 14, 1875. It was a vague and evasive measure, purposely avoiding questions upon which there were wide differences of opinion; but it contained the one salient declaration that "on and after the first day of January, 1879, the Secretary of the Treasury shall redeem in coin the United States legal-tender notes then outstanding, on their presentation for redemption at the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in the City of New York." It also placed power in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury to prepare and provide for resumption.



RESUMPTION (?)

UNCLE SAM: "There is no circulation in that leg, and it 's swelling every day more and more. Mortification will set in, and I am sure my other leg will be affected. Now Dr. SHERMAN, something must be done, and quick, too."

FROM A CARTOON BY THOMAS NAST IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," NOVEMBER 29, 1879

WHEN THE GOLD WAS THERE IT WAS NOT WANTED

MARKET conditions did not at once respond to this promise; but after the election of Hayes, a sound-money President,

in 1876, and the gradual accumulation of gold, under the guiding hand of John Sherman, as Secretary of the Treasury, the same man who had managed the passage of the Resumption Act, it began to be understood that specie resumption was to be actually accomplished. The banks of New York City, which held about $125,000,000 of the $346,000,000 in legal-tender notes outstanding, abolished special



BE SOUND IN MIND AND BODY

UNCLE SAM: "As long as I keep these outstanding notes on my mind, which I am well able to pay, I am violating the laws of my constitution; and how can I expect my body to recover when my mind is not at ease?"

FROM A CARTOON BY THOMAS NAST IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," DECEMBER 13, 1879

gold deposits and agreed with the Treasury to receive and pay balances without discrimination between gold and notes. The news of these arrangements, completed in November, 1878, removed lingering doubts. In the gold-room of the New York Stock Exchange—the scene of so much agitation on "Black Friday" nine years before—a sale of gold was made, on December 17, 1878, at 12:29 P.M., at par. It was the first sale at par in sixteen years, but so quietly was the transaction accomplished that only three or four persons who stood near the registrar's desk were cognizant of it. When the first of January, 1879, dawned, the banks, which might have presented millions of notes for gold, did not ask for a dollar; and the dull corridors of the New York Sub-Treasury hardly afforded an indication that the United States had reached and passed a crucial point in her history and on that day had reëntered the circle of solvent nations. Truly, the experience of that day, carefully prepared for as it had been, and attained at much cost and suffering, seemed to verify the contention of those who for many years had insisted that "The way to resume is to resume."

THE "CROSS OF GOLD"

TWENTY-ONE years were to pass, however, before the country was to be extricated finally and absolutely from the shadow of an uncertain monetary standard. Specie resumption had not been accomplished when a bill was passed over the veto of President Hayes, on February 28, 1878, providing for the infusion of

large masses of silver dollars into the circulation. This was followed by the so-called Sherman Silver Law of 1890, further increasing the amount of silver to be absorbed by the Treasury. The underlying motive for an increase in the monetary stock was the steady contraction which had been going on in the effort to restore the paper dollar to its old parity with gold; and for a time the country absorbed without apparent risk the additions made by the silver to the currency of the country. Gold exports set in, however, in heavy volume after the law of 1890; the Treasury began to lose its gold; and soon after the inauguration of President Cleveland, in 1893, the country stood face to face with the destruction of the gold standard. Panic supervened, and only at a special session of Congress in the autumn of 1893 was the further purchase of silver suspended by law.

The country lay prostrate for three years under a variety of ills, from which a young prophet from the West sought to rescue it by raising the standard of the free and unlimited coinage of silver "without the aid or consent of any other nation." For a moment it seemed that the majority of the voters would respond to the electric thrill conveyed by this young leader, William Jennings Bryan, to the Democratic National Convention of 1896, when he wound up his famous speech with the declaration, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"

A REAL CROSS OF GOLD

THE country decided for the continuance of the gold standard, and its decision was crystallized into law by the act of March 14, 1900. This act set aside for the protection of the greenbacks the sum of $150,000,000 in gold, to be kept inviolate from all other uses, and declared the bonds and other obligations of the Government to be redeemable in gold and in gold only. But the causes that were operating prior to 1892 to cause contraction in the monetary stock were reversed after that date by the great outpouring of new gold from the mines of South Africa and the Klondike. New processes of separating gold from low-grade ores made profitable fields that in earlier years would have been considered unavailable. The gold production of the world rose from $113,000,000 in 1890 to $202,251,000 in 1896 and $454,000,000 in 1910. Gold flowed into the Bank of England in the summer of 1896, even while Mr. Bryan was making his canvass for free silver, to an amount never before recorded in monetary history; and the beneficent flood soon overflowed the coffers of the advanced commercial nations and filled up the void in metallic money in such developing countries as Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, and India. In place of the fear of a scarcity of gold, which hung like a pall over some minds at the close of the last century, such a redundancy of the yellow metal arose that swollen bank reserves stimulated loans at low rates, manufacturing plants were extended, and prices of commodities advanced with a rapidity which lessened the purchasing power of wages and threatened to reduce the world to the unfortunate state of Midas, making gold a curse instead of a blessing.

It is this situation which has reduced the real income of the laborer, the professional man, and other classes, through the diminished purchasing power of their money, which is imposing a true cross of gold on the world to-day, and which presents to a new administration the problem of finding a way to establish and maintain an equitable standard of value.

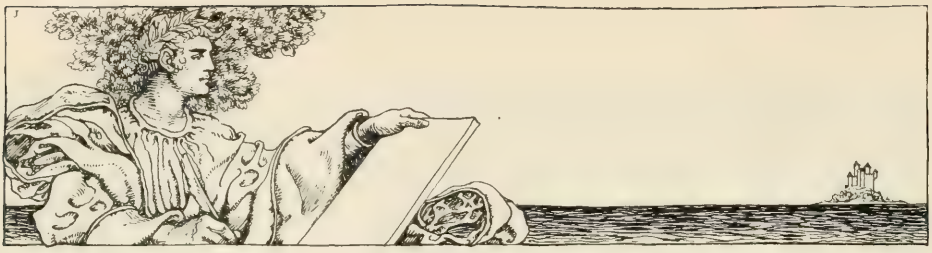


Owned by Ernest W. Longfellow and now in the Boston Museum of Art. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE WIDOW

FROM THE PAINTING BY COUTURE

EXAMPLES OF FRENCH PORTRAITURE



FOR A BLANK PAGE

BY AUSTIN DOBSON



LIFE, like a page unpenned,
Spreads out its whiteness,
Nothing, from end to end,
Marring its brightness.

Surely a field to claim
Steadfast endeavor?
Where one might win a name
Vocal forever?



Now—to review it all—
What a prosaic,
Patched, unmethodical,
Paltry mosaic!

Plans that ne'er found a base;
Wingless up-yearning;
Speed, that ne'er won the race;
Fire, without burning;

Doubt never set at rest,
Stifle or falter it;
Good, that was not the best—
Yet, would you alter it?

Yet, would you tread again
All the road over?
Face the old joy and pain—
Hemlock and clover?



Yes: for it still was good,
Good to be living;
Buoyant of heart and blood,
Fighting, forgiving;

Glad for the earth and sky,
Glad—for mere gladness;
Grateful, one knew not why,
Even for sadness;

Finding a ray of hope
Gleam through distresses;
Building a larger scope
Out from successes;

Careless of loss and gain,
Rendering ever,
Both for the joy and pain,
Thanks to the Giver.



So, though the script is slow,
Faint though the line is,
Let the poor record go,
Onward to *Finis*.



From a photograph by Byron

THE MORGAN LIBRARY, EAST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK
(Architects, McKim, Mead, and White)

MR. MORGAN'S PERSONALITY

AS VIEWED BY HIS FRIENDS

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER

IT was in the panic days of 1907—late October. The Secretary of the Treasury had hurried from Washington to New York, and was spending his days (long days they were, too) at the Sub-Treasury and his evenings at the Manhattan Hotel, where all who needed to could see him. Meanwhile the bankers conferred daily at Mr. Morgan's office, across the street from the Sub-Treasury, and nightly at his library in Thirty-sixth Street. While they put their heads together and worked out details, their host spent most of his time in his private room in the library building, not infrequently playing solitaire. But he was always within reach when counsel was needed; and his word was law.

To allay popular fears, it was decided to issue a public statement, and the library conferees prepared one and took it up to show to Secretary Cortelyou at his hotel. Mr. Morgan went with them. He had not yet seen the statement, and when one of the party started to read it aloud, he stopped him at the first sentence. "Is that correct?" he asked. "It will be by the time the statement is published," was the reply. "No, gentlemen, that won't do. If it is n't so *now*, we can't say it. We 've got to state the facts exactly as they are. The public must have the truth and nothing but the truth." And the statement was modified accordingly.

Mr. Morgan had had just half a century's preparation for doing the public the immense service he rendered it in "composing" the panic of 1907; for he had been in the banking business since 1857—another panic year. Ability, experience, character, reputation, and financial resources were his, and had put him in a position to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. He had done wonders to preserve the national credit before the year 1907, but it had never fallen to his lot to do anything quite so spectacular (though unintentionally so) as he did at this time. What he did, no one else, however capable, could have done, or, at least, have done so well. It needed just the combination of attri-

butes and qualities he possessed to give the needed authority to his acts.

His whole character was summed up in the brief sentences addressed to his fellow bankers in Mr. Cortelyou's presence. Always his words were few; but always they were pregnant and unequivocal. What he said he meant, and what he meant he said.

It is no truer that Wall Street—"the Street" *par excellence*—is the financial center of the Western world than that Mr. Morgan was the dominant personality therein. He himself was not the Street, for that term includes the Stock Exchange, a large part of the activities of which are purely speculative; and at no time in his life was Mr. Morgan a speculator. Wall Street signifies, and will increasingly signify, as time goes on, the abiding-place of bankers rather than of brokers; and it was in the banking world that Mr. Morgan reigned supreme.

The transactions in which he was the chief factor ran all the way up to the more than $1,400,000,000 capital of the United States Steel Corporation. The total amount involved in his organizations and reorganizations of railways, industrial concerns, and public utilities, and his flotations of American and English government bonds, was thousands of millions of dollars. Never has one man exercised such control over the accumulated wealth and undeveloped resources of a great country. The power appeared to be despotic, but if it really was so, the despotism was so tempered by probity and a high sense of responsibility as to lose all the terrors the term usually connotes.

An old friend, a banker in close touch with many of Mr. Morgan's most important operations, was asked the secret of his success. "There was no secret about it," said he. "I think his chief asset was integrity. Of course, being honest does n't make a man rich. He must have—as Mr. Morgan had—immense energy and ability. But a man in the banking business can't make a great success with these qualities alone. At the 'Money Trust' inquiry it was shown that the Morgan house had more than a hundred million dollars on deposit; and this was by no means high-water mark. Probably these deposits have been twice as great, at times. Now, no matter how brilliant a man is, people don't put more than two hundred million dollars in his hands unless they know him to be honest to the core, as Mr. Morgan was." When I quoted this to a clergyman, he said: "That is the business man's point of view." "So much the better for business," I replied. The president of a great commercial bank made this confirmatory comment: "Mr. Morgan's power lay in his keen sense of trusteeship."

An intimate friend of Mr. Morgan's, speaking of the financier's mental attributes, remarked that his mind never appeared to work deliberately, logically, but to attain its results by intuition, as it were; in other words, he was a man of genius. What the business man usually lacks is imagination; but imagination was perhaps the largest element in Mr. Morgan's mind. It was this that made his actions great. It was his constructive imagination that made it possible for Mr. Claflin, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce and himself a distinguished man of affairs, to say: "Like the founders of this nation, Mr. Morgan had prophetic vision; like them, he was an organizer of scattered possibilities and a builder of mighty structures such as no man had built before." It was because of his imaginative force that Senator Root called him "the greatest master of commerce of the world"; and that Mr. Choate said that "only once in a generation is such a mind born in such a body." And it was this that prompted our English kin to liken him to Cecil Rhodes, to Bismarck, and to Napoleon.

Mr. Morgan's great gift to Harvard University was made in a way that illustrates his habitual promptness of decision. He and Mr. Rockefeller were among those who were asked to contribute to the habilitation of the Medical School. The latter caused a thorough investigation to be made, which lasted for six months. At the end of that time he received a favorable report and was advised to give $500,000. He bettered the advice, however, by giving a round million. Mr. Morgan's course was equally characteristic. When the needs of the school were explained to him, he made an appointment to see two or three of the professors at his office. Entering from his private room with his watch in his hand, he said: "I am pressed for time and can give you but a moment. Have you any plans to show me?" The

plans were produced and unrolled; and moving his finger quickly from point to point, "I will build that," he said, "and that—and that—and that. Good morning, gentlemen." The cost was over a million dollars. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller had reached exactly the same conclusion as to the merits of the case and the amount of his contribution, but by what different methods!

Mr. Morgan's activities and achievements in the financial field divide themselves into three main groups: the reorganizing of bankrupt railways, or railways threatened with bankruptcy; the forming of great industrial organizations, and the floating of corporate or government bonds. His chief performance in the last-mentioned line was the flotation of United States Government bonds in the year 1895, when, incidentally, Messrs. Morgan and Belmont arranged with President Cleveland and his Secretary of the Treasury further to protect the national credit by putting a stop to the menacing outflow of American gold to Europe.

At the age of seventy, the veteran financier was called upon to render another great service to the country by organizing and directing the forces that put an end to the panic of 1907, as noted at the beginning of this article. His efforts at this trying time won the gratitude and applause of all right-thinking men. Yet, five years thereafter, in the spectacular search for a bogy popularly styled the "Money Trust," he was put upon the rack by a congressional committee and subjected to a prolonged quizzing. To a man so proud, so shy and so sensitive, the ordeal was a dreaded one, but he had made no attempt to evade it. In the end, it afforded him an opportunity of bearing emphatic witness that personal integrity is the basis of all credit. The tonic effect of this testimony was felt from one end of the land to the other, and, had the witness been a younger man, his gratification would have much more than outweighed the strain upon his nervous system. As it was, his friends do not attribute to this ordeal his collapse a few weeks later, while on his way to the scene of the excavations in Egypt which the Metropolitan Museum of Art was conducting at his expense.

Nothing has been said oftener of Mr. Morgan than that he was "a 'bull' on America." One of his old friends disclosed, the other day, the origin of this "bullishness." As is well known, Mr. Morgan was an optimist. His father's temperament was the same, and the older man impressed upon his son—when he was returning to America more than half a century ago, to go into business—his own belief in this country and his faith in its future. "Any man who is a 'bear' on America is bound to fail," he said. Coming from the lips of his father, whom during his life the son leaned on and respected, and whose memory he revered and honored, these words made an indelible impression on the young man's mind; the more indelible as they confirmed his personal feeling and conviction and, in later years, his experience. As it turned out, his confidence in the country's future was a potent factor in its material prosperity.

Current report has it that once, when Mr. Morgan invited into his firm a young man who had made a name for himself, he said, "I want you to come down here and 'do things.'" Less well known—though as well worth preserving—is his word to another bright young man, in similar circumstances. Surprised no less than gratified at the invitation, the fortunate one exclaimed, "But what can *I* do for J. P. Morgan and Company?" "I don't ask you to make money for us," was the reply; "but we have a great many duties and responsibilities here, and I want you to come in and help us bear them."

It is related that Mr. Morgan's father once threatened to withdraw his power of attorney from the son, if the latter persisted in overworking. If the warning was given, it probably was heeded; but Mr. Morgan was always a great worker, though in his later years, at least, he realized the value of holidays, as is shown in the saying ascribed to him: "I can do a year's work in nine months, but not in twelve." Apropos is the legend that partnership in the Morgan house meant a short life, if not a merry one. Undoubtedly, all the members of the firm had their work cut out for them. It could not be otherwise in a house that stood at the top and meant to maintain its position. There was an immense amount of work to be done, and they were there to do it. But they were always men who liked to work;

and the fact is that when a partner died or retired, it was at an age when death or retirement was not unnatural. There have been few exceptions to this rule. And one, at least, of Mr. Morgan's former partners has survived his chief, though several years his senior.

Mr. Morgan's own stalwart physique and capacity for work were an inheritance from his father, whose death, at seventy-seven, was due to an accident. Some of his indomitable energy must have come to him from his maternal grandfather and namesake, John Pierpont; for, when the Civil War began, that poet, patriot, preacher, and ardent reformer, after seventy-six strenuous years, had the pluck to enlist as a chaplain (though for a very brief service) and lived to be eighty-one years old.

It is recalled that at school Mr. Morgan was a writer of verse, but it does not appear whether this was due to the example of his grandfather, one of whose poems on the death of a child—"I Cannot Call Him Dead"—has gone into the anthologies.

An interesting incident relating to the poet is told me by a friend. During the Civil War, Father Pierpont (as he was called) was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, and while there was often a visitor at the house of Paul H. Berkau, well remembered in Washington as president of the Schillerbund, a club for the study of German literature. The Berkaus were abolitionists, friends of Sumner and Julian, and other men of that faith, and this was a bond between them and their friend the poet. One day, when he came to see them, he found on the table a copy of his volume, "Airs of Palestine and Other Poems." He took it up and wrote on the fly-leaf these lines:

"Shame! that my book should to my friend be *sold*
Rather than made a present of, or lent;
Sold, too, for *paper,* not so good as gold
By forty-eight or forty-nine per cent.
Jno. Pierpont.
Washington, D. C., 3 Dec., 1863."

In 1902 one of the owner's family, coming into possession of this volume, presented it to Mr. Morgan with this inscription:

This volume, formerly the property of my uncle, Mr. Paul H. Berkau, to whom the poet wrote the inscription, is respectfully presented by me to Mr. John Pierpont Morgan, who has done so much to keep our "paper" as "good as gold."

Mr. Morgan received the volume with evident delight.

For many years it was Mr. Morgan's custom to engage a furnished house in the city in which a general convention of the Episcopal Church was to be held (he himself being always a lay delegate from New York), and to entertain therein, as long as the convention lasted, a group of his particular friends in the episcopate. A private car conveyed these parties to their destination; and once, when the place of meeting was San Francisco, a special train was engaged for the long journey. Mr. Morgan's guests on these occasions were usually Bishop Potter or (later) Bishop Greer of New York, Bishop Doane of Albany, the Bishops of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and the wives or other members of the families of these gentlemen. The present bishop of New York relates that once, when some one raised the question of the familiarity of the members of the party with the services of the church, it proved that their host was better versed in the collects, the hymns, and the Shorter Catechism than any of his clerical guests. This only confirms other anecdotes illustrating the extraordinary retentiveness of his memory; for, while he was a habitual church-goer, never missing a Sunday morning service if he was within reach of a church, he could hardly have attended as many services, in the course of his life, as the youngest of the bishops present. His similar hospitality and constant attention to the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of the Church of England, during that prelate's visit to America a few years ago, caused a wit to speak of His Grace as "Pierpontifex Maximus."

His devotion to the interests of the church was of long standing. It showed itself, of course, at Highland Falls, on the Hudson, the village nearest his summer home; and more conspicuously at St. George's in Stuyvesant Square, New York City, where the simple, impressive service chosen by himself was read at his funeral on the fourteenth of April. To the activi-

ties of this church—a body less distinguished for the wealth and social prominence of its members than for its work among the poor—he was for many years a liberal subscriber. The spacious, well-equipped parish-house commemorated his father-in-law, Mr. Charles E. Tracy, a former vestryman. And at a time when there was special need of larger revenues, he made it known that, for a considerable period, he would duplicate every contribution made by other parishioners. At the time of his death, he was senior warden of St. George's, and he never had missed a meeting of the vestry when he was in New York.

His interest in denominational affairs manifested itself in other directions. To the building fund of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in Albany he gave handsomely. When subscriptions were first asked for the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, he put his name down for half a million dollars; and to this sum he afterward added $100,000. At a meeting of a committee appointed to raise money for a synod house, when he learned that $50,000 had been subscribed but that $250,000 more was needed, he made himself responsible for the whole amount, requesting that the earlier subscribers be relieved of their obligations. Finding, however, that Mr. Bayard Cutting wished to participate on equal terms in this gift to the General Convention, he contented himself with assuming one half the entire burden—which in its entirety proved to be $350,000 instead of the estimated $300,000. Thus his gifts in connection with the new cathedral amounted to nearly $900,000, and his friends in the church were not surprised that his will made no further provision for this great undertaking. Not only at home but abroad was he the cheerful giver the Lord is said to love, as witness the installation of electricity in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, at a cost approximating $200,000.

The benevolent institution that ranked next to the church in Mr. Morgan's regard was the Lying-In Hospital, near St. George's Church, in Stuyvesant Square. Having bought the house and grounds of the late Mr. Hamilton Fish, skirting Second Avenue from Seventeenth to Eighteenth Street, and some adjoining houses, he sent Dr. James W. Markoe abroad to study the hospitals of Europe, and in due time authorized the preparation of plans for a model building to cost about $750,000. By the time these plans had been drawn and specifications had been worked out, the price of materials had greatly increased, and the estimated cost proved to be about half a million more than was expected. Instead of abandoning the project, or waiting for prices to decline, or demanding a drastic revision of the plans, Mr. Morgan's word was, "Go ahead—and cut out nothing." When the hospital was built and thoroughly equipped, Mr. Morgan made up for the city's inadequate annual contribution to this great charity by giving $100,000 a year toward its maintenance.

Harvard University, especially the Medical School; the Art Museum at Hartford, founded in memory of his father, Junius Spencer Morgan of London; the New York Trade School, which he handsomely endowed; the American Academy in Rome, and the Loomis Sanatorium were the other chief beneficiaries of his discriminating bounty. But the institutions, causes, and individuals (many of the latter personally unknown to him) that were indebted to Mr. Morgan for substantial aid, at one time or another, were innumerable as the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa. Many of his benefactions were not publicly recorded, and if he recollected them himself, it was only because his memory was incapable of relaxing its grasp on anything, large or small, that had once entered it. As the London "Spectator" said, never was there a millionaire so set upon effacing his name from his deeds of beneficence.

Mr. Morgan's connection with the Metropolitan Museum of Art dated from 1871, when the institution was organized. For twenty-five years he was one of the trustees, and since 1904 he had been president. He took an intense interest in its upbuilding, contributing thereto not only of his wealth but of his time and affection. So conspicuous was his identification with the art museum that it obscured his relations with the American Museum of Natural History, on the other side of Central Park. Yet these were equally close and well-nigh as important, involving forty years' activity as a trustee and long service, first as treasurer and again as vice-president. Here, too, his gifts were lav-

ish. His love of beauty showed itself in the presentation to the museum of large and choice collections of minerals and precious stones; but these were only a small part of his contributions, which included money for endowment, maintenance and research, as well as innumerable objects for exhibition.

Owing largely to modern facilities for travel and communication, the personality of the American Mæcenas was probably better known in foreign countries than that of any private citizen of the past. He was a very familiar figure in England, where he succeeded years ago to the headship of his father's firm, as well as to the ownership and yearly occupancy of his father's town house and country-seat; where most of his collections were kept for many years; and where his gift to St. Paul's Cathedral showed his lively interest in the Church of England and in the City of London. He was equally well known in France, where he was the head of a banking-house and a benefactor of his favorite health resort, Aix-les-Bains; in Germany, where his presentation of an important letter of Luther's to the Imperial Government was heartily appreciated; in Italy, where he endeared himself to Pope and people by the restoration of the cope of Ascoli, and where his last hours were passed; and finally in Egypt, the antiquities as well as the climate of which had an attraction for him that grew constantly stronger. Moreover, his fame as a collector made him an object of intense, if not altruistic, interest in the various lands in which he sojourned.

Having achieved an international reputation as a maker of money for his clients and customers, as well as for himself, Mr. Morgan found no less pleasure, but rather more, in making a new and quite as wide a reputation as a spender. His collections were made *en prince*. He never haggled over a bargain, but took a thing on the seller's terms or left it. When he declined a book, a manuscript, or an object of art at the owner's price, he must have been aware that that price was exorbitant; for his purchases were made with an open hand, many of them at figures that somewhat discounted the appreciation in values when competition should have become even keener than it was when he entered the field. His activities as a buyer doubtless caused a general rise in the price of rarities —an inevitable result of the rather rapid making of a collection that has recently been insured for $23,000,000 and would probably fetch a much larger sum if disposed of under favorable conditions. In estimating the commercial value of such a collection, it must be borne in mind that the number of masterpieces is virtually fixed, while the number of potential competitors for their possession continually increases.

When Mr. Morgan bought the house adjoining his father's former home, No. 13 Princes Gate, London, joined the two, and filled the addition with things for which there had been no space before— having a room especially designed to hold the series of Fragonards; when he left in the National Gallery the Colonna Raphael, for which he had given a hundred thousand pounds or so; when he filled case after case in the South Kensington Museum with priceless treasures, he had no prevision that by far the greater part of his collections would be coming, before long, to New York. Their departure did not follow hard upon the passage of the law exempting from tariff charges works of art more than twenty years old. But when Mr. Morgan learned, last year, from Mr. Lloyd-George's own lips, that if he should die while his collections remained in England, his estate would have to pay $300,000 or more on the Raphael alone, he promptly arranged to transfer his treasures to his own country, where the death duties are less onerous. And now that they are safely arrived, word comes, through his will, that in due time they may become permanently accessible to the American people. Already the literary treasures, safeguarded in the exquisite library building adjoining his house in Thirty-sixth Street, are accessible to accredited students and amateurs; hundreds of his art works—paintings, porcelains, carvings, tapestries, etc.—are on view in the Metropolitan Museum; and only the erection of a suitable building (presumably in the form of an addition to the museum itself) delays the revelation of the full extent of the rich and varied collections the acquisition of which gave so keen a zest to the financier's later years.

Of Mr. Morgan's many activities, he enjoyed none more keenly, and found none

more beneficial, than yachting. As many days and hours as he could spare, he passed aboard his steam yacht, the *Corsair,* often spending the summer nights in New York Bay or on Long Island Sound, early in the week, and running up the Hudson, to his country home, for the week-end. Longer trips were made to Newport or Bar Harbor—with the New York Yacht Club, when its annual cruise was on; at other times with only his personal guests. From 1897 till 1899, he was the club's commodore; and his hand went deep into his pocket to build the *Columbia,* which defended the *America's* cup in the last of these years, and was used as a trial boat in 1901, when *Reliance* was the defender. The *Corsair* of 1891 (a 242-foot boat) was sold to the Government, as other yachts were, when we were at war with Spain, in 1898. As the *Gloucester,* under Captain Wainwright, she gave a very good account of herself at Santiago. That year the *Sagamore* served as flagship; but on the very day the Commodore sold the *Corsair* he had commissioned her designer, Mr. J. Beavor Webb, to build a boat sixty-two feet longer than the old one; and the next year the new *Corsair* was launched.

Mr. Morgan's private signal was known in Europe as well as in home waters, though he never crossed the ocean on anything but a great liner, usually the flagship of the White Star Line. This line—the chief subsidiary of the International Mercantile Marine Company, one of his many organizations—was in a sense his pet; and the sinking of the *Titanic,* in whose construction he had taken the keenest interest, was probably a heavier blow to him than to any one to whom it did not bring personal bereavement.

Mr. Morgan's great liking for collies is known to all lovers of dogs, and the Cragston kennels are decorated with many a first prize won at the Madison Square Garden and elsewhere. As a rule, the animals, young and old, are confined to their own quarters, well away from the house, and separated from the house grounds by the public road that runs along the bluff on the west shore of the Hudson at this point. Despite the comfort, not to say luxuriousness, of their surroundings indoors, they are always overjoyed to be let out; and one of their owner's keenest pleasures was to see them released; to watch them dash, in a pack, to the gateway, turn sidewise in the air as they sprang through, then tear like mad down the road in the direction of Highland Falls and West Point, yelping as if possessed. After running a few hundred yards, they would turn as suddenly as they had started, and race back, passing the gate at full speed, and dashing another hundred rods or so, before turning again.

"Sefton Hero," or some other great prize-winner, was likely to be seen about the house in the daytime; but to only one collie was granted the privilege of permanent occupancy. This was a dog that had been in the habit of running down the private road to meet his master on the arrival of the yacht, the private signal of which he had learned to recognize. One afternoon, in his zealous haste, he failed to see a railway train that arrived just as he reached the riverside. The cow-catcher struck him and tossed him many feet, but happily he landed on a bit of swampy ground with no bones broken. His devotion, with its almost fatal consequences, won him special privileges for the rest of his days.

Not long after the completion of Mr. Morgan's greatest work as an organizer, he was the chief guest at a dinner of the Gridiron Club, in Washington—one of those functions where the newspaper "boys" have fun with the great ones of the earth. It was, of course, impossible to get him to talk; but leaving the room, late at night, his arm linked in that of his old friend Mr. George F. Baker, he exclaimed, "If only I were a speaker, how I should have liked to talk for an hour to-night, and tell them the story of the organization of the Steel Corporation!" He may have felt an equally strong impulse to unbosom himself on other occasions, but if so he repressed it.

An invincible shyness, which seemed hardly consistent with the man's dominating forcefulness, made him as sedulous in avoiding publicity as many are in courting it. On certain occasions it was impossible for him to escape the spot-light; but when its rays fell full upon him his discomfort was obvious. Such an occasion was the dedication of the New Theatre, now the Century. As chairman, it was Mr. Morgan's duty to receive the silver key of the building from the architect. For once he

had to take the center of the stage in only too literal a sense. As he sat there throughout the addresses of Senator Root and Governor Hughes, alternately glancing at, and crumpling up, the scrap of paper on which his notes were written, it was an easy guess that the remotest corner of the attic would have been a preferable place of waiting; and when his turn came, and he had pronounced his two or three formal sentences, his relief was evident. Once, when he was called on for a speech, he said, "No, no, gentlemen; I have never made a speech in my life, and I 'm not going to begin now."

Now and then a business proposition of minor importance would be submitted for Mr. Morgan's approval, which was usually given or withheld after apparently cursory consideration. If the matter came up again months afterward, and there was any difference of opinion as to its details, the recollection of the senior partner, who had given the thing five minutes' attention, was invariably found to be more nearly correct than that of the juniors, who had had the handling of the business. Once in a way, Mr. Morgan might have occasion to borrow a small coin. If so, the next time he met the lender, no matter how many weeks had elapsed, he would recall the occurrence and repay the loan, as surely as if the amount were a quarter of a million instead of a quarter of a dollar. A table or a chair not in its accustomed place attracted his attention; a picture hanging slightly askew disturbed him. For ten or fifteen years before his death, it was his habit to play solitaire for a while before going to bed, and he arranged the cards with the utmost neatness and precision. For his mind was nothing if not orderly, and disorder in exterior objects disturbed it. When great affairs occupied it, there was no room for petty details; but in the absence of matters of moment, its craving for activity had to satisfy itself with whatever came to hand.

Mr. Morgan's delicate sense of the fitness of things is illustrated by an incident related by the young lady who rebound some of the choicest books in his library. One of these is Geoffrey Tory's "Book of Hours" (1525). Into the cover design Miss Lahey wove Tory's name, as he himself was in the habit of doing; but Mr. Morgan would not allow her to reproduce the emblem of a broken jug which the old French artist had adopted as his signmanual, using it on every page of his illuminations. Mr. Morgan's feeling was that this device was too personal to the artist himself to be used on any work but that of his own hands.

The public was surprised at the fervent declaration of religious belief with which Mr. Morgan's remarkable document began. It almost appeared that he regarded his faith as a thing so real, not to say tangible, as to be transmissible by legal process. Certainly it was fundamental in his own nature, and as potent a force as any that shaped his actions. In a noteworthy tribute in the "Outlook," a former partner and most intimate friend, Mr. Robert Bacon, late Ambassador to France, sums up the matter in these few words: "He was a man of faith; not only religious faith, but faith in the universe, in humanity, in his country, in his associates, and in the highest standards of honor in both his public and his private life."

A giant frame, an iron will,
A mind that sped as lightning speeds,
Cleaving a way for wits less keen—
A man whose words were deeds.

Simple, sincere, accessible
To all that sought; but woe betide
Him who before those piercing eyes
Faltered, evaded, lied!

And yet those eyes, so quick to blaze
And sear, were no less quick to bless;
For strength and courage, in great hearts,
Mate still with tenderness.

Honest, for honesty's own sake—
Loyal, for so his soul was made—
With one swift glance he chose his ground,
And held it unafraid.

Keen to acquire, to spend, to give,
Ardent in all things, small in none,
He joyed and sorrowed, lived and loved
And toiled till his task was done.

J. B. G.



MAURICE MAETERLINCK

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

In the February number of "The Poetry Review," M. Maeterlinck speaks of the editor of that magazine as "le bon poète, Stephen Phillips, dont je suis admirateur, fervent et fidèle."—ED.

MASTER Mystic over Europe
Whom we did not gladly hear,
Now a sweet revenge thou takest
In the stubborn Saxon tear.

Murmuring of the bees about thee,
With a flight how like thine own,
Upward due to utter heavens,
Happy, be the flight but flown.

Standing half-way between two worlds,
All a-dream, yet dreaming true,
Lord of shadows, yet of shadows
Passing to a perfect blue.

All the ghosts that throng thy pages
Are more real than living wights,
All our noontides are not brighter
Than the brightness of thy nights.

What the dumb moon saith in splendor,
Or the husky bird at dawn,
Thou with human note expressest
Of our murmured fate forlorn.

What the sea would say to sunrise,
Memories of a speechless wind,
This thy muffled muse suggested,
All we seek yet never find.

Yet, forsaking lovelier fancies,
In thy Monna Vanna tale
Thou couldst grip a sterner story,
Hold us fast and leave us pale.

Still the wings we are not 'ware of,
Voices that we dully hear,
Spirit-music struggling downward,
Thou dost bring us dimly near.

I, detained in this ill island,
Where her mist the singer bars,
Hail thee angel of a twilight
Trembling momently to stars.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

SOCIALISM IN THE COLLEGES

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF EDUCATORS FOR THE GROWTH OF REVOLUTIONARY OPINION

SIMON-PURE Socialism is so ugly, so red in tooth and claw, that to be hated it needs but to be seen and understood. Yet there are so many dilutions of Socialism on the market, emotional adulterations and attenuations of the genuine brand, that the inexperienced seeker is pretty sure to have a mixture far below full strength palmed off on him, and after tasting he will be likely to say that the stuff is not so bad, after all. Socialism is offered in the guise of bland and salutary reforms; it takes the form of ethical standards, of social justice, of uplift, and of progress and happiness for all; now it is the shield that guards the poor and the helpless against the shafts of undeserved ill fortune, and now it stays the hand of the heartless oppressor. In its assumptions it is the Ten Commandments, it is the Sermon on the Mount, it is Christianity. Can we wonder that in these disguises it disarms suspicion and wins a tolerance that is already a half-way approval?

It is time that the men and women of this country awoke to an understanding of the true nature of Socialism, of what it is, what it aims to do, and how it seeks to achieve its ends. Socialism is revolution, it is blood, it is overthrow, spoliation, and a surrender of the priceless conquests of civilization, an extinction of the noble impulses that have raised mankind out of the condition of savagery.

It is time these things were known and understood, we say; it is time that foolish misconception gave way to clear knowledge, because Socialism is everywhere sowing its seeds, because it is spreading in the land, not insidiously, but by an open propaganda; because the principles of Socialism are taking hold upon the minds of youth through teaching permitted, or in the name of "academic freedom" actually encouraged, in our schools, colleges, universities, and even in theological seminaries. And it is only here and there that from some chair of instruction a voice is heard proclaiming the truth about Socialism, examining its foundations, subjecting its system and its principles to the test of reason and common sense, and picturing forth in the clear light of experience the consequences of substituting them for the existing social order. Having permitted this poison to be instilled into the minds of their students, it is the belief of men who have observed with growing apprehension the spread of Socialistic belief, that the country's institutions of learning will be false to their duty if they fail to supply the antidote by establishing courses of instruction in which the fallacies, the falsehoods, and the dangers of Socialism shall be combatted by competent analysis in the light of history and economic truth.

No board of trustees, no faculty, can plead an excusable ignorance as to what Socialists intend. They differ as to plan and method, but they are agreed upon this foundation article of their faith:

> The Socialist program requires the public or collective ownership and operation of the principal instruments and agencies for the production and distribution of wealth—the land, mines, railroads, steamboats, telegraph and telephone lines mills, factories, and modern machinery.

"This is the main program," says Morris Hillquit, and it "admits of no limitation, extension, or variation." The Socialist program means, then, the abolition of private property in land and in investments, the abolition of rent, profits, of the wage system, and of competition. Some Socialists advocate confiscation by taxing at full value—for of course Socialism aims at full control of the powers of government; some, like the Industrial Workers of the World, would have the wage-earners take forcible possession of the factories and operate them for their own account; others

would make a pretense of payment, while still others preach direct seizure. All agree that the land and the instruments of production and exchange must be taken out of the hands of private owners and transferred to the State, and assent to that foundation doctrine makes every Socialist a revolutionist. Obviously, it is a revolution that could succeed only through violence and bloodshed, but the real Socialists do not shrink from that extreme. "The safety and the hope of the country," said Victor Berger, the Socialist member of the last Congress, "will finally lie in one direction only—that of violent and bloody revolution." He advises Socialists to read and think, and also "have a good rifle." But the literature of Socialism supplies proof upon proof that the capture of the Government and of property is to be effected by violence. Hence the Socialist's hatred of the Army, of the Navy, and of the National Guard; hence his detestation of all manifestations of the sentiment of patriotism.

Indeed, one of the noblest expressions of that sentiment which our literature affords may serve as a complete demonstration of the conflict between the doctrines of Socialism and some of the convictions that have struck their roots deepest in our common life. The familiar lines of Fitz-Greene Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris" admirably serve the purpose:

> "Strike, for your altars and your fires;
> Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
> God, and your native land!"

Our "altars" are the symbol of our religion. "No God, no master," is the cry of the Socialists, and it was only after a prolonged debate that a repudiation of religion was kept out of the Socialist platform of 1908. Our "fires" are our homes and hearthstones. Socialism would destroy the home. The revolting doctrine of promiscuity was applauded, and applauded by young women of the faith, at a recent meeting of Socialists. "The green graves of your sires"—those words should remind us that the earliest form of title to land was the right to inclose the graves of parents and kindred. Socialism permits no private ownership of land. "God, and your native land"—Socialism denies the Creator and puts the red flag above the Stars and Stripes. Could the grim meaning of this hideous creed be brought more directly home to the minds and hearts of American youth than by the evidence that it is a cold-blooded negation of the fine and lofty patriotism of Halleck's adjuration?

Yet American youth by thousands are to-day under Socialistic teaching and conviction. In December, 1912, the Fourth Annual Convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was held in New York. It was reported that there were fifty-nine "chapters" of the society in as many colleges and universities, including all the leading institutions of the country, and eleven graduate chapters. There were between 900 and 1000 members of the undergraduate chapters, and 700 graduate members. The list of "enthusiastic disciples of Karl Marx" among college faculties includes the names of many professors of national repute. Socialism is at work, too, in the schools, and it has schools of its own, and in this city its "Sunday-schools." The doctrines are put before children and youth not as doctrines of destruction and confiscation, and of revolution by violence and bloodshed, but as principles of ethics, of social justice, and the common good, all leading up to the beautiful dream of the brotherhood of man. College students are asked to consider the working of some privately managed undertaking, and then by plausible illustrations it is pointed out to them that the State could perform the service much better, and thus the ground principle of Socialism gets a lodgment in minds insufficiently informed to detect the falsity of the teaching. In the children's schools is used "The Socialist Primer," in which by text and pictures hatred of the rich and well-to-do is implanted, and the workingman is presented as the helpless victim of greed and cruel oppression. The facts of Socialism, the truth about Socialism, are open to ascertainment by every college and university trustee, by every president, by every giver of funds whose benefactions are employed in part to support the teaching of this devil's creed that is to supplant our old-time reverence for the altar, the hearth-fire, the family, the graves of kindred, and the flag. There is no vital difference between Socialists. The revolutionaries of the Haywood and Debs type and the evolutionary Socialists of the col-

lege faculties have virtually a common faith, and tend inevitably to the acceptance of one method for its attainment.

Is this teaching of revolution and confiscation to go on? A sound course of instruction devoted to the exposure of the fallacies, the falsehoods, and the destructive purposes of Socialism in every college where it has gained a foothold, would make the student immune to its poisonous delusions. Truth is the natural shield against error, yet only here and there has its protection been extended over the endangered youth of our colleges. The teaching of false history and false science would not be tolerated anywhere. Is it less important that young men should be safeguarded against false teaching in matters that go to the very groundwork of their morality and their citizenship? The trustees, presidents, and faculties of the country's seats of learning have a duty to perform that they cannot longer neglect without inviting the sternest censure of public opinion.

THE MONEY BEHIND THE GUN

IN "The Flower of Old Japan," a poem "for children between six and sixty," Mr. Alfred Noyes represents his child seekers for the mirror of wisdom as encountering, among other personified phenomena of the adult intelligence, a curiously-inclined people known as the Ghastroi, of whom he says:

"Their dens are always ankle-deep
With twisted knives, and in their sleep
They often cut themselves; they say
That if you wish to live in peace
The surest way is not to cease
Collecting knives; and never a day
Can pass, unless they buy a few;
And as their enemies buy them too,
They all avert the impending fray,
And starve their children and their wives
To buy the necessary knives."

The children are quite at a loss to know what to make of such a strange way of life.

Many children of a larger growth have wondered at the phenomenon of the actual world of which Mr. Noyes's fancy is an allegory. But in the cultivation of the fear of war it has been left for the present year to reveal an aspect of sordidness the like of which has never before been known.

The world was startled, and all Germans were overwhelmed with mortification and shame, when in April the facts were made known concerning the way in which a market for military supplies had been created at Berlin. One great manufacturer of guns had been guilty of giving bribes within the very walls of the War Office. Another large company dealing in arms and ammunition had sent money to France in order to hire writers of anti-German articles, so that warlike feeling might appear to be stirred up, and the German Government be induced to place large orders for rifles and cartridges. All this went far beyond the ordinary manipulation of a "war scare." With that we are familiar. It has frequently been seen in the United States. More than twenty years ago, when there was foolish talk about a war with Chile, a New Jersey steel-maker was heard to say, after the flurry was over, "Well, anyhow, it was a good enough war to secure me an order for $600,000 worth of ship's plates."

Such tactics by armor-makers and powder-manufacturers have often been exposed, but they fall short of the fiendishness of these German plottings. It is bad enough to work up an artificial excitement in your own land, to form leagues for a bigger army and navy, to point to various alleged foreign "perils," to ply committees of Congress with fantastic military arguments, and to do it all, and finance it all, solely in order to get some fat government contracts. But to do what the German firm did is to pass beyond the mischievous and dishonorable into the diabolical. Deliberately and by means of money sent abroad to seek to rouse a hostile spirit and provoke a war for the purpose of making the weapon business good—this is to be willing to coin money out of the misery of two nations. It is to take the position that the blood of the killed and wounded and the tears of widows and orphans may be ignored if only they are "good for trade." We have heard much of the mad competition in armament being a reduction of militarism to the absurd. These German revelations are a veritable *reductio ad horribilem*—all the more shocking because the German Emperor is to-day one of the greatest forces for peace.

Yet, when all is said, is not this thing, which the moral sense of civilized men pronounces shocking, only a development, one may say a logical development, of practices which have long been known and tolerated? There would seem to be only a difference in degree of turpitude between bribing one's way to an order for cannon and paying out money, directly or indirectly, to secure general legislation which means money in a private citizen's purse. This latter process has been not merely winked at in this country; it has been thought the regular and reputable thing to do. It has almost been honored. At least those who have profited by it have been honored. For years it was the vicious custom of corporations to group under "legal expenses" sums paid out to influence the legislature or Congress. Of one man prominent in his party, long in public life, and influential there, it was said that his motto, in politics as in business, was, "If you want anything, go and buy it."

Such things were once far too common. They are frowned upon now, and we may believe that they are passing. It is necessary only to refer to what was done year after year in the matter of the protective tariff. The relation between campaign contributions and desired rates in the tariff bill was so close that it was hardly an exaggeration to say that the manufacturer put his coin in the party-treasury slot and drew out the customs duty he wanted. It seems certain that this habit of the "good old times" is disappearing before the spirit of the better new time. Yet evil is persistent. It is protean and recurrent. With all the gains that have been made, it is still true that the pecuniary view of legislation is too often met with. We laugh at "going in for the old flag and an appropriation," but there are ways of corruption subtler than the blatant patriotic. In connection with too many bills and projects of law the questions are yet asked, "What is there in it for me?" "Who is putting up the money for this?"

Cases of outright legislative bribery are rare. In the few that do come to light or are suspected, proof of guilt is exceedingly difficult—how difficult, recent events at Albany have shown. But it is not the coarse methods of the purchaser or huckster in legislation that we need to guard against so much as the more insidious forms of swaying public legislation to private advantage. Too often, in connection with projects of law, a distinct "interest" appears. And frequently it is a moneyed interest. Movements that are artfully given the appearance of being spontaneous or voluntary are discovered to be secretly financed for secret purposes. The press is sometimes approached as well as legislatures and Congress. Sinister ends are craftily disguised. The very elect are occasionally deceived.

What is the remedy? It must be mainly moral. Against these anti-social practices the full power of social condemnation must be massed. The senses of men need to be sharpened until they can deny the truth of the cynical saying, "Gold does not smell." Some gold does. And as against a private "interest" in legislation, there must be asserted, as the one standard, a broad State or National interest. Lacking that, no bill should be exempt from the severest scrutiny to expose a possibly selfish backing. That general principle established, and the further truth being insisted upon that no man shall be permitted before a legislative or congressional committee to be a judge in his own cause, the motive and the mischief of money-prompted legislation would be greatly diminished.

ONE WAY TO MAKE THINGS BETTER

THE FUNCTION OF HIGH STANDARDS IN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

AT first thought, it seems like mockery to recommend to a world of social unrest and of shifting ideals, a world that for the most part is struggling for three meals a day, the efficacy of music, letters, and art to ameliorate its condition. "Emerson in words of one syllable for infant minds" will not reach below a certain intellectual stratum. Beethoven for the people seems a contradiction of terms. There are times when, despite the crowds at the museums, Michelangelo and the Greek marbles seem to have as little influence upon the stream of humanity as rocks upon the current of a river that flows past them. The cry for the elevation of the race, which is the dominant note—the Vox Humana—of our time, the hope that we may

all move up together, is a logical development of the Christian idea and the most creditable aspect of the new century. The whole world is reaching for sun and air. The ambition of the wage-earner is a counterpart of nature, as Lowell reads it into his "June":

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

With the impetuosity and the lack of discipline of our day, this aspiration often overreaches itself. The highly stimulated desire for advancement is thwarted by unwillingness to take the plodding and the stony road. The treasures of the humble are forgotten. The quick fire burns up the substance and leaves but ashes. Meanwhile, it is something if, with Landor, we have

"warmed both hands against the fire of life."

But, with all this impatience to "get culture," and this rush to take beauty and intellectual resources to those who have them not, as food to the famine-stricken, we are in danger of forgetting the chief value of the best in literature and the arts: that *it awakens the imagination and gives poise to life*. Now, imagination and poise are two traits that differentiate man from the brute, and the superior man from the inferior. The best thinking is done by men of imagination; the best action is accomplished by men of poise; for, by poise is meant the faculty of holding one's course courageously to the compass among contrary winds and waves. The value of high literary, artistic, and musical standards is not that they make poise and imagination universal, but that they affect the world secondarily, through the leaders in whom these qualities are developed. Who shall compute the worth to humanity of one great thinker, one great novelist, one great poet, one great painter, one great sculptor, one great composer? In debating societies, great material advances through invention and discovery are weighed in the balance with great achievements in arts and letters; but account is seldom taken of the intellectual forces that created the inventors and the discoverers.

It is because America is in need of great men that she stands most in need of these forces. The twentieth century appears to be a century of challenge to all the centuries that have gone before, with the accelerated momentum of them all. Now, more than ever, must we have men of imagination and men of poise, and every agency that gives promise of developing these traits deserves encouragement and support. The uplifting of the people to a high average of happiness is thus closely though indirectly related to the advance of literature and the arts.

COMMENTS ON "SCHEDULE K"

IN the paper on the tariff as applied to woolen goods, by Mr. N. I. Stone in the May CENTURY, it was stated: "The great factor in the woolen industry to-day is the American Woolen Company, popularly known as the Woolen Trust, which was said to control sixty per cent. of the country's output at the time of its formation in 1899."

Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin, secretary of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers," in a letter to THE CENTURY says: "The American Woolen Company makes annual reports. Its capital stock in 1899 was $49,501,100 and in 1909 it was $60,000,000. The total capital of the woolen and worsted industry of this country, as stated by the Federal Census, was, in 1899, $257,000,000 and in 1909 it was $415,000,000. The output of the American Woolen Company in any given year has been at a maximum $51,000,000. The total output of the industry in 1899 was $239,000,000 and in 1909 it was $419,000,000. These figures controvert the assertion of 'sixty per cent.'"

Mr. Marvin also states that while the Tariff Board mentioned duties on certain English cloths as being "from 132 to 260 per cent.," it also made plain that those very high rates were not actually effective, since American competition operated to reduce the tariff cost to an average of 67 per cent., "embodying the higher cost of American materials and labor."

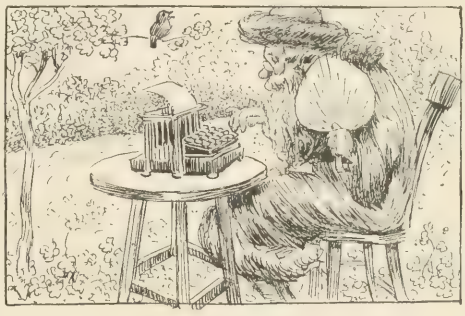
—THE EDITOR.

OPEN LETTERS

ON ALLOWING THE EDITOR TO SHOP EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS

Counsel to a Literary Aspirant who Wishes to Enrich the Yuletide

Dear Chalmers:



For years you have made no secret of the fact that you were studying Editors,—root and branch, genus and specimens. I know that you have diagnosed and pondered their little infamies, one by one. I know that you have pored over gossip of their habits and wiles—as chronicled by Sunday newspaper articles. I think I am not exaggerating when I surmise that you feel you know the tribe—analytically speaking—through and through.

And yet—and yet—you confessed to me not more than a month ago, with chagrin in your voice, that you have never dared attempt a Christmas story. Frankly, my friend, I was, and still am, surprised. You have been successful in more difficult things, yet you balk at a mere Christmas tale. I've thought about it so much that I am finally taking the liberty of sending you this letter, which you may, if you choose, regard as a monograph on "How to Write a Christmas Story." As I have just sold my ninety-eighth tale of Christmas, I think you will allow that my counsel deserves some consideration.

First of all: be kind to the editor. Don't put off sending him your story till the eleventh hour; but give him his chance to shop early. It is not his fault that his Christmas purchases have to be made before Labor Day. Therefore be considerate.

Spring is, of course, the best season to begin to think of tuning up for your December fiction. In any case, between the time the first dandelion shows its head and the end of July it is essential that you should tear yourself away from the play you are working on and oil your typewriter preparatory to the Christmas story. That accomplished, your task is all but finished. The only thing that remains before mailing off your tale of the Yuletide is to write it—a mere formality.

Of course you have to choose which Christmas story you will write. But that is a bagatelle. Fortunately the stereotyped varieties have become as easily classified as the different sorts of evergreen. A row of mental pigeonholes will contain the stock formulas. You have only to reach in and draw one out. Roughly speaking, the tales may be divided into those of the city and the country.

One favorite is the crusty millionaire story. You should make him a second Crœsus, dyspeptic, with a heart of flint. He bullyrags his servants unmercifully, and has no kind word for any one. He gets no happiness out of life, and will not permit anybody else to get any. Such carking selfishness is easily worth three thousand words. Then comes the great transformation scene, with incidental music of Christmas bells. A little child, a faithful old servant, the woman he did not marry:—one of these is the agent who sets him to giving away his money with both hands and—so we are led to believe—cures his indigestion.

If you have no fancy for this story, why not select the regeneration of the hardened man about town? He is irreproachably dressed, unspeakably bored, illimitably cynical, and inexpressibly selfish. The rise of the curtain finds him kicking some little dog that gets in his way. It is night. He wanders through the town in melancholy irritation. Then the story should run thus, to put it like an old-fashioned playbill of the melodrama: SCENE 1. Night in a great city.—Heartless Jack Mortimer.—The beggar repulsed.—The snow-storm.—The weeping newsboy.—"I have n't any Christmas present for Mother!"—Jack Mortimer touched. SCENE 2. The slums.—The

brutal policeman.—The comic washerwoman.—The garret.—"Hush, my child, there 's not so much as a single crust in the house."—The arrival of Jack Mortimer.—The Christmas tree.—"God bless you, sir, you 're a real gentleman!" SCENE 3. On Fifth Avenue.—High Life among the 400.—The funny butler.—Florence in the conservatory.—The proposal.—"At last, Jack Mortimer, you have proved yourself *a man!*"—Great chime effect.—Curtain.

A variant on this is the story of the traveler who is stranded on Christmas eve in a strange city far from his family. Don't forget to play up his extreme loneliness for a page or two. Then he either falls in with another homesick stranger, or helps out the party in distress who always appears at just the proper instant in this story. And at the end, his entire family, which has traveled all night, appears to surprise him.

So much for the city. After all, you were country-bred yourself, and if you prefer the country or the wilds for your story, they also are rich in stock devices. What better place than a Christmas story to tell of the old couple who have never had a child? We hear the ring at their door-bell, but as we turn the page no one is found at the door. But wait!—there in a basket is a cooing baby. A scrap of paper pinned to its dress begs, "Be good to baby!" And so on December 25, 19—, the old couple at last have their child.

It is also on December 25 that the selectmen of almost any town—*your* selectmen—have decided that at last poor old Marthy Pettibone—whose only son disappeared years ago—must be taken to the poor-farm. The carriage waits at the gate. Dejected Mrs. Pettibone has just gone back to get her bird-cage. At that instant a tall stranger, bronzed and bearded, wearing a massive gold watch-chain, strides up the path and knocks at the door. Need I go on?

Perhaps most reliable is the Christmas tale of the *hinterland*. A gang of unkempt lumbermen or miners are snowed up by the worst blizzard of the decade. It looks as if they would have to fall back on bad whisky as Yuletide recreation. At this point the fearless young girl appears on the scene, arriving somehow. (If necessary, use a flying-machine.) The whisky is put out of sight and mind, and clean red shirts are donned. Follows the scene of the Christmas tree with an improvised Santa Claus and comic gifts, succeeded by a spelling-match and Virginia Reel. And what end so appropriate as the picture of the young girl lifted on to a table while the rough diamonds drink her health in ginger-pop which the cookee produces at the right moment. That ought to be enough of a Christmas story for any one; but if more seems needed, insert at the proper point the defense of the girl—from a half-breed who *would* have whisky—by the young civil engineer of Harvard or Yale.

Or if you are not suited with any of these, why not take a shot at the yarn of Christmas at sea or below the equator? If, however, you sympathize with those who like an occasional pellet of religion sugar-coated as fiction, nothing is simpler than to give them the allegorical Christmas story. And I must n't conclude this survey of the property-room of holiday fiction without reference to the house-party story. The man must be very tall, very athletic, very handsome, and "virile." The girl must have blue eyes and gold hair, be petite, and pert as a boarding-school miss. Remember to have them talk to each other as if they—and you—were being paid by the paragraph. The gatling-gun warfare of love-making must be carried on while they arrange the Christmas tree for little Tommy. And the hero's final successful assault—with force used if necessary—must be made in the vicinity of the mistletoe.

Such, then, is the range before you,—of allegory, the city, the country, and that no-man's land where picture men, seven feet tall, philander with debutantes.

The choice is yours; or, if you have no preference, it is easy enough to draw lots to decide. The whole business is almost too simple. At latest, midsummer should turn the trick. And you will be doing good all round.

The editor will be spared the pangs of reading Christmas fiction while making up his Easter number.

As for you, you will have no one but yourself to blame if you do not utilize holly, mistletoe, and chimes to finance your pleasant summer vacation.

Hopefully yours,

Leonard Hatch.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

BROTHER MINGO MILLENYUM'S ORDINATION

(AS RELATED BY HIMSELF)

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

WHEN I was a little pickanin',
  Down on Sweet Gum plantation,
I used to heah de preacher preach,
An' screech an' screech an' screech,
  Expoundin' out salvation.

He 'd open up dat Bible-book
  Befo' de congregation,
An', sir, he 'd read dem Scriptures out,
An' shout an' shout an' shout an' shout,
  Widout no education.

He nuver knowed 'is A, B, C's,
  Much less pronunciation;
But when he 'd focus on a page,
An' rage an' rage an' rage an' rage,
  Gord sont interpretation.

He 'd show de devil's forkèd tail
  Out clair, in his noration;
He 'd h'ist dat pitchfork up on high,
An' cry an' cry an' cry an' cry,
  An' p'int insinuation,

An' I 'd brace up an' clench de pew
  An' try to hol' my station,
Whilst he 'd light up de fumes o' hell,
An' yell an' yell an' yell an' yell,
  'Tel we could smell damnation!

One day I swooned off in a tranch,
  F'om brimstone suffocation;
An' red-hot sins wid forkèd tails
Riz up wid wails an' wails an' wails
  An' stopped my circulation!

I felt jes' lak a cushion o' pins
  Big as de whole creation;
My tongue was swole too thick to speak,
But de pins dey 'd stick, an' de sins dey 'd
    shriek!
  'Tel I los' all sinsation.

. . . . . .

I come th'ough on de tranch-room flo',
  Wid de mou'ners on probation;
An' when I heerd 'em screech an' screech
'Bout "a babe an' sucklin' called to
    preach!"—
  Dat was my ordination.

BUSINESS IN THE ORIENT

BY HARRY A. FRANCK

HE is the selfsame fellow still, the Cairene merchant, as in the days of Harun-al-Rashid. His shop may be the lower story of a great modern building, his wares the products of monster factories; yet he squats in cross-legged contentment as of yore, amenable only to the loquacious system of bargaining dear to the heart of the Oriental. The Western tourist, foolishly regarding time as of value, will lose all equanimity long before he has completed the smallest transaction. If his knowledge of the East and his patience suffice, and he begins negotiations early enough in the day not to be driven forth as the merchant sets up his shutters at nightfall, he may obtain the article he seeks at a just and equitable price. If he gains possession of it in less than the accustomed time, he will certainly have paid more than its market value, be his business acumen what it may.

Vagamundo, the Western traveler experienced in the ways of the East, catches sight, during a stroll through the bazaars, of an Arabic blade that takes his fancy. It hangs high at the top of the open booth, on the raised floor of which, close-circled by his tumbled chaos of wares, serenely squats the proprietor, with folded legs. Vagamundo, as from the merest curiosity, pauses to run his eye over the countless articles, suggests with a half-stifled yawn that the simitar looks like what might be a convincing weapon in the hands of an enemy, ventures to hope that the merchant is enjoying the fine weather, and strolls leisurely on. The shopkeeper continues to puff drowsily at his water-bottle, in his eyes the far-off look of the day-dreamer, until the Westerner is all but out of earshot. Then he appears suddenly to awake, and drones out a languid invitation to return. Vagamundo pays no heed to the summons for some moments, gazes abstractedly upon the wares displayed in another booth, then wanders slowly back toward the object that has attracted his attention. The merchant hopes that the traveler is enjoying the best of health, invites him to squat in the bit of space not already occupied by himself or his wares, offers a cigarette, and falls to dis-

cussing the latest doings of the mixed courts or the state of the cotton crop in the delta. By the time the second cigarette is lighted, he turns the conversation deftly to the simitar, and remarks that, though it is hung among his wares rather for ornament than for sale, it is possible he may some day tire of beholding it and part with it for—perhaps eleven hundred or a thousand piasters. Vagamundo, puffing reminiscently for a time, recalls having heard a friend express a desire to obtain such a weapon for, say, seventy-five piasters or so, and wonders, after all, why that friend should care for so useless an article. The shopkeeper regrets that the two prices named do not more nearly coincide, trusts that the inundations will not be so late this year as last, as, indeed, the Nilometer has prophesied they will not, and reaches again for the tube of his narghile. Vagamundo expresses his delight that the khedive has recovered from his recent attack, thanks the merchant for his disinterested hospitality, and saunters away.

The shortest instant before he is finally lost from view in the surging stream of donkeys, pedestrians, camels, runners, and bazaar-loungers he is called back to learn that the merchant is of the opinion that the new land tax will work more effectively than the old, that the simitar is probably worth only seven hundred and eighty piasters, and that some of the eucalyptus-trees in the Esbekieh Gardens are to be removed. With all due respect to Cromer Pasha Vagamundo doubts the practicability of his latest scheme of taxation, and hopes that his friend may somewhere run across such a simitar at one hundred piasters.

Thus the transaction continues: a third, a fourth, even a fifth time Vagamundo returns. By the sixth visit he has dropped the fiction of a friend, and openly offers two hundred and twenty-five piasters for the blade, and the shopkeeper arouses himself sufficiently from his lethargy to take the weapon down for inspection, and expresses a willingness to part with it for two hundred and seventy-five.

Over newly rolled cigarettes the negotiation proceeds, now touching upon the prevalence of ophthalmia, now debating the success of the recent installation of sugar factories, anon skirting the matter of simitars, their manufacture and price. Speaking of simitars, the merchant suspects that for the one in hand he would be satisfied perhaps at two hundred and fifty piasters. Vagamundo lays that sum—which both recognized from the beginning as the just price—on the mat between them, grasps his newly acquired property, and, amid protestations of lifelong friendship from the merchant, takes his departure.

Manchester business men and Chicago captains of industry, scorning such childish methods, have dived into the maelstrom of the bazaars of Cairo with the avowed intention of "doing business" after the manner of to-day and the West; but all in vain. The Cairene shopkeeper will hurry in his transactions for no mortal man. Whether his wares are purchased or not is, at least to every outward appearance, a matter to which he is at all times utterly indifferent. Let the pulsating Westerner, with his strange notions of the relative value of time and ease, press his mercenary suit too forcibly, and he discovers to his surprise, and perhaps even to his dismay, that the merchant of the East displays his wares and squats by day among them merely as a recreation and amusement, and that the notion of selling anything from the trifles about him is farthest from his thoughts.

A BALLADE OF PROTEST

BY CAROLYN WELLS

My Pegasus strains at his curb,
  Although I have him tightly geared.
Though I protest, with speech acerb;
  I cannot hold him, I 'm afeard.
  Oh, never has he so careered!
He 's like a bee-stung Hippodrome;
  But, though his laws I 've e'er revered,
I will *not* write a Cubist Pome!

To keep my seat doth me perturb;
  He plunges on, with head upreared,—
As he had eaten witches' herb,—
  Raging his maddened way, unsteered.
  He wants my fair word-pictures smeared
With thought laid on in polychrome!
  Nay, we shall leave one fence uncleared;
I will *not* write a Cubist Pome!

He 'd have me shape a lissome verb
  Like a three-sided noun, ensphered!
He babbles of effects superb,
  Produced by themes with truth veneered.
  No! Till the Joy of Life is biered,
Till Reason wobbles in her dome,
  Till all Fame's other eels are speared,
I will *not* write a Cubist Pome!

L'ENVOI

Pegasus, go and dree thy weird;
  Down Duchamp's staircase sadly roam;
I cannot have *my* laurels queered,—
  I will *not* write a Cubist Pome!



Drawn by Oliver Herford

FOREIGN LABOR

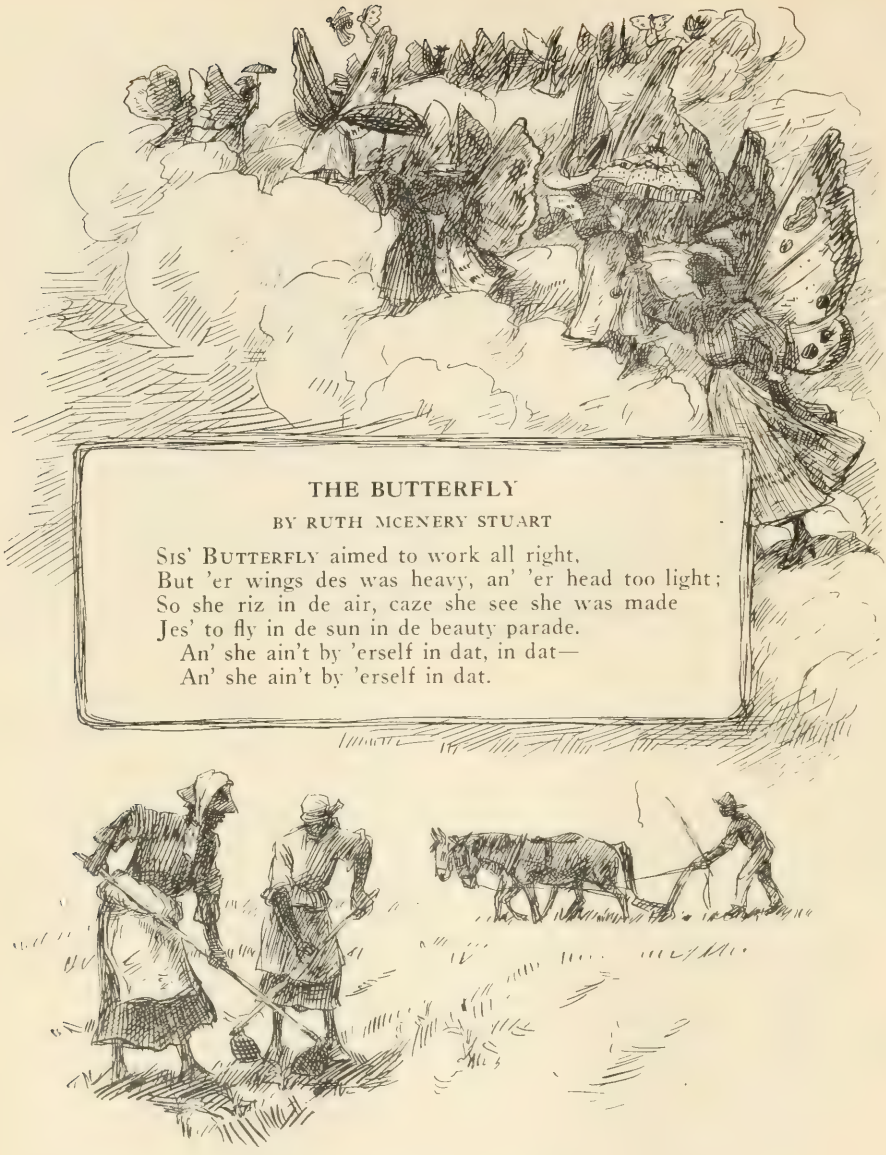
Looking over our spring samples.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE

"Are n't we having fun, Father?"



THE BUTTERFLY

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

Sis' Butterfly aimed to work all right,
But 'er wings des was heavy, an' 'er head too light;
So she riz in de air, caze she see she was made
Jes' to fly in de sun in de beauty parade.
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—
An' she ain't by 'erself in dat.

THE SAME OLD LURE

BY BERTON BRALEY

When west winds blow,
I want to go
Where mountain-peaks are wrapped in snow,
And breathe the air
That thrills you there
With strength to do and nerve to dare!

When west winds call,
I hate it all—
This life of petty things and small!
And I have cried
Again to ride
Where sun is clear and plains are wide.

When west winds sigh
At night, I lie
And dream of careless days gone by.
(To hear me blow,
You 'd never know
I 'd not been west of Cleveland, O.)

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE GNAT AND THE GNU

"How absurd," said the gnat to the gnu,
"To spell your queer name as you do!"
"For the matter of that,"
Said the gnu to the gnat,
"That 's just how I feel about you."



THE SOLE-HUNGERING CAMEL

A CAMEL, with practical views
On the nutritive value of shoes,
To the mosque would repair
While the folks were at prayer,
Little dreaming their soles they would lose.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



Plates in text, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"AND 'INASMUCH,' HE SAID. JUST THAT—'INASMUCH.' SO THAT 'S HOW I HAPPENED TO GO INTO NURSING"

DRAWN BY HERMAN PFEIFER

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE WHITE LINEN NURSE

HOW RAE MALGREGOR UNDERTOOK GENERAL HEARTWORK FOR A FAMILY OF TWO

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Author of "Molly Make-Believe," etc.

IN THREE PARTS: PART ONE

THE White Linen Nurse was so tired that her noble expression ached.

Incidentally her head ached and her shoulders ached and her lungs ached, and the ankle-bones of both feet ached excruciatingly; but nothing of her felt permanently incapacitated except her noble expression. Like a strip of lip-colored lead suspended from her poor little nose by two tugging, wire-gray wrinkles, her persistently conscientious sick-room smile seemed to be whanging aimlessly against her front teeth. The sensation was very unpleasant.

Looking back thus on the three spine-curving, chest-cramping, foot-twinging, ether-scented years of her hospital training, it dawned on the White Linen Nurse very suddenly that nothing of her ever *had* felt permanently incapacitated except her noble expression.

Impulsively she sprang for the prim white mirror that capped her prim white bureau, and stood staring up into her own entrancing, bright-colored Nova Scotian reflection with tense, unwonted interest.

Except for the unmistakable smirk which fatigue had clawed into her plastic young mouth-lines, there was nothing special the matter with what she saw.

"Perfectly good face," she attested judicially, with no more than common courtesy to her progenitors—"perfectly good and tidy-looking face, if only—if only—" her breath caught a trifle—"if only it did n't look so disgustingly noble and—hygienic—and *dollish*."

All along the back of her neck little sharp, prickly pains began to sting and burn.

"Silly—simpering—pink-and-white puppet!" she scolded squintingly, "I 'll teach you how to look like a real girl!"

Very threateningly she raised herself to

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her tiptoes and thrust her glowing, corporeal face right up into the moulten, elusive, quicksilver face in the mirror. Pink for pink, blue for blue, gold for gold, dollish smirk for dollish smirk, the mirror mocked her seething inner fretfulness.

"Why, darn you!" she gasped—"why, darn you—why, you looked more human than *that* when you left the Annapolis Valley three years ago! There were at least tears in your face then, and cinders, and your mother's best advice, and the worry about the mortgage, and the blush of Joe Hazeltine's kiss."

Furtively with the tip of her index-finger she started to search her imperturbable pink cheek for the spot where Joe Hazeltine's kiss had formerly flamed.

"My hands are all right, anyway," she acknowledged with vast relief. Triumphantly she raised both strong, stub-fingered, exaggeratively executive hands to the level of her childish blue eyes, and stood surveying the mirrored effect with ineffable satisfaction. "Why, my hands are—dandy!" she gloated. "Why, they 're perfectly dandy! Why, they 're wonderful! Why, they 're—" Then suddenly and fearfully she gave a shrill little scream. "But they don't go with my silly doll-face," she cried. "Why, they don't! They don't! My God! they *don't!* They go with the Senior Surgeon's scowling Heidelberg eyes. They go with the Senior Surgeon's grim, gray jaw. They go with the— Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Dizzily, with her stubby finger-tips prodded deep into every jaded facial muscle that she could compass, she staggered toward the air and, dropping down into the first friendly chair that bumped against her knees, sat staring blankly out across the monotonous city roofs that flanked her open window, trying very, very hard, for the first time in her life, to consider the general phenomenon of being a trained nurse.

All about her, as inexorable as anæsthesia, horrid as the hush of tomb or public library, lurked the painfully unmistakable sense of institutional restraint. Mournfully to her ear from some remote kitcheny region of pots and pans a browsing spoon tinkled forth from time to time with soft muffled resonance. Up and down every clammy white corridor innumerable young feet, born to prance and stamp, were creeping stealthily to and fro in rubber-heeled whispers. Along the somber fire-escape just below her window-sill, like a covey of snubbed doves, six or eight of her classmates were cooing and crooning together with excessive caution concerning the imminent graduation exercises that were to take place at eight o'clock that very evening. Beyond her dreariest ken of muffled voices, beyond her dingiest vista of slate and brick, on a far, faint hillside, a far, faint streak of April green went roaming jocundly skyward. Altogether sluggishly, as though her nostrils were plugged with warm velvet, the smell of spring and ether and scorched mutton-chops filtered in and out, in and out, in and out, of her abnormally jaded senses.

Taken all in all, it was not a propitious afternoon for any girl as tired and as pretty as the White Linen Nurse to be considering the general phenomenon of anything except April.

In the real country, they tell me, where the young spring runs as wild and bare as a nymph through every dull-brown wood and hay-gray meadow, the blasé farmer-lad will not even lift his eyes from the plow to watch the pinkness of her passing. But here in the prudish brick-minded city, where the young spring at her friskiest is nothing more audacious than a sweltering, winter-swathed madcap who has impishly essayed some fine morning to tiptoe down street in her soft, sloozily, green-silk-stock-inged feet, the whole hobnailed population reels back aghast and agrin before the most innocent flash of the rogue's green-veiled toes. And then, suddenly snatching off its own cumbersome winter foot-habits, goes chasing madly after her in its own prankish, varicolored socks.

Now, the White Linen Nurse's socks were black, and cotton at that, a combination incontestably sedate. And the White Linen Nurse had waded barefoot through too many posied country pastures to experience any ordinary city thrill over the sight of a single blade of grass pushing scarily through a crack in the pavement, or a puny, concrete-strangled maple-tree flushing wanly to the smoky sky. Indeed, for three hustling, square-toed, rubber-heeled city years the White Linen Nurse had never even stopped to notice whether

the season was flavored with frost or thunder. But now, unexplainably, just at the end of it all, sitting innocently there at her own prim little bedroom window, staring innocently out across indomitable roof-tops, with the crackle of glory and diplomas already ringing in her ears, she heard instead, for the first time in her life, the gaily daredevil voice of the spring, a hoidenish challenge flung back at her, leaf-green, from the crest of a winter-scarred hill.

"Hello, White Linen Nurse!" screamed the saucy city Spring. "Hello, White Linen Nurse! Take off your homely starched collar, or your silly candy-box cap, or any other thing that feels maddeningly artificial, and come out! And be *very wild!*"

Like a puppy-dog cocking its head toward some strange, unfamiliar sound, the White Linen Nurse cocked her head toward the lure of the green-crested hill. Still wrestling conscientiously with the general phenomenon of being a trained nurse, she found her collar suddenly very tight, her tiny cap inexpressibly heavy and vexatious. Timidly she removed the collar, and found that the removal did not rest her in the slightest. Equally timidly she removed the cap, and found that even that removal did not rest her in the slightest. Then very, very slowly, but very, very permeatingly and completely, it dawned on the White Linen Nurse that never while eyes were blue, and hair was gold, and lips were red, would she ever find rest again until she had removed her noble expression.

With a jerk that started the pulses in her temples throbbing like two toothaches, she straightened up in her chair. All along the back of her neck the little blond curls began to crisp very ticklingly at their roots.

Still staring worriedly out over the old city's slate-gray head to that inciting prance of green across the farthest horizon, she felt her whole being kindle to an indescribable passion of revolt against all hushed places. Seething with fatigue, smoldering with ennui, she experienced suddenly a wild, almost incontrollable, impulse to sing, to shout, to scream from the house-tops, to mock somebody, to defy everybody, to break laws, dishes, heads—anything, in fact, that would break with a *crash.*

And then at last, over the hills and far away, with all the outraged world at her heels, to run, and run, and run, and run, and *run,* and *laugh,* till her feet raveled out, and her lungs burst, and there was nothing more left of her at all—ever, ever, any more!

Discordantly into this rapturously pagan vision of pranks and posies broke one of her room-mates all a-whiff with ether, a-whir with starch.

Instantly with the first creak of the door-handle, the White Linen Nurse was on her feet, breathless, resentful, grotesquely defiant.

"Get out of here, Zillah Forsyth!" she cried furiously. "Get out of here quick, and leave me alone! I want to think."

Perfectly serenely the new-comer advanced into the room. With her pale, ivory-tinted cheeks, her great limpid, brown eyes, her soft dark hair parted madonna-like across her beautiful brow, her whole face was like some exquisite composite picture of all the saints of history. Her voice also was amazingly tranquil.

"Oh, fudge!" she drawled. "What 's eating you, Rae Malgregor? I won't either get out. It 's my room just as much as it is yours. And Helene's just as much as it is ours. And, besides," she added more briskly, "it 's four o'clock now, and, with graduation at eight and the dance afterward, if we don't get our stuff packed up now, when in thunder shall we get it done?" Quite irrelevantly she began to laugh. Her laugh was perceptibly shriller than her speaking-voice. "Say, Rae," she confided, "that minister I nursed through pneumonia last winter wants me to pose as 'Sanctity' for a stained-glass window in his new church! Is n't he the softy?"

"Shall you do it?" quizzed Rae Malgregor, a trifle tensely.

"Shall I do it?" mocked the new-comer. "Well, you just watch me! Four mornings a week in June at full week's wages? Fresh Easter lilies every day? White silk angel-robes? All the high souls and high paints kowtowing around me? Why, it would be more fun than a box of monkeys. Sure I 'll do it."

Expeditiously as she spoke, the new-comer reached up for the framed motto over her own ample mirror, and, yanking it down with one single tug, began to busy

herself adroitly with a snarl in the picture-cord. Like a withe of willow yearning over a brook, her slender figure curved to the task. Very scintillatingly the afternoon light seemed to brighten suddenly across her lap. "You 'll Be A Long Time Dead!" glinted the motto through its sun-dazzled glass.

Still panting with excitement, still bristling with resentment, Rae Malgregor stood surveying the intrusion and the intruder. A dozen impertinent speeches were rioting in her mind. Twice her mouth opened and shut before she finally achieved the particular opprobrium that completely satisfied her.

"Bah! you look like a—trained nurse!" she blurted forth at last with hysterical triumph.

"So do you," said the new-comer, amiably.

With a little gasp of dismay, Rae Malgregor sprang suddenly forward. Her eyes were flooded with tears.

"Why, that 's just exactly what 's the matter with me!" she cried. "My face is all worn out trying to look like a trained nurse! O Zillah, how do you know you were meant to be a trained nurse? How does anybody know? O Zillah! save me! Save me!"

Languorously Zillah Forsyth looked up from her work and laughed. Her laugh was like the accidental tinkle of sleigh-bells in midsummer, vaguely disquieting, a shiver of frost across the face of a lily.

"Save you from what, you great big overgrown, tow-headed doll-baby?" she questioned blandly. "For Heaven's sake, the only thing you need is to go back to whatever toy-shop you came from and get a new head. What in creation 's the matter with you lately, anyway? Oh, of course you 've had rotten luck this past month; but what of it? That 's the trouble with you country girls. You have n't got 'any stamina."

With slow, shuffling-footed astonishment Rae Malgregor stepped out into the center of the room. "Country girls!" she repeated blankly. "Why, you 're a country girl yourself."

"I *am* not," snapped Zillah Forsyth. "I 'll have you understand that there are nine thousand people in the town I come from, and not a rube among them. Why, I tended soda-fountain in the swellest drug store there a whole year before I even thought of taking up nursing. And I was n't as green when I was six months old as you are now."

Slowly, with a soft-snuggling sigh of contentment, she raised her slim white fingers to coax her dusky hair a little looser, a little farther down, a little more madonna-like across her sweet, mild forehead, then, snatching out abruptly at a convenient shirt-waist, began with extraordinary skill to apply its dangly lace sleeves as a protective bandage for the delicate glass-faced motto still in her lap, placed the completed parcel with inordinate scientific precision in the exact corner of her packing-box, and then went on very diligently, very zealously, to strip the men's photographs from the mirror on her bureau. There were twenty-seven photographs in all, and for each one she had there already cut and prepared a small square of perfectly fresh, perfectly immaculate, white tissue wrapping-paper. No one so transcendently fastidious, so exquisitely neat in all her personal habits, had ever before been trained in that particular hospital.

Very soberly the doll-faced girl stood watching the men's pleasant paper countenances smoothed away one by one into their chaste white veilings, until at last, quite without warning, she poked an accusing, inquisitive finger directly across Zillah Forsyth's shoulder.

"Zillah," she demanded peremptorily, "all the year I 've wanted to know, all the year every other girl in our class has wanted to know—*where* did you ever get that picture of the Senior Surgeon? He never gave it to you in the world. He did n't, he did n't! He 's not that kind."

Deeply into Zillah Forsyth's pale, ascetic cheek dawned a most amazing dimple.

"Sort of jarred you girls some, did n't it," she queried, "to see me strutting round with a photo of the Senior Surgeon?" The little cleft in her chin showed suddenly with almost startling distinctness. "Well, seeing it 's you," she grinned, "and the year 's all over, and there 's nobody left that I can worry about it any more, I don't mind telling you in the least that I—bought it out of a photographer's show-case. There, are you satisfied now?"

With easy nonchalance she picked up

the picture in question and scrutinized it shrewdly.

"Lord! what a face!" she attested. "Nothing but granite. Hack him with a knife, and he would n't bleed, but just chip off into pebbles." With exaggerated contempt she shrugged her supple shoulders. "Bah! how I hate a man like that! There 's no fun in him." A little abruptly she turned and thrust the photograph into Rae Malgregor's hand. "You can have it if you want to," she said. "I 'll trade it to you for that lace corset-cover of yours."

Like water dripping through a sieve the photograph slid through Rae Malgregor's frightened fingers. With nervous apology she stooped and picked it up again, and held it gingerly by one remote corner. Her eyes were quite wide with horror.

"Oh, of course I 'd like the—picture well enough," she stammered, "but it would n't seem—exactly respectable to—to trade it for a corset-cover."

"Oh, very well," drawled Zillah Forsyth; "tear it up, then."

Expeditiously, with frank, non-sentimental fingers, Rae Malgregor tore the tough cardboard across, and again across, and once again across, and threw the conglomerate fragments into the waste-basket. And her expression all the time was no more, no less, than the expression of a person who would vastly rather execute his own pet dog or cat than risk the possible bungling of an outsider. Then, like a small child trotting with great relief to its own doll-house, she trotted over to her bureau, extracted the lace corset-cover, and came back with it in her hand, to lean across Zillah Forsyth's shoulder again and watch the men's faces go slipping off into oblivion. Once again, abruptly, without warning, she halted the process with a breathless exclamation.

"Oh, of course this waist is the only one I 've got with ribbons in it," she asserted irrelevantly, "but I 'm perfectly willing to trade it for *that* picture." She pointed out with unmistakably explicit finger-tip.

Chucklingly, Zillah Forsyth withdrew the special photograph from its half-completed wrappings.

"Oh, him?" she said. "Oh, that 's a chap I met on the train last summer. He 's a brakeman or something. He 's a—"

Perfectly unreluctantly Rae Malgregor dropped the fluff of lace and ribbons into Zillah's lap and reached out with cheerful voraciousness to annex the young man's picture to her somewhat bleak possessions. "Oh, I don't care a rap who he is," she interrupted briskly; "but he 's sort of cute-looking, and I 've got an empty frame at home just that odd size, and mother 's crazy for a new picture to stick up over the kitchen mantelpiece. She gets so tired of seeing nothing but the faces of people she knows all about."

Sharply Zillah Forsyth turned and stared up into the younger girl's face, and found no guile to whet her stare against.

"Well, of all the ridiculous, unmitigated *greenhorns!*" she began. "Well, is *that* all you wanted him for? Why, I supposed you wanted to write to him. Why, I supposed—"

For the first time an expression not altogether dollish darkened across Rae Malgregor's garishly juvenile blondness.

"Maybe I 'm not quite as green as you think I am," she flared up stormily. With this sharp flaring-up every single individual pulse in her body seemed to jerk itself suddenly into conscious activity again, like the soft, plushy *pound-pound-pound* of a whole stocking-footed regiment of pain descending single file upon her for her hysterical undoing. "Maybe I 've had a good deal more experience than you give me credit for," she hastened excitedly to explain. "I tell you—I tell you, *I 've been engaged!*" she blurted forth with a bitter sort of triumph.

With a palpable flicker of interest Zillah Forsyth looked back across her shoulder.

"Engaged? How many times?" she asked bluntly.

As though the whole monogamous groundwork of civilization was threatened by the question, Rae Malgregor's hands went clutching at her breast.

"Why, *once!*" she gasped. "Why, *once!*"

Convulsively Zillah Forsyth began to rock herself to and fro.

"Oh, Lordy!" she chuckled. "Oh, Lordy! Lordy! Why, I 've been engaged four times just this past year." In a sudden passion of fastidiousness, she bent down over the particular photograph in her hand and, snatching at a handkerchief,

began to rub diligently at a small smutch of dust in one corner of the cardboard. Something in the effort of rubbing seemed to jerk her small round chin into almost angular prominence. "And before I 'm through," she added, at least two notes below her usual alto tones—"and before I 'm through, I 'm going to get engaged to every profession that there is on the surface of the globe." Quite helplessly the thin paper skin of the photograph peeled off in company with the smutch of dust. "And when I marry," she ejaculated fiercely—"and when I marry, I 'm going to marry a man who will take me to every place that there is on the surface of the globe. And after that—"

"After *what?*" interrogated a brand-new voice from the doorway.

It was the other room-mate this time. The only real aristocrat in the whole graduating class, high-browed, high-cheek-boned, eyes like some far-sighted young prophet, mouth even yet faintly arrogant with the ineradicable consciousness of caste, a plain, eager, stripped-for-a-long-journey type of face—this was Helene Churchill. There was certainly no innocuous bloom of country hills and pastures in this girl's face, nor any seething small-town passion pounding indiscriminately at all the doors of experience. The men and women who had bred Helene Churchill had been the breeders also of brick and granite cities since the world was new.

Like one vastly more accustomed to treading on Persian carpets than on painted floors, she came forward into the room.

"Hello, children!" she said casually, and began at once without further parleying to take down the motto that graced her own bureau-top.

It was the era when almost everybody in the world had a motto over his bureau. Helene Churchill's motto was "Inasmuch As Ye Have Done It Unto One Of The Least Of These, Ye Have Done It Unto Me." On a scroll of almost priceless parchment the text was illuminated with inimitable Florentine skill and color. A little carelessly, after the manner of people quite accustomed to priceless things, she proceeded now to roll the parchment into its smallest possible circumference, humming exclusively to herself all the while an intricate little air from an Italian opera.

So the three faces foiled each other, sober city girl, pert town girl, bucolic country girl, a hundred fundamental differences rampant between them, yet each fervid, adolescent young mouth tamed to the same monotonous, drolly exaggerated expression of *complacency* that characterizes the faces of all people who, in a distinctive uniform, for a reasonably satisfactory living wage, make an actual profession of righteous deeds.

Indeed among all the thirty or more varieties of noble expression which an indomitable Superintendent had finally succeeded in inculcating into her graduating class, no other physiognomies had responded more plastically perhaps than these three to the merciless imprint of the great hospital machine which, in pursuance of its one repetitive design, discipline, had coaxed Zillah Forsyth into the semblance of a lady, snubbed Helene Churchill into the substance of plain womanhood, and, still uncertain just what to do with Rae Malgregor's rollicking rural immaturity, had frozen her face temporarily into the smugly dimpled likeness of a fancy French doll rigged out as a nurse for some gilt-edged hospital fair.

With characteristic desire to keep up in every way with her more mature, better educated classmates, to do everything, in fact, so fast, so well, that no one would possibly guess that she had n't yet figured out just why she was doing it at all, Rae Malgregor now, with quickly reconventionalized cap and collar, began to hurl herself into the task of her own packing. From her open bureau drawer, with a sudden impish impulse toward worldly wisdom, she extracted first of all the photograph of the young brakeman.

"See, Helene! My new beau!" she giggled experimentally.

In mild-eyed surprise Helene Churchill glanced up from her work. "*Your* beau?" she corrected. "Why, that 's Zillah's picture."

"Well, it 's mine now," snapped Rae Malgregor, with unexpected edginess. "It 's mine now, all right. Zillah said I could have him. Zillah said I could—write to him—if I wanted to," she finished a bit breathlessly.

Wider and wider Helene Churchill's eyes dilated.

"Write to a man whom you don't know?" she gasped. "Why, Rae! Why, it is n't even—very nice to have a picture of a man you don't know."

Mockingly to the edge of her strong white teeth Rae Malgregor's tongue crept out in pink derision.

"Bah!" she taunted. "What 's *nice?* That 's the whole matter with you, Helene Churchill. You never stop to consider whether anything 's fun or not; all you care is whether it 's *nice.*" Excitedly she turned to meet the cheap little wink from Zillah's sainted eyes. "Bah! What 's *nice?*" she persisted, a little lamely. Then suddenly all the pertness within her crumbled into nothingness. "That 's—the—whole trouble with *you,* Zillah Forsyth," she stammered—"you never give a hang whether anything 's nice or not; all you care is whether it 's fun." Quite helplessly she began to wring her hands. "Oh, how do I know which one of you girls to follow?" she demanded wildly. "How do I know anything? How does anybody know anything?"

Like a smoldering fuse the rambling query crept back into the inner recesses of her brain, and fired once more the one great question that lay dormant there. Impetuously she ran forward and stared into Helene Churchill's face.

"How do you know you were meant to be a trained nurse, Helene Churchill?" she began all over again. "How does anybody know she was really meant to be one? How can anybody, I mean, be perfectly sure?" Like a drowning man clutching out at the proverbial straw, she clutched at the parchment in Helene Churchill's hand. "I mean—where did you get your motto, Helene Churchill?" she persisted, with increasing irritability. "If you don't tell me, I 'll tear the whole thing to pieces."

With a startled frown, Helene Churchill jerked back out of reach.

"What 's the matter with you, Rae?" she quizzed sharply, and then, turning round casually to her book-case, began to draw from the shelves one by one her beloved Marcus Aurelius, Wordsworth, Robert Browning. "Oh, I did so want to go to China," she confided irrelevantly; "but my family have just written me that they won't stand for it. So I suppose I 'll have to go into tenement work here in the city instead." With a visible effort she jerked her mind back again to the feverish question in Rae Malgregor's eyes. "Oh, you want to know where I got my motto?" she asked. A flash of intuition brightened suddenly across her absent-mindedness. "Oh," she smiled, "you mean you want to know just what the incident was that first made me decide to devote my life to humanity?"

"Yes," snapped Rae Malgregor.

A little shyly Helene Churchill picked up her copy of Marcus Aurelius and cuddled her cheek against its tender morocco cover.

"Really?" she questioned with palpable hesitation—"really, you want to know? Why, why—it 's rather a—sacred little story to me. I should n't exactly want to have anybody—laugh about it."

"I 'll laugh if I want to," attested Zillah Forsyth, forcibly, from the other side of the room.

Like a pugnacious boy's, Rae Malgregor's fluent fingers doubled up into two firm fists.

"I 'll punch her if she even looks as though she wanted to," she signaled surreptitiously to Helene.

Shrewdly for an instant the city girl's narrowing eyes challenged and appraised the country girl's desperate sincerity. Then quite abruptly she began her little story.

"Why, it was on an Easter Sunday, oh, ages and ages ago," she faltered. "Why, I could n't have been more than nine years old at the time." A trifle self-consciously she turned her face away from Zillah Forsyth's supercilious smile. "And I was coming home from a Sunday-school festival in my best white muslin dress, with a big pot of purple pansies in my hand," she hastened somewhat nervously to explain. "And just at the edge of the gutter there was a dreadful drunken man lying in the mud, with a great crowd of cruel people teasing and tormenting him. And because—because I could n't think of anything else to do about it, I—I walked right up to the poor old creature, scared as I could be, and—and I presented him with my pot of purple pansies. And everybody of course began to laugh—to scream, I mean—and shout with amusement. And I, of course, began to cry. And the old

drunken man straightened up very oddly for an instant, with his battered hat in one hand and the pot of pansies in the other, and he raised the pot of pansies very high, as though it had been a glass of rarest wine, and bowed to me as reverently as though he had been toasting me at my father's table at some very grand dinner. And 'Inasmuch,' he said. Just that—'Inasmuch.' So that 's how I happened to go into nursing," she finished as abruptly as she had begun. Like some wonderful phosphorescent manifestation her whole shining soul seemed to flare forth suddenly through her plain face.

With honest perplexity Zillah Forsyth looked up from her work.

"So *that 's* how you happened to go into nursing?" she quizzed impatiently. Her long straight nose was all puckered tight with interrogation. Her dove-like eyes were fairly dilated with slow-dawning astonishment. "You—don't—mean," she gasped—"you don't mean that just for *that?*" Incredulously she jumped to her feet and stood staring blankly into the city girl's strangely illuminated features. "Well, if I were a swell like you," she scoffed, "it would take a heap sight more than a drunken man munching pansies and rum and Bible texts to—to jolt me out of my limousines and steam-yachts and Adirondack bungalows."

Quite against all intention, Helene Churchill laughed. She did not often laugh. Just for an instant her eyes and Zillah Forsyth's clashed together in the irremediable antagonism of caste, the plebeian's scornful impatience with the aristocrat equaled only by the aristocrat's condescending patience with the plebeian.

It was no more than right that the aristocrat should recover her self-possession first.

"Never mind about your understanding, Zillah dear," she said softly. "Your hair is the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life."

Along Zillah Forsyth's ivory cheek an incongruous little flush of red began to show. With much more nonchalance than was really necessary she pointed toward her half-packed trunk.

"It was n't Sunday-school I was coming home from when I got my motto," she remarked dryly, with a wink at no one in particular. "And, so far as I know," she proceeded with increasing sarcasm, "the man who inspired *my* noble life was not in any way particularly addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages." As though her collar was suddenly too tight, she rammed her finger down between her stiff white neck-band and her soft white throat. "He was a New York doctor," she hastened somewhat airily to explain. "Gee! but he was a swell! And he was spending his summer holidays up in the same Maine town where I was tending soda-fountain. And he used to drop into the drug store nights after cigars and things. And he used to tell me stories about the drugs and things, sitting up there on the counter, swinging his legs and pointing out this and that—quinine, ipecac, opium, hashish—all the silly patent medicines, every sloppy soothing-syrup! Lordy! he knew 'em as though they were people—where they come from, where they 're going to, yarns about the tropics that would kink the hair along the nape of your neck, jokes about your own town's soup-kettle pharmacology that would make you yell for joy. Gee! but the things that man had seen and known! Gee! but the things that man could make you see and know! And he had an automobile," she confided proudly. "It was one of those billion-dollar French cars, and I lived just round the corner from the drug store; but we used to ride home by way of—New Hampshire."

Almost imperceptibly her breath began to quicken.

"Gee! those nights!" she muttered. "Rain or shine, moon or thunder, tearing down those country roads at forty miles an hour, singing, hollering, whispering! It was him that taught me to do my hair like this instead of all the cheap rats and pompadours every other kid in town was wearing," she asserted quite irrelevantly; then stopped with a furtive glance of suspicion toward both her listeners and mouthed her way delicately back to the beginning of her sentence again. "It was *he* that taught me to do my hair like this," she repeated, with the faintest possible suggestion of hauteur.

For one reason or another along the exquisitely chaste curve of her cheek a narrow streak of red began to show again.

"And he went away very sudden' at the last," she finished hurriedly. "It seems

he was married all the time." Blandly she turned her wonderful face to the caressing light. "And—I hope he goes to hell," she added.

With a little gasp of astonishment, shock, suspicion, distaste, Helene Churchill reached out an immediate conscientious hand to her.

"O Zillah," she began, "O poor Zillah dear! I 'm so sorry! I 'm so—"

Absolutely serenely, through a mask of insolence and ice, Zillah Forsyth ignored the proffered hand.

"I don't know what particular call you 've got to be sorry for me, Helene Churchill," she drawled languidly. "I 've got my character, same as you 've got yours, and just about nine times as many good looks. And when it comes to nursing—" Like an alto song pierced suddenly by one shrill treble note, the girl's immobile face sharpened transiently with a single jagged flash of emotion. "And when it comes to nursing? Ha! Helene Churchill, you can lead your class all you want to with your silk-lined manners and your fuddy-duddy book-talk; but when genteel people like you are moping round all ready to fold your patients' hands on their breasts and murmur, 'Thy will be done,' why, that 's the time that little 'Yours Truly' is just beginning to roll up her sleeves and get to work."

With real passion her slender fingers went clutching again at her harsh linen collar. "It is n't *you,* Helene Churchill," she taunted, "that 's ever been to the Superintendent on your bended knees and begged for the rabies cases and the smallpox! Gee! *you* like nursing because you think it 's pious to like it; but I like it *because I like it!*" From brow to chin, as though fairly stricken with sincerity, her whole bland face furrowed startlingly with crude expressiveness. "The smell of ether," she stammered, "it 's like wine to me. The clang of the ambulance gong? I 'd rather hear it than fire-engines. I 'd crawl on my hands and knees a hundred miles to watch a major operation. I wish there was a war. I 'd give my life to see a cholera epidemic."

As abruptly as it came, the passion faded from her face, leaving every feature tranquil again, demure, exaggeratedly innocent. With saccharine sweetness she turned to Rae Malgregor.

"Now, little one," she mocked, "tell us the story of *your* lovely life. Having heard me coyly confess that I went into nursing because I had such a crush on this world, and Helene here brazenly affirm that she went into nursing because she had such a crush on the world to come, it 's up to you now to confide to us just how you happened to take up so noble an endeavor. Had you seen some of the young house doctors' beautiful, smiling faces depicted in the hospital catalogue? Or was it for the sake of the Senior Surgeon's grim, gray mug that you jilted your poor plowboy lover way up in the Annapolis Valley?"

"Why, Zillah," gasped the country girl—"why, I think you 're perfectly awful! Why, Zillah Forsyth! Don't you ever say a thing like that again! You can joke all you want to about the flirty young internes,—they 're nothing but fellows,—but it is n't—it is n't respectful for you to talk like that about the Senior Surgeon. He 's too—too terrifying," she finished in an utter panic of consternation.

"Oh, now I *know* it was the Senior Surgeon that made you jilt your country beau," taunted Zillah Forsyth, with soft alto sarcasm.

"I did n't, either, jilt Joe Hazeltine," stormed Rae Malgregor, explosively. Backed up against her bureau, eyes flaming, breast heaving, little candy-box cap all tossed askew over her left ear, she stood defying her tormentor. "I did n't, either, jilt Joe Hazeltine," she reasserted passionately. "It was Joe Hazeltine that jilted me; and we 'd been going together since we were kids! And now he 's married the dominie's daughter, and they 've got a kid of their own 'most as old as he and I were when we first began courting each other. And it 's all because I insisted on being a trained nurse," she finished shrilly.

With an expression of real shock, Helene Churchill peered up from her lowly seat on the floor.

"You mean," she asked a bit breathlessly—"you mean that he did n't want you to be a trained nurse? You mean that he was n't big enough, was n't fine enough, to appreciate the nobility of the profession?"

"Nobility nothing!" snapped Rae Malgregor. "It was me scrubbing strange

men with alcohol that he could n't stand for, and I don't know as I exactly blame him," she added huskily. "It certainly is a good deal of a liberty when you stop to think about it."

Quite incongruously her big childish blue eyes narrowed suddenly into two dark, calculating slits.

"It 's comic," she mused, "how there is n't a man in the world who would stand letting his wife or daughter or sister have a male nurse; but look at the jobs we girls get sent out on! It 's very confusing." With sincere appeal she turned to Zillah Forsyth. "And yet—and yet," she stammered, "and yet when everything scary that 's in you has once been scared out of you, why, there 's nothing left in you to be scared *with* any more, is there?"

"What? What?" pleaded Helene Churchill. "Say it again! What?"

"That 's what Joe and I quarreled about, my first vacation home," persisted Rae Malgregor. "It was a traveling salesman's thigh. It was broken bad. Somebody had to take care of it; so I did. Joe thought it was n't modest to be so willing." With a perplexed sort of defiance she raised her square little chin. "But, you see, I *was* willing," she said. "I was perfectly willing. Just one single solitary year of hospital training had made me perfectly willing. And you can't *un*-willing a willing even to please your beau, no matter how hard you try." With a droll admixture of shyness and disdain, she tossed her curly blond head a trifle higher. "Shucks!" she attested, "what 's a traveling salesman's thigh?"

"Shucks yourself!" scoffed Zillah Forsyth. "What 's a silly beau or two up in Nova Scotia to a girl with looks like you? You could have married that typhoid case a dozen times last winter if you 'd crooked your little finger. Why, the fellow was crazy about you. And he was richer than Crœsus. What queered it?" she demanded bluntly. "Did his mother hate you?"

Like one fairly cramped with astonishment, Rae Malgregor doubled up very suddenly at the waist-line, and, thrusting her neck oddly forward after the manner of a startled crane, stood peering sharply round the corner of the rocking-chair at Zillah Forsyth.

"Did his mother hate me?" she gasped. "Did—his—mother—hate me? Well, what do you think? With me, who never even saw plumbing till I came down here, setting out to explain to her, with twenty tiled bath-rooms, how to be hygienic though rich? Did his mother hate me? Well, what do you think? With her who bore him—her who *bore* him, mind you—kept waiting down-stairs in the hospital anteroom half an hour every day on the raw edge of a rattan chair, waiting, worrying, all old and gray and scared, while little, young, perky, pink-and-white *me* is up-stairs brushing her own son's hair and washing her own son's face and altogether getting her own son ready to see his own mother! And then me obliged to turn her out again in ten minutes, flip as you please, 'for fear she 'd stayed too long,' while I stay on the rest of the night? *Did his mother hate me?"*

As stealthily as an assassin she crept around the corner of the rocking-chair and grabbed Zillah Forsyth by her astonished linen shoulder.

"Did his mother hate me?" she persisted mockingly. "Did his mother hate me? My God! Is there any woman from here to Kamchatka who does n't hate us? Is there any woman from here to Kamchatka who does n't look upon a trained nurse as her natural-born enemy? I don't blame 'em," she added chokingly. "Look at the impudent jobs we get sent out on! Quarantined up-stairs for weeks at a time with their inflammable, diphtheretic bridegrooms while they sit down-stairs brooding over their wedding teaspoons! Hiked off indefinitely to Atlantic City with their gouty bachelor uncles! Hearing their own innocent little sister's blood-curdling death-bed deliriums! Snatching their own new-born babies away from their breasts and showing them, virgin-handed, how to nurse them better! The impudence of it, I say, the disgusting, confounded impudence—doing things perfectly, flippantly, *right,* for twenty-one dollars a week—and washing—that all the achin' love in the world don't know how to do right just for love!" Furiously she began to jerk her victim's shoulder. "I tell you it 's awful, Zillah Forsyth," she insisted. "I tell you I just won't stand it!"

With muscles like steel wire, Zillah

Forsyth scrambled to her feet, and pushed Rae Malgregor back against the bureau.

"For Heaven's sake, Rae, shut up!" she said. "What in creation 's the matter with you to-day? I never saw you act so before." With real concern she stared into the girl's turbid eyes. "If you feel like that about it, what in thunder did you go into nursing for?" she demanded not unkindly.

Very slowly Helene Churchill rose from her lowly seat by her precious bookcase and came round and looked at Rae Malgregor rather oddly.

"Yes," she faltered, "what *did* you go into nursing for?" The faintest possible taint of asperity was in her voice.

Quite dumbly for an instant Rae Malgregor's natural timidity stood battling the almost fanatic professional fervor in Helene Churchill's frankly open face, the raw scientific passion, of very different caliber, but of no less intensity, hidden craftily behind Zillah Forsyth's plastic features; then suddenly her own hands went clutching back at the bureau for support, and all the flaming, raging red went ebbing out of her cheeks, leaving her lips with hardly blood enough left to work them.

"I went into nursing," she mumbled, "and it 's God's own truth—I went into nursing because—because I thought the uniforms were so cute."

Furiously, the instant the words were gone from her mouth, she turned and snarled at Zillah's hooting laughter.

"Well, I had to do *something,*" she attested. The defense was like a flat blade slapping the air.

Desperately she turned to Helene Churchill's goading, faintly supercilious smile, and her voice edged suddenly like a twisted sword.

"Well, the uniforms *are* cute," she parried. "They are! They are! I bet you there 's more than one girl standing high in the graduating class to-day who never would have stuck out her first year's bossin' and slops and worry and death if she 'd had to stick it out in the unimportant-looking clothes she came from home in. Even you, Helene Churchill, with all your pious talk, the day they put your coachman's son in as new interne and you got called down from the office for failing to stand when Mr. Young Coachman came into the room, you bawled all night. You did, you did, and swore you 'd chuck your whole job and go home the next day if it was n't that you 'd just had a life-size photo taken in full nursing costume to send to your brother's chum at Yale! So there!"

With a gasp of ineffable satisfaction she turned from Helene Churchill.

"Sure the uniforms are cute," she slashed back at Zillah Forsyth. "That 's the whole trouble with 'em. They 're so awfully, masqueradishly cute! Sure I could have gotten engaged to the typhoid boy. It would have been as easy as robbing a babe. But lots of girls, I notice, get engaged in their uniforms, feeding a patient perfectly scientifically out of his own silver spoon, who don't seem to stay engaged so specially long in their own street clothes, bungling just plain naturally with their own knives and forks. Even you, Zillah Forsyth," she hacked—"even you, who trot round like the 'Lord's anointed' in your pure white togs, you 're just as Dutchy-looking as anybody else come to put you in a red hat and a tan coat and a blue skirt."

Mechanically she raised her hands to her head as though with some silly thought of keeping the horrid pain in her temples from slipping to her throat, her breast, her feet.

"Sure the uniforms are cute," she persisted a bit thickly. "Sure the typhoid boy was crazy about me. He called me his 'holy chorus girl.' I heard him raving in his sleep. Lord save us! What are we to any man but just that?" she questioned hotly, with renewed venom. "Parson, actor, young sinner, old saint—I ask you frankly, girls, on your word of honor, was there ever more than one man in ten went through your hands who did n't turn out soft somewhere before you were through with him? Mawking about your 'sweet eyes' while you 're wrecking your optic nerves trying to decipher the dose on a poison bottle! Mooning over your wonderful likeness to the lovely young sister they never had! Trying to kiss your finger-tips when you 're struggling to brush their teeth! Teasin' you to smoke cigarettes with 'em when they know it would cost you your job!"

Impishly, without any warning, she crooked her knee and pointed one homely,

square-toed shoe in a mincing dancing step. Hoidenishly she threw out her arms and tried to gather Helene and Zillah both into their compass.

"Oh, you holy chorus girls!" she chuckled, with maniacal delight. "Everybody all together, now! Kick your little kicks! Smile your little smiles! Tinkle your little thermometers! Steady, there! One, two, three! One, two, three!"

Laughingly, Zillah Forsyth slipped from the grasp.

"Don't you dare 'holy' me!" she cried.

In real irritation Helene released herself.

"I 'm no chorus girl," she said coldly.

With a shrill little scream of pain, Rae Malgregor's hands went flying back to her temples. Like a person giving orders in a great panic, she turned authoritatively to her two room-mates, her fingers all the while boring frenziedly into her temples.

"Now, girls," she warned, "stand well back! If my head bursts, you know, it 's going to burst all slivers and splinters, like a boiler."

"Rae, you 're *crazy,*" hooted Zillah.

"Just plain vulgar—loony," faltered Helene.

Both girls reached out simultaneously to push her aside.

Somewhere in the dusty, indifferent street a bird's note rang out in one wild, delirious ecstasy of untrammeled springtime. To all intents and purposes the sound might have been the one final signal that Rae Malgregor's jangled nerves were waiting for.

"Oh, I *am* crazy, am I?" she cried, with a new, fierce joy. "Oh, I *am* crazy, am I? Well, I 'll go ask the Superintendent and see if I am. Oh, surely they would n't try and make me graduate if I really was crazy!"

Madly she bolted for her bureau, and, snatching her own motto down, crumpled its face securely against her skirt, and started for the door. Just what the motto was no one but herself knew. Sprawling in paint-brush hieroglyphics on a great flapping sheet of brown wrapping-paper, the sentiment, whatever it was, had been nailed face down to the wall for three tantalizing years.

"No, you don't!" Zillah cried now, as she saw the mystery threatening meanly to escape her.

"No, you *don't!*" cried Helene. "You 've seen our mottos, and now we 're going to see yours!"

Almost crazed with new terror, Rae Malgregor went dodging to the right, to the left, to the right again, cleared the rocking-chair, a scuffle with padded hands, climbed the trunk, a race with padded feet, reached the door-handle at last, yanked the door open, and with lungs and temper fairly bursting with momentum, shot down the hall, down some stairs, down some more hall, down some more stairs to the Superintendent's office, where, with her precious motto still clutched securely in one hand, she broke upon that dignitary's startled, near-sighted vision like a young whirlwind of linen and starch and flapping brown paper. Breathlessly, without prelude or preamble, she hurled her grievance into the older woman's grievance-dulled ears.

"Give me back my own face!" she demanded peremptorily. "Give me back my own face, I say! And my own hands! I tell you, I want my own hands! Helene and Zillah say I 'm insane! And I want to go home!"

Like a short-necked animal elongated suddenly to the cervical proportions of a giraffe, the Superintendent of Nurses reared up from her stoop-shouldered desk-work, and stared forth in speechless astonishment across the top of her spectacles.

Exuberantly impertinent, ecstatically self-conscious, Rae Malgregor repeated her demand. To her parched mouth the very taste of her own babbling impudence refreshed her like the shock and prickle of cracked ice.

"I tell you, I want my own face again, and my own hands!" she reiterated glibly. "I mean the face with the mortgage in it, and the cinders—and the other human expressions," she explained. "And the nice, grubby country hands that go with that sort of a face."

Very accusingly she raised her finger and shook it at the Superintendent's perfectly livid countenance.

"Oh, of course I know I was n't very much to look at; but at least I matched. What my hands knew, I mean, my face knew. Pies or plowing or May-baskets, what my hands knew my face knew. That 's the way hands and faces ought to work together. But you—*you* with all

your rules and your bossing and your everlasting ' 'S-'sh! 'S-'sh!' you 've snubbed all the know-anything out of my face and made my hands nothing but two disconnected machines for somebody else to run. And I hate you! You 're a monster! You 're a — Everybody hates you!"

Mutely then she shut her eyes, bowed her head, and waited for the Superintendent to smite her dead. The smite, she felt sure, would be a noisy one. First of all, she reasoned, it would fracture her skull. Naturally then, of course, it would splinter her spine. Later, in all probability, it would telescope her knee-joints. And never indeed, now that she came to think of it, had the arches of her feet felt less capable of resisting so terrible an impact. Quite unconsciously she groped out a little with one hand to steady herself against the edge of the desk.

But the blow when it came was nothing but a cool finger tapping her pulse.

"There! There!" crooned the Superintendent's voice, with a most amazing tolerance.

"But I won't 'there, there!' " snapped Rae Malgregor. Her eyes were wide open again now, and extravagantly dilated.

The cool fingers on her pulse seemed to tighten a little.

" 'S-'sh! 'S-'sh!" admonished the Superintendent's mumbling lips.

"But I won't ' 'S-'sh! 'S-'sh!' " stormed Rae Malgregor. Never before in her three years' hospital training had she seen her arch-enemy, the Superintendent, so utterly disarmed of irascible temper and arrogant dignity, and the sight perplexed and maddened her at one and the same moment. "But I won't ' 'S-'sh! 'S-'sh!' " Desperately she jerked her curly blond head in the direction of the clock on the wall. "Here it 's four o'clock now," she cried, "and in less than four hours you 're going to try and make me graduate, and go out into the world—God knows where—and charge innocent people twenty-one dollars a week, and washing, likelier than not, mind you, for these hands," she gestured, "that don't coördinate *at all* with this face," she grimaced, "but with the face of one of the house doctors or the Senior Surgeon or even *you,* who may be 'way off in Kamchatka when I need him most!" she finished, with a confused jumble of accusation and despair.

Still with unexplainable amiability the Superintendent whirled back into place in her pivot-chair, and with her left hand, which had all this time been rummaging busily in a lower desk drawer, proffered Rae Malgregor a small fold of paper.

"Here, my dear," she said, "here 's a sedative for you. Take it at once. It will quiet you perfectly. We all know you 've had very hard luck this past month, but you must n't worry so about the future." The slightest possible tinge of purely professional manner crept back into the older woman's voice. "Certainly, Miss Malgregor, with your judgment—"

"With my judgment?" cried Rae Malgregor. The phrase was like a red rag to her. "With my judgment? Great heavens! that 's the whole trouble! I have n't got any judgment! I 've never been allowed to have any judgment! All I 've ever been allowed to have is the judgment of some flirty young medical student or the house doctor or the Senior Surgeon or *you!"*

Her eyes were fairly piteous with terror.

"Don't you see that my face does n't know anything?" she faltered, "except just to smile and smile and smile and say 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' 'Yes, sir'?" From curly blond head to square-toed, commonsense shoes her little body began to quiver suddenly like the advent of a chill. "Oh, what am I going to do," she begged, "when I 'm 'way off alone—somewhere in the mountains or a tenement or a palace, and something happens, and there is n't any judgment round to tell me what I ought to do?"

Abruptly in the doorway, as though summoned by some purely casual flicker of the Superintendent's thin fingers, another nurse appeared.

"Yes, I rang," said the Superintendent. "Go and ask the Senior Surgeon if he can come to me here a moment, immediately."

"The Senior Surgeon?" gasped Rae Malgregor. "The Senior Surgeon?" With her hands clutching at her throat she reeled back against the wall for support. Like a shore bereft in one second of its tide, like a tree stripped in one second of its leafage, she stood there, utterly stricken of temper or passion or any animating human emotion whatsoever.

"Oh, now I 'm going to be expelled! Oh, now I know I 'm going to be expelled!" she moaned listlessly.

Very vaguely into the farthest radiation of her vision she sensed the approach of a man. Gray-haired, gray-suited, as grayly dogmatic as a block of granite, the Senior Surgeon loomed up at last in the doorway.

"I 'm in a hurry," he growled. "What 's the matter?"

Precipitously Rae Malgregor collapsed into the breach.

"Oh, there 's nothing at all the matter, sir," she stammered. "It 's only—it 's only that I 've just decided that I don't want to be a trained nurse."

With a gesture of ill-concealed impatience the Superintendent shrugged the absurd speech aside.

"Dr. Faber," she said, "won't you just please assure Miss Malgregor once more that the little Italian boy's death last week was in no conceivable way her fault—that nobody blames her in the slightest, or holds her in any possible way responsible?"

"Why, what nonsense!" snapped the Senior Surgeon. "What—"

"And the Portuguese woman the week before that," interrupted Rae Malgregor, dully.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Senior Surgeon. "It 's nothing but coincidence, pure coincidence. It might have happened to anybody."

"And she has n't slept for almost a fortnight," the Superintendent confided, "nor touched a drop of food or drink, as far as I can make out, except just black coffee. I 've been expecting this breakdown for some days."

"And—the—young—drug-store—clerk—the—week—before—that," Rae Malgregor resumed with singsong monotony.

Bruskly the Senior Surgeon stepped forward and, taking the girl by her shoulders, jerked her sharply round to the light, and, with firm, authoritative fingers, rolled one of her eyelids deftly back from its inordinately dilated pupil. Equally bruskly he turned away again.

"Nothing but moonshine!" he muttered. "Nothing in the world but too much coffee dope taken on an empty stomach—'empty brain,' I 'd better have said. When will you girls ever learn any sense?" With search-light shrewdness his eyes flashed back for an instant over the haggard, gray lines that slashed along the corners of her quivering, childish mouth. A bit temperishly he began to put on his gloves. "Next time you set out to have a 'brain-storm,' Miss Malgregor," he suggested satirically, "try to have it about something more sensible than imagining that anybody is trying to hold you personally responsible for the existence of death in the world. Bah!" he ejaculated fiercely. "If you are going to fuss like this over cases hopelessly moribund from the start, what in thunder are you going to do some fine day when, out of a perfectly clear and clean sky, security itself turns septic, and you lose the President of the United States or a mother of nine children—with a hang-nail?"

"But I was n't fussing, sir!" protested Rae Malgregor, with a timid sort of dignity. "Why, it never had occurred to me for a moment that anybody blamed me for anything." Just from sheer astonishment her hands took a new clutch into the torn, flapping corner of the motto that she still clung desperately to even at this moment.

"For Heaven's sake, stop crackling that brown paper!" stormed the Senior Surgeon.

"But I was n't crackling the brown paper, sir! It 's crackling itself," persisted Rae Malgregor, very softly. The great blue eyes that lifted to his were brimming full of misery. "Oh, can't I make you understand, sir?" she stammered. Appealingly she turned to the Superintendent. "Oh, can't I make anybody understand? All I was trying to say, all I was trying to explain, was that I don't want to be a trained nurse—after all."

"Why not?" demanded the Senior Surgeon, with a rather noisy click of his glove fasteners.

"Because—my face is tired," said the girl, quite simply.

The explosive wrath on the Senior Surgeon's countenance seemed to be directed suddenly at the Superintendent.

"Is this an afternoon tea?" he asked tartly. "With six major operations this morning, and a probable meningitis diagnosis ahead of me this afternoon, I think I might be spared the babblings of an hysterical nurse." Casually over his shoulder he nodded at the girl. "You 're a fool," he said, and started for the door.

Just on the threshold he turned abruptly and looked back. His forehead was furrowed like a corduroy road, and the one rampant question in his mind at the moment seemed to be mired hopelessly between his bushy eyebrows.

"Lord!" he exclaimed a bit flounderingly, "are *you* the nurse that helped me last week on that fractured skull?"

"Yes, sir," said Rae Malgregor.

Jerkily the Senior Surgeon retraced his footsteps into the office and stood facing her as though with some really terrible accusation.

"And the freak abdominal?" he quizzed sharply. "Was it *you* who threaded that needle for me so blamed slowly and calmly and *surely,* while all the rest of us were jumping up and down and cursing you for no brighter reason than that we could n't have threaded it ourselves if we 'd had all eternity before us and all hell bleeding to death?"

"Y-e-s," said Rae Malgregor.

Quite bluntly the Senior Surgeon reached out and lifted one of her hands to his scowling professional scrutiny.

"God!" he attested, "what a hand! You 're a wonder. Under proper direction you 're a wonder. It was like myself working with twenty fingers and no thumbs. I never saw anything like it."

Almost boyishly the embarrassed flush mounted to his cheeks as he jerked away again. "Excuse me for not recognizing you," he apologized gruffly, "but you girls all look so much alike!"

As though the eloquence of Heaven itself had suddenly descended upon a person hitherto hopelessly tongue-tied, Rae Malgregor lifted an utterly transfigured face to the Senior Surgeon's grimly astonished gaze.

"Yes, yes, sir!" she cried joyously; "that 's just exactly what the trouble is; that 's just exactly what I was trying to express, sir: my face is all worn out trying to 'look alike.' My cheeks are almost sprung with artificial smiles. My eyes are fairly bulging with unshed tears. My nose aches like a toothache trying never to turn up at anything. I 'm smothered with the discipline of it. I 'm choked with the affectation. I tell you, I just can't breathe through a trained nurse's face any more. I tell you, sir, I 'm sick to death of being nothing but a type. I want to look like *myself.* I want to see what life could do to a silly face like mine if it ever got a chance. When other women are crying, I want the fun of crying. When other women look scared to death, I want the fun of looking scared to death." Hysterically again, with shrewish emphasis, she began to repeat: "I won't be a nurse! I tell you I won't! I *won't!*"

"Pray what brought you so suddenly to this remarkable decision?" scoffed the Senior Surgeon.

"A letter from my father, sir," she confided more quietly—"a letter about some dogs."

"*Dogs?*" hooted the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. A trifle speculatively for an instant she glanced at the Superintendent's face and then back again to the Senior Surgeon's. "Yes, sir," she repeated with increasing confidence, "up in Nova Scotia my father raises hunting-dogs. Oh, no special fancy kind, sir," she hastened in all honesty to explain, "just dogs, you know; just mixed dogs, pointers with curly tails, and shaggy-coated hounds, and brindled spaniels, and all that sort of thing; just mongrels, you know, but very clever. And people, sir, come all the way from Boston to buy dogs of him, and once a man came way from London to learn the secret of his training."

"Well, what is the secret of his training?" quizzed the Senior Surgeon with the sudden eager interest of a sportsman. "I should think it would be pretty hard," he acknowledged, "in a mixed gang like that to decide just what particular game was suited to which particular dog."

"Yes, that 's just it, sir," beamed the White Linen Nurse. "A dog, of course, will chase anything that runs,—that 's just dog,—but when a dog really begins to *care* for what he 's chasing, he—wags! That 's hunting. Father does n't calculate, he says, on training a dog on anything he does n't wag on."

"Yes, but what 's that got to do with you?" asked the Senior Surgeon, a bit impatiently.

With ill-concealed dismay the White Linen Nurse stood staring blankly at the Senior Surgeon's gross stupidity.

"Why, don't you see?" she faltered. "I 've been chasing this nursing job three

whole years now, and there 's no wag to it."

"Oh, hell!" said the Senior Surgeon. If he had n't said "Oh, hell!" he would have grinned. And it had n't been a grinny day, and he certainly did n't intend to begin grinning at any such late hour as that in the afternoon. With his dignity once reassured, he then relaxed a trifle. "For Heaven's sake, what *do* you want to be?" he asked not unkindly.

With an abrupt effort at self-control Rae Malgregor jerked her head into at least the outer semblance of a person lost in almost fathomless thought.

"Why, I 'm sure I don't know, sir," she acknowledged worriedly. "But it would be a great pity, I suppose, to waste all the grand training that 's gone into my hands." With sudden conviction her limp shoulders stiffened a trifle. "My oldest sister," she stammered, "bosses the laundry in one of the big hotels in Halifax, and my youngest sister teaches school in Moncton. But I 'm so strong, you know, and I like to move things round so, and everything, maybe I could get a position somewhere as general housework girl."

With a roar of amusement as astonishing to himself as to his listeners, the Senior Surgeon's chin jerked suddenly upward.

"You 're crazy as a loon!" he confided cordially. "Great Scott! If you can work up a condition like this on coffee, what would you do on malted milk?" As unheralded as his amusement, gross irritability overtook him again. "Will—you—stop—rattling that brown paper?" he thundered at her.

As innocently as a child she rebuffed the accusation and ignored the temper.

"But I 'm not rattling it, sir!" she protested. "I 'm simply trying to hide what 's on the other side of it."

"What *is* on the other side of it?" demanded the Senior Surgeon, bluntly.

With unquestioning docility the girl turned the paper around.

From behind her desk the austere Superintendent twisted her neck most informally to decipher the scrawling hieroglyphics. "Don't Ever Be Bumptious!" she read forth jerkily with a questioning, incredulous sort of emphasis.

"Don't ever be *bumptious!*" squinted the Senior Surgeon perplexedly through his glass.

"Yes," said Rae Malgregor, very timidly. "It 's my motto."

"Your motto?" sniffed the Superintendent.

"Your motto?" chuckled the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes, my motto," repeated Rae Malgregor, with the slightest perceptible tinge of resentment. "And it 's a perfectly good motto, too. Only, of course, it has n't got any style to it. That 's why I did n't want the girls to see it," she confided a bit drearily. Then palpably before their eyes they saw her spirit leap into ineffable pride. "My father gave it to me," she announced briskly, "and my father said that, when I came home in June, if I could honestly say that I 'd never once been bumptious all my three years here, he 'd give me a heifer. And—"

"Well, I guess you 've lost your heifer," said the Senior Surgeon, bluntly.

"Lost my heifer?" gasped the girl. Big-eyed and incredulous, she stood for an instant staring back and forth from the Superintendent's face to the Senior Surgeon's. "You mean," she stammered—"you mean that I 've been bumptious *just now?* You mean that, after all these years of meachin' meekness, I 've lost?"

Plainly even to the Senior Surgeon and the Superintendent the bones in her knees weakened suddenly like knots of tissue-paper. No power on earth could have made her break discipline by taking a chair while the Senior Surgeon stood, so she sank limply down to the floor instead, with two great solemn tears welling slowly through the fingers with which she tried to cover her face.

"And the heifer was brown, with one white ear; it was awful' cunning," she confided mumblingly. "And it ate from my hand, all warm and sticky, like loving sand-paper." There was no protest in her voice, or any whine of complaint, but merely the abject submission to fate of one who from earliest infancy had seen other crops blighted by other frosts. Then tremulously, with the air of one who just as a matter of spiritual tidiness would purge her soul of all sad secrets, she lifted her entrancing, tear-flushed face from her strong, sturdy, utterly unemotional fingers and stared with amazing blueness, amazing blandness, into the Senior Surgeon's scowling scrutiny.



Plates in tint, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"'DON'T EVER BE *BUMPTIOUS*!' SQUINTED THE SENIOR SURGEON PERPLEXEDLY THROUGH HIS GLASS"

DRAWN BY HERMAN PFEIFER

"And I 'd named her for you," she said—"I 'd named her Patience, for *you!*"

Instantly then she scrambled to her knees to try and assuage by some miraculous apology the horrible shock which she read in the Senior Surgeon's face.

"Oh, of course, sir, I know it is n't scientific," she pleaded desperately. "Oh, of course, sir, I know it is n't scientific at all; but up where I live, you know, instead of praying for anybody, we—we name a young animal for the virtue that that person seems to need the most. And if you tend the young animal carefully, and train it right, why—it 's just a superstition, of course, but— Oh, sir," she floundered hopelessly, "the virtue you needed most in your business was what I meant! Oh, really, sir, I never thought of criticizing your character!"

Gruffly the Senior Surgeon laughed. Embarrassment was in the laugh, and anger, and a fierce, fiery sort of resentment against both the embarrassment and the anger, but no possible trace of amusement. Impatiently he glanced up at the fast-speeding clock.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "I 'm an hour late now!" Scowling like a pirate, he clicked the cover of his watch open and shut for an uncertain instant. Then suddenly he laughed again, and there was nothing whatsoever in his laugh this time except just amusement.

"See here, Miss—Bossy Tamer," he said, "if the Superintendent is willing, go get your hat and coat, and I 'll take you out on that meningitis case with me. It 's a thirty-mile run, if it 's a block, and I guess if you sit on the front seat it will blow the cobwebs out of your brain—if anything will," he finished not unkindly.

Like a white hen sensing the approach of some utterly unseen danger, the Superintendent seemed to bristle suddenly in every direction.

"It 's a bit irregular," she protested in her most even tone.

"Bah! So are some of the most useful of the French verbs," snapped the Senior Surgeon. In the midst of authority his voice could be inestimably soft and reassuring; but sometimes on the brink of asserting said authority he had a tone that was distinctly unpleasant.

"Oh, very .well," conceded the Superintendent, with some waspishness.

Hazily for an instant Rae Malgregor stood staring into the Superintendent's uncordial face. "I 'd—I 'd apologize," she faltered, "but I don't even know what I said. It just blew up."

Perfectly coldly and perfectly civilly the Superintendent received the overture.

"It was quite evident, Miss Malgregor, that you were not altogether responsible at the moment," she conceded in common justice.

Heavily then, like a person walking in her sleep, the girl trailed out of the room to get her coat and hat.

Slamming one desk-drawer after another, the Superintendent drowned the sluggish sound of her retreating footsteps.

"There goes my best nurse," she said grimly, "my very best nurse. Oh, no, not the most brilliant one,—I did n't mean that,—but the most reliable, the most nearly perfect human machine that it has ever been my privilege to see turned out, the one girl that, week in, week out, month after month and year after year, has always done what she 's told, when she was told, and the exact way she was told, without questioning anything, without protesting anything, without supplementing anything with some disastrous original conviction of her own. And look at her now!" Tragically the Superintendent rubbed her hand across her worried brow. "Coffee you said it was?" she asked skeptically. "Are there any special antidotes for coffee?"

With a queer little quirk to his mouth, the gruff Senior Surgeon jerked his glance back from the open window where, like the gleam of a slim tomboyish ankle, a flicker of green went scurrying through the tree-tops.

"What 's that you asked?" he quizzed sharply. "Any antidotes for coffee? Yes, dozens of them; but none for spring."

"Spring?" sniffed the Superintendent. A little shiveringly she reached out and gathered a white knitted shawl about her shoulders. "Spring? I don't see what spring 's got to do with Rae Malgregor or any other young outlaw in my graduating class. If graduation came in November, it would be just the same. They 're a set of ingrates, every one of them." Vehemently she turned aside to her card-index of names, and slapped the cards through one by one without finding one

single soothing exception. "Yes, sir, a set of ingrates," she repeated accusingly. "Spend your life trying to teach them what to do and how to do it, cram ideas into those that have n't got any, and yank ideas out of those who have got too many; refine them, toughen them, scold them, coax them, everlastingly drill and discipline them: and then just as you get them to a place where they move like clockwork, and you actually believe you can trust them, then graduation day comes round, and they think they 're all safe, and every single individual member of the class breaks out and runs amuck with the one daredevil deed she 's been itching to do every day the last three years! Why, this very morning I caught the president of the senior class with a breakfast tray in her hands stealing the cherry out of her patient's grape-fruit, and three of the girls reported for duty as bold as brass with their hair frizzed tight as a nigger doll's. And the girl who 's going into a convent next week was trying on the laundryman's derby hat as I came up from lunch. And now, now—" the Superintendent's voice became suddenly a little hoarse—"and now here 's Miss Malgregor intriguing to get an automobile ride with *you!*"

"Eh?" cried the Senior Surgeon, with a jump. "My God! is this an insane asylum? Is it a nervine?" Madly he started for the door. "Order a ton of bromides," he called back over his shoulder. "Order a car-load of them, fumigate the whole place with them, fumigate the whole damned place!"

Half-way down the lower hall, all his nerves on edge, all his unwonted boyish impulsiveness quenched nauseously like a candle-flame, he met and passed Rae Malgregor without a sign of recognition.

"God! How I hate women!" he kept mumbling to himself as he struggled clumsily all alone into the torn sleeve lining of his thousand-dollar mink coat.

Like a train-traveler coming out of a long, smoky, smothery tunnel into the clean-tasting light, the White Linen Nurse came out of the prudish, smelling hospital into the riotous mud-and-posie promise of the young April afternoon.

The god of hysteria had certainly not deserted her. In all the full effervescent reaction of her brain-storm, fairly bubbling with dimples, fairly foaming with curls, light-footed, light-hearted, most ecstatically light-headed, she tripped down into the sunshine as though the great harsh granite steps that marked her descent were nothing more nor less than a gigantic old horny-fingered hand passing her blithely out to some deliciously unknown Lilliputian adventure.

As she pranced across the soggy April sidewalk to what she supposed was the Senior Surgeon's perfectly empty automobile, she became aware suddenly that the rear seat of the car was already occupied.

Out from an unseasonable snuggle of sable furs and flaming red hair a small peevish face peered forth at her with frank curiosity.

"Why, hello!" beamed the White Linen Nurse. "Who are you?"

With unmistakable hostility the haughty little face retreated into its furs and its red hair.

"Hush!" commanded a shrill childish voice. "Hush, I say! I 'm a cripple and very bad-tempered. Don't speak to me!"

"Oh, my glory!" gasped the White Linen Nurse. "Oh, my glory, glory, glory!" Without any warning whatsoever, she felt suddenly like nothing at all, rigged out in an exceedingly shabby old ulster and an excessively homely black slouch-hat. In a desperate attempt at tangible tomboyish nonchalance, she tossed her head, and thrust her hands down deep into her big ulster pockets. That the black hat reflected no decent featherish consciousness of being tossed, that the big threadbare pockets had no bottoms to them, merely completed her startled sense of having been in some way blotted right out of existence.

Behind her back the Senior Surgeon's huge fur-coated approach dawned blissfully like the thud of a rescue-party.

But if the Senior Surgeon's blunt, wholesome invitation to ride had been perfectly sweet when he prescribed it for her in the Superintendent's office, the invitation had certainly soured most amazingly in the succeeding ten minutes. Abruptly now, without any greeting, he reached out and opened the rear door of the car, and nodded curtly for her to enter.

Instantly across the face of the Little Crippled Girl already ensconced in the tonneau a single flash of light went zigzag-

ging crookedly from brow to chin, and was gone again.

"Hello, fat Father!" piped the shrill little voice. "Hello, fat Father!" So subtly was the phrase mouthed, to save your soul you could not have proved just where the greeting ended and the taunt began.

There was nothing subtle, however, about the way in which the Senior Surgeon's hand shot out and slammed the tonneau door *bang-bang* again on its original passenger. His face was crimson with anger. Bruskly he pointed to the front seat.

"You may sit in there with me, Miss Malgregor," he thundered.

"Yes, sir," crooned the White Linen Nurse.

As meek as an oiled machine she scuttled to her appointed place. Once more in smothered giggle and unprotesting acquiescence she sensed the resumption of eternal discipline. Already in just this trice of time she felt her rampant young mouth resettle tamely into lines of smug, determinate serenity. Already across her idle lap she felt her clasped fingers begin to frost and tingle again like a cheerfully non-concerned bunch of live wires waiting the one authoritative signal to connect somebody, anybody, with this world or the next. Already the facile tip of her tongue seemed fairly loaded and cocked like a revolver with all the approximate "Yes, sirs," and "No, sirs," that she thought she should probably need.

But the only immediate remarks that the Senior Surgeon addressed to any one were addressed distinctly to the crank of his automobile.

"Damn a chauffeur who gets drunk the one day of the year when you need him most!" he muttered under his breath, as with the same exquisitely sensitive fingers that could have dissected like a caress the nervous system of a humming-bird, or reset unbruisingly the broken wing of a butterfly, he hurled his hundred and eighty pounds of infuriate brute strength against the calm, chronic, mechanical stubbornness of that auto crank. "Damn!" he swore on the upward pull, "Damn!" he gasped on the downward push, "Damn!" he cursed and sputtered and spluttered. Purple with effort, bulging-eyed with strain, reeking with sweat, his frenzied outburst would have terrorized the entire hospital staff.

With an odd little twinge of homesickness, the White Linen Nurse slid cautiously out to the edge of her seat so that she might watch the struggle better. For thus, with dripping foreheads and knotted neck-muscles and breaking backs and rankly tempestuous language, did the untutored men-folk of her own beloved home-land hurl their great strength against bulls and boulders and refractory forest trees. Very startlingly, as she watched, a brand-new thought went zigzagging through her consciousness.

Was it possible, was it even so much as remotely possible, that the great Senior Surgeon, the great, wonderful, altogether formidable, altogether unapproachable Senior Surgeon, was just a—was just a—

Stripped ruthlessly of all his social superiority, of all his professional halo, of all his scientific achievement, the Senior Surgeon stood suddenly forth before her a mere man, just like other men. Just exactly like other men? Like the sick drug clerk? Like the new-born millionaire baby? Like the doddering old Dutch gaffer? The very delicacy of such a thought drove the blood panic-stricken from her face. It was the indelicacy of the thought that brought the blood surging back again to brow, to cheeks, to lips, even to the tips of her ears.

Glancing up casually from the roar and rumble of his abruptly repentant engine, the Senior Surgeon swore once more under his breath to think that any woman sitting perfectly idle and non-concerned in a nine-thousand-dollar car should have the nerve to flaunt such a furiously strenuous color.

Bristling with resentment and mink furs, he strode around the fender and stumbled with increasing irritation across the White Linen Nurse's knees to his seat. Just for an instant his famous fingers seemed to flash with apparent inconsequence toward one bit of mechanism and another. Then, like a huge portentous pill floated on smoothest syrup, the car slid down the yawning street into the congested city.

Altogether monotonously in terms of pain and dirt and drug and disease the city wafted itself in and out of the White Linen Nurse's well-grooved consciousness.

From every filthy street corner sodden age or starved babyhood reached out its fluttering pulse to her. Then as suddenly sweet as a draft through a fever-tainted room, the squalid city freshened into jocund, luxurious suburbs, with rollicking tennis-courts, and flaming yellow Forsythia blossoms, and green-velvet lawns prematurely posied with pale exotic hyacinths and great scarlet splotches of lusty tulips.

Beyond this hectic horticultural outburst the leisurely spring faded out again into April's naturally sallow colors.

As glossy and black as an endless typewriter ribbon, the narrow, tense state road seemed to wind itself everlastingly in and in and in on some hidden spool of the car's mysterious mechanism. *Click-ety-click, click, clack,* faster than any human mind could think, faster than any human hand could finger, hurtling up hazardous hills of thought, sliding down facile valleys of fancy, roaring with emphasis, shrieking with punctuation, the great car yielded itself perforce to fate's dictation.

Robbed successively of the city's humanitarian pang, of the suburb's esthetic pleasure, the White Linen Nurse found herself precipitated suddenly into a mere blur of sight, a mere chaos of sound. In whizzing speed and crashing breeze, houses, fences, meadows, people, slapped across her eyeballs like pictures on a fan. On and on and on through kaleidoscopic yellows and rushing grays the great car sped, a purely mechanical factor in a purely mechanical landscape.

Rigid with concentration, the Senior Surgeon stared like a dead man into the intrepid, on-coming road.

Intermittently from her green plushy lap-robes the Little Crippled Girl struggled to her feet, and, sprawling clumsily across whosever shoulder suited her best, raised a brazenly innocent voice, deliberately flatted, in a shrill and maddeningly repetitive chant of her own making, to the effect that

"All the birds were there,
With yellow feathers instead of hair,
And bumblebees crocheted in the trees—
And bumblebees crocheted in the trees.
And all the birds were there,
And—and—"

Intermittently from the front seat the Senior Surgeon's wooden face relaxed to the extent of a grim mouth twisting distractedly sidewise in one furious bellow:

"Will—you—stop—your—*noise*—and—go—back—to—your—seat!"

Nothing else happened at all until at last, out of unbroken stretches of winter-staled stubble, a high, formal hemlock hedge and a neat, pebbled driveway proclaimed the Senior Surgeon's ultimate destination.

Cautiously now, with an almost tender skill, the big car circled a tiny, venturesome clump of highway violets and crept through a prancing, leaping fluff of yellow collie dogs to the door of the big stone house. Instantly from inestimable resources a liveried serving-man appeared to help the surgeon from his car, another to take his coat, another to carry his bag.

Lingering for an instant to stretch his muscles and shake his great shoulders, the Senior Surgeon breathed into his cramped lungs a friendly impulse as well as a scent of budding cherry-trees.

"You may come in with me if you want to, Miss Malgregor," he conceded. "It 's an extraordinary case. You will hardly see another one like it." Palpably he lowered his already almost indistinguishable voice. "The boy is young," he confided; "about your age, I should guess, a college foot-ball hero, the most superbly perfect specimen of young manhood it has ever been my privilege to behold. It will be a long case. They have two nurses already, but would like another. The work ought not to be hard. Now, if they should happen to—fancy you!" In speechless expressiveness his eyes swept estimatingly over sun-parlors, stables, garages, Italian garden, rapturous, blue-shadowed mountain view, every last intimate detail of the mansion's wonderful equipment.

Like a drowning man feeling his last floating spar wrenched away from him, the White Linen Nurse dug her finger-nails frantically into every reachable wrinkle and crevice of the heavily upholstered seat.

"Oh, but, sir, I don't want to go in!" she protested passionately. "I tell you, sir, I 'm quite done with all that sort of thing. It would break my heart. It would—oh, sir, this worrying about peo-

ple for whom you 've got no affection, it 's like sledding without any snow! It grits right down on your naked nerves. It—"

Before the Senior Surgeon's glowering, incredulous stare her heart began to plunge and pound again, but it plunged and pounded no harder, she realized suddenly, than when in the calm, white hospital precincts she was obliged to pass his terrifying presence in the corridor and murmur an inaudible "Good morning" or "Good evening." "After all, he 's nothing but a man, nothing but a man, nothing but a mere, ordinary, two-legged man," she reasoned over and over to herself. With a really desperate effort she smoothed her frightened face into an expression of utter guilelessness and peace, and smiled unflinchingly right into the Senior Surgeon's rousing anger as she had once seen an animal trainer smile into the snarl of a crouching tiger.

"Th—ank you very much," she said; "but I think I won't go in, sir, thank you! My—my face is still pretty tired."

"Idiot!" snapped the Senior Surgeon as he turned on his heel and started up the steps.

From the green plushy robes on the back seat the White Linen Nurse could have sworn that she heard a sharply ejaculated, maliciously joyful "Ha!" piped out. But when both she and the Senior Surgeon turned sharply round to make sure, the Little Crippled Girl, in apparently complete absorption, sat amiably extracting tuft after tuft of fur from the thumb of one big sable glove, to the rumbling, singsong monotone of "He loves me, loves me not, loves me, loves me not."

Bristling with unutterable contempt for all femininity, the Senior Surgeon proceeded on up the steps between two solemn-faced lackeys.

"Father!" wailed a feeble little voice. "Father!" There was no shrillness in the tone now, or malice, or any mischievous thing; just desolation, the impulsive, panic-stricken desolation of a little child left suddenly alone with a stranger. "Father!" the frightened voice ventured forth a tiny bit louder. But the unheeding Senior Surgeon had already reached the piazza. "*Fat* Father!" screamed the little voice. Barbed now like a shark-hook, the phrase ripped through the Senior Surgeon's dormant sensibilities. As one fairly yanked out of his thoughts, he whirled around in his tracks.

"What do you want?" he thundered.

Helplessly the Little Girl sat staring from a lackey's ill-concealed grin to her father's smoldering fury. Quite palpably she began to swallow with considerable difficulty. Then as quick as a flash a diminutively crafty smile crooked across one corner of her mouth.

"Father," she improvised dulcetly—"Father, may—may I sit in the White Linen Nurse's lap?"

Just for an instant the Senior Surgeon's narrowing eyes probed mercilessly into the reekingly false little smile. Then altogether brutally he shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't care where in thunder you sit," he muttered, and went on into the house.

With an air of unalterable finality the massive oak door closed after him. In the resonant click of its latch the great wrought-iron lock seemed to smack its lips with ineffable satisfaction.

Wringing suddenly round with a whish of starched skirts, the White Linen Nurse knelt up in her seat and grinned at the Little Crippled Girl.

"Ha, *yourself!*" she said.

Against all possible expectancy, the Little Crippled Girl burst out laughing. The laugh was wild, ecstatic, extravagantly boisterous, yet awkward withal, and indescribably bumpy, like the first flight of a cage-cramped bird.

Quite abruptly the White Linen Nurse sat down again, and began nervously with the wrist of her chamois glove to polish the slightly tarnished brass lamp at her elbow. Equally abruptly after a minute she stopped polishing and looked back at the Little Crippled Girl.

"Would—you—like—to sit in my lap?" she queried conscientiously.

Insolent with astonishment, the Little Crippled Girl parried the question.

"Why in thunder should I want to sit in your lap?" she quizzed harshly. Every accent of her voice, every remotest intonation, was like the Senior Surgeon's at his worst. The suddenly forked eyebrow, the snarling twitch of the upper lip, turned the whole delicate little face into a grotesque but desperately unconscious caricature of the grim-jawed father.

As though the father himself had snubbed her for some unimaginable fami-

liarity, the White Linen Nurse winced back in hopeless confusion. Just for sheer shock, short-circuited with fatigue, a big tear rolled slowly down one pink cheek.

Instantly to the edge of her seat the Little Girl jerked herself forward.

"*Don't* cry, Pretty!" she whispered. "*Don't* cry! It 's my legs. I 've got fat iron braces on my legs, and people don't like to hold me."

Half the professional smile came flashing back to the White Linen Nurse's mouth.

"Oh, I just adore holding people with iron braces on their legs," she affirmed, and, leaning over the back of the seat, proceeded with absolutely perfect mechanical tenderness to gather the poor, puny, surprised little body into her own strong, shapely arms. Then dutifully snuggling her shoulder to meet the stubborn little shoulder that refused to snuggle to it, and dutifully easing her knees to suit the stubborn little knees that refused to be eased, she settled down resignedly in her seat again to await the return of the Senior Surgeon. "There! there! there!" she began quite instinctively to croon and pat.

"*Don't* say 'There! there!' " wailed the Little Girl, peevishly. Her body was suddenly stiff as a ramrod. "*Don't* say 'There! there!' If you 've got to make any noise at all, say 'Here! here!' "

"Here! here!" droned the White Linen Nurse. "Here! here! here! here!" On and on and interminably on, "Here! here! here! here!"

At the end of about the three hundred and forty-seventh "Here!" the Little Girl's body relaxed, and she reached up two fragile fingers to close the White Linen Nurse's mouth. "There, that will do," she sighed contentedly. "I feel better now. Father does tire me so."

"Father tires *you?*" gasped the White Linen Nurse. The giggle that followed the gasp was not in the remotest degree professional. "Father tires you?" she repeated accusingly. "Why, you silly Little Girl, can't you see it 's you that makes father so everlastingly tired?" Impulsively with her one free hand she turned the Little Girl's listless face to the light. "What makes you call your nice father 'fat father'?" she asked with real curiosity. "What makes you? He is n't fat at all. He 's just big. Why, whatever possesses you to call him 'fat father,' I say? Can't you see how mad it makes him?"

"Why, of course it makes him mad," said the Little Girl, with plainly reviving interest. Thrilled with astonishment at the White Linen Nurse's apparent stupidity, she straightened up perkily, with inordinately sparkling eyes. "Why, of course it makes him mad," she explained briskly. "That 's why I do it. Why, my parpa never even looks at me unless I make him mad."

" 'S-'sh!" said the White Linen Nurse. "Why, you must n't ever say a thing like that! Why, your marma would n't like you to say a thing like that."

Jerking bumpily back against the White Linen Nurse's unprepared shoulder, the Little Girl prodded a pallid finger-tip into the White Linen Nurse's vivid cheek. "Silly pink-and-white nursie!" she chuckled, "don't you know there *is n't* any marma?" Cackling with delight over her own superior knowledge, she folded her little arms and began to rock herself convulsively to and fro.

"Why, *stop!*" cried the White Linen Nurse, "now you stop! Why, you wicked little creature, laughing like that about your poor dead mother! Why, just think how bad it would make your poor parpa feel!"

With instant sobriety the Little Girl stopped rocking, and stared perplexedly into the White Linen Nurse's shocked eyes. Her own little face was all wrinkled up with earnestness.

"But the parpa did n't like the marma," she explained painstakingly. "The parpa never liked the marma. That 's why he does n't like me, I heard cook telling the iceman once, when I was n't more than ten minutes old."

Desperately, with one straining hand, the White Linen Nurse stretched her fingers across the Little Girl's babbling mouth. Equally desperately, with the other hand, she sought to divert the Little Girl's mind by pushing the fur cap back from her frizzy red hair, and loosening her sumptuous coat, and jerking down vainly across two painfully obtrusive white ruffles the awkwardly short, hideously bright little purple dress.

"I think your cap is too hot," she began casually, and then proceeded with in-

creasing vivacity and conviction to the objects that worried her most. "And those —those ruffles," she protested; "they don't look a bit nice being so long." Resentfully she rubbed an edge of the purple dress between her fingers. "And a little girl like you, with such bright-red hair, ought not to wear purple," she admonished with real concern. "Now, whites and blues, and little soft pussy-cat grays—"

Mumblingly through her finger-muzzled mouth, the Little Girl burst into explanations again.

"Oh, but when I wear gray," she persisted, "the parpa never sees me; but when I wear purple he cares, he cares most awfully," she boasted with a bitter sort of triumph. "Why, when I wear purple, and frizz my hair hard enough, no matter who 's there, or anything, he 'll stop right off short in the middle of whatever he 's doing, and rear right up so perfectly beautiful and mad and glorious, and holler right out, 'For Heaven's sake, take that colored Sunday supplement away!' "

"Your father 's nervous," suggested the White Linen Nurse.

Almost tenderly the Little Girl reached up and drew the White Linen Nurse's ear close down to her own snuggling lips.

"Damned nervous," she confided laconically.

Quite against all intention, the White Linen Nurse giggled. Floundering to recover her dignity, she plunged into a new error. "Poor little dev—" she began.

"Yes," sighed the Little Girl, complacently, "that 's just what the parpa calls me." Fervidly she clasped her little hands together. "Yes, if I can only make him mad enough daytimes," she asserted, "then at night, when he thinks I 'm asleep, he comes and stands by my cribby-house like a great black shadow-bear, and shakes and shakes his most beautiful head and says, 'Poor little devil! poor little devil!' Oh, if I can only make him mad enough daytimes!" she cried out ecstatically.

"Why, you naughty little thing!" scolded the White Linen Nurse, with an unmistakable catch in her voice. "Why, you naughty, naughty little thing!"

Like the brush of a butterfly's wing, the child's hand grazed the White Linen Nurse's cheek.

"I 'm a lonely little thing," she confided wistfully. "Oh, I 'm an awfully lonely little thing!" With really shocking abruptness the old malicious smile came twittering back to her mouth. "But I 'll get even with the parpa yet," she threatened joyously, reaching out with pliant fingers to count the buttons on the White Linen Nurse's dress. "Oh, I 'll get even with the parpa yet!" In the midst of the passionate assertion her rigid little mouth relaxed in a most mild and innocent yawn.

"Oh, of course," she yawned, "on wash-days and ironing-days and every other workday in the week he has to be away cutting up people, 'cause that 's his lawful business; but Sundays, when he does n't really need to at all, he goes off to some kind of a green, grassy club all day long and plays golf." Very palpably her eyelids began to droop. "Where was I?" she asked sharply. "Oh, yes, 'the green, grassy club.' Well, when I die," she faltered, "I 'm going to die specially on some Sunday when there 's a big golf game, so he 'll just naturally have to give it up and stay home and amuse me—and help arrange the flowers. The parpa 's crazy about flowers. So am I," she added broodingly. "I raised almost a geranium once. But the parpa threw it out. It was a good geranium, too. All it did was just to drip the tiniest-teeniest bit over a book and a writing and somebody's brains in a dish. He threw it at a cat. It was a good cat, too. All it did was to—"

A little jerkily her drooping head bobbed forward and then back again. Her heavy eyes were almost tight shut by this time, and after a moment's silence her lips began moving dumbly like one at silent devotions. "I 'm making a little poem now," she confided at last. "It 's about —you and me. It 's a sort of a little prayer." Very, very softly she began to repeat:

> "Now I sit me down to nap,
> All curled up in a nursie's lap.
> If she should die before I wake—"

Abruptly she stopped and stared up suspiciously into the White Linen Nurse's eyes. "Ha!" she mocked, "you thought I was going to say, 'If I should die before I wake,' did n't you? Well, I 'm not."

"It would have been more generous," acknowledged the White Linen Nurse.

Very stiffly the Little Girl pursed her lips. "It 's plenty generous enough when it 's all done!" she said severely. "And I 'll thank you, Miss Malgregor, not to interrupt me again!" With excessive deliberateness she went back to the first line of her poem and began all over again:

> "Now I sit me down to nap,
> All curled up in a nursie's lap.
> If she should die before I wake,
> Give her—give her ten cents, for
> anybody's sake!"

"Why, that 's a—a cunning little prayer," yawned the White Linen Nurse. Most certainly of course she would have smiled if the yawn had n't caught her first. But now in the middle of the yawn it was a great deal easier to repeat the "very cunning" than to force her lips into any new expression. "Very cunning, very cunning," she kept crooning conscientiously.

Modestly, like some other successful authors, the Little Girl flapped her eyelids languidly open and shut for three or four times before she acknowledged the compliment. "Oh, cunning as any of 'em," she admitted offhandishly. Only once again did she open either mouth or eyes, and this time it was merely one eye and half a mouth. "Do my fat iron braces hurt you?" she mumbled drowsily.

"Yes, a little," conceded the White Linen Nurse.

"Ha! they hurt *me* all the time!" gibed the Little Girl.

Five minutes later, the child who did n't particularly care about being held, and the girl who did n't particularly care about holding her, were fast asleep in each other's arms, a naughty, nagging, restive little hornet all hushed up and a-dream in the heart of a pink wild-rose!

Stalking out of the house in his own due time the Senior Surgeon reared back aghast at the sight.

"Well, I 'll be hanged!" he muttered. "Most everlastingly hanged! Wonder what they think this is? A somnolent kindergarten show? Talk about fiddling while Rome burns!"

Awkwardly, on the top step, he struggled alone into his cumbersome coat. Every tingling nerve in his body, every shuddering sensibility, was racked to its utmost capacity over the distressing scenes he had left behind him in the big house. Back in that luxuriant sick-room, youth incarnate lay stripped root, branch, leaf, bud, blossom, fruit, of all its manhood's promise. Back in that erudite library, culture personified, robbed of all its fine philosophy, sat babbling illiterate street-curses into its quivering hands. Back in that exquisite pink-and-gold boudoir, blonded fashion, ravished for once of all its artistry, ran stumbling round and round in interminable circles like a disheveled hag. In shrill crescendos and discordant basses, with heart-piercing jaggedness, with blood-curdling raspishness, each one, boy, father, mother, meddlesome relative, competent or incompetent assistant, indiscriminate servant, filing his separate sorrow into the Senior Surgeon's tortured ears.

With one of those sudden revulsions to materialism which is liable to overwhelm any man who delves too long at a time in the brutally unconventional issues of life and death, the Senior Surgeon stepped down into the subtle, hyacinth-scented sunshine with every latent human greed in his body clamoring for expression before it, too, should be hurtled into oblivion. "Eat, damn you, and drink, damn you, and be merry, damn you, for tomorrow even *you,* Lendicott R. Faber, may have to die!" brawled and rebrawled through his mind like a ribald phonograph tune.

At the edge of the bottom step a precipitous lilac branch that must have budded and bloomed in a single hour smote him stingingly across his cheek. "Laggard!" taunted the lilac branch.

With the first crunching grit of gravel under his feet, something transcendently naked and unashamed that was neither brazen sorrow nor brazen pain thrilled across his startled consciousness. Over the rolling, marshy meadow, beyond the succulent willow-hedge that hid the winding river, up from some fluent, slim canoe, out from a chorus of virile young tenor voices, a little passionate love-song, divinely tender, most incomparably innocent, came stealing palpitantly forth into that inflammable spring world without a single vestige of accompaniment on it!

"Kiss me, Sweet, the Spring is here,
And Love is Lord of you and me.
There 's no bird in brake or brere,
But to his little mate sings he,
'Kiss me, Sweet, the Spring is here,
And Love is Lord of you and me!' "

Wrenched like a sob out of his own lost youth, the Senior Surgeon's faltering college memories took up the old refrain:

"As I go singing, to my dear,
'Kiss me, Sweet, the Spring is here,
And Love is Lord of you—and me!' "

Just for an instant a dozen long-forgotten pictures lanced themselves poignantly into his brain: dingy, incontrovertible old recitation-rooms where young ideas flashed as bright and futile as parade swords; elm-shaded slopes where lithe young bodies lolled on green velvet grasses to expound their harshest cynicisms; book-history, book-science, book-economics, book-love,—all the paper passion of all the paper poets swaggering imperiously on boyish lips that would have died a thousand bashful deaths before the threatening imminence of a real girl's kiss! Magic days, with youth the one glittering, positive treasure on the tree of life, and woman still a mystery!

"Woman a mystery?" Harshly the phrase ripped through the Senior Surgeon's brain. Croakingly in that instant all the grim, gray scientific years re-overtook him, swamped him, strangled him. "Woman a *mystery?* O ye gods! And youth? Bah! Youth! A mere tinsel tinkle on a rotting Christmas-tree!"

Furiously with renewed venom he turned and threw his weight again upon the stubbornly resistant crank of his automobile.

Vaguely disturbed by the noise and vibration, the White Linen Nurse opened her big drowsy blue eyes upon him.

"Don't—jerk it so!" she admonished hazily; "you 'll wake the Little Girl!"

"Well, what about *my* convenience, I 'd like to know?" snapped the Senior Surgeon, in some astonishment.

Heavily the White Linen Nurse's lashes shadowed down again across her sleep-flushed cheeks.

"Oh, never mind about that," she mumbled non-concernedly.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, wake up there!" bellowed the Senior Surgeon above the sudden roar of his engine.

Adroitly for a man of his bulk he ran around the radiator and jumped into his seat. Joggled unmercifully into wakefulness, the Little Girl greeted his return with a generous, if distinctly non-tactful, demonstration of affection. Grabbing the unwitting fingers of his momentarily free hand, she tapped them proudly against the White Linen Nurse's plump pink cheek.

"See, I call her 'Peach'!" she boasted joyously, with all the triumphant air of one who felt assured that mental discrimination such as this could not possibly fail to impress even a person as naturally obtuse as a father.

"Don't be foolish!" snarled the Senior Surgeon.

"Who? *Me?"* gasped the White Linen Nurse, in a perfect agony of confusion.

"Yes, *you,"* snapped the Senior Surgeon, explosively, half an hour later, after interminable miles of absolute silence and dingy yellow field-stubble and bare, brown alder-bushes.

Truly out of the ascetic habit of his daily life, "where no rain was," as the Bible would put it, it did seem to him distinctly foolish, not to say careless, not to say out and out incendiary, for any girl to go blushing her way like a fire-brand through a world so palpably populated by young men whose heads were tow, and whose hearts indisputably tinder rather than tender.

"Yes, *you!"* he reasserted vehemently, at the end of another silent mile.

Then plainly begrudging this second inexcusable interruption of his most vital musings concerning spinal meningitis, he scowled his way savagely back again into his own grimly established trend of thought.

Excited by so much perfectly good silence that nobody seemed to be using, the Little Crippled Girl ventured gallantly forth once more into the hazardous conversational land of grown-ups.

"Father," she experimented cautiously with most commendable discretion.

Fathoms deep in abstraction, the Senior Surgeon stared unheeding into the whizzing black road. Pulses and temperatures and blood-pressures were seething in his

mind; and sharp sticks and jagged stones and the general possibilities of a puncture; and murmurs of the heart and râles of the lungs; and a most unaccountable *knock-knock-knocking* in the engine; and the probable relation of middle-ear disease; and the perfectly positive symptoms of optic neuritis; and a damned funny squeak in the steering-gear.

"Father," the Little Girl persisted valiantly.

To add to his original concentration, the Senior Surgeon's linen collar began to chafe him maddeningly under his chin. The annoyance added two scowls to his already blackly furrowed face, and at least ten miles an hour to his running time, but nothing whatsoever to his conversational ability.

"Father," the Little Girl whimpered with faltering courage. Then panic-stricken, as wiser people have been before her, over the dreadful spookish remoteness of a perfectly normal human being who refuses either to answer or even to notice your wildest efforts at communication, she raised her waspish voice in its shrillest, harshest war-cry.

"Fat Father! *Fat Father!* F-A-T F-A-T-H-E-R!" she screeched out frenziedly at the top of her lungs.

The gun-shot agony of a wounded rabbit was in the cry, the last gurgling gasp of strangulation under a murderer's reeking fingers, catastrophe unspeakable, disaster now irrevocable.

Clamping down his brakes with a wrench that almost tore the insides out of his engine, the Senior Surgeon brought the great car to a staggering standstill.

"What is it?" he cried in real terror. "For God's sake, what is it?"

Limply the Little Girl stretched down from the White Linen Nurse's lap till she could nick her toe against the shiniest woodwork in sight. Altogether aimlessly her small chin began to burrow deeper and deeper into her big fur collar.

"For God's sake, what do you want?" demanded the Senior Surgeon. Even yet along his spine the little nerves crinkled with shock and apprehension. "For God's sake, what do you want?"

Helplessly the child lifted her turbid eyes to his. With unmistakable appeal, her tiny hand went clutching out at one of the big buttons on his coat. Desperately for an instant she rummaged through her brain for some remotely adequate answer to this most thunderous question, and then retreated precipitously as usual to the sacristy of her own imagination.

"All the birds *were* there, Father!" she confided guilelessly.

"All the birds *were* there,
With yellow feathers instead of hair.
And bumblebees crocheted in the trees.
And—"

Short of complete annihilation, there was no satisfying vengeance whatsoever that the Senior Surgeon's exploding passion could wreak upon his offspring. Complete annihilation being unfeasible at the moment, he merely climbed laboriously out of the car, re-cranked the engine, climbed laboriously back into his place, and started on his way once more. All the red, blustering rage was stripped completely from him. Startlingly rigid, startlingly white, his face was like the death-mask of a pirate.

Pleasantly excited by she did n't know exactly what, the Little Girl resumed her beloved falsetto chant, rhythmically all the while with her puny iron-braced legs beating the tune into the White Linen Nurse's tender flesh.

"All the birds were there,
With yellow feathers instead of hair.
And bumblebees crocheted in the trees,
And—and—all the birds were there,
With yellow feathers instead of hair.
And—"

Frenziedly as a runaway horse trying to escape from its own pursuing harness and carriage, the Senior Surgeon poured increasing speed into both his own pace and the pace of his tormentor. Up hill, down dale, screeching through rocky echoes, swishing through blue-green spruce-lands, dodging indomitable boulders, grazing lax, treacherous embankments, the great car scuttled homeward. Huddled behind his steering-wheel like a warrior behind his shield, every body muscle taut with strain, every facial muscle diabolically calm, the Senior Surgeon met and parried successively every fresh onslaught of yard, rod, mile.

Then suddenly in the first precipitous descent of a mighty hill, the whole earth

seemed to drop out from under the car. Down, down, down, with incredible swiftness and smoothness, the great machine went diving toward abysmal space! Up, up, up, with incredible bumps and bouncings, trees, bushes, stone walls went rushing to the sky!

Gasping surprisedly toward the Senior Surgeon the White Linen Nurse saw his grim mouth yank round abruptly in her direction as it yanked sometimes in the operating-room with some sharp, incisive order of life or death. Instinctively she leaned forward for the message.

Not over-loud, but strangely distinct, the words slapped back into her straining ears:

"If it will rest your face any to look scared, by all means do so. I 've lost control of the machine," called the Senior Surgeon, sardonically, across the roar of the wind.

The phrase excited the White Linen Nurse, but it did not remotely frighten her. She was not in the habit of seeing the Senior Surgeon lose control of any situation. Merely intoxicated with speed, delirious with ozone, she snatched up the Little Girl close, close to her breast.

"We 're *flying!*" she cried. "We 're dropping from a parachute! We 're—"

Swoopingly, like a sled striking glare, level ice, the great car swerved from the bottom of the hill into a soft rolling meadow. Instantly from every conceivable direction, like foes in ambush, trees, stumps, rocks reared up in threatening defiance.

Tighter and tighter the White Linen Nurse crushed the Little Girl to her breast. Louder and louder she called in the Little Girl's ear.

"Scream!" she shouted. "There might be a bump! Scream louder than a bump! Scream! *Scream! S-c-r-e-a-m!*"

In that first overwhelming, nerve-numbing, heart-crunching terror of his whole life as the great car tilted up against a stone, plowed down into the mushy edge of a marsh, and skidded completely round, *crash-bang* into a tree, it was the last sound that the Senior Surgeon heard—the sound of a woman and child screeching their lungs out in diabolical exultancy!

(The second instalment of this three-part serial story will be published in the September CENTURY.)



A DOUBLE STAR

BY LEROY TITUS WEEKS

GIVE me Love's password—fearless I 'll face God.
Love spoke the word when bloomed the primal soul;
It freed the Son of Man from Death's control.
All paths of life its happy feet have trod:
Love dons the wooden shoe to moil and plod,
It crowns Madonna with the aureole,
By every hovel takes its golden toll,
And walks the royal court in velvet shod.

Two lovers be who drank pain to the lees
Yet o'er all lovers else exalted are;
Twin luminaries in the heaven, these,
In Love's bright galaxy a double star:
And when Love whispers softly—"Héloïse!"
The firmament will echo—"Abélard!"

ROMAIN ROLLAND

AUTHOR OF "JEAN-CHRISTOPHE"

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

"Everything that is unjust is my enemy. . . . Wherever liberty is violated, there is my country."—*Rolland.*

ROMAIN ROLLAND is to-day a world celebrity. On June 5 he was awarded the "Grand Prix" of the French Academy.

Jean-Christophe, the dominant figure of the enormous work which Rolland was a score of years in writing, and nearly half a score in publishing, is gradually becoming a household name upon two continents.

"Jean-Christophe" is the detailed life of a man from the cradle to the grave, a prose epic of suffering, a narrative of the evolution of musical genius, a pæan to music, and a critique of composers, the history of an epoch, a comparative study of the civilizations of France and Germany, an arraignment of society, a discussion of vexed problems, a treatise on ethics, a "barrel" of sermons, a storehouse of dissertations, and a blaze of aspirations. It is also, the protestations of the author to the contrary notwithstanding, a novel, but a novel at once so earnest and so austere that it has performed the miracle of imparting to Anglo-Saxons a belief in French seriousness. Edmund Gosse pronounces it "the noblest work of fiction of the twentieth century," and George Moore, "one of the most remarkable novels France ever produced." It has also been characterized by American critics as "an epoch-making departure in fiction," "the greatest literary work that has come out of France since Zola."

"FROM behind the house mounts the murmuring of the river," is the opening phrase of the first volume of "Jean-Christophe." The last chapter of the last volume represents St. Christopher crossing the river, with "the Child, the day that is to be," upon his shoulder; and beneath all the intervening pages the river flows, emerging ever and anon with whisperings, babblings, and gurglings, with purlings, trillings, and trumpetings, with roarings, swishings, and swashings, with plashings, splashings, and crashings. "There are human lives," says Romain Rolland, "that are placid lakes; others are great, open skies wherein the clouds sail; others, fertile plains; others, jagged peaks. *Jean-Christophe* has always seemed to me to be a river."

This preoccupation with the river, amounting almost to an obsession, is probably due to the prominence of water in the landscape in which Romain Rolland's early years were passed. Clamecy, the little town of the Morvan in which he was born (January 29, 1866), is situated on the Nivernais Canal, in the angle formed by the junction of the rivers Beuvron and Yonne. The volume entitled "Antoinette" is replete with memories of the scenes of his childhood. In it he has described lovingly and charmingly not Clamecy itself, but a representative community of the same province, which is one of the most heavily wooded, as well as one of the most picturesque, of France, and little infested by tourists; and he has portrayed a family which, despite deliberate and ingenious disguises, bears a close resemblance to his own.

Furthermore, the refined and altogether lovable *Olivier Jeannin* is more like Romain Rolland than is his hero, the often insupportable *Jean-Christophe Krafft,* whom his creator, unwittingly perhaps, made something of a cad and a good deal of a boor, a "fresh," bumptious fellow, always going about with a chip on his shoulder, looking for trouble.

In the Morvan, the physical type of the Gauls remains exceptionally pure, and of this type Romain Rolland is an almost perfect specimen. He is tall, he is spare; he is very blond, and his eyes are very blue. Despite a tendency to pallor and a slight stoop, he appears to be of the wiry breed that is capable of doing a great deal of hard work without excessive fatigue;



Plate in tint, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

ROMAIN ROLLAND, AUTHOR OF "JEAN-CHRISTOPHE"

FROM A PORTRAIT DRAWING BY GRANIÉ

but those who should know affirm that his "fine faculties were imprisoned by nature in a feeble and ailing body," and that he has always been a close approach to an invalid in consequence. His demeanor is austere, and he is prone to long silences; but when he breaks his silences, he breaks them with a vengeance, like a pent-up torrent sweeping away a dam, and one sees that his austerity is only a cloak for sensitiveness, for passion, and for a mighty kindliness. He is an ideal comrade, a loyal friend, and a sort of patron saint or father confessor of young or struggling writers who have "the root of the matter" in them. For instance, Alphonse de Châteaubriant, having fallen under the spell of Dostoyevsky, was so oppressed by the pessimism of the great Russian that he was made nearly ill and was tempted to renounce all endeavor. Rolland, by tactful and tender encouragement, rescued him from this slough of despond, restoring to him his lost interest in life and art. The result was the beautiful sylvan novel, "Monsieur des Lourdines," one of the sweetest and purest works of the last few years, which, without this intervention, probably never would have been written.

Rolland's father was a notary, descended from notaries, and his mother was the daughter of a magistrate, descended from magistrates, who were related to Guillaume and Guillaume-Henri de Lamoignon, first President of the Parliament of Paris (seventeenth century) and Chancellor of France (eighteenth century), respectively. At a very early age the boy studied music with his mother, who was an accomplished musician, and as soon as he dreamed of the future at all, he dreamed of a musical future. When he had exhausted the educational possibilities of Clamecy, whose communal college corresponds roughly with the average American high school, his parents, fearing to allow him to shift for himself, probably because of his delicate constitution, broke up their Nivernais establishment, and went with him to Paris, the father, with a self-sacrifice verging on heroism, exchanging the prestige of being one of the first citizens of a town to which he was devotedly attached for the effacement of a modest clerkship in the capital. In Paris, Romain entered, first, the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and, later, at twenty, the Ecole Normale Supérieure, matriculating at the latter not in the department of letters, to which his tastes inclined him, but in that of history and geography, a concession, no doubt, to the father, who would have liked to see his son in the Ecole Polytechnique.

The choice was fortunate, since it put him under the tutelage of the historian Gabriel Monod, who possessed a fine personality and was a stimulating teacher, exerting a salutary moral as well as intellectual influence upon his pupils, in whom he inspired a sort of filial affection.

While at the Ecole Normale, Rolland was profoundly impressed by Wagner and by Tolstoy. In October, 1887, he was the happy and proud recipient of a letter from Tolstoy, saluting him as "Dear Brother," which he published later, preceded by a fervid introduction, in "Les cahiers de la quinzaine." "I loved Tolstoy profoundly," he says in this introduction, "and I have never ceased to love him. For two or three years I lived enveloped in the atmosphere of his thought. I was certainly more familiar with his creations, with 'War and Peace,' 'Anna Karénina,' and 'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch,' than with the works of any of the great French writers. The goodness, the intelligence, the absolute truthfulness, of this great man, were for me the surest of guides in the midst of the moral anarchy of the time."

Shortly after being graduated from the Ecole Normale, Rolland was admitted to the French School of Archæology and History at Rome. Although prejudiced against Italy from his boyhood, he surrendered promptly and unconditionally not only to the splendor of the art enshrined in its monuments and museums, but to the ineffable charm of its landscape and its sky. "He took his revenge for the asceticism of the gray visions to which he had hitherto been condemned. . . . He was as a new man beginning life over."

During his stay in Rome, he became a great favorite of the aged Fräulein Malwida von Meysenbug, an extraordinary woman, who had known intimately and shared the hopes of all the European revolutionary movements from 1848 to 1870. Fräulein von Meysenbug's "Memoirs," wherein she gives her impressions of her

illustrious friends, Kossuth, Mazzini, Hertzen, Ogareff, Garibaldi, Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Wagner, Lenbach, Liszt, Nietzsche, and Ibsen, contains this reference to the protégé of her declining years: "I find in this young Frenchman Rolland the same idealism, the same lofty aspiration, the same profound understanding of all the great intellectual issues that I have found in the superior men of other nationalities."

To this period of Rolland's life belong a number of historical plays,—"Les Baglioni," "Le siège de Mantoue," "Niobé," "Caligula," "Jeanne de Piennes," "Orsino,"—which Fräulein von Meysenbug, not an entirely impartial judge, pronounced admirable, but which thus far their author has not seen fit to give to the world. They were inspired in a certain degree by Shakspere. "Despite Tolstoy, Wagner, etc.," Rolland wrote to a friend, "Shakspere is the one artist I have most constantly preferred from my childhood. And if the Shakspere of the historical dramas is not the only Shakspere I love, he is at least the Shakspere who has influenced me most directly by opening up to me the horizons of this new artistic world and providing me with incomparable models."

When Rolland returned to France, he had become not only an archæological and historical pundit, but under the influence of the ardent humanitarian Von Meysenbug and of the advanced artists, agitators, and reformers who gravitated about her, an insurgent and just a bit of a fanatic. He was consumed with generous ardor to edify and elevate his compatriots, who seemed to him crushed and degraded by subserviency to convention and tradition.

Thenceforth his every act was to be combative, was to possess an unequivocal social significance, was to count, if not for revolution, at least for radical reform. His thesis for the doctorate, "The Origin of the Modern Lyrical Drama," sustained before the faculty of the Sorbonne, June 19, 1895, was the first dissertation on music ever presented to that conservative body. It was intended as a protest against the disdain with which music, in contradistinction to painting, sculpture, and architecture, had always been treated by the university, and was a move to secure for music the consideration it deserves.

Rolland's next moves were the organization (1898) at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales of a department of music, in opening which he delivered a pithy and brilliant address on the place of music in general history; the unobtrusive but bold transformation (1903) of the course on the history of art, with which he had been intrusted by the Ecole Normale (in 1897), into a course on the history of music; and the stubborn maintenance of this iconoclastic orientation after the absorption of the Ecole Normale by the Sorbonne.

Rolland was also the leading spirit of a movement, so impassioned that it amounted to a veritable crusade, for the democratization of the drama, "for the creation," to employ his rather ambitious phraseology, "of a new art for a new world." He aspired to replace the contemporaneous stage by a stage more human and fraternal, that should edify and improve the masses on one hand, and emancipate and develop art on the other, and to found "a theater of, by, and for the people," that should "share the bread of the people, their restlessness and anxieties, their battles and their hopes," and that should be for them "a fountain-head of joy and of life." In March, 1899, he signed, with Lucien Besnard, Maurice Pottecher, Louis Lumet, and Gabriel Trarieux, a somewhat turgid manifesto which ended thus: "Make no mistake. It is no mere literary experiment we are proposing. It is a question of life or death for art and for the people. For, if art is not opened to the people, it is doomed to disappear; and if the people do not discover the pathway of art, humanity abdicates its destinies." To this propaganda, Rolland contributed a volume entitled "Le théâtre du peuple," which contained both eloquent and grandiloquent passages, and a virile and highly colored, if slightly declamatory, tetralogy of the Revolution,—"Le quatorze juillet," "Danton," "Les loups," "Le triomphe de la raison,"—designed to "resuscitate the forces of the past, reanimate its capacities for action, and rekindle the national faith and heroism with the flames of the republican epoch, in order that the work interrupted in 1794 may be resumed and completed by a people more mature and more fully aware of its destiny." "Danton,"

"Les loups," and "Le triomphe de la raison" were given two or three performances each by dramatic societies of one sort or another; and "Le quatorze juillet" was finally produced by a regular theater (La Renaissance), but its run was short.

Rolland was a vehement Dreyfusard, with a special enthusiasm for Lieutenant-Colonel Picquart. "He who can see injustice without trying to combat it is neither entirely an artist," he observed, in this connection, "nor entirely a man"; and he protested vigorously against the British invasion of the Transvaal with a play, dedicated to "Civilization" and entitled "Le temps viendra," in which he makes one of the characters say: "Everything that is unjust is my enemy. . . . Wherever liberty is violated, there is my country."

Sadly disillusioned by the triumph of might over right in South Africa, by the altogether shameless manner in which the righteous indignation of the sincere Dreyfusards was exploited by the professional politicians, and by the failure of his efforts to regenerate the stage, Rolland found fresh force and new courage in a study of the lives of heroes, the men who were great of heart in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles, the noble souls who suffered for the sake of right; and always a propagandist, he straightway endeavored to found a cult of heroism, to persuade his fellows "to read in the eyes" of those sanctified by suffering, and in the histories of their careers, that "life is never greater, more fruitful, and more blessed than in affliction." To this end he wrote a series of biographies of heroes ("Beethoven," "Michelangelo," "Tolstoy," "Millet," "Handel," "Hugo Wolf," etc.), which he presented to the French public and to the rest of the world with these ringing words: "The air is heavy about us. Old Europe is waxing torpid in an oppressive and vitiated atmosphere. A materialism devoid of grandeur cumbers thought and fetters the action of governments and of individuals. The world is dying of asphyxia in its prudent and vile egoism. The world is stifling. Fling the windows wide open! Let the free air rush in! Let us inhale the vivifying breath of the heroes!"

"Jean-Christophe," which is a ten-volume biography of an imaginary hero, synthesizes and supplements the "Théâtre du peuple" and the heroic biographies. It is, like them, an act of propaganda, conceived in a similar spirit of revolt, and animated by a similar desire to help people "to live, to correct their errors, to conquer their prejudices, and to enlarge from day to day their thoughts and their hearts." "I was isolated," writes Rolland, regarding the origin of this now famous work; "I was stifling, like so many others in France, in a hostile moral atmosphere; I wanted to breathe, I wanted to react against a sickly civilization, against a thought corrupted by a false élite.

"I wanted to say to this élite: 'You are liars! You do not represent France!' And for that I needed a hero of pure eyes and of pure heart, with a soul sufficiently unblemished to have the right to speak, and with a voice strong enough to make itself heard."

The veritable drubbing the fourth volume of "Jean-Christophe" gives Germany was inspired by sympathy, not by antipathy; it was the rod, so to speak, indispensable to the salvation of the child. "I am not in the least an enemy of Germany," Rolland wrote in a personal letter bearing the date of September 12, 1907, "and the best proof is that I have chosen a German for my hero. The absolute sincerity, the creative energy, and the moral rigidity of *Christophe* offset his rather severe criticisms of his countrymen. No German can love more than I the Germany of Goethe and of Beethoven. But I believe that the Germany of to-day is sick; and, in her interest, some one must have the courage to say so. You may be sure that *Christophe,* at present in Paris, will be as hard upon my compatriots as he has been upon his own."

This prediction was amply verified, as we know, by Volume V, "La foire sur la place," which, in its turn, proceeded not from malevolence, but from a deep-rooted determination to "battle for the life and the honor of the race"; not from anti-patriotism, but from the high and pure form of patriotism that wishes its country to be blameless. "Whosoever has divined the soul that animates the body of this people, which does not want to perish, can and must boldly lay bare its vices and its follies, in order to combat

them—in order to combat especially those who exploit them and who live off them. To struggle is even to inflict pain that good may come."

The entire ten volumes preach that all things work together for good to the persons or the peoples who hitch their wagons to the stars.

Incidentally, Rolland seems also to teach in "Jean-Christophe" that the Gallic ideal and the Germanic ideal, "the vast culture and the combative reason of France" and "the inner music and the feeling for nature of Germany," have everything to gain by joining forces.

Romain Rolland has not solved the riddle of existence. His works are less a revelation than an inspiration; he is a well-nigh peerless kindler of ambition of the higher order. He has not done much toward making life comprehensible, but he has done a good deal, and possibly this is better, toward making it livable, at least for those who have renounced trying to comprehend it. He aids and encourages the downcast or despairing not with tenets of philosophy or religion,—dogmas are his *bête noire,*—but with stories of heroic souls whose example arouses them to a consciousness of their own capacity for virtue, inspires them with faith in themselves and in the future, and shows them how blessedness may be wrought out of wretchedness. It is the old, old, but always new, message of joy through sanctified suffering.

"Seek not happiness, seek blessedness. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein whoso walks and works it is well with him!" thundered the British worshiper and biographer of heroes, Carlyle.

The French biographer and worshiper of heroes expresses essentially the same thought in slightly different terms:

> And the little fifteen-year-old Puritan heard the voice of his God.
>
> "Go on, on and on, never stopping to rest."
>
> "But where shall I go, Lord? Whatever I do, wherever I go, is not the result always the same, is not the end always there?"
>
> "Go die, you who are doomed to die! Go suffer, you who are doomed to suffer! You do not live to be happy. You live to accomplish my Law. Suffer! Die! But be what you should be—a Man!"

Romain Rolland, at forty-seven, has proved himself a man of great heart and of pure conscience, one of the heroic beings "forged upon the anvil of physical and moral suffering," who dares "to look anguish in the face and venerate it"; one of the choice spirits who, seeing the world as it is, still loves it. Intoxicated with proselyting zeal, he has not thus far deigned—more 's the pity!—to become the supreme literary artist such a well-nigh flawless gem as his "Beethoven," the best pages of "Jean-Christophe," and his less known works, show that he can be if he will. But signs are not wanting of a growing sympathy with the sanity, the symmetry, and the harmony of classic art. His latest volume, "La nouvelle journée," is instinct with a yearning for serenity that may lift him ultimately to a place beside the undisputed masters. It does not yet appear what he will be. He himself affirms that his work has only just begun. The time may not be far distant when, like *Christophe* toward the end of his career, he will blush at his former lack of orderliness and measure; when, imposing upon himself a rigid discipline, he will resolve "to be the king" of his tumultuous temperament; when his literary creations will take on, as did the mature musical creations of his hero, calmer, cooler, purer, serener forms. The torrent gradually loses its boisterousness as it approaches the sea.

In any event, Rolland's splendid sincerity guarantees that he will not be the slave of his record. "As for me," he declares in the farewell to *Christophe* with which he prefaces "La nouvelle journée," "I bid adieu to my past soul; I cast it away like an empty husk. Life is a succession of deaths and resurrections. Let us die, *Christophe,* to be born again!"

SKIRTING THE BALKAN PENINSULA

FROM TRIEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE

SIXTH PAPER: STAMBOUL, THE CITY OF MOSQUES

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land," "The Garden of Allah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

STAMBOUL is wonderfully various. Compressed between two seas, it contains sharp, even brutal, contrasts of beauty and ugliness, grandeur and squalor, purity and filth, silence and uproar, the most delicate fascination and a fierceness that is barbaric. It can give you peace or a sword. The sword is sharp and cruel; the peace is profound and exquisite.

Every day early I escaped from the uproar of Pera and sought in Stamboul a place of forgetfulness. There are many such places in the city and on its outskirts: the mosques, the little courts and gardens of historic tombs; the strange and forgotten Byzantine churches, lost in the maze of wooden houses; the cemeteries, vast and melancholy, where the dead sleep in the midst of dust and confusion, guarded by giant cypresses; the lonely and shadowed ways by the walls and the towers; the poetic glades and the sun-kissed terraces of Seraglio Point.

Santa Sophia stands apart from all other buildings, unique in beauty, with the faint face of the Christ still visible on its wall, Christian in soul, though now for long dedicated to the glory of Allah and of his prophet. I shall not easily forget my disappointment when I stood for the first time in its shadow. I had been on Seraglio Point, and, strolling by the famous royal gate to look at the lovely fountain of Sultan Achmet, I saw an enormous and ugly building, decorated with huge stripes of red paint, towering above me as if fain to obscure the sun. The immensity of it was startling. I asked its name.

"Santa Sophia."

I looked away to the fountain, letting my eyes dwell on its projecting roof and its fretwork of gold, its lustrous blue and green tiles, splendid ironwork, and plaques of gray and brown marble.

It was delicate and enticing. Its mighty neighbor was almost repellent. But at length—not without reluctance, for I feared perhaps a deeper disappointment—I went into the mosque by the Porta Basilica, and found myself in the midst of a vast harmony, so wonderful, so penetrating, so calm, that I was aware at once of a perfect satisfaction.

At first this happy sense of being completely satisfied seemed shed upon me by shaped space. In no other building have I had this exact feeling, that space had surely taken an inevitable form and was announcing itself to me. I stood beneath the great dome, one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height, and as I gazed upward I felt both possessed and released.

For a long time I was fully aware of nothing but the vast harmony of Santa Sophia, descending upon me, wrapping me round. I saw moving figures, tiny, yet full of meaning, passing in luminous distances, pausing, bending, kneeling; a ray of light falling upon a white turban; an Arab in a long pink robe leaning against a column of dusky-red porphyry; a dove circling under the dome as though under the sky. But I could not be strongly aware of any detail, or be enchanted by any separate beauty. I was in the grasp of the perfect whole.

The voice of a child disturbed me.

Somewhere far off in the mosque a child began to sing a great tune, powerfully, fervently, but boyishly. The voice was not a treble voice; it was deeper, yet unmistakably the voice of a boy. And the melody sung was bold, indeed, almost angry, and yet definitely religious. It echoed along the walls of marble, which seemed to multiply it mysteriously, adding to it wide murmurs which were carried through all the building into the dimmest, remot-

est recesses. It became in my ears as the deep-toned and fanatical thunder of Islam, proclaiming possession of the church of Divine Wisdom which had been dedicated to Christ. It put me for a time definitely outside of the vast harmony. I was able at last to notice details both architectural and human.

Santa Sophia has nine gates leading to it from a great corridor or outer hall, lined with marble and roofed with old-gold mosaic. As you enter from the Porta Basilica, you have an impression of pale yellow, gold, and gray; of a pervading silvery glimmer; of a pervading gleam of delicate primrose, brightly pure and warm. You hear a sound of the falling of water from the two fountains of ablution, great vases of gray marble which are just within the mosque.

Gray and gold prevail in the color scheme, a beautiful combination of which the eyes are never tired. But many hues are mingled with them: yellow and black, deep plum-color and red, green, brown, and very dark blue. The windows, which are heavily grated, have no painted glass, so the mosque is not dark. It has a sort of lovely and delicate dimness, as touching as the dimness of twilight. It is divinely calm, almost as nature can be when she would bring her healing to the unquiet human spirit. We know that during the recent war Santa Sophia was crowded with suffering fugitives, with dying soldiers and cholera patients. I feel that even upon them in their agony it must have shed rays of comfort, into their hearts a belief in a far-off compassion waiting the appointed time to make itself fully manifest.

The great dome is of gold and of either black or very deep blue. Myriads of chandeliers, holding tiny glass cups, hang from the roof. Pale-yellow matting covers the plain of the floor. The silvery glimmer comes from the thousands of cups, the primrose gleam from the matting. The walls are lined with slabs of exquisite marble of many patterns and colors. Gold mosaic decorates the roof and the domes. Galleries, supported by marble arcades, and leaning on roofs of dim gold, run round a great part of the mosque, which is subtly broken up and made mysterious, enticing, and various by curved recesses of marble, by innumerable arches, some large and heavy, some fragile and delicate, by screens, and by forests of columns. Two-storied aisles flank the vast nave, through which men wander, looking almost like little dolls. So huge is the mosque that the eyes are deceived within it, and can no longer measure heights or breadths with accuracy. When I first stood in the nave I thought the chandeliers were hanging so near to the ground that it must be dangerous for a tall man to try to pass underneath them. They are, of course, really far higher than the head of a giant.

In Santa Sophia intricacy, by some magical process of genius, results in simplicity. Everything seems gently but irresistibly compelled to become a minister to the beauty and the calmness of the whole: the arcades of gray marble and gold; the sacred mosaics of holy Mary and the six-winged seraphim, which still testify to another age and another religion; the red columns of porphyry from Baalbec's Temple of the Sun; the Ephesus columns of verd-antique; the carved capitals and the bases of shining brass; the gold and gray pulpit, with its long staircase of marble closed by a gold and green curtain, and its two miraculously beautiful flags of pearly green and faint gold, by age made more wonderful than when they first flew on the battle-field or were carried in sacred processions; the ancient prayer-rugs fixed to the walls; the sultan's box, a sort of long gallery ending in a kiosk with a gilded grille, and raised upon marble pillars; the great doors and the curtains of dull-red wool; the piled carpets, which are ready against the winter, when the cool yellow matting is covered up; the great green shields in the pendentives, bearing their golden names of God and His prophet, of Ali, Osman, Omar, and Abu-Bekr. Everything slips into the heart of the great harmony, however precious, however simple, even however crude. There are a few ugly things in Santa Sophia—whitewash covering mosaics, stains of fierce yellow, blotches of plaster—which should be removed. They do not really matter; one cannot heed them when one is immersed in such almost mysterious beauty.

Men and birds are at ease in Santa Sophia. Doves have made their home in the holy place. They fly under the long



IN THE CEMETERY OF EYUB, ON THE GOLDEN HORN

arcades, they circle above the galleries, they rest against blocks of cool marble the color of which their plumage resembles. And all day long men pass in through the gateways, and become at once little, yet strangely significant in the vastness which incloses and liberates them. They take off their shoes and carry them, or lay them down in the wooden trays at the edges of those wide, railed-in platforms covered with matting, called *masbata,* which are characteristic of mosques, and which are supposed to be for the use of readers of the Koran, and then they are free of the mosque. Some of them wander from place to place, silently gazing; others kneel and pray in some quiet corner; others study or sing or gossip or sink into reverie or slumber. Many go up to the masbata, take off their outer garments, and hang them over the rails, hang their handkerchiefs beside them, tuck their legs under their bodies, and remain thus for hours, staring straight before them with solemn eyes, as if hypnotized. Children, too, go to the masbata, settle cozily down, and read the Koran aloud, interspersing their study with gay conversation. On one of them I found my singing boy. Small, fanatical, with head thrown back and the fez upon it, he defiantly poured forth his tune, while an older companion, opposite to him and looking not unlike an idol in its shrine, stared impassively, as if at the voice.

Santa Sophia is mystical in its twilight beauty. Its vastness, its shape, its arrangement, its beautifully blended colors, the effects of light and of sound within it, unite in creating an atmosphere that disposes the mind to reverie and inclines the soul to prayer. Along the exquisite marble walls, in the mellow dimness, while Stamboul just outside is buying and selling, is giving itself to love and to crime, the murmur of Islam's devotion steals almost perpetually, as mysterious as some faint and wide-spread sound of nature. The great mosque seems to be breathing out its message to the Almighty, and another message to man. The echoes are not clear, but as dim as the twilight under the arches of marble and beneath the ceilings of gold. They mingle without confusion in a touching harmony, as all things mingle in this mosque of the great repose.

And yet not all things.

One day I saw standing alone in the emperor's doorway a child in blood-colored rags. The muezzin had called from the minaret the summons to the midday prayer, and far off before the mihrab, and the sacred carpet on which the prophet is said to have knelt, the faithful were ranged in long lines: pilgrims on the way to Mecca; Turks in quilted coats and in European dress; two dervishes with small, supple limbs and pale faces smoldering with reverie; and some hard-bitten, sun-scorched soldiers, perhaps bound for the battle-fields of the Balkan War. Moving almost as one man, they bent, they kneeled, they touched the floor with their foreheads, leaned back, and again bowed down. Their deep and monotonous voices were very persistent in prayer. And the echoes, like secret messengers, bore the sound along the arcades, carried it up into the vast space of the dome, under the transverse arches and the vaulted openings of the aisles, past the faint Christ on the wall, and the "Hand of the Conqueror," with horrible outspread fingers, the Sweating Column, and the Cradle of Jesus, to the child in the blood-red rags. He stood there where Theophilus entered, under the hidden words, "I am the Light of the World," gazing, listening, unaware of the marvelous effect his little figure was making, the one absolutely detached thing in the mosque. The doves flew over his head, vanishing down the marble vistas, becoming black against golden distances. The murmur of worship increased in power, as more and more of the faithful stole in, shoeless, to join the ranks before the mihrab. Like incense from a thurible, mysticism floated through every part of the mosque, seeming to make the vast harmony softer, to involve in it all that was motionless there and all that was moving except the child in the emperor's doorway, who was unconsciously defiant, like a patch of fresh blood on a pure-white garment. The prayers at last died away, the echoes withdrew into silence; but the child remained where he was, crude, almost sinister in his wonderful colored rags.

Close to Santa Sophia in the Seraglio grounds is the old Byzantine church of Saint Irene, now painted an ugly pink, and used by the Turks as an armory and museum. It contains many spoils taken

by the Turks in battle, which are carefully arranged upon tables and walls. Nothing is disdained, nothing is considered too paltry for exhibition. I saw there flags riddled with bullets, but I saw also odd boots taken from Italian soldiers in Tripoli, caps, belts, water-bottles, blood-stained tunics and cloaks, saddles, weapons, and buttons. Among relics from Yildiz Kiosk was a set of furniture which once belonged to Abdul-Hamid, and which he is said to have set much store by. It shows a very distinctive, indeed, a somewhat original taste, being made of red plush and weapons. The legs of the tables and chairs are guns and revolvers. As I looked at the chairs, I could not help wondering whether ambassadors were invited to sit in them, after they had been loaded to their muzzles or whether they were reserved for subjects whom the ex-sultan suspected of treachery. Near them were several of Abdul-Hamid's favorite walking-sticks containing revolvers, a cane with an electric light let into the knob, his inkstand, the mother-of-pearl revolver which was found in his pocket, and the handkerchief which fell from his hand when he was taken prisoner by the Young Turks, who have since brought their country to ruin.

In a series of galleries, under arches and ceilings of yellow and white, stands, sits, reclines, and squats, in Eastern fashion, a strange population of puppets, dressed in the costumes of the bygone centuries during which Turkey has ruled in Europe. Those fearful ex-Christians, the Janizaries, who were scourges of Christianity, look very mild now as they stand fatuously together, no longer either Christian or Mussulman but fatally Madame Tussaud. Once they tucked up their coats to fight for the "Father" who had ravished them away from their fathers in blood. Now, even the wicked man, who flees when no one pursueth, could scarcely fear them. Near them the chief eunuch, a plump and piteous gentleman, reclines absurdly upon his divan, holding his large black pipe, and obsequiously attended by a bearded dwarf in red and by a thin aide-de-camp in green. The Sheik ul Islam bends beneath the coiled dignity of his monstrous turban; a really lifelike old man, with a curved gray beard and a green-and-white turban, reads the Koran perpetually; and soldiers with faces made of some substance that looks like plaster return blankly the gaze of the many real soldiers who visit this curious show.

One day, when I was strolling among the puppets of Saint Irene, some soldiers followed me round. They were deeply interested in all that they saw, and at last became interested in me. Two or three of them addressed me in Turkish, which, alas! I could not understand. I gathered, however, that they were seriously explaining the puppets to me, and were giving me information about the Janizaries, and Orkhan, who was the founder of that famous corps. I responded as well as I could with gestures, which seemed to satisfy them, for they kept close beside me, and one, a gigantic fellow with pugnacious mustaches, frequently touched my arm, and once even took me by the hand to draw my attention to a group which he specially admired. All this was done with gravity and dignity, and with a childlike lack of self-consciousness. We parted excellent friends. I distributed cigarettes, which were received with smiling gratitude, and went on my way to Seraglio Point, realizing that there is truth in the saying that every Turk is a gentleman.

Upon Seraglio Point I found many more soldiers resting in groups by the edge of the sea, upon the waste ground that lies at the foot of the walls, beyond the delightful abandoned glades that are left to run wild and to shelter the birds. If you wish to understand something of the curious indifference that hangs, like moss, about the Turk, visit Seraglio Point. There, virtually in Stamboul, is one of the most beautifully situated bits of land in the world. Though really part of a great city, much of it has not been built upon. Among the trees on the ridge, looking to Marmora and Asia, to the Bosporus and the palaces, to the Golden Horn, Galata, and Pera, lie the many buildings and courts of the Old Seraglio, fairy-like in their wood. The snowy cupolas, the minaret, and towers look ideally Eastern. They suggest romantic and careless lives, cradled in luxury and ease. In that white vision one might dream away the days, watching from afar the pageant of the city and the seas, hearing from afar the faint voices of the nations, listening to strange and monotonous music, toying



Tint plates made for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson and H. C. Merrill

THE ROYAL GATE LEADING TO THE OLD SERAGLIO

FROM THE PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

with coffee and rose-leaf jam in the jewel-like kiosk of Bagdad, and dreaming, always dreaming. There once the sultan dwelt in the Eski-Serai, which exists no longer, and, there was built the great Summer Palace, which was inhabited by Suleiman I and by his successors. Hidden in the Old Seraglio there are many treasures, among them the magnificent Persian throne, which is covered with gold and jewels. Beyond this neglected wonder-world the woods extend toward the waters—hanging woods by the sea; and the Turks care nothing about them. One may not wander through them; one may not sit in them; one may only look at them, and long to lose oneself in their darkness and silence, to vanish in their secret recesses. The Turk leaves them alone, to rot or to flourish, as Allah and nature will it.

On the third of Stamboul's seven hills stands the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, all glorious without, as Santa Sophia is not, but disappointing within, despite its beautiful windows of jeweled glass from Persia, and the plaques of wonderful tiles which cover the wall on each side of the mihrab. Somber and dark, earth-colored and gray, dark green and gold, it has a poorly painted cupola and much plastered stone, which is ugly; but there is fascination in its old dimness, in its silence and desertion. More than once I was quite alone with it, and was able, undisturbed, to notice its chief internal beauty—the exquisite proportions which trick you at first into believing it to be much smaller than it is.

When seen from without, it looks colossal. It is splendid and imposing, but it is much more, for it has a curiously fantastic and, indeed, almost whimsical charm, as if its builder, Sinan, had been a playful genius, full of gaiety and exuberance of spirit, who made this great mosque with joy and with lightness of heart, but who never forgot for a moment his science, and who could not be vulgar even in his most animated moments of invention. Massiveness and grace are blended together in this beautiful exterior. Round the central dome multitudes of small domes—airy bubbles thrown up on the surface of the mosque—are grouped with delightful fantasy. Four minarets, the two farthest from the mosque smaller than their brethren, soar above the trees. They are gray, and the walls of the mosque are gray and white. In the forecourt there is a fine fountain covered with a cupola; the roof of the cloisters which surround it is broken up into twenty-four little domes. A garden lies behind the mosque, and the great outer court is planted with trees.

In the garden are the *turbehs,* or tombs, of Suleiman the Magnificent and of Roxalana, "the joyous one," that strange captive from Russia, who by her charm and the power of her temperament subdued a nation's ruler, who shared the throne of the sultan, who guided his feet in the ways of crime, and who to the day of her death was adored by him. For Roxalana's sake, Suleiman murdered his eldest son by another wife, and crept out from behind a curtain to look upon him dead; and for Roxalana's sake that son's son was stabbed to death in his mother's arms. Now the fatal woman sleeps in a great octagonal marble tomb near the tomb of her lord and slave.

An atmosphere of peace and of hoary age broods over these tombs and the humble graves that crowd close about them. Mulberry-trees, fig-trees, and cypresses throw patches of shade on the rough gray pavement, in which is a small oval pool, full of water lest the little birds should go thirsty. A vine straggles over a wall near by; weeds and masses of bright yellow flowers combine their humble efforts to be decorative; and the call to prayer drops down from the mighty minarets to this strange garden of stones, yellow flowers, and weeds, where the lovers rest in the midst of Stamboul, which once feared and adored them. They were two criminals, but there was strength in their wickedness, strength in their pride and their passion. Romance attended their footsteps, and romance still lingers near them.

One morning, as I sat beneath the noble fig-tree which guards Roxalana's tomb, and listened to the voice of the muezzin floating over old Stamboul, and watched the birds happily drinking at the edge of their little basin in the pavement, I thought of the influence of cities. Does not Stamboul forever incite to intrigue, to lawlessness, to bloodshed? The muezzin calls to prayer, but from old Stamboul arises another voice, sending forth an opposing summons. Suleiman heard it

echoed by Roxalana and slew his son; Roxalana heard and obeyed it; and how many others have listened and been fatally moved by it! It has sounded even across the waters of the sea and over the forests of Yildiz, and Armenians have been slain by thousands while Europe looked on. And perhaps in our day, and after we are gone, old Stamboul will command from its seven hills, and will be horribly obeyed.

I shall always remember, among many less famous buildings, the small mosque of Rustem Pasha near the Egyptian bazaar, with its beautiful arcade and its strangely confused interior, full of loveliness and bad taste, of atrocious modern painting and oleographic horrors, mingled with exquisite marble and perfect tiles. The wall of the arcade gleams with lustrous faience, purple and red, azure and milk-white, and with patterns of great flowers with green centers and turquoise leaves. I recall, too, the Mosaic Mosque, once the church of the monastery of the Chora, which stands on a hill from which Stamboul looks like a beautiful village embowered in green, cheerful and gaily fascinating. The church is ugly outside, yellow and lead-colored, with a white plaster minaret, and it is surrounded by wooden shanties like booths; but its mosaics are very interesting and beautiful, and its chief muezzin, Mustafa Effendi, is a delight in his long golden robe and his yellow turban.

Mustafa Effendi was born near Brusa in Asia Minor, but for forty-two years he has held the office of chief muezzin at the Mosaic Mosque, on which all his thoughts seem centered. He speaks English a little, and has an almost inordinate sense of humor. As he pointed out the mosaics to me with his wrinkled hand, he abounded in comment, and more than once his thin voice was almost overwhelmed by ill-suppressed laughter. He seemed specially entertained as he drew my attention to two birds on the wall—"Monsieur Peacock and Madame Peahen," and he was obliged to abandon all dignity and to laugh outright when we came to a company of saints and angels.

The most sacred mosque in Turkey lies outside of Stamboul, at Eyub, far up the Golden Horn and not very distant from the "sweet waters of Europe." In it, on their accession, the sultans are solemnly girded with Osman's sword instead of being crowned. Eyub is a place of tombs. Chief eunuchs and grand vizirs sleep near the sea in great mausoleums inclosed within gilded railings, and some of them surrounded by gardens; on the hillside above them thousands of the faithful rest under cypresses in graves marked by dusty headstones leaning awry.

The center, or heart, of Eyub is a pleasant village, which gathers closely about the mosque, and is full of a quietly cheerful life. Just beyond the court of the mosque is a Turkish bath, where masseurs, with shaven heads and the usual tuft, lounge in the sunshine while waiting for customers. Near by are many small shops and cafés. In one of the latter I ate an excellent meal of rice and fat mutton, cooked on a spit which revolved in the street. If you stray from the center of the village toward the outskirts, you find yourself in a deserted rummage of tombs, of white columns, white cupolas, cloisters, rooms for theological students, mausoleums of white and pink marble. No footsteps resound on the pavement of the road, no voices are heard in the little gardens, no eyes look out through the railings. As I wandered through the sunshine to the small stone platform where the sultan descends from his horse when he comes to be girded with the sword, I saw no sign of life; and the only noise that I heard was the persistent tap of a hammer near the sea, where his Majesty is building an imperial mosque of white stone from Trebizond.

Presently, growing weary of the white and silent streets of the tombs, I turned into a narrow alley that ran by a grated wall, above which great trees towered, climbing toward heaven with the minaret of the Mosque of Eyub, but failing in their journey a little below the muezzin's balcony. They were cypresses, and creepers climbed affectionately with them. Just beyond them I came into the court of the mosque, and found myself in the midst of a crowd of pilgrims before the tomb of Abu Eyub, which is covered with gilding and faience. Near it is a fountain protected by magnificent plane-trees which are surrounded by iron railings decorated with dervish caps.

I had been told more than once that the Christian dog is unwelcome in Eyub, and I was soon made aware of it. In the fa-



THE MOSQUE OF SULEIMAN AT CONSTANTINOPLE

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

çade of the tomb there is a hole through which one can look into the interior. Taking my turn among the pilgrims, I presently stood in front of this aperture, and was about to peep in discreetly when a curtain was sharply drawn across it by some one inside. I waited for a moment, but in vain; the curtain was not drawn back, so at last I meekly went on my way, feeling rather humiliated. A Greek friend afterward told me that an imam was stationed within the tomb, and that no doubt he had drawn the curtain against me because I was an unbeliever.

Duly chastened by this rebuff, I nevertheless went on to the mosque, and was allowed to go in for a moment on making a payment. The attendant was very rough and suspicious in manner, and watched me as if I were a criminal; and the pilgrims who thronged the interior stared at me with open hostility. I thought it wiser, therefore, to make only a cursory examination of the handsome marble interior, with its domes and semi-domes, and afterward, with a sense of relief, took my way up the hillside, to spend an hour among the leaning gravestones in the shade of the cypresses. Each stone above the grave of a man was carved with a fez, each woman's stone with a flower; and tiny holes formed receptacles to collect the rainwater, so that the birds might refresh themselves above the dust of the departed.

The great field of the dead was very tranquil that day. I saw only two closely veiled women moving slowly in the distance and an old Turk sitting with a child, at the edge of the hill before a café.

On the bare hill to my left I saw the white gleam of the stones in a Jewish cemetery; and, beneath, the pale curve of the Golden Horn, ending in the peace of the desolate country. Red-roofed Eyub, shredding out into blanched edges of cupolas and tombs by the sultan's landing-place, marked the base of the hill; and, beyond, in the distance, mighty Stamboul, brown, with red lights here and there where the sun struck a roof, streamed away to Seraglio Point. The great prospect was closed by the shadowy mountains of Asia, among which I divined, rather than actually saw, the crest of Olympus.

In these Turkish cemeteries there is a romantic and poignant melancholy such as I have found in no other places of tombs. They breathe out an atmosphere of fatalism, of bloodless resignation to the inevitable. Their dilapidation suggests rather than mere indifference a sense of the uselessness of care. Dust unto dust, and there an end. But far off in Stamboul the minarets contradict the voices that whisper over the fields of the dead; for the land of the Turk is the home of contradictions, and among them there are some that are welcome.

To rid myself of the clinging impression of sadness that stole over me among the cypresses of Eyub, later in the day I took a boat to the shore of Asia, and visited the English graveyard at Haidar Pasha, where long ago Florence Nightingale established her hospital for soldiers wounded in the Crimean War, and where now Germans have built an elaborate station from which some day we shall be able to set out for Bagdad. Already smart corridor cars, with white roofs and spotlessly clean curtains, and with "Bagdad" printed in large letters upon them, are running from the coast to mysterious places in the interior of Asia. In the excellent restaurant beer flows freely. If the mystic word "Verboten" were not absent from the walls, one might fancy himself in Munich on entering the station at Haidar Pasha. On the hill just above the station lies the English cemetery, a delightful garden of rest, full of hope and peace. It is beautifully kept, and contains the home of the guardian, a British soldier, who lives with his wife and daughters in a cozy stone bungalow fronted by flower-beds and trees. Close to his house is a grave with a broken column, raised on a platform which is approached by three steps and surrounded by a circular grass-plot. Here I found a serious Montenegrin, one of the workers in the cemetery, busily employed. He had spread sheets of paper all over the grass-plot, and up the steps of the grave, and had scattered above them a great mass of wool which suggested a recent sheep-shearing. When I came up he was adding more wool to the mass with a sort of grave ardor. I asked him what the wool was for and why he was spreading it out. He glanced up solemnly and replied:

"It is for my bed. I live in that shed over there, and am preparing my mattress for the winter."

And he continued quietly and dexterously to scatter the wool over the tomb.

The cemetery, which looks out over the sea and the beautiful shores of Europe, is full of the graves of soldiers who died of wounds received in the Crimean War, or of maladies caught in camp and in the trenches. Among them lie the bodies of many devoted women who worked to allay their sufferings.

Bent perpetually on escape from the uproar of Pera, in which at night I was forced to dwell, I made more than one excursion to the walls and the seven towers of Stamboul. There are three sets of walls, the land, the sea, and the harbor walls. The Seven Towers, Yedi Kuleh, are very near to the Sea of Marmora, and are now unused and deserted, the home no longer of imprisoned ambassadors, of sultans, and vizirs, but of winds from the islands and from Asia, of grass, yellow wild-flowers, and the fallen leaves of the autumn. When I went there I was alone save for one very old man, the peaceful successor of the Janizaries who long ago garrisoned this marvelous place of terror and crime. With him at my heels I wandered among the trees of the deserted inclosure, surrounded by gray and crenelated walls, above which the towers rose up grimly toward the windy sky; I penetrated through narrow corridors of stone; I crawled through gaps and clambered over masses of rubble and fallen masonry; I visited tiny and sinister chambers inclosed in the thickness of the walls; peered through small openings; came out unexpectedly on terraces. And the old man muttered and mumbled in my ears, monotonously and without emotion, the history of crime connected with the place. Here some one was starved to death; here another was strangled by night; in this chamber a French ambassador was held captive; the blood of a sultan dyed these stones red; at the foot of this bit of wall there was a massacre; just there some great person was blinded. And, with the voice in my ears, I looked and I saw white butterflies flitting, with their frivolous purity, among the leaves of acacia-trees, and snails crawling lethargically over rough gray stones. Near the Golden Gate, where an earthquake has shaken down much of the wall, and the Byzantine dove of carved stone still remains—ironically?—as an emblem of peace, was a fig-tree giving green figs; Marmora shone from afar; in the waterless moat that stretches at the feet of the walls the grasses were waving, the ivy grew thick, here and there big patches of vegetables gave token of the forethought and industry of men. And beyond, stretching away as far as eye could see, the cemeteries without the city disappeared into distances, everywhere shadowed by those tremendous, almost terrible, cypresses that watch over the dead in the land of the Turk.

Beauty and sadness, crime and terror, wonderful romance, and a ghastly desolation, seemed brooding over this strange region beyond the reach of the voices of the city. Even the ancient man was silent at last. He had recited all the horrors his old memory contained, and at my side he stood gazing with bleary eyes across the moat and the massy cypresses, and with me, he turned to capture the shining of Marmora.

On the farther verge of the moat three dogs, which had somehow escaped the far-flung nets, wandered slowly seeking for offal; some women hovered darkly among the graves; a thin, piercing cry, that was not without a wild sweetness, rose to me from somewhere below. I looked down, and there, among the rankly growing grasses of the moat, I saw a young girl, very thin, her black hair hanging, and bound with bright handkerchiefs, sketching vaguely a *danse du ventre*. As I looked she became more precise in her movements, and her cries grew more fierce and imperative. From some hovel, hidden among the walls, other children streamed out, with cries and contortions, to join her. For here among the ruins the Turkish Gipsies have made their home. I threw down some coins and turned away. And as I went, returning through the old places of assassination, I was pursued by a whining of pipes and a thrumming of distant guitars. The Gipsies of old Stamboul were trying to lure me down from my fastness to make merry with them among the tombs.

(Conclusion)



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

FROM THE PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN



OXEN BREAKING HOMESTEAD LAND IN CANADA

IF CANADA WERE TO ANNEX THE UNITED STATES

HER TRADE DEPENDENCE AND HER POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

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WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the year 1899 a Canadian election agent, who had long been identified with the fortunes of the Liberal party, was a visitor in Washington. He expressed a wish to meet the late President McKinley, whose pleasing personality then pervaded the White House. "Nothing easier," said his American friend, and an appointment was made forthwith. The President greeted the Canadian visitor with that charming air of particular interest and personal pleasure for which he was famed, and the conversation quite naturally drifted into political channels. The Canadian was soon put at ease, and in the course of the interview said: "This is a very great occasion for me, Mr. President. I had looked forward to it as a remote possibility, but one which would mark a red-letter day in my life. I have felt that I wanted above all things during my visit here to shake hands with a man in whom the American people had so much trust that they placed fifty million dollars in his hands, and told him to go ahead and spend it as he thought would best serve the country in the controversy with Spain. It was a wonderful evidence of trust and confidence, Mr. President; and I am proud to meet the man who was deemed worthy of it by a great, intelligent, and modern nation."

The President's face glowed with pleasure as the compliment passed, and he made modest and fitting reply. The Canadian then added: "But I want to say, Mr. President, that I consider it a most terrible waste of money. What do you get for

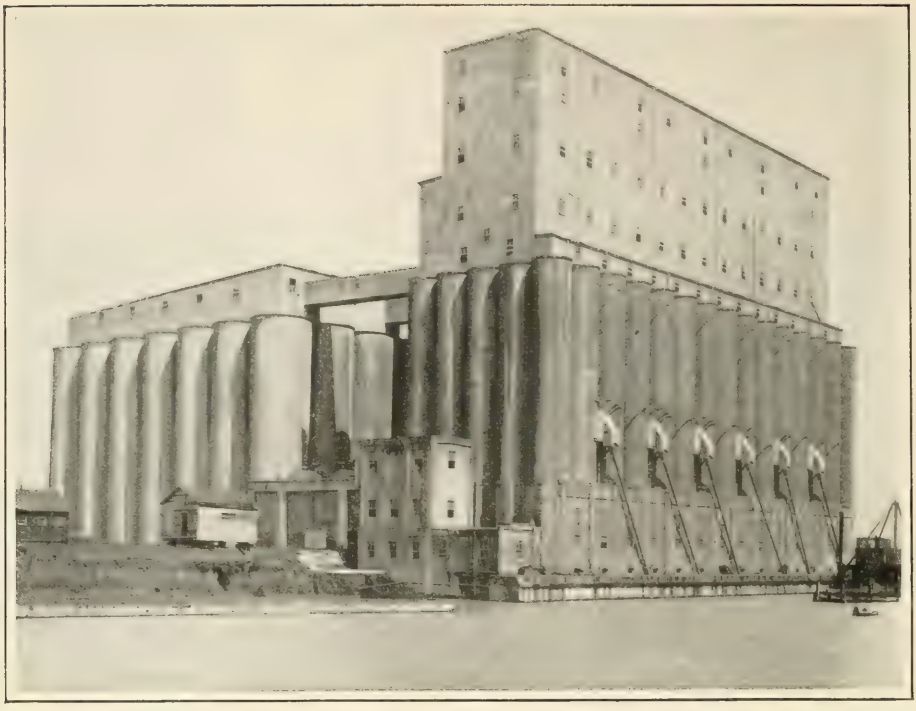
it? Porto Rico, the Philippines, and a few other odds and ends, to say nothing of the loss to the American nation of many lives, the disturbance to business, and a thousand other evils that follow a war. I can tell you of a much better plan for increasing the wealth, size, population, and strength of this country. Give me two million dollars to spend in the next Canadian election, and I will guarantee the peaceful annexation of Canada to the United States. And look what you get!"

President McKinley was apparently much amused, and accepted the statement in the spirit in which it was made; that is to say, the suggestion was so far removed from the domain of the real as to prevent it from being seriously discussed. If it is possible in these days, however, for influences of various kinds emanating from the United States to turn the scale in a Canadian election against freer commercial relations between Canada and the United States, it is not impossible that this practical Canadian politician spoke with greater knowledge and greater seriousness than he received credit for. It must be remembered that at that time there were avowed "annexationists" in Canada, and a party in favor of closer commercial relations with the United States was strongly intrenched in power with the Canadian voters.

When the Canadian Parliament, representing as it does, in the degree in which such bodies do represent, the Canadian people, votes $35,000,000 as a contribution to England's navy, the consideration of Canada as a nation is forced upon the world. It is not that Canada has need of the British navy any more than she needs a chain of forts along her southern border. It is because of the spirit of independence of natural laws of transportation, economics, and all other things that flow along the line of least resistance, shown by this act of fealty to an idea which might naturally have lost its vividness in crossing three thousand miles of water. England never did much to strengthen the tie between herself and Canada, and even now does little but talk. This talk is inspired by an awakening sense of the absolute necessity of oversea dominions to maintain the greatness of "little England" in the face of rivals becoming more formidable at an amazing rate. There is more human nature in the revival of Canadian loyalty to England, England's greater appreciation of Canada, and a joint cold shoulder to the United States, than there is statesmanship or economic wisdom. The natural routes of trade and commerce in Canada lead to the south; the character and social conditions of the people are North American, not English. The temperate zone of the North American continent, along the northern fringe of which lies



GRAIN-ELEVATORS IN PRINCE ALBERT, CANADA



NEW GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC ELEVATOR AT FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

Canada, is all one country in its aspirations and material progress.

I remember sitting in a London club one day at the time of the jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. Near me sat two Canadian army officers who were with the contingent of troops sent to the celebration in England. They were tall, raw-boned, leathery-skinned youths of the type now known to Europe as American. Seated in the club window, quietly and observantly watching the passing crowd, one of them suddenly blurted out to the other, "Well, there 's one thing I 've learned on this trip, if nothing else."

"What 's that?" inquired the other.

"Well, I 've learned that I am not an Englishman, as I 've always supposed myself to be. I 'm a Canadian. We don't know them, and they don't know us; and what is more, while we are interested enough to try to know them, they just don't care one way or another. Our point of view is different; and I 'm going back home more of a Canadian than I ever was."

When the Hon. William S. Fielding, formerly Canadian Minister of Finance, introduced his now famous budget to the Canadian Parliament several years ago, in which Canada virtually declared a tariff war upon Germany, he said quite frankly that the important feature of this action was not the apparent hostility to Germany, but that such hostility might serve as a warning to the United States and to England. In brief, it was notice to the mother country that Canada was quite able and ready to act for what she might consider her best interests in fiscal matters, regardless of the wishes, feelings, or dictation of her august parent.

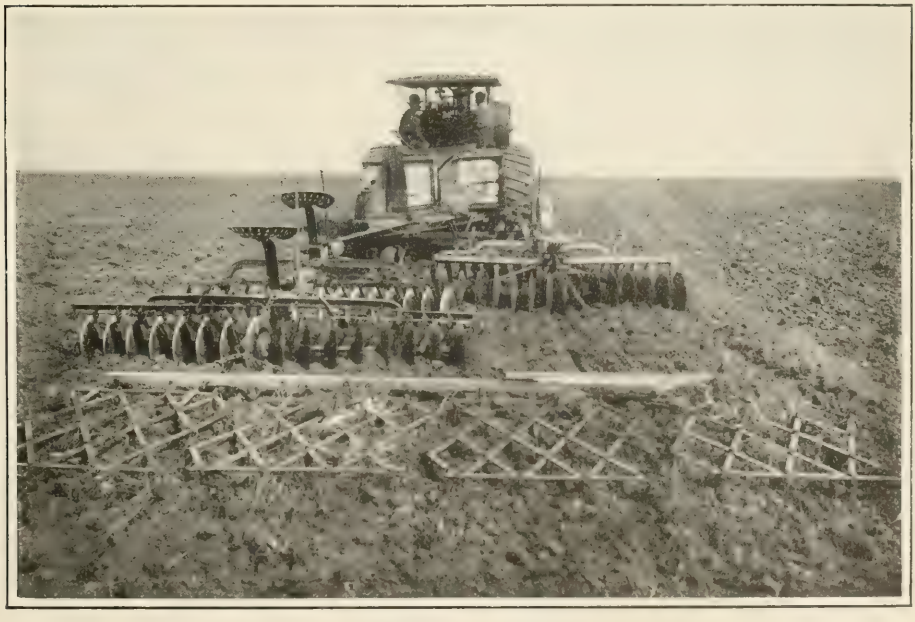
Canada has given to English goods preferential duties a third less than those assessed against the goods of other countries; in times of recent trouble she has given men and money; and now comes a contribution to the expense of British armament amounting to nearly five dollars per capita for every man, woman, and child in the dominion. In return, England has talked of preferential customs duties, but cannot give them; she has talked of changing the law under which a Canadian citizen is not necessarily a citizen of England, but has not done so; she has

talked of an armed defense, which is not needed and never will be, for, unlike Australia, the Canadians are protected from all possible enemies by the mere facts of geographical isolation and the presence to the south of a great and powerful nation which would in her own interest, if for no other reason (and there are others), permit no foreigner to alienate a square yard of Canadian soil. England must have the products of Canadian soil, and English emigrants would go to Canada in no greater or lesser numbers if the political tie between the two countries were sundered. As a matter of fact, English immigrants are accorded the same treatment by Canada as those from other lands, and are not as welcome, because of the kind that England has sent.

The ties between five sevenths of the people of Canada and the people of England are those of tradition, sentiment, and blood, while the like ties of the other two sevenths are to France and the United States. It may be true that such ties constitute a tangible force, but that is a matter open to debate, and not to be settled until it comes to a question of international disputes. The ties between Canada and the United States are those compelling bonds of geographical and economic likeness, reciprocity of needs and markets, natural routes for trade and transportation, sympathetic financial exchanges, individual investments one within the confines of the other, to say nothing of the fact that more than a million Canadian-born—a number equaling one seventh of the present population of Canada—have found homes and profitable occupation in the United States, within easy hailing distance of their native land; and in that land are perhaps half a million or more people who were born in the United States.

At the general election in 1912, nearly half of the Canadian people voted in favor of closer trade relations with the United States. A newly elected Democratic Congress in the United States has signified its intention of not repealing the Canadian Reciprocity Act, and there are Canadians who believe the day will come, and at no very distant date, when Canada will yet enter the door thus left ajar, and absorb to herself a share of the forces for expansion and growth of industry which are urging her neighbor to the tremendous pace of the present day.

Notwithstanding the inability of Eng-



DISKING AND HARROWING BY STEAM IN CANADA

Contractors take outfits of this sort into the newer districts, and for a small charge "break" the homesteaders' virgin land.

land to give, and her readiness to take, the people of Canada have heroically set themselves to the task of directing their national growth along the lines of strongest resistance. They will not succeed in the end; but this conclusion does not detract from world-wide interest in the struggle, or from the significance and interest of the results of this Canadian policy, which, as stated, originates more in the qualities of human nature than from the observance of economic laws and an attempt to take advantage thereof. The logical course of events, following the coöperation of human endeavor and natural laws, would be the unification of the North American continent, politically, industrially, commercially, and financially. That this will come sooner or later is inevitable. In the meantime, to maintain a political sympathy with an Old World and a more or less indifferent parent community, to confine transportation, industry, and social existence to lines laid east and west, and at the same time to maintain the somewhat strained pose of an independent nation, is the task the majority of the Canadian people have set for themselves.

This self-styled nation is making a brave show at an ambitious task. A splendid national and independent spirit has arisen, and natural resources are being developed and farmed to the utmost. It has probably surprised the Canadians themselves to realize the present power of their word in affairs of the British Empire, a result not due so much to the weight of Canadian counsels as to the development of international affairs in Europe, but none the less gratifying to Canadian pride. For the first time in history the Canadian Government now finds itself in a position where its demands upon the mother country are not only listened to with respectful consideration, but are granted without much ado. Had it not been for Canadian insistence, backed up by the cooperation of other British possessions, the protest of the British Government over the action of Congress in the matter of the Panama Canal tolls would not have been so insistent; notwithstanding the alarm



From a photograph by Notman, Montreal

ASBESTOS-MINE AT THEDFORD, CANADA

felt in England over the proposed reciprocity between Canada and the United States, the British Government was forced to leave the matter entirely in the hands of Canada, breathing a sigh of intense relief

Politically, therefore, Canada has finally won for herself the position of a virtually independent nation, self-governed and self-contained except for the form of obtaining the now ever-ready ac-



From a photograph, copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

VIEW ON THE NEW WELLAND SHIP CANAL, WHICH CONNECTS LAKE ONTARIO WITH LAKE ERIE

when it was found that the event was at least postponed. In many other cases where a few years ago all negotiations concerning Canadian affairs would have been conducted as between the United States and England, the latter country more recently has remained a passive and subservient listener, standing ready to carry out the wishes of Canada when the negotiations came to an end.

quiescence of the mother country in her final dealings with foreign nations.

This was made possible by the very reasons which will forever bar Canada from a like industrial, commercial, financial, or social independence. The geographical and economic dependence of Canada upon the United States forced England to proceed carefully in dealing with Canadian affairs, to prevent aliena-

tion and possible final separation by the wish and necessities of the Canadian people. This attitude is an acknowledgment in itself of the independence of Canada from Great Britain and her tendencies in other directions. However, to say that Canada never can achieve the full measure of her material greatness as an independent nation takes nothing from her present power or her splendid progress. In fact, the greater the latter, the more evident will be the need to extend her southern boundaries.

If the position were reversed from what it is to-day, and the proposition were to be submitted to the Canadian people whether or not they would annex the United States, the vote would be virtually unanimous in favor of such annexation. The economic results would be the same as if the United States annexed Canada; the people of the whole continent would move forward at the same pace now observed in the expanding industry and internal power of the United States.

The reasons of Canada's handicap lie in a lack of geographical and economic balance. From a material point of view, the country is not self-contained. An artificial barrier extends across its southern boundary, forcing transportation to follow unnatural lines and rolling back the tide of Canadian productive industry upon itself. Rivers, lakes, and valleys flow north and south. Eastern and western Canada are separated by twelve hundred miles, more or less, of almost totally infertile country. The snow and ice of winter point to the southern route as the natural outlet for traffic during certain seasons of the year. The population is not sufficient to absorb the products of huge mills, big enough to manufacture at a price which makes possible competition with Europe and countries elsewhere. The greatest and highest-priced marts of the world are across that theoretical line drawn upon the map and existing only as an idea in the minds of the people, a stimulus to local patriotism, and a hindrance to development in most directions. Her people are barred from the best in material prosperity, the best in the arts, in music, and literature, because these things come only where human beings congregate in sufficient numbers to make it possible to support them; and the cities of Canada never can reach that point of development where such will be possible so long as the pass to the south is blocked by even an idea.

With the aid of foreign capital, seven eighths of which, by the way, is Scottish, not English, Canada has built her railways, her mills, and established her banks; with the aid of subsidies she has made possible her manufactures and even her news agencies. Her per capita national debt is the largest in the world, a token in this case of amazing energy, courage, and enterprise, and not of fruitless wars or unproductive extravagance. The units of Canadian population are highly prosperous and intelligent, and possess a purchasing power superior to nearly every other community in the world. The profit of to-day, however, has come, first, from the rapidly increasing land values, and, second, from the fatness of virgin lands. There will be an end to this in its earliest and simplest forms. The profits upon the land have been largely taken; and while the virgin land is still yielding to the plow and numberless thousands of acres are still untouched, the nuggets lying on the ground have been closely gleaned, and more scientific, systematic, and expensive effort is necessary to reap the harvest yet available.

Land values in the Canadian towns and cities have reached the danger-point, and in some cases have exceeded it. There is an old and long-established law that land is worth only what it will produce, be it cash or produce for cash, and that in the end all values flow to this level. The material development of Canada will proceed upon sure lines, for it is based upon that measure of all values, the products of the earth; but the rate of development cannot be hurried beyond a certain point, and this, while satisfactory enough in itself, will not be at the pace the enthusiasts would have us believe. The same story has been written of the western United States, and as the conditions are virtually the same, history will repeat itself. Canada has this advantage, and that is the increasing population of the world and its increasing need or absorptive power, which is far greater to-day than in the decades when the western frontier of America was being pushed toward the Pacific coast.

With all this, the record of Canadian

accomplishments is an amazing tale of wondrous energy and gigantic results. Put the figures of Canadian population, immigration, enterprise, and production side by side with those of the greater nations, and they are not large in comparison; but take them by themselves, as they stand, and they are pregnant with promise for the future of this land which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is only estopped on the south by an imaginary line drawn just where a greater prosperity should begin, and limited at the north solely by the degree of cold and the length of winter that may control human endeavor in its strivings for material advance.

In some directions the science of government is more highly developed in Canada than in any other country in the world. A notable instance of this is in the administration and disposal of public land. Notwithstanding the vast area to be given away to settlers, there has been no prodigality or waste. The home-builder is the man that is wanted, and he is the only one who can secure title to arable land. The banking system is held to be superior to that of the United States; tenure in administrative and judicial office is based largely upon good behavior; immigration is restricted along protective lines; and the customs are administered with the least possible inconvenience to the importer or the traveler. In the endeavor to overcome the natural tendency of trade to flow north and south, and the limitations of her industrial present, Canada has been led into the doubtful byways of subsidy; but as the years progress and the country adjusts itself, there is a notable tendency to be more chary in creating industries that must be kept alive by direct gift; and those already enjoying these special privileges have been warned to prepare for the day when public opinion will demand that they stand or fall upon their own merits.

The figures of Canadian progress tell a story of wonderful energy, and in one particular they are especially interesting and significant. The population of Canada has not increased as might be expected, in view of her great industrial expansion. In fact, it has barely doubled in forty years. In the last four decades the population of the United States has grown about twenty-five per cent. in each succeeding ten years, while that of Canada has increased by thirty, eleven, twelve, and seventeen per cent. in the same periods. That is to say, while the population of Canada was doubling itself, that of the United States increased to two and a half times the number in 1871. In that same forty years, however, the productive and absorptive energies of the Canadian unit have increased enormously, until in these respects a point has been reached without parallel in any other country.

While, as stated, the population has about doubled in forty years, deposits in the post-office savings-banks have risen from $2,500,000 to $43,000,000; total bank deposits from $67,000,000 to $1,000,000,000; the national revenue from $20,000,000 to $118,000,000; expenditure for life-insurance from $1,800,000 to $20,000,000; the amount paid for mail and steamship subventions from $286,000 to nearly $2,000,000; the number of letters and post-cards handled by the post-office from 27,000,000 to 550,000,000; passengers on railways from 5,000,000 to 37,000,000; tons of freight hauled on railways from 5,000,000 to 80,000,000, and on canals from 3,000,000 to 43,000,000.

In that same time the national debt has increased from $77,000,000 to $508,338,592. The total mineral production has grown in value from the figure of 1886, when it was $10,000,000, to $107,000,000 in 1911. Coal production has increased in value from $3,000,000 to $30,000,000, and total foreign trade from $162,000,000 to $771,000,000.

There are in Canada to-day about 1,500,000 families, and only about 75,000 of these are without a dwelling to themselves—a great record of a home-building nation. There is now nearly a billion dollars invested in Canadian manufactures. Nearly 400,000 wage-earners have a payroll of about $150,000,000, and the product of their labor brings nearly the same amount of revenue to the nation as is invested in the productive plants. These figures are all the more extraordinary in that the figures of increase of population bear little relation thereto. It is the story of a great industrial awakening, following the discovery of latent natural resources which applied industry and intelligence have transmuted into wealth and profitable occupation for labor.

In the last ten years the population of Prince Edward Island, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon, has decreased by 9, 14, and 69 per cent., respectively. Some of this decrease has been caused by changes of political boundary-lines. Of the total increase in population nearly sixty per cent. has taken place in the four western provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, and Manitoba, the relative expansion of these provinces in number of inhabitants being 439 per cent., 413 per cent., 119 per cent., and 73 per cent., respectively. The total increase of population in the last decade was 1,834,000, and it was distributed as follows: 1,117,000 in the four western or agricultural provinces; 354,000 in Quebec; 340,000 in Ontario; and 54,000 in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. To the western provinces have gone the people seeking homes on the new lands, and to the lively towns and cities, which have become the centers of these great productive areas, have thronged laborers, purveyors to the wants of the settlers, those who offer facilities for the exchange of commodities, and the usual large percentage who, in a new country, live off the industry of others by taking advantage of the eagerness of would-be buyers and sellers to make quick bargains.

As in the history of every newly opened reserve of the world, fortunes have been made from a shoe-string by those shrewd enough to step in between the seller and the buyer in time to take a part of the profit to themselves. The man who buys acreage and sells town lots is the speculator who has made money the world over. The purchaser of the latter may in turn make profit for himself, but the cream has been taken by the prophet who can materialize the vision of the paved street across the plowed field or the prairie sod. All new or rapidly developing countries pass through this stage of swift encroachment of town upon country, and up to a certain point it remains legitimate and normal—that is to say, so long as it fills the measure of need. The momentum thus gained, however, has seldom failed to carry the movement beyond the legitimate, and numberless acres have been in turn sold for taxes, and the farmer's plow has turned up the stakes which were to mark the lines of pretentious boulevards.

The time of reaction is one of danger and often of disaster. Western Canada has already passed through several periods of stress and trial of this character, and the early story of the now thriving city of Winnipeg is full of tragedy to those who were caught in the reactionary period of many years ago. After a certain time, however, these places find themselves, possibilities and impossibilities are recognized, and values assume true levels, which in many cases constantly but sanely keep pace in their rise with the development of tributary territory. It seems to be a truism that the prices of Broadway or the Strand could not be legitimately duplicated in Prairieville or Rocky Pass, but men surely sane and successful elsewhere apparently become intoxicated as they breathe the stimulating air of the Northwest, and blinded by the vision of the future, they buy or loan in haste not only their own money, but that of others, only to lose, and curse their temporary aberration in the calmness of second thought or the depressing incident of a "busted boom." Optimism is the key-note of life in a new community, and the true story of the poor man who stumbled over a wheelbarrow-load of gold nuggets is the constant incentive to the weary prospector who is measuring his daily dole from his last sack of flour. It is a thankless task to measure real values in the Northwest at the moment, for no matter how high they may be placed, such measure meets with the approval of no one, neither of the man who has something to sell, nor of the man inclined to buy. The spirit of the gambler is in all human nature, and in none more than the frontiersman; and there is no check to its development in the high-strung, optimistic, and get-rich-quick communities living in the electric atmosphere of our far-flung Northwestern horizons.

Genuine opportunity abounds, and the keen, restless minds of those who blaze the way for the more conservative are impatient of suggested limitations. Perhaps it is just as well it is so, for in the end, while some are trampled under the car, the final adjustment yields no higher death-rate in hopes than in older communities, and in the younger aspirant for civic greatness there is real opportunity for all; whereas in the older settlements there is often opportunity for those alone who already

have the power and the means to create it.

An increase of 354,000 in the population of Quebec during the last ten years means a large natural increase characteristic of the French-Canadian inhabitants, and a development of lumbering, mining, and fishing industries natural to any section of the world so easy of access and so rich in such resources. The population of Ontario, that stronghold of the British in Canada, has increased by 340,000. This is due to the development of manufacturing. Cheap power, raw material, and favorable natural location, with protection and bounty advantages, are being made use of by foreign capital. The recent decision of the United States Steel Corporation to build a $20,000,000 plant in Canada is no part of a boom; it is only the maturing of plans made long ago in view of future possibilities, and a realization that the time was now ripe to move. The building of this plant bears no relation to the bounty now given on Canadian manufactured iron, for that is too uncertain, too political, too subject to the popular whim, to base a great and permanent industrial enterprise upon. It is based entirely upon an economic situation deemed favorable to the establishment of an extensive and profitable industry.

The rush to the wheat-fields of the Canadian Northwest is easily understood. For twenty years Europe poured a great stream of intelligent, industrious farmers into the United States to take advantage of the free and arable lands. Not a few from eastern and central Canada crossed the line to the south for the same purpose. With the exhaustion of the more easily acquired lands, the tide turned more northward, and while the movement has not yet attained, and probably never will reach, the flood-tide witnessed in the agricultural immigration into the United States, the same forces are at work, and the same results will be achieved.

In the days when the grain area of the United States filled up with people, wheat was fifty cents a bushel or less, and "dollar wheat" was the dream of the grain-farmer. The dream has come true, and this increase in value has given the movement strength enough to overcome serious climatic differences and remoteness from markets; or, in brief, it has equalized the line of greater resistance. In the last ten years perhaps 750,000 people from the United States have gone to Canada, most of them seeking homes. On the whole, this immigration has been of a very desirable class, and it is estimated that these people have taken with them to their new homes an average of about a thousand dollars in money or property for every man, woman, and child, or total assets of about $750,000,000. Many a prosperous farmer, with perhaps a hundred and forty acres of land in Iowa, Illinois, or other good farming States, has thought about his family, and realized that at his death his property would have to be sold in order that each might get his share. He has found that by selling his valuable but comparatively small farm at a good figure he would have enough to improve and stock at least six hundred and forty acres of the Canadian Northwest, thus giving him ample land at some time in the future to divide among his children and leave each one with a workable portion. Canada has welcomed these settlers, as well she might. They have willingly become Canadians and are good citizens. Their influence will in time add insensibly to the force at work for the economic unification of the North American continent, though in the meantime they are as good Canadians as immigrants in the United States are good Americans, even in the first generation.

There is possibly about $2,000,000,000 of British and other European capital invested in Canada, but it takes little active part in influencing the country politically or otherwise in the direction of its progress. As a rule, the English send out their money in hopes of larger earnings than would be had at home—and to escape the income tax; France, for the income received therefrom; both people investing in listed securities rather than industrial adventures. It is not quite the same with $350,000,000 of American money that has found its way into Canadian investment. Much of this money is engaged in enterprises based upon Canadian trade, protected by Canadian tariff, benefited by Canadian bounties, and competitive with American capital at home. The force of this influence, taken with antagonisms of similar character originating south of the Canadian boundary, and the active aid of certain high-tariff enthusiasts in the

United States, enabled the anti-reciprocity party in Canada to score over those in favor of closer commercial union between the two countries. It might not be comforting to the pride of Canadians to know or to have it said just how far these influences went in deciding the political fate of the dominion at the moment, and it might detract from the quality of the self-gratification of the English to know how this so-called manifestation of Canadian loyalty was really brought about. It is equally true that those in the United States who worked so long and so ardently for greater freedom of trade with Canada, believing it would result in great good for their own country as well as for Canada, are not inclined to cheerfulness when they realize just how much of their defeat they owe to the antagonistic influence of their own fellow-countrymen, directors of American industries which have grown into perhaps too great power in the nation through the willingness on the part of the American consumer to contribute liberally, so that all branches of human endeavor might prosper together in the general advance of the nation. Just how far the reaction in favor of reciprocity has gone in both countries since the last Canadian election, it is impossible to say. It is reasonable to assume that none who voted in favor of it has changed his opinion, and it is a matter of public and private record that a goodly number of those who voted against it in Canada have changed their opinion since the smoke of battle cleared away and it has been possible to put a true value on the injudicious or untrue statements of politicians, be these of an allegedly humorous character or not. This question of the economic unification of North America is a living issue which will disappear from the national life of the two English-speaking countries only with a fulfilment of a commercial union virtually complete. When President Taft authorized his secretary of state to offer complete free trade to the Canadian Reciprocity Commissioners as a basis for negotiation, he was not suggesting the impossible; he was merely ahead of the times, for some day one of his successors in the White House will have the honor of carrying the suggestion into practical effect.

The period of great development in Canada began in the decade from 1891 to 1901, when the foreign trade of the country increased by about $170,000,000, or, in other words, doubled itself. In the following decade it increased by nearly $384,000,000, or nearly doubled itself again. A few figures show most strikingly how during the last twenty years the new Canada was begun and came into her own, for her foreign trade progressed as follows:

Years	Exports	Imports	Total
1871	$74,173,618	$96,092,971	$170,266,589
1881	98,299,823	105,380,840	203,621,663
1891	98,417,296	119,967,638	218,384,934
1901	196,487,632	190,415,525	386,903,157
1911	297,196,365	472,247,540	769,443,905

In the last forty years Canada increased the export of the products of her mines from $3,700,000 to $43,000,000; fisheries from $4,000,000 to $16,000,000; forests from $23,000,000 to $46,000,000; animal products from $13,000,000 to $53,000,000; agricultural products from $10,000,000 to $90,000,000, and manufactures from $2,500,000 to $44,000,000. Her greatest gain in the export of any one item has been in wheat and wheat flour, for in 1871 the exports were valued at $3,560,000, while in 1911 the value reached about $60,000,000. The wheat production of the United States is about 620,000,000 bushels, valued at about $555,000,000. That of Canada is about 216,000,000 bushels, valued at about $140,000,000. The average yield an acre in Canada is more than twenty-one bushels to the acre, or more than seven bushels an acre greater than the yield to the south. In 1912, Canada had 32,500,000 acres planted in field crops, 10,000,000 of which were in wheat, and nearly 10,000,000 in oats.

For the last forty years the foreign trade of Canada has been distributed among the four principal nations as follows:

UNITED KINGDOM

Years	Imports	Exports	Total
1873	$68,522,776	$38,743,848	$107,266,624
1883	52,052,465	47,145,217	99,197,682
1893	43,148,413	64,080,493	107,228,906
1903	58,896,901	131,202,321	190,099,222
1911	109,936,462	136,965,111	246,901,573

UNITED STATES

Years	Imports	Exports	Total
1873	$47,735,678	$42,072,526	$89,808,204
1883	56,032,333	41,668,723	97,701,056
1893	58,221,976	43,923,010	102,144,986
1903	137,605,195	71,783,924	209,389,119
1911	284,934,739	119,396,801	404,331,540

GERMANY

Years	Imports	Exports	Total
1873	$1,099,935	$76,553	$1,176,488
1883	1,809,154	133,697	1,942,851
1893	3,825,763	750,461	4,576,224
1903	8,175,604	1,819,223	9,994,827
1911	10,047,340	2,663,017	12,710,357

FRANCE

Years	Imports	Exports	Total
1873	$2,023,288	$31,907	$2,055,195
1883	2,316,480	617,730	2,934,210
1893	2,832,117	264,047	3,096,164
1903	6,580,029	1,341,618	7,921,647
1911	11,563,773	2,782,092	14,345,865

The two great traders with Canada are the United States and Great Britain. More than ten years ago Canada gave to certain classes of imports from England a special reduction of duties amounting on an average to about 30 per cent. These special favors are doubtless responsible for a part of the large and sudden increase of imports from England in the last decade. What would have happened to British trade in Canada without these tariff concessions is not a cheerful subject for discussion among British manufacturers, for even with it the Canadian exports to England form the large part of such increase of trade, as has been noted. Trade between England and Canada has increased as a whole by about 140 per cent.; but while imports from England have risen in forty years from less than $70,000,000 to about $110,000,000, exports to England have risen from less than $40,000,000 to about $140,000,000. In the same forty years exports from the United States to Canada have increased from about $48,000,000 to about $285,000,000, while imports from Canada have gone from $42,000,000 to about $120,000,000, or a total gain of about 350 per cent. This has been accomplished without tariff concessions on either side, in fact in the face of considerable antagonism.

The reasons for American success in the sale of manufactured goods in Canada in competition with other nations favored, as in the case of England, with lower customs duties, are not entirely geographical. Not only are many of the largest Canadian industrial plants of American origin, or even branches of American institutions, but American capital is interested in the success of many others. In a report to his Government the British trade commissioner for Canada says: "The geographical advantage of our American rivals is fully realized, but the lesson pressed home is that they are more aggressive in trade methods, spend more money in selling their goods, are quicker to make any suggested change in patterns, smarter in business methods and in design of goods, and quicker in delivering.

England's trade with Canada is based upon the necessities of the mother country in the matter of food supply and raw materials; hence the increasing Canadian export of the products of the farm and forest. In supplying the needs of Canada, the British manufacturer meets in competition the best equipped of all American industries—those which deal in building supplies of all descriptions, machinery, and railway equipment. English trade in Canada will continue to increase, but any hope on the part of Europe to oust the United States from the lines chosen is doomed to disappointment. Even with free trade within the British Empire, the situation might not change materially, though it might lead to a greater investment of American industrial capital in Canada, a course of events that would in time militate even more strongly against British trade supremacy than does the present situation, for competition would then come from within instead of from without. The development of Canada is the only measure of the future of American trade in Canada in nearly every direction, and the only way in which Canada can share fully in this rising tide of industrial activity is to make a flank attack upon the "friendly enemy" by permitting a freer exchange of commodities than is now allowed, to which the United States stands already committed. This would mean an increase in



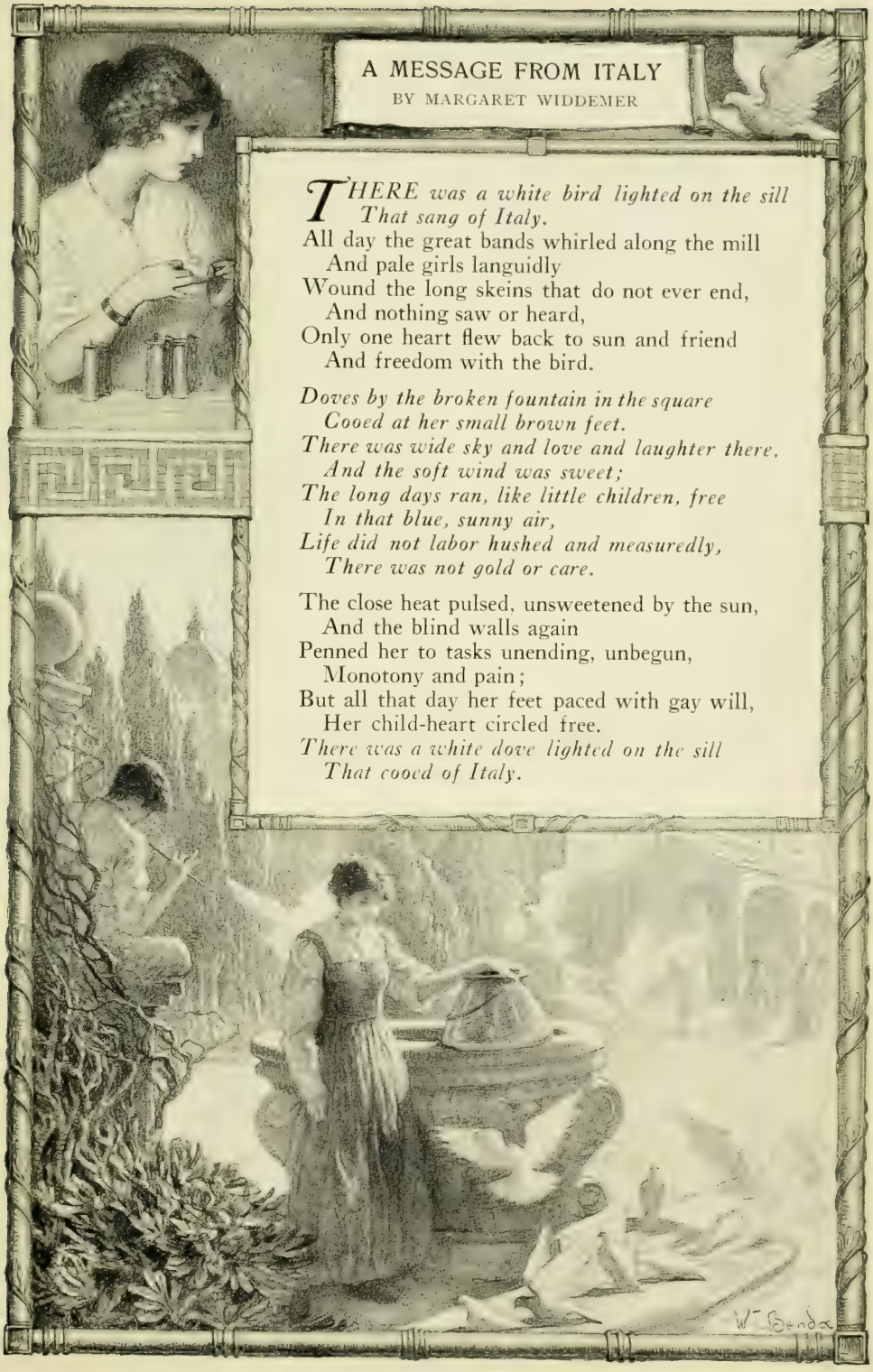
From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

THE ST. LAWRENCE AS SEEN FROM THE CITADEL IN QUEBEC

Canadian production and population such as has never been recorded.

It is not within the scope of this article to treat of other than the material side of Canadian development, and yet such treatment leaves much unsaid that has a direct bearing upon the present and future of this old-new country, which is rapidly coming into its own. Commercial and industrial development have been rapid, and yet there is another Canada including within itself all the activities of human thought. Literature, art, and science are making amazing strides, stimulated by the optimism that pervades the life of this Northern land. Long before preferential tariffs or reciprocity treaties with Canada were seriously discussed by foreign nations as being of real advantage to them, Canada had made her impress upon the life of the world through the genius of her sons and daughters. In fact, the bygone days of calm contentment with things as they were, acceptance of a position in the world's affairs as that merely of a colony of a far-distant country, gave time for introspection and the cultivation of the graces of the mind. In those days were laid the foundations of Canada's great institutions, her schools, her libraries, her universities, and her laboratories. Still further back in history were enacted the heroic deeds of her soldiers and her pioneers, which have yielded to the Canadian people a pride of race all their own, and made easy the adoption at a later date of the so-called new national policy to which the people now pin their faith.

There is no rivalry between the United States and Canada. The interests of the two peoples are identical; the needs of both countries can be filled one by the other. No thought of conquest originates south of the Canadian boundary, and no thought of surrender from within. The resources of Canada, developed to their utmost, are only supplementary to the needs of the people of the whole continent; and to the south lie the great masses of population which are increasing in density at such a rate as to invite the prediction that before many years have elapsed it will require the highest potential energy of both peoples to supply their actual wants. The extension of American trade in Canada cannot be checked by laws or restrictions; the expansion of American markets for Canadian produce will be measured only by the ability to supply.



A MESSAGE FROM ITALY

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THERE was a white bird lighted on the sill
That sang of Italy.
All day the great bands whirled along the mill
And pale girls languidly
Wound the long skeins that do not ever end,
And nothing saw or heard,
Only one heart flew back to sun and friend
And freedom with the bird.

Doves by the broken fountain in the square
Cooed at her small brown feet.
There was wide sky and love and laughter there,
And the soft wind was sweet;
The long days ran, like little children, free
In that blue, sunny air,
Life did not labor hushed and measuredly,
There was not gold or care.

The close heat pulsed, unsweetened by the sun,
And the blind walls again
Penned her to tasks unending, unbegun,
Monotony and pain;
But all that day her feet paced with gay will,
Her child-heart circled free.
There was a white dove lighted on the sill
That cooed of Italy.

Plates in tint, engraved for THE CENTURY by C. W. Chadwick and H. Davidson

DRAWN BY W. T. BENDA

THE IMPRACTICAL MAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "Policeman Flynn," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

"I AM sorry to inform you," said Shackelford, the lawyer, "that you have been to some trouble and expense to secure a bit of worthless paper. This—" and he held up the document he had been examining—"is about as valuable as a copy of a last week's newspaper."

It is possible that Shackelford really regretted the necessity of conveying this unpleasant information to Peter J. Connorton, Cyrus Talbot, and Samuel D. Peyton; but, if so, his looks belied him, for he smiled very much as if he found something gratifying in the situation.

Connorton was the first to recover from the shock.

"Then it 's a swindle!" he declared hotly. "We 'll get that fellow Hartley! He 's a crook! We 'll make him—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Shackelford, quietly, "it 's no swindle. According to your own story, you prepared the paper yourself and paid him for his signature to it."

"We paid him twenty-five thousand dollars for his patent," asserted Connorton.

"But you did n't get the patent," returned Shackelford. "He has assigned to you, for a consideration of twenty-five thousand dollars, all his rights, title, and interest in something or other; but the assignment does n't clearly show what. There are a thousand things that it might be, but nothing that it definitely and positively *is*. Very likely he does n't know this, but very likely somebody will tell him. Anyhow, you 've got to get clear and unquestioned title before you can do anything with the patent without danger of unpleasant consequences."

Deeper gloom settled upon the faces of the three, and especially upon the face of Connorton, who was primarily responsible for their present predicament.

"What would you advise?" asked Connorton at last.

"Well," returned the lawyer, after a moment of thought, "you 'd better find him. As near as I can make out, he had no thought of tricking you."

"Oh, no, I don't believe he had," confessed Connorton. "I spoke hastily when I charged that. He 's too impractical for anything of the sort."

"Much too impractical, I should say," added Talbot, and Peyton nodded approval.

"In that case," pursued the lawyer, "you can still clinch the deal easily and quickly—if you get to him first. I see nothing particularly disturbing in the situation, except the possibility that somebody who *is* practical may get hold of him before you do, or that he may learn in some other way of the value of his invention. Do you know where he is?"

"No," answered Connorton. "That 's the trouble."

"Not so troublesome as it might be," returned the lawyer. "He is not trying to hide, if we are correct in our surmise, and his eccentricities of dress and deportment would attract attention to him anywhere. I have a young man here in the office who will get track of him in no time, if you have nothing better to suggest."

They had nothing better to suggest, so Myron Paulson was called in, given a description of Ira Hartley, together with such information as to his associates and haunts as it was possible to give, and sent in quest of news of him.

"Meanwhile," observed the lawyer, "I 'll prepare something for his signature, when we find him, that will have no loopholes in it."

IRA HARTLEY, as the lawyer had said, was not a hard man to trace. He was tall and slim, wore a flaring bow tie, a wide-brimmed slouch hat, clothes that hung loosely upon his spare frame, and smoked cigarettes in a long reed holder. Add to that some eccentricities of speech and man-

ner, and it will be readily apparent that he was not likely to be forgotten by those he encountered.

Paulson learned in brief time that he had gone to Detroit. No one knew for what purpose, whether he intended to remain there or go elsewhere, or, in fact, anything about it, except the bare fact that he had left for Detroit. Certain of his acquaintances understood that it was in connection with some great and long-cherished plan that was suddenly made financially possible; but they had no idea of the nature of the plan.

Paulson, of course, would follow at once, and Connorton regretfully decided to go with him. Connorton, being large and slow, fond of ease and of good things to eat, disliked to have the routine of his life disturbed; but he blamed himself for their very unpleasant predicament, and, aside from his own financial interest in the affair, he was desirous to do everything possible to protect his associates and secure to them the promised profit. Besides, he knew Hartley, and Paulson did not; so it might easily happen that his presence would be helpful, if not absolutely necessary, when the inventor should be overtaken.

The lawyer prepared the necessary papers, as far as he could with the information at hand; but he was not altogether satisfied. The inventor alone could supply some minor points that he would like to incorporate in them; so he suggested that they bring Hartley back, if possible.

"If you can't do that," he instructed, "get his signature, properly witnessed and acknowledged, to the assignment of patent, and let it go at that. I could clinch it a little tighter if I could have a talk with him, but it is n't really necessary."

"Suppose something should happen to him before we get it?" suggested Connorton.

"You 'd lose the patent," returned the lawyer, calmly. "Title to that still rests in him, and it would naturally go to his heirs if anything should happen to him before it is legally transferred to you."

"Guardian to a lost lunatic!" grumbled Connorton. "A nice job!"

Still grumbling, he left with Paulson for Detroit. He had no idea of acting in any other than an advisory capacity during the search, of course. He was on hand to take charge of the negotiations at the proper time; but until that time should arrive he purposed remaining in some convenient hotel while Paulson did the scouting. Fortunately, owing to the inventor's striking personality, Paulson's task was not difficult.

"Gone to Toronto," was the report he made to Connorton, a few hours after their arrival in Detroit. "Stopped at the Cadillac, but left there yesterday."

"Sure it was Hartley?" queried Connorton.

"No doubt about it," replied Paulson. "Everybody remembers him, for he hired a cab, put the cabby inside, and did the driving himself—said he wanted to see something of the town."

"That was Hartley, all right," Connorton admitted, dislodging himself regretfully from the comfortable lobby chair he was occupying, "and I suppose we 'll have to hustle along after him. I don't see why he has to be so infernally restless, though."

Again, at Toronto, Connorton had reason to complain of Hartley's restlessness. His name was on the register of the King Edward Hotel when they arrived there; but he had lingered no longer than in Detroit, and they were still a day behind him.

"Sure it was our Hartley?" asked Connorton.

"No doubt about it," Paulson replied. "He showed up here with a dunnage bag instead of a trunk, and they took him for an immigrant and were going to throw him out."

"Must be our man," agreed Connorton. "That 's just the kind of fool thing he 'd do."

"Made some trouble at the bar," added Paulson, "by insisting that they should put the seltzer and lemon-peel in his highball glass first and add the whisky afterward—said it improved the flavor to have a highball made that way."

"That 's Hartley," asserted Connorton, positively. "Where did he go from here?"

"North Bay."

"Where 's that?"

"About two hundred and fifty miles due north."

Connorton became suddenly perturbed, not to say excited. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "he 's heading for the wilderness!"

Connorton was sufficiently troubled now to forget temporarily his love of ease. He could imagine nothing that would take Hartley to that region except some crazy hunting or mining scheme, both of which had elements of danger. Wherefore they must follow quickly, no matter how unpleasant the outlook.

But Hartley was not at North Bay, and had not stopped there. That was easily settled, for it was not so large a place that a man of his personality could possibly escape observation.

"More uncertain than a flea!" grumbled Connorton. "Probably dropped off somewhere down the line."

"Or went on up the line," suggested Paulson. "Perhaps the ticket-man will know."

The ticket-man did. They would have saved time if they had asked him in the first place instead of making their inquiries at the hotel.

"Sure I saw that sombrero-covered toothpick," said the ticket-man. "He asked me if this was the open season for Indians and moose."

"That 's Hartley," sighed Connorton. "He 's as likely to shoot one as the other. What did he do then?"

"Bought a mackinaw that would dazzle your eyes and a ticket to Temagami and went on with the train—said the Indians were too tame for real sport here. I could n't see what he wanted of a mackinaw in summer, but he said he liked the color scheme."

"What 's Temagami?" asked Connorton.

"Temagami Forest Reserve."

"I knew it," groaned Connorton. "Headed for the wilderness!"

IRA HARTLEY lay stretched in front of a camp-fire on the shore of Lake Wausauksinagami. It had been necessary to cover two portages and three lakes to reach this spot; but it certainly gave him the seclusion that he sought. No human habitation marred the shore-line of the lake, although another camp-fire, seen faintly between two of the many islands, showed that he was not in sole possession. The other camp, however, was several miles away, so he was quite alone, except for Joe Lightfoot, his Indian guide; and supreme content was reflected in face and pose.

True, he had not caught many fish, owing to his own inexpertness with rod and line rather than to any lack of fish to be caught; but this was a matter of indifference to him. He had promised himself this outing long before. He had no particular reason for wanting it, except that he had heard so much of the joys of life in the open that he had resolved to try it as soon as opportunity offered; but that was enough for one of his whimsically impulsive nature, and an increasing desire to try it had influenced him to some extent in closing with Connorton in the matter of his invention. He liked to be alone; and surely one could ask for nothing better in such circumstances than an Indian guide who spoke tersely when he spoke at all.

The Indian, having cleaned up after supper, squatted with his pipe a little distance from the fire. Back of him was the shelter-tent under which Hartley slept, and back of that lay the forest. On the other side of the fire, the lake shimmered in the moonlight and the water rippled soothingly on the shore. So restfully beautiful was the scene that it affected the spirits of both white man and red, and they smoked in silence for some time.

"Joe," remarked Hartley at last, "this fosters a tranquillity that makes me think I 'd like to live here all the time. I 've never seen or felt anything just like it."

A part of this comment was beyond Joe, but he caught the main idea. "Spoil quick," he suggested.

"Yes, that 's true, too," admitted Hartley. "The white man certainly does spoil nature wherever he settles. I suppose I 'd build a cabin first, which would n't be so bad; then I 'd think I had to have a bungalow, which would be crowding things a little; next I 'd want a two-story house and a steam-launch, and after that I 'd put in a telephone and move back to the city. Yes, you 're right, Joe: no white man could settle here without spoiling it. But it just suits my humor now. If anybody comes to disturb us, Joe, do me the favor of throwing him into the lake."

Joe, being a man of few words, merely grinned, but a moment later he held up his hand for silence.

"Canoe coming," he announced.

"Nonsense!" returned Hartley, after vainly trying to catch some sound other than that of the rippling water and the rustling leaves.

"Canoe coming," repeated Joe, positively.

A few minutes later even Hartley's ears caught the swish of a paddle; and far out on the lake a black spot could be seen in the silvery path of the moonlight on the water.

"You 're right, Joe, as usual," he conceded; "but," he added whimsically, "don't forget your duty—into the water he goes! I will not be disturbed!"

In brief time a canoe, containing three men and a larger stock of supplies than Connorton had thought it possible to get into so small a space, shot plainly into view. Connorton himself, anxious and uncomfortable, occupied a position on some boxes and bags amidships; Paulson was in the bow, and the guide, Jim Redfeather, was in the stern.

A shelving rock, which ended abruptly in deep water a few feet from shore, offered the best landing-place for a heavily laden canoe, and the Indian brought it alongside that point.

Hartley sauntered wearily down to meet his unexpected and unwelcome guests.

"My goodness, Hartley!" exclaimed Connorton, the moment he saw the inventor, "I 'm glad we 've found you at last! We 've had a devil of a time doing it."

"If it was so difficult," murmured Hartley, "why did n't you give it up?"

"Too important," replied Connorton. "Help me out, and I 'll tell you about it. I 'm pretty near done up."

With some difficulty, the large man was transferred from the canoe to the rock, and, to one who knew him in the city, he was certainly an extraordinary spectacle. He was dirty, disheveled, and badly sunburned, having acquired dirt on the portages and blisters on the water. Moreover, the khaki suit that he wore was too small, the derby hat seemed sadly out of place, and his position in the canoe had so cramped him that he walked like a cripple.

"Had to sleep under the stars last night," he complained, after introducing Paulson. "Thought we 'd locate you the first day, but you 'd gone farther than we expected. Never had such an experience! But that fire looks good to me," he added. "Let 's get next to it and come down to business."

Hartley laid a detaining hand on his arm. "I 'm not in the humor for business to-night," he objected. "Let us look out over the moonlit lake—"

"Damn the lake!" exploded Connorton. "I 've had enough of it. Let 's get down to business. It will take but a few minutes to explain—"

"To-morrow," insisted Hartley. "I may be in the humor for business to-morrow; but to-night I must insist—"

Now, whether Joe had taken Hartley's whimsical instructions to "throw him into the lake" seriously or not never will be known, for the Indian is not loquacious; but it is a fact that, assisting in unloading the canoe, he bumped into Connorton at this moment, and Connorton, being close to the outer edge of the shelving rock, went backward into the water with a loud splash.

He came up spluttering and floundering like an animated bag of meal, and Hartley and Paulson quickly pulled him back on the rock. Then they rushed him to the fire.

"Got a change of clothing, Mr. Connorton?" asked Hartley, solicitously.

"Change of clothing!" sputtered Connorton. "Change of clothing *here!* Why don't you ask me if I 've got a dress suit?"

"Too bad!" commented Hartley. "I have n't anything extra either, and it would n't fit you if I had. But you 'll be all right in a blanket, I guess. Just get those wet clothes off now."

Connorton objected. His undraped figure was something to cause laughter rather than command respect, and he had no desire to make any more of a spectacle of himself than he was already. But Hartley was insistent, Paulson urged, and the combination of wet clothing and chill night air made him shiver. So he presently found himself posing under protest as a large and rather flabby cherub.

It was not dignified. Even when Hartley draped a blanket over him, it was not dignified. He was quite sure the apparently stolid Indians were chuckling inwardly, and he distinctly heard Joe refer to him as Big Splash. If he had only

known it, Joe had thus christened him and always thereafter thus referred to him. He did not know it, but, even so, it would have delighted his soul to take an ax to Joe. Never before had he had so murderous an impulse.

There could now be no serious discussion of business before morning, of course. A large, fleshy man, attired in nothing but a blanket, is not exactly in a situation to talk business to advantage. He is too much of a joke. Hartley frankly treated him as a joke, although Paulson was respectful and sympathetic.

"I am sure," said Hartley, "that you will feel better to-morrow for your bath to-night. Just stick your little pink tootsies up to the fire—"

"Shut up!" exploded Connorton.

"Oh, that 's no way to talk to your host," complained Hartley. "It has a tendency to make a man peevish; and you don't want me to be peevish, do you?"

Connorton did not; and he realized that it would be the part of wisdom to hold his temper in check. "I beg your pardon, Hartley," he said. "It 's not your fault, of course, but I 've endured such unspeakable horrors during the last few days that my nerves are all on edge."

"That 's better," commended Hartley. "You shall have a nice highball for that; and then we 'll tuck you in your little bed and sing you to sleep."

Big Splash, as Joe called him, was awakened in the morning by the sound of a big splash, and he shuddered. It made him think of the great splash of the night before. Looking out from under the canvas, however, he discovered that this splash was made by Hartley, who was enjoying an early swim.

Connorton's clothes, still damp, hung from the branch of a tree near at hand, but he did not wait to put them on. He recalled the fact that he had a very deep and special interest in the life of Hartley, and Hartley was recklessly splashing about beyond the end of the shelving rock, where the water was deep. Wherefore, wrapping his blanket about him, Connorton hurried down to the rock and pleaded with the inventor to come out.

"What for?" asked Hartley.

"You might drown," replied Connorton. "I can't swim, so I could n't help you."

"Bosh!" returned Hartley. "This is fine! Better come in yourself and get freshened up for the day."

But Connorton would not, and neither would he abandon his station on the rock, even to dress, until Hartley came out. He could at least summon the guides to the rescue if the foolhardy man should be in danger. So he stood there, looking more like a distressed Indian squaw than a white man, until Hartley left the water.

"He needs me," reflected Hartley; "he needs me very, very much! Else why this anxiety for my safety? And," he added whimsically, "I can see much sport ahead, whatever his purpose may be."

Connorton did not lose much time in throwing light—at least some light—upon this purpose.

"I want you to go back with me at once—to-day," he said, when they were at breakfast.

"Oh, you want me to go back with you," repeated Hartley. "Why?"

"Well, there 's a little something wrong with the assignment of patent," explained Connorton, "and I want to get it fixed up."

"Could n't that wait until I returned?" asked Hartley.

"Why, yes, it could," admitted Connorton, "but there was a risk. If anything happened to you, you know, it might be serious."

"Yes," agreed Hartley, "it would be serious."

"To us, I mean," explained Connorton.

"Oh, to you!" commented Hartley. "Why not to me?"

"Why, it would naturally be serious to you, of course," returned Connorton; "but that 's your own lookout."

"True, quite true," rejoined Hartley. "But this is business, you know," he added, "and I never discuss business in the morning. It makes me nervous."

"Oh, thunder!" expostulated Connorton.

"Really quite nervous, I assure you," insisted Hartley. "I 'm hardly responsible for what I do when I 'm annoyed that way."

"Now, look here," urged Connorton in desperation, "I want to go back now—just as soon as we can get ready—and

I 'll give you five hundred to go with me."

"But this is morning," objected Hartley, "and I never discuss business in the morning."

"A thousand," added Connorton.

"Makes me nervous—quite irresponsible," murmured Hartley, rising.

Very deliberately he walked down to the shelving rock, across it, and stepped, clothes and all, into ten feet of water.

"Help! Help!" screamed Connorton, rushing to the rock. "Save him!"

The two guides and Paulson came down and tried to pull the inventor out, but he objected.

"Take him away!" he gurgled, as his head bobbed up out of the water and almost immediately disappeared again.

"Save him! Save him!" cried Connorton, frantically jumping up and down on the rock.

"Big Splash make crazy man!" commented Joe.

"Better this than him!" gurgled Hartley, again coming up. "Take him away!"

Joe unemotionally prodded Connorton in the stomach, whereupon that gentleman grunted, doubled over, and backed away. Joe prodded him again and again, thus driving him back to the tent. Then Hartley permitted himself to be pulled out of the water; but it was some time before he would let Connorton come near him.

"You see what you 've done!" he said reproachfully, when he finally did consent to resume intercourse with his visitor. "I warned you, too. Now we can't talk business before to-morrow."

"Oh, come!" expostulated Connorton.

"Not until to-morrow," insisted Hartley. "You 've got me all upset for to-day."

Connorton hesitated; but he was desperate now, so at last he drew from his pocket the assignment of patent, somewhat blurred by contact with the water. Even if the notarial seal were lacking, it would make things a little safer if he could get that signed.

"Just put your name to that," he urged, "and I won't say another word about business until to-morrow."

Hartley's only reply was to start again for the lake.

"Come back! Come back!" cried Connorton. "I won't mention business again to-day."

Hartley returned and stretched himself out in the sun to let his clothes dry.

"We 'll stay in camp to-day?" suggested Connorton, hopefully.

"Would n't do at all!" replied Hartley. "We must fish, if only as an excuse for coming."

Pursuant to this idea, Hartley presently set out with Joe. Connorton, after a little hesitation, followed with the other guide, leaving Paulson in camp. Connorton felt that he could not rest easy unless he had this reckless man directly under his observation all the time; and the reckless man was not unmindful of this espionage.

"Joe," said the reckless man, when he saw that Connorton was following, "we won't do much fishing to-day, but we 'll have some sport, just the same. The fish are here all the time, but Connorton is n't. And Connorton, Joe, is afraid something is going to happen to me. That being the case, let us enjoy ourselves! Let us lead him afar on land and sea, and tramp him over portages, and make him miss his dinner, and give him a real good time generally. Of course, Joe, it is downright cruel to make a man like Connorton miss a meal, but let us be downright cruel! Proceed, Joe!"

Joe proceeded, and that he acted up to his instructions was proved by the many and bitter things that Connorton said about "that crazy inventor" in the course of the day—the hardest day of his life, he afterward asserted.

But Hartley was not satisfied. "I think, Joe," he complained, as they were returning to camp in the late afternoon, "that this is beginning to pall a little on Big Splash. Too much work and too little excitement. He needs a thrill, Joe, to revive his interest in the proceedings. Let us give him the thrill. Let us alarm him. Let us make him think that he is going to lose little Willie, the human prize! I have several thrills in mind, Joe, but let us begin mildly. Will you oblige me by rocking the boat, so to speak. Not too much, you know, for I have no wish to go into the drink again, and that 's what would probably happen if I tried to do it myself."

Joe replied with a grunt, as usual; but presently the canoe began to take a most erratic course and to betray alarming

symptoms of crankiness. The Indian seemed to be doing his utmost to steady it, and several times prevented an upset by throwing his weight in just the right direction; but the more he strove the worse it rocked.

Connorton was frantic. He lost his head completely as he saw the apparent danger of Hartley, and screamed and shouted and swore as his own guide paddled up, to be on hand in case they capsized.

"Make him go splash once more?" suggested Joe, as the other canoe came near.

"No," returned Hartley, magnanimously. "He has had his bath, and we will not be so cruel as to insist upon another just now."

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" screamed Connorton. He had already suffered so much that he felt that he could watch Hartley drown with actual joy; but he could not lose half a million dollars in that spirit.

"Yes, stop it, Joe," instructed Hartley. "It is time to give him another diversion. Don't you suppose we could get lost, Joe? He is a rather stout person, and he impresses me as a man who needs exercise. I think he rides in an automobile too much when at home. A nice, long walk through the forest, where it is not too easy going, would do him a world of good; and it might take his mind off business matters if we happened to get lost. Try it, Joe. He 'll follow, for he 's fearful that something may happen to little Willie."

The Indian made for a portage, and, arriving there, left the canoe on the shore and plunged into the forest.

Connorton and his guide followed, of course. Connorton had great difficulty in following, for a stout man with flabby muscles is at a disadvantage in the forest; but he followed. A man will follow half a million dollars a long, long way and over all sorts of obstructions. And there was plenty to tax temper, muscle, and wind. Joe saw to that. Joe was glad to see to it; he would willingly have seen to it without pay, and might even have paid for the privilege of seeing to it, if that were necessary.

"Better get lost now, Joe," Hartley finally suggested.

Joe immediately began to show signs of bewilderment. He stopped and looked about him anxiously. He started in one direction, retraced his steps, and tried another. He came back a second time and made another new start.

Connorton's guide, Jim, interpreted this correctly without half trying. He knew that Joe was not lost, that he could not possibly be lost in that locality, but that he was going through all the motions of being lost. There was, therefore, some reason for it. Jim may or may not have guessed the reason, but he played up to Joe's lead.

"What 's the matter?" asked Connorton, anxiously, as he noticed these strange actions.

"Him lost," replied Jim.

"Lost!" exclaimed Connorton. "A guide lost! Well, that 's a good joke! How about you?"

"Me lost too," replied the Indian, imperturbably. "Sit down and let Joe find way out." And he seated himself placidly on a log.

"You lost, too!" cried Connorton in consternation. "Good Lord! Lost in an impenetrable forest, with two fool Indians and a crazy man! Oh, if I ever get out of here alive there is n't money enough in the world to bring me back! Here!" he thundered at the placid Jim, "what you loafing there for? Get up and help Joe find a way out! Hustle, too! I 'll bet we starve to death," he added gloomily to himself. "I 'm starving already."

Late that evening two stolid Indian guides and two very weary white men got back to the camp, where Paulson was anxiously waiting for them. One of the white men, although weary, seemed to be quite happy, even going so far as to release an occasional chuckle. The other was exhausted almost to the point of collapse, and nothing but groans were heard from him.

"Do you know, Connorton," remarked the first white man, as they left their respective canoes and walked slowly toward the camp-fire, "I don't believe you think any more of money than I do of my life —really, I don't."

Connorton had not the spirit to reply.

SUPPER, although lacking the viands that would have appealed to Connorton in more favorable circumstances, tasted un-

usually good to him that evening; and he was disposed to give thanks that he was still alive rather than complain of what he had suffered. But he had acquired a great fear of Hartley's impulsive vagaries.

"May I speak briefly of business?" he asked, as they sat by the fire.

"To-morrow," returned Hartley.

"If you would permit me," urged Connorton, "I think I could make the matter clear to you in a very few minutes."

"It is really quite important, Mr. Hartley," put in Paulson, "and I would suggest that you let Mr. Connorton explain."

The inventor frowned, and looked down at the shelving rock.

"No, no," expostulated Connorton, hastily; "don't do that again, Hartley! Keep away from the lake! I won't say a word without your permission."

"Oh, very well," agreed Hartley. "I 've been pretty badly upset to-day. You have annoyed me persistently—ruffled my artistic temperament. Indeed, I have been strongly tempted, Mr. Connorton, to let Joe take you out and drown you, as he wished to do. Joe does n't like to be disturbed any more than I do; and it is so easy for a man to be accidentally drowned up here, especially a man who can't swim."

Connorton's eyes reflected a sudden great fear, and his face became white.

"However," pursued Hartley, calmly, "you don't know any better, so I shall try to forgive you. I shall even permit you to speak briefly—very briefly—of business, for we might as well get that out of the way, I suppose. But don't let Joe hear you."

Connorton assured himself that Joe was beyond earshot, and then produced the assignment of patent. "It 's a trifle," he explained, "a mere formality."

"Ah, yes," returned Hartley; "you followed me into the wilderness for a trifle."

"Well, it 's rather important, of course," admitted Connorton.

"An important trifle!" commented Hartley, whereat Connorton became somewhat flustered.

"If you will permit me," put in Paulson, coming to his principal's relief, "I think I can make the whole thing clear in a few words."

"Go ahead!" said Hartley; "but be careful. Joe has his eye on you, too."

Paulson was not so disturbed as Connorton had been; but his smile was not that of a man who was wholly at his ease.

"The assignment that you gave Mr. Connorton," he explained, "is not valid; that is, it does not clearly and certainly transfer the rights that both you and he thought it did. Now, all he wants is to have those rights definitely and surely transferred to him, and he has brought along a paper for you to sign that will make the purpose clear. It should be acknowledged before a notary, but it will put the matter in a little better shape if you sign it anyhow. Then we can have an entirely new assignment properly executed when we get back."

"That 's the whole story, is it?" queried Hartley, reaching for the paper.

"Yes."

"It merely clinches a sale already made," urged Paulson.

Hartley took a fountain-pen from his pocket, uncapped it, shook it to get it flowing freely, and then laid it down.

"Is n't that moonlight beautiful?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," returned Connorton, impatiently, "it 's fine, very fine, indeed." He waited then for Hartley's wandering attention to return to the pen and paper; but Hartley continued to gaze dreamily over the lake until Connorton, in desperation, finally reminded him that they were neglecting the business in hand.

"Of course," admitted Hartley. "Business and moonlight don't mix, and the moonlight effect, Connorton, is never twice alike. I suppose you never noticed that, but it 's so. A moonlight effect once gone is lost forever, whereas it 's my experience that you can't lose business at all. It is for us, therefore, to make the most of moonlight."

"Look here!" exclaimed the exasperated Connorton. "Cut out this foolishness, and I 'll make the bonus two thousand."

"Foolishness?" repeated Hartley.

"Yes, foolishness," insisted Connorton.

"How absurd and unreasonable you are!" complained Hartley. "Why, you 're the one that 's foolish—bringing business up here into the woods where a man ought never even to think of it. I 'm strictly in harmony with the surroundings—dreamy, impractical, erratic—but you are

not. You 're a prosaic mortal, Connorton, and you 're very, very foolish to be here."

Connorton was surprised and troubled.

"However," resumed Hartley, again picking up the pen, "I believe you said two thousand."

"I did," returned Connorton, encouraged. "I 'll add two thousand to what I 've already paid you for your patent if you 'll sign that paper now, and go back with me to-morrow and put the whole matter in legal and binding shape."

"Two thousand!" mused Hartley, idly toying with the pen. "That 's a good deal of money, Connorton."

"It is," agreed Connorton, hopeful but anxious.

"It is so much," said Hartley, capping the pen and putting it away, "that I don't believe I 'll sign."

"What!" cried Connorton, in dismay.

"Let 's enjoy the moonlight!" suggested Hartley.

"But—but—"

"If you exasperate me, Connorton," threatened Hartley, "I shall do something desperate!"

Connorton, discouraged, decided to let him alone until morning, when he would make one last attempt to induce him to listen to reason. He turned in with that idea in mind, dreamed of it, and had it still in mind when he was roughly awakened at daylight.

"Get up!" ordered Hartley. "We 'll be starting in half an hour."

"Starting!" exclaimed Connorton. "Where to?"

"Temagami—Toronto—home. Hustle, now!"

Connorton found the situation extremely bewildering. So did Paulson. They had understood Hartley to have rejected emphatically their proposition the night before; and now that incomprehensible person was doing precisely what they most wanted him to do.

For some time neither dared ask any questions, lest the least suggestion of surprise should lead him to change his mind: but curiosity finally overcame Connorton's caution.

"What 's the reason for this?" he queried.

"For what?" returned Hartley.

"This change of plan."

"There 's been no change of plan," asserted Hartley. "I refused to sign the paper you showed me, but I did n't say I would n't go back with you. Might as well go back as to have you bothering around up here anyway. You 're too great a responsibility, Connorton; I feel that I must get you out of Joe's reach. Any other proposition to make this morning?"

"No-o," replied Connorton, doubtfully, "I think not."

"Oh, very well," acquiesced Hartley, cheerfully. "I guess I 'll let you go with Joe to-day."

"No, no, no!" objected Connorton, in alarm; "I won't go with that bloodthirsty savage."

"Oh, he won't hurt you," urged Hartley, reassuringly; "I 've told him he must n't."

"I won't go with him," insisted Connorton. "He tried to murder me the first night I was here."

"Oh, very well," agreed Hartley, resignedly. "I 'll take Joe's canoe and paddle you myself."

Let me draw a veil over the return trip to Temagami Inn, lifting the edge of it slightly to give a general idea of what happened.

Connorton, with many misgivings, set out in Joe's canoe with Hartley, simply because he was afraid to raise a second objection to any arrangement that whimsical gentleman might make.

Hartley knew no more about managing a canoe than he did about managing an aëroplane, and the best that he could do was to propel it in erratic circles, occasionally placing himself, his freight, and his passenger in jeopardy when he shifted his paddle from one side to the other. Connorton was helpless because he was compelled to assume a reclining position on top of the camp equipment, and he was angered because the Indians so far departed from their usual imperturbability as to respond to his screams for help with grins and grunts that plainly indicated amusement. Afraid to sit up, and expecting every minute to be rolled into the water, he could only plead with Hartley to return to shore, which Hartley was quite unable to do, and with the Indians to come and get them, which the Indians finally did.

A fresh start was then made, Paulson being put in the canoe with Joe, and Hartley and Connorton going with Jim, the other guide. Paulson was not altogether pleased with this arrangement; but he presently discovered that he was far better off than Connorton. For Hartley developed the most astonishing vagaries and a clumsiness that was equal to that of a bear cub. Three times during that memorable trip he tipped Connorton into the water. That he also went in did not help matters in any particular, so far as Connorton was concerned, for that close-figuring business man had but slightly less interest in the inventor's life than he had in his own.

Moreover, on the portages Hartley loaded Connorton up with pots and pans until he resembled an itinerant tinsmith, and on one occasion he tripped him up—quite accidentally, of course—at the highest point of the divide between two lakes, and then added insult to injury by apologizing profusely as he jangled down the incline. He wandered away at noon, when they stopped for lunch, and it was only after an hour's search that he was found in deep thought in a deep thicket. He was devising a harness, he said, that would enable a man to carry a larger camp equipment than was now possible; and he insisted upon harnessing Connorton up with a rope by way of experiment.

But Temagami Inn was reached at last. Connorton never was so utterly weary in his life. The physical strain of that day had been considerable, but the mental strain had been far greater. He had several times thought his chance of life slim and his chance for that half-million even slimmer. But Temagami Inn revived his hopes. Much of the camp impedimenta with which they had set out had been lost during the thrilling adventures of that day, but their "civilized clothes," as Hartley designated them, had been left at Temagami Inn. So Connorton, feeling properly dressed once more, regained much of his confidence and composure.

Hartley, too, was more quiescent now. In fact, he seemed rather depressed by the return to conventional surroundings, and answered only in monosyllables when any one spoke to him. Just before retiring, however, he drew Connorton to one side.

"Any new proposition to make this evening, Connorton?" he asked.

"No-o, I think not," replied Connorton, feeling that the game was more nearly in his own hands now than at any time since he had set forth in pursuit of the inventor.

"Oh, very well," returned Hartley, who then went immediately to his room.

Connorton was a bit uneasy, fearing that some new vagary might send Hartley away in the night; but he joined them at breakfast in the morning. Moreover, he still seemed unaccountably depressed and spiritless. He was as tractable now as he had been intractable before, acquiescing indifferently in all suggestions made. On the steamer he sat gloomily apart from the others; at Temagami Station he let Paulson make all the arrangements.

"Tamed at last," reflected Connorton; "but he 'll bear watching, just the same."

Still, only twice on the way to Toronto did he occasion his companions any uneasiness. Once was at North Bay, where he betrayed a desire to take the through train west—said he would rather like to see what Winnipeg, Calgary, and Vancouver looked like. However, Connorton and Paulson, each clinging affectionately to an arm, managed to get him back into the car.

The other time was when, just as they were leaving a station, they suddenly discovered that he was missing. Connorton was for pulling the bell-cord and stopping the train; but Paulson feared that might get them into trouble and advised an appeal to the conductor first.

"That elongated bottle of gloom!" exclaimed the conductor. "Why, he swung upon the engine just as we were leaving the last station. I 'm thinking of having him arrested at the next stop."

That would not do, of course. They did not want him on the engine, which they regarded as a dangerous place, but neither did they want him arrested. Connorton squared it with the conductor, explaining that the man was slightly demented, and promising to get him back in the coach and tie him down at the first opportunity. Then, at the next stop, he argued and pleaded with Hartley, but only when the conductor and engineer both ordered him back into the coach did that erratic gentleman consent to return to it.



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"A MAN WILL FOLLOW HALF A MILLION DOLLARS A LONG, LONG WAY, AND OVER ALL SORTS OF OBSTRUCTIONS"

He was resenttul then, said everybody was in a conspiracy to make his life miserable, and it was some time before he would even speak to Connorton. But he caused them no further trouble during the trip.

At Toronto, however, he began again to take some interest in life and insisted upon staying there a day, saying that he could n't stand so much continuous traveling. On their first morning there, he again asked Connorton whether he had any new proposition to make.

"No-o, I think not," replied Connorton; "but, as you have brought up the subject, I would suggest that we might go ahead along the line already proposed. We can get a notary here, and if you will execute the assignment of patent, just as a precaution—"

Hartley, saying nothing, got up and in a very businesslike way walked out of the lobby, where this conversation had taken place.

"Follow him!" urged Connorton, turning to Paulson. "You 're more active than I am. Follow the fool, and see what he does."

Paulson followed, and Connorton spent an unhappy two hours awaiting his return. The vagaries of the inventor, apparently, were again dominating his actions, and no one could tell what crazy thing he might do.

He was the more troubled when Paulson returned alone. His report was at first mystifying, then startling, and finally perplexing.

"He hunted up a cooper and bought a barrel," said Paulson.

"A barrel!" repeated Connorton.

"A large barrel," asserted Paulson.

"Crazy as a loon!" declared Connorton.

"I should think so!" returned Paulson. "He ordered the barrel shipped to Niagara Falls."

Connorton, large and lethargic as he was, almost jumped out of his chair.

"Head him off! Head him off!" he cried. "Stop him! He 's going over the falls in a barrel. I knew he 'd be up to some crazy thing."

"Oh, he 's safe enough just now," said Paulson.

"Where?" asked Connorton.

"At police headquarters."

Connorton breathed more freely.

"He talked so wildly about what he was going to do," pursued Paulson, "that the cooper notified the police."

"Good thing!" commented Connorton.

"He 's to be examined as to his sanity," added Paulson.

"He ought to be," asserted Connorton.

"But if he is pronounced insane," said Paulson, significantly, "he can't transfer any property rights."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Connorton, again almost jumping out of his chair; "we 've got to get him out, have n't we?"

"We have," replied Paulson.

"And if we get him out," complained Connorton, dismally, "he 'll go over the falls in a barrel."

Connorton and Paulson had no difficulty in securing permission to talk with Hartley, and they approached with considerable confidence the cell in which he was detained. It had occurred to them, upon reflection, that they were now in a most advantageous position in the matter of their business relations with the inventor. He was friendless in a strange city. He was believed to be of unsound mind, and his actions had been erratic enough to give color to that belief. He could hardly hope to secure his release without their help, and, if so, they could impose their own terms before extending that help.

To their surprise, they found him quite cheerful and apparently indifferent or blind to the seriousness of his predicament.

"Hullo, Connorton!" he cried, when he saw them approaching. "Any other proposition to make now?"

"Why, no, certainly not," replied Connorton. "We came to see about you."

"Awfully good of you," laughed Hartley. "How you do love me, Connorton!"

Connorton's face reddened, but he ignored the thrust. "You 've got yourself in a nice fix, Hartley," he remarked.

"Oh, it 's of no consequence," returned Hartley.

"Of no consequence!" exclaimed Connorton.

"Not to me," asserted Hartley. "It may be to you, of course."

The impractical man appeared to be



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"HE COULD ONLY PLEAD WITH HARTLEY TO RETURN TO SHORE"



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"APOLOGIZING PROFUSELY AS HE JANGLED DOWN THE INCLINE"

able to take a very practical view of some matters, and Connorton was the more perturbed and uneasy in consequence.

"They say you 're crazy," suggested Connorton.

"And I guess they can prove it, too," rejoined Hartley, cheerfully. "You 've said the same thing yourself, and I know you would n't lie about a mere trifle like that. Then the conductor, the engineer, and the fireman of the train we came down on will swear to it, and so will the bartender I had words with over my high-ball on the up trip, not to mention the cooper, the hotel clerk, a few bell-boys, and the policeman who arrested me. Yes,

I guess I 'm crazy, Connorton. Too bad, is n't it?"

"It 's likely to be bad for you," said Connorton.

"Oh, no," returned Hartley, easily. "I 'm not violent, you know, just mentally defective; unable to transact business, as you might say. They 'll find that out and let me go; but there will be the taint, the suspicion, the doubt. Very likely a conservator will be appointed when I get back home—some shrewd, sharp fellow, with a practical mind."

Such a very impractical man was the inventor, and so very troublesome in his impracticality! Connorton could only begin at the beginning again, and go slow.

"Suppose we get you out," he ventured, "what would you be willing to do?"

"What would *you* be willing to do?" retorted Hartley.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Connorton.

"I 'm sure I don't know," replied Hartley, with an air of the utmost frankness. "I seldom mean anything, of course, and it is such a lot of trouble to find out what I do mean when I mean anything that I usually give it up. But you are so deeply interested in me—so much more interested in me than I am in myself—that I thought you might want to keep me sane; that you might not like to feel that you had driven me crazy."

Paulson was about to interrupt, but Connorton motioned to him to be silent. Connorton was in the habit of handling his own business matters, and he wanted his lawyer to speak only when a legal proposition was put directly up to him. It may be admitted that he was sorely perplexed now; but he found nothing in the inventor's face but a bland smile, and he did not think Paulson could help him to interpret that.

"Hartley," he said at last, "I 'll get you out of here and add five thousand to what you 've already had the moment that patent is properly transferred to me."

"Connorton," returned the inventor, "I believe I 'm crazy. When I think of the events of the last few days—of your more than brotherly interest in me, which I have pleasurably exploited during our delightful association—I believe I am crazy enough to say, Come again!"

Connorton drew a long breath and conceded another point. "Hartley," he proposed, "you may keep the money I have already given you—"

"Thank you," said Hartley; "I shall."

"—and you may also have a quarter interest in the patent," concluded Connorton.

"It 's all mine now," suggested Hartley.

"If so," argued Connorton, who well knew that much of the money had been spent, "you owe me twenty-five thousand dollars."

"If so," returned Hartley, the impractical man, "I infer from your anxiety and extraordinary generosity that I can sell it for enough to pay you and make a little margin for myself. Besides, you can't collect from a crazy man, Connorton; and I 'm getting crazier every minute. Business always goes to my head, Connorton. You must have noticed that up in the woods. I 'm really becoming alarmed about myself. But perhaps you 'd rather do business with a conservator, Connorton."

"A half interest," urged Connorton, desperately, as he mentally reviewed the weakness of his own position in view of the unsuspected perspicacity of the inventor. "Consider that I have paid you twenty-five thousand dollars for a half interest, and the other half is yours. I 'll defray whatever expense is incurred in marketing the invention, too."

Hartley reflected, seeming in doubt. "Connorton," he said at last, "I think I am still getting the worst of it somewhere, but an impractical fellow like me deserves to get the worst of it. Go ahead! Have that agreement put in legal form, and then you may get me out while there is yet time to save my reason."

Connorton had finished his appeal for the release of Hartley.

"Of course," he was told, "if you and Mr. Paulson will assume the responsibility, and will immediately take him away, we shall be glad to let you have him; but he is undoubtedly demented."

"Demented!" snorted Connorton. "Say! you try to do business with him, and you 'll think he 's the sanest man that ever lived!"



THE MARVELOUS MUNCHAUSEN

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WITH PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE snug little room with its brazier fire aglow,
And Piet and Sachs and Vroom—all in the long ago,—
Oh, the very long ago!—o'er their pipes and hollands seen;
And on the wall the man-o'-war, and firelight on the screen!

Their flowered, bulging waistcoats that wrinkle when they chuckle;
The baron, much-mustachioed, and gay with star and buckle,
And bristling in a uniform as scarlet as his cheeks,
With choker lace beneath his chin, and splendid, yellow breeks!

The smoke drifts blue, and bluer through that window, all abreeze,
Are glinting sky and glistening sea beyond the Holland quays.
Blue tiles, red bricks, the bustling wharves, with color's oriflamme;
Starched caps and rosy-posy cheeks—the girls of Amsterdam!

The snug little room with its brazier fire aglow!
Oh, listen, will he tell them, as he told them long ago,—
Oh, very long ago, a-laughing in his sleeve!—
The marvelous Munchausen, with the fables *I* believe?

. . . . . .



"When I had sown the Turkey beans that
reachéd to the moon,
And lifted all Westminster in the sling
from my balloon
(Swung over the Atlantic,
They peered from windows, frantic),
When, eagle-back, I 'd scanned the pole in
broad, eternal noon,

"In Queen Mab's chariot I ventured on the
sea.
'T was like a mammoth hazelnut, with
matchless orrery
A-sparkle on its ceiling,
With planet systems wheeling
And giddy comets sizzling all about the
head o' me.

"The nine bulls drew it, as stout as those of
Crete,
And all were shod with horrid skulls that
clattered on their feet.
Rich banners waved behind 'em,
While on their backs, to mind 'em,
Postilion crickets chirruped them, all
chirping loud and sweet.

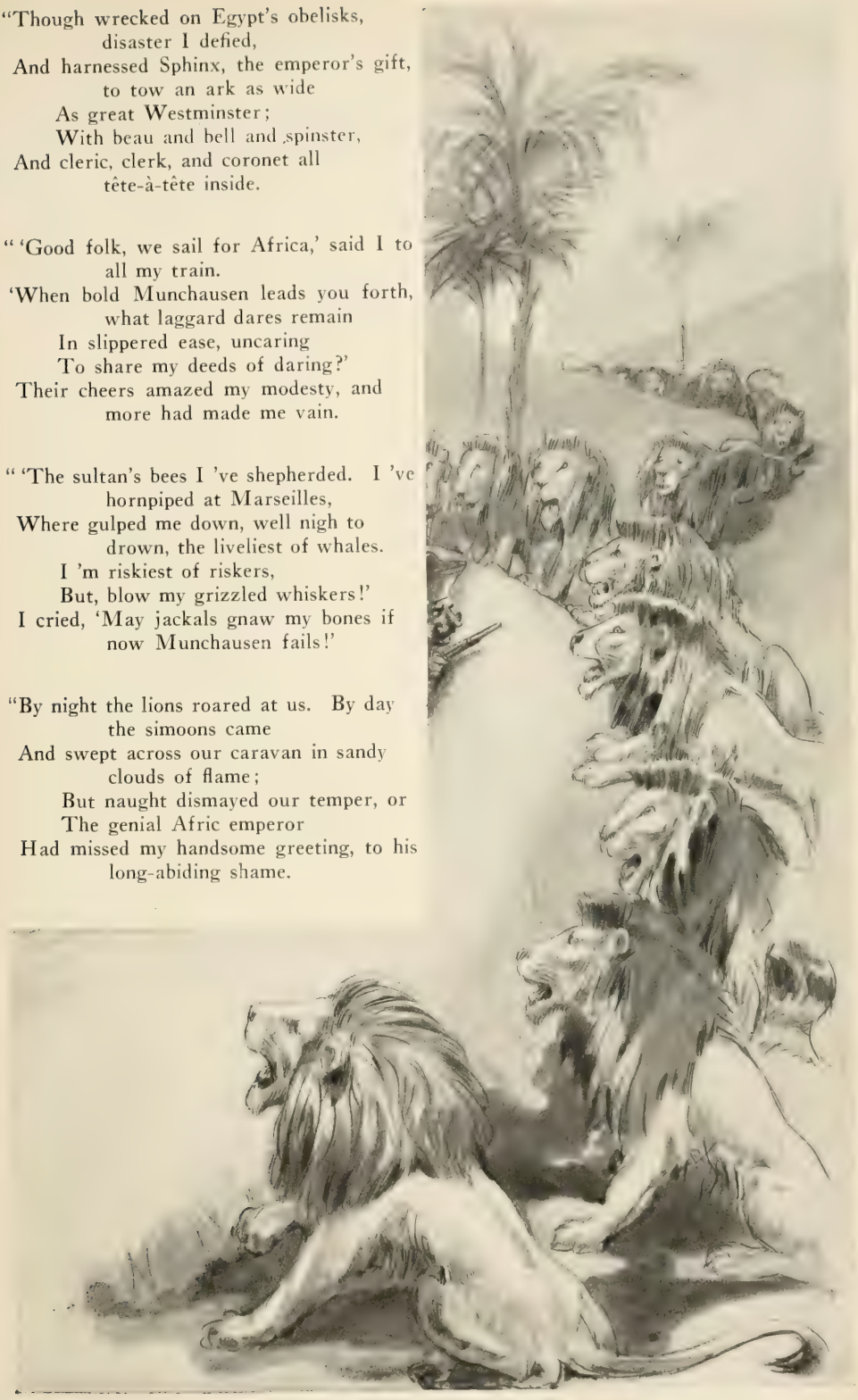
"Ghost of the Cape I warn you of, for he is
bottle-blue.
We split his Table Mountain. He
gibbered and he flew.
The bulls straight showed disfeature
With gazing on the creature,
Stampeding in their harness when I gave
the view-halloo.

"Though wrecked on Egypt's obelisks,
disaster I defied,
And harnessed Sphinx, the emperor's gift,
to tow an ark as wide
As great Westminster;
With beau and bell and spinster,
And cleric, clerk, and coronet all
tête-à-tête inside.

" 'Good folk, we sail for Africa,' said I to
all my train.
'When bold Munchausen leads you forth,
what laggard dares remain
In slippered ease, uncaring
To share my deeds of daring?'
Their cheers amazed my modesty, and
more had made me vain.

" 'The sultan's bees I 've shepherded. I 've
hornpiped at Marseilles,
Where gulped me down, well nigh to
drown, the liveliest of whales.
I 'm riskiest of riskers,
But, blow my grizzled whiskers!'
I cried, 'May jackals gnaw my bones if
now Munchausen fails!'

"By night the lions roared at us. By day
the simoons came
And swept across our caravan in sandy
clouds of flame;
But naught dismayed our temper, or
The genial Afric emperor
Had missed my handsome greeting, to his
long-abiding shame.



"The people of the Mountains of the Moon I wined and dined.
I reigned at Gristariska when His Majesty declined.
Reforms I wrought untiring,
With Gog and Magog squiring,
And Frosticos, my bosom friend, who lent a legal mind.

"For last superb achievement,—bright tears may Envy shed!—
I built a bridge, from Africa to distant England spread.
No edifice of fable,
Nay, not the Tower of Babel,
Surpassed its mammoth glory in the heavens overhead.



"So back across its noble arch my retinue and I
Advanced with blaring trumpets through the regions of the sky.
Clouds lingered to enwreathe us,
Earth's kingdoms far beneath us,
And martial music cheered our march from all the birds that fly."

. . . . . .

The snug little room with its brazier fire aglow,
And Piet and Sachs and Vroom all sleeping long ago,—
Oh, so very long ago!—and, chuckling in his sleeve,
Still, o'er the slumbering table,
Drone-droning on his fable,
The marvelous Munchausen, with the stories *I* believe!

BRITISH UNCOMMUNICATIVENESS

BY A. C. BENSON

Author of "From a College Window," "The Upton Letters," etc.

I ATTENDED a public dinner the other day in London, and sat between two really quite eminent men. One of them, indeed, would be regarded as being in quite the front rank of eminent Englishmen. I took my place with a mixture of interest and decorous trepidation, and naturally waited for one of the two to open conversation. But neither of them showed any signs of wishing to address either myself or the adjacent guests on each side; they sipped their soup, they toyed with their sherry, they looked about them with an air of mingled curiosity and benevolence. I thereupon selected the least formidable of the two and began to talk. He listened to me indulgently, as one might listen to the prattle of a child; he answered direct questions with a half-amused air; when I had said all I could think of on the subject, the matter dropped. My neighbor made no further observations on that or any other head. He was perfectly courteous and amiable, but it did not occur to him that it was his business to talk. I thereupon conducted a boarding expedition upon the still more eminent man's vessel, which bristled, so to speak, with guns. I met with exactly the same fate. He heard me with courtesy, and he replied without any show of animation. But I was more fortunate here; it emerged in the course of the talk that he was a collector of books, and he gave me an account of a recent purchase which he had made of a famous and rare book under rather curious circumstances. I tried to advance a little further upon this line; but he was not to be drawn, and so that conversation also dropped. I believe that both my neighbors would have sat quite contentedly in silence during the whole of dinner; but it happened that the guest who was sitting on the farther side of the great man opened fire on a political question in which our hero had taken a prominent part, accompanying his question with deferential compliments which I should have thought would have been distasteful, and which certainly seemed to me to partake of the nature of palpable flattery. To my surprise, the great man beamed all over, and rose to the fly with a swirl. Not to be outdone, I went back to the lesser notability on my right with an effusive compliment, which I can only say I myself would have found highly embarrassing. The ruse succeeded, and my neighbor began to expatiate on the point with every appearance of genuine interest.

I thought the experience rather a painful one. No doubt both my neighbors were men full to the brim of important concerns, they were possibly tired by their work; but it seemed to me to be a violation of all the elementary laws of social intercourse that they should come to a public dinner without any intention of making themselves agreeable to their humbler neighbors, and casting upon their fellow-guests the onus of entertaining and amusing them if they could. What was still worse to my mind was to find that they were accessible to patent adulation, and that their geniality could be elicited by flattery which was not even adroit.

I think there is a strong tendency among Englishmen not to realize their social duties in this respect. An Englishman is inclined to mistrust and dislike ornamental accomplishments such as conversation, and to believe that if he has nothing particular to say, he need not trouble himself to say anything. I was struck the other day by a remark made to me by an American friend of mine, who was commenting upon the social usages of England. He said to me: "What is so disconcerting to many of us Americans in England is the appalling capacity for silence on social occasions which characterizes so many of your solid men. We in America think that if we are invited to a festivity of any kind, we are bound to contribute all we can in the way of geniality, to pay, so to speak, for the hospitality extended to us; but many Englishmen seem to think that they are invited to a festivity to be looked at, and that they have no sort of duty to talk unless they feel disposed."

I think there is a good deal of truth in this. We in England do not think of talk as a kind of art which ought to be exercised; we look upon it as an optional thing. We have a feeling of caution and even of suspicion toward other people. We have a dislike of giving ourselves away; we think it safer to be supposed not to have views or ideas, and it is that which makes our official classes on the whole so dull. We rather tend to promote to honor and emolument safe men who can hold their tongues; and if a man, in the gaiety of his heart, flourishes about airy considerations and conversational *friandises,* we think of him as rather a light-minded person, who is likely not to be a good man of business. "A man of business"—hateful phrase! I do not mean that one undervalues the sound qualities which underlie it; but if business is a thing which is to overflow into all our waking hours, to preoccupy and comprise all our rational thoughts and aims, what is to become of us? It is this intense concentration on material interests, the dreadful supremacy of property, which hampers not only our intellectual and social life, but actually our material prospects as well. I have no sort of doubt that the rapid rise of Germany even as a commercial rival corresponds to the alertness which comes from having a strong intellectual and artistic life behind it; or, rather, that the nation which has fewer interests is simply no match for the nation with wider and more eager interests, because its national vitality is inferior.

I do not take a pessimistic view of the future of England, nor do I think that because we cannot talk lightly and brightly at dinner we are ill-equipped for national greatness; but I do think that our caution, our stolidity, our stodginess are not things to glory in, but faults to be amended. It seems to me—and I say this not fancifully, but from careful observation—that the younger generation of Englishmen have in childhood a good deal of aptitude for intellectual and artistic things. They are easily stirred and actively inquisitive. Then comes school life; and there the dreariness of much of our education, the weary athletic conventions, the so-called "sticking to business," begin to exercise a coercive effect. Little or no attempt is made in our schools to cultivate the imagination or the emotions, or even to teach boys how to fill their leisure rationally. Then there is often an awakening at the university. Ideas are to a certain extent in the air; if life does not exactly become all fire and music, as Browning found it, at all events, there are lights on the horizon—there are:

> "Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

Even here I have noted with discontent the fact that the school conventions exercise a certain leveling power, and make themselves felt more markedly than they did in my own undergraduate days. The papers are full of sport; and a young man is considered just a little abnormal who has not a due respect for athletic renown.

Then the young men go out into the world; and there it does seem to me that the curtain of darkness does too often drop again. A man of strong individual tastes does no doubt contrive to keep up some touch with intellectual or artistic interests; but even so, that is often regarded as a hobby, a private indulgence, not a matter of perfectly healthy and natural concern. And then too often the dreary specter of business comes menacingly on the scene; after all, a good income, a definite occupation, time for golf—those are the "solid joys and lasting pleasure" which life can yield; there is nothing vague or fantastic about *them.* The abusive word "esthetic" cannot be applied to life lived on these sturdy lines.

Now, I do not wish to discredit the sturdy bourgeois virtues of common sense and honesty, but I do not really believe that a nation can advance on those lines. It cannot advance because it ends by being unsympathetic. It puts personal success and personal comfort above all ideas and causes. It respects men not for their power of subordinating their own welfare to that of others, but for their capacity to secure their own position. A witty Frenchman once said that the two great vices of Englishmen were cant and bashfulness; by which he meant that the Englishman professes a standard of virtue which he does not practise, and that he cannot at the same time be both frank and amiable. When he is frank, he is censorious; when he is amiable, he is insincere.

And there is no doubt that though we are respected for our force, we are not a popular nation. It is easier to us to censure than to praise, however genuinely we admire. Our bashfulness does not arise from modesty, but from vanity. We are so much concerned with what other people think of us, so anxious to make an impression of dignity, that we are hypocritical about our standards, and glum when we might be frank. We are deeply conventional, and most of us arrange our lives not on our own lines, but on the lines which we believe are expected of us. Thus I find it impossible to believe that our common sense is based upon simplicity. It is really an elaborate ideal, painfully adapted from what we believe to be the ideals of other people. Our fault is really an inverted sensitiveness. We are sensitive to what is thought of us and said of us, and our repression of emotion and extravagance is dictated not by our sentiment, which is a strong characteristic of Englishmen, but by our terror of public opinion. This keeps us perhaps from making fools of ourselves, but it also keeps us from generous and ardent enterprise. I do believe that we Englishmen shut out from our perception a great part of life, and perhaps the best part of life. We limit our experience, we dissemble our emotions. Yet when we get a great poet, like Shakspere or Browning or Shelley, who said flowingly what they felt, who were inspired by the vividness, the variety, the emotion of life, and who cared very little about its standards and conventions, we are immensely vain of the product, and pigeon-hole it faithfully among our national assets.

Of course these generalizations are wide and necessarily insecure; but I do feel that a great treasure of fine feeling, of a noble curiosity about life and its issues, of great and generous emotion, is somehow put away under lock and key in the English warehouse. One desires more frankness, more independence, more freshness to prevail. It would even have its material consequences.

There is an interesting story of Wordsworth, who went to call on Miss Harriet Martineau at Ambleside, in the house which she had built and laid out. There was a gathering of neighbors present, and Wordsworth stood for a long time at the window contemplating the beautiful landscape outside. Then he turned to the party and said, "Miss Martineau, I congratulate you on your beautiful little domain. The views are wonderful, and it will turn out to be the wisest thing you ever did in your life." He paused for a moment, and the guests expected some comment on the uplifting effect of communion with nature; but Wordsworth, with a fine gesture, continued, "Your property will certainly be trebled in value within the next ten years!"

THE GUTTER-NICKEL

BY ESTELLE LOOMIS

Author of "Out of Bondage"

WITH A PICTURE BY J. MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

SUCCESS seldom comes as in a lottery —one big prize, and it 's all over, the winner satisfied.

No; Destiny, like a demonstrator at a pure-food exhibition, stands back of her counter in the world, and to those who happen to pass the booth of success she hands a sample. Sometimes the samples are small, sometimes large; but, whatever the size, let him who receives one never mistake his sample for a complete package of success.

It was strange that Jean Caspian made this blunder. Surely four years of theatrical experience were enough to have proved to her that, for an actor, there is only one real success—a hit in New York. How could she have forgotten that theatrical judgment-seat, where the sheep are separated from the goats?

But here, in Milwaukee, with applause still ringing in her ears, with the local papers full of her praise, her head was fairly turned with her triumph. Guy Norman's leading lady! As she had won her way up step by step in his company, how she had longed for this final moment to come! Intoxicated with the realization of her ambition, she had already begun to live in a glorious future.

On the morning of the third day in Milwaukee, as Jean sat on her bed, reading a joyous letter from her mother, a high-spirited rap sounded on the door.

"Are you in, old pal?" Clara Coolwood, just from an understudy rehearsal, entered excitedly.

"Jean, what d' you think! Company 's going to close! Norman 's ill!"

Jean heard the words, but, instead of seeing Clara's agitated face, a vision loomed before her: she had forgotten New York. Broadway was still unattained.

Clara caught her look of despair, and continued:

"Oh, it may not be for long, Jean. Anyway, you need n't worry, with the big start you 've made."

"A big start! Yes, two nights as leading woman—in Milwaukee!"

"But with Guy Norman," Clara insisted.

"Guy Norman," said Jean deliberately, "is under his own management. If he does n't play again this year, where shall I be? Have any of the big New York managers ever heard of me—B. B. Littleton, for instance? If he *should* happen to hear of my brief career as leading lady, has he ever seen me act? No. Therefore Jean Caspian does not exist. Why, you know very well, Clara Coolwood, that until the curtain goes up on you on Broadway, and they see you in the actual flesh, you might just as well have been playing on Mars."

Jean was mechanically pulling on her coat.

Clara nodded thoughtfully.

"I 'm afraid you 're right, Jean. Yes, remember poor Julia Wilcox, drawing crowds every day to that Baltimore stock theater for eight years? And when she opened in New York the critics said, 'Unknown actress makes a sensation.' Where are you going, Jean?"

"Why, I 'm going to find Davey. Stage-managers usually know the truth, if they 'll only tell."

Jean put on her hat and set out for the theater. In the stage entrance she met Guy Norman, calm, smiling, the picture of health. As he lifted his hat with his customary air of distinction, Jean inquired timidly for news.

"Why, yes; we 're going to close Saturday night. It 's all so silly, in a way, but my physician and manager were so importunate about my having a rest that I decided to humor them. I thought it might be wise to recuperate for the New York engagement."

Jean smiled her relief, and was about to leave when he called her back.

"Oh, Miss Caspian, just a minute. I 'm going to send a manuscript over to you to-day; it 's a play we 're expecting to put on in New York. And, oh—I may want to do some Shakspere, too. You 'd better be up on *Juliet.*" He looked at her piercingly. "I 'm not so sure that you 're not the very person I 've been waiting for."

Jean flew back delightedly to the hotel, and two days later the still grumbling theatrical party left for New York in Guy Norman's private cars.

In Mrs. Bunting's boarding-house, where "the meals made up for the rooms," Jean Caspian wrote to her chum, "back home" in Wisconsin:

Dear Clara:

Spent my first day in New York traveling the streets, trying to get some of "the road" worn off. You can't imagine what a hole it made in my salary before I became a real New Yorker again. How I laughed at those hats we bought in Davenport when I caught a glimpse of myself on Broadway!

I dropped in to see Dell yesterday. She 's still haunting the agencies. Poor Dell! Went with her to Smiley's, and it certainly seemed like old times. I even heard some one ask Smiley, "How 's the baby?" Remember how you used to make those tender inquiries in vain for six months?

Oh, those pathetic whipped-cur faces! Two thousand actors out of work this season, they say! We *are* lucky, are n't we?

Yours gleefully,

JEAN C.

P.S. Hear we 're to open in Pittsburgh, the fifteenth. Come on soon and take in a few plays. J. C.

P.P.S. Wait till you see my white satin "Countess" costume! You 'll see where four hundred of my good dollars have gone. I 'm certainly all ready for my new salary. J. C.

Early Saturday morning Jean Caspian sat in her room darning a long "run" in a silk stocking, to the mental accompaniment of her *Juliet* cues. Suddenly she dropped her work to listen. Some one was running up-stairs at a breakneck speed. Then, simultaneously with a loud bang, her door opened. Clara Coolwood, pale and excited, stood panting before her.

"Oh, Jean, is n't it *terrible!* I heard it just as soon as I got off the train! It makes me perfectly sick!"

"What?"

"Why—why, Jean—did n't you know that Guy Norman is dead?"

Jean Caspian jumped to her feet and stared blankly.

"Why, the papers are full of it; he died in Florida yesterday!"

Jean did not answer; she was trembling violently. Gradually her face grew inexplicably empty, as if her stricken soul were receding into some secret refuge, leaving her body to act mechanically. Suddenly she burst into a paroxysm of laughter, loud and strident, void of mirth.

"Well, it 's back to Grandpa Smiley's, Clara dear," she chanted hysterically, and with a flippant gesture she chucked Clara under the chin. "Don't be blue, little girl! Don't you know that your old friend Smiley is waiting to hear you ask about the baby? Back to the agencies, darling; back 'from ten till four!' Four chairs for eighty; six hours to wait. Six hours? Six weeks, six months, six years!"

Her voice ended in a moan, and she fell headlong upon the bed, where she lay, face down, in crumpled folds of lace and velvet and white satin, unconscious.

Clara Coolwood had been schooled and poised by her theatrical experience; she knew every heartbreaking phase of the cruel competition of her profession; she had seen its inevitable disappointments and failures. So up to this moment she had thought she felt the full force of this day's shock; but it was not until she had drawn the costly white satin ball-gown from under Jean that she began to lose her self-control.

It was the first time she had seen the wonderful "Countess" costume. She held it up and looked at it sadly, almost with reverence; new and unworn, it was already a relic. Slowly, thoughtfully, ca-

ressingly, she smoothed out the creases; then, sobbing, she hung it in the closet.

An hour later, Jean, left alone, still sat staring, still idly tracing with her finger the scrollwork pattern on an exquisite silver slipper. The prolonged ringing of the bell for luncheon aroused her from her lethargy. She rose mechanically, and walked over to the window. How foreign everything looked outside in the sunlight! The passers-by, how queer and busy!

"Dead!" she whispered to herself. Then, drawing a deep breath, she opened the new, unopened chapter of her life. Jean Caspian had awakened to the realization that Destiny had handed her only a sample of success, not a complete package.

II

"OUT," "Gone to Chicago," "Busy," "At rehearsal," "Won't be back till next Thursday," "Got a card?" "Don't know." These melancholy refrains, singsonged by officious, gum-chewing office-boys in the stuffy theatrical agencies, soon became as familiar to Jean Caspian as "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home."

"Mornin' 's the best time to catch him," "He ain't seein' any one to-day," "Ain't puttin' on any shows this spring," "Gone to lunch. No, I could n't say."

Sometimes, in desperation, Jean would approach the sleepy, red-headed type-writer with a brave smile. To all inquiries this remote, supercilious personage always replied, "Cast is filled."—*Click-click-click-ety, click, click, click.*

During the first week after Norman's death, Jean gained a momentary interview with B. B. Littleton's representative. When she mentioned that she had been leading lady for Guy Norman, he smiled incredulously.

"Lord!" he said, "I have a dozen a day in here claiming they were with Norman. It 's a joke, here."

Jean produced a Milwaukee program bearing her name. The representative, after inspecting it, somewhat reluctantly consented to take her name and address.

"I 'll bear you in mind," he said. "You might drop in in a month or so." But never again did Jean succeed in finding him "in."

Day after day; hot after cold, optimistic mornings and discouraged afternoons; weary, irritable, hungry; now happy, now sad; standing, leaning, gossiping, hoping, always hoping, Jean Caspian, her ambition priming her with bravery to keep up the ordeal, "went the rounds" from managers to agents, from agents to managers. As regularly as the doors opened every morning, she blossomed in a theatrical office, as fresh, lovely, vigorous as a newly opened lily. Yesterday's weariness was forgotten in to-day's enthusiasm.

Two months went by. No engagement. Two months more went by. No prospect of an engagement. Another month, then the inevitable—*clothes!*

How surely her clothes betrayed her! From boarding-house to Broadway they blabbed the tale of her futile peregrinations. Worn-out clothes, shabby-shiny clothes, spots-that-won't-come-off clothes. Worse than these, stagy-old "stock" clothes; but, worst of all, out-of-date clothes. The time came when Jean, gazing lugubriously at her last three gowns, now dubbed severally "Wreck," "Goner," and "Mess," saw that further wear was impossible. At last she broke down.

But out of despairing tears came inspiration. It was one of the articles of Jean's esthetic creed that the test of genius is versatility. She should be able to be carpenter, dish-washer, or to model in wax, as necessity dictated. If she were to portray life, all aspects of life, this adaptability alone would justify her calling herself an artist. Now fortune had put her to the test. She must prove herself adequate to the emergency. With a grim smile of determination, Jean jerked the three gowns down from their hooks.

Two days later "Pa" Smiley gave her an encouraging smile. "Pretty dress you got on, little one! Noo, ain't it? That what they call a 'pannier'?"

"Oh, no," said Jean, "this is newer than *that*. The name of this little frock is the 'Three-in-one,' successor to 'Wreck,' 'Goner,' and 'Mess.' Got anything for me to-day, Mr. Smiley?"

It was nearly noon when Della Prance and Clara Coolwood collided with her on the corner of Forty-second Street.

"Oh, I love your hat, Jean! Where? How much?"

Della Prance added:

"Turn round. It 's awfully Frenchy, is n't it?"

"Yes," said Jean; "it 's lucky for me the imported creations are always shy on trimming. Just one wonderful bow or something,—" she chucked Clara under the chin,—"*if* you only know just how to place it."

The girls took another stare. "You don't mean to say you made it *yourself?*"

At a quarter to five a dapper "juvenile" gentleman lifted his hat airily in the offices of B. B. Littleton. "Beg pardon," he said, "but have n't you stepped on something?"

Jean crossed her feet hastily, blushing. Through the generous aperture in her left sole she knew he must have read the engraved words, "Mr. and Mrs. U. R. Sweet announce the marriage," etc. Experience had taught her that, of all cardboards, that used for wedding-invitations is the most durable.

Now, any woman who after dire straits has had her wardrobe unexpectedly replenished, is apt in her delight to consider her new-found costume indestructible. So Jean Caspian relied implicitly on good old "Three-in-one."

But, alas! three months later what a change had been wrought! Silk and wool could barely hold together any longer. Her mind, like her costume, had also become frayed, worn, and out of date. "Chasing" for an engagement had by this time become a mere habit; and continual contact with weary, discouraged seekers for work had gradually accomplished its demoralizing effect.

As Jean sat one morning in the crowded office of B. B. Littleton, her two-hours' wait dreamed itself away in the hypnotic fascination of watching person after person, rouged and powdered, with heroically assumed expressions of prosperity and cheerfulness, squeeze into the little room, only to have the dry, suffocating "waiting" atmosphere gradually desiccate them till, benumbed by discouragement, they seemed like mummies, swathed in despairing introspection, the juices of their ambitions long since dried up.

A vivid, fresh young miss entered. Her enthusiastic appearance in that chamber of dead hopes woke the inert groups to laughter. Her face was radiant with "dramatic-school" promises, her confidence obviously reinforced with a "personal" letter.

Blithely she spoke: "Is Mr. Littleton in? His *representative!* No, I *must* see Mr. Littleton, himself. Oh, no, I can't wait; I must see him at once. Oh, *dear!*"

Jean smiled at her as at a vision of her own first hopeful credulity. Yet, after all, she thought, was n't this ingenuous faith as good a passport as any to carry one across the frontier of that door marked "Private"? What did these stage-worn veterans possess that could compete with this splendid, potent ignorance? Nothing. To-day, at least, that girl was a leader. She was still uncontaminated with discouraged, diseased thoughts. How long before some one would tell her, or she would decide for herself simply to follow the crowd? Jean's thoughts drifted to herself. Oh, the "Personal" letters she, too, had blithely borne to stolid, unsympathetic readers! What was the matter? She was only a follower. That was it; she was wearily tagging along the beaten path. Had any one ever accomplished anything really great in this world by following others along the same old groove? Oh, to get out of it!

The thought disturbed her. She grew restless; and as she pondered, instinct seemed to warn her: "Get out of the rut!" "But how?" she asked herself, with increasing anxiety. An excited hesitancy, shot with fear and doubt, possessed her. It held her like a prisoner who lacks the courage to escape.

Suddenly her thoughts were dissipated by the opening of the private door. "There 's no need of any one waiting; I have nothing to say to any one to-day." The private door closed.

To have a three-hours' wait terminated only by a few casual words from Littleton's representative usually left a drowning expression on every face. A few of the determined-to-survive actors, however, fighting their way through grumblers, swearers, fighters-for-the-elevator, snatched desperately at the one last straw—the stenographer. "When is the best time to catch Mr. Littleton?" "Did you deliver the letter I left yesterday for Mr. Littleton?" "Will you kindly tell Mr. Littleton that Miss Fuller—"

Jean listened to this fusillade of questions being answered with a volley of type-writer clicks that made an occasional interpolated "He 's uncertain," and

"Don't know," scarcely audible. She smiled grimly, deciding that she would have to use her full third-balcony voice if she was to impress this cold-blooded, businesslike Annie at the keys. As Jean looked forward to speak, she accidentally caught sight of herself in that young lady's private mirror. She gave a quick second look, and the sickening revelation held her gaze fixedly. She grew weak, numb.

She did not realize that the clicks had stopped. She was oblivious of the stenographer's hand pressing her own. "What 's the matter, honey? What you crying about? Blue this morning? Want to leave some message for Mr. Littleton?"

Jean Caspian's face showed not the faintest knowledge of the stenographer's sudden interest in her. But, subconsciously, she had reached for a bejeweled hand and pressed it into pain with her gratitude. Her voice came weakly: "I don't think—thank you so much, but—well—" She shook her head dully. "I don't think I 'll have any more messages for Mr. Littleton." With a quick release of her hand, Jean Caspian escaped from the office, moaning to herself: "So *I 've* got the look at last! It 's come!"

How jocosely she had once written to Clara Coolwood about those theatrical-agency faces—those "pathetic, whipped-cur" faces! How she had mimicked them! Guy Norman's voice came back: "Give us another one of those agency faces, Miss Caspian! Do 'Agony Jane'!" How Guy Norman's laughter had delighted her! Now it seemed to slap back at her, torturing her horribly. She was only one of the rabble now. She, too, was a mummy. Agony Jane!

The poignancy of the thought sent her wandering on and on till at last she wearily climbed the steps to her boarding-house. Mechanically she took out her key, turned the latch, and entered the dimness of the hallway.

As she started up the stairs, a small boy shot past her. "Mama! mama!" he called excitedly, "come quick! Open the door! Mama, look! See what I found in the gutter—five cents! Mama, it was right down there in the gutter!"

The boy's outcry caused several doors to open before his mother had time to appear; but as Jean reached the second flight she heard: "That 's very nice, dear; but don't make such a noise. Come in, and we 'll put it in your bank."

A chunky, ringleted lady was smiling benevolently upon the scene. "Well, now," she said, "Owen has been such a nice boy that I 'm going to give him something else for his bank. Look, Owen, here 's a nice big quarter for you."

The little boy was too much absorbed to answer. He was rubbing the nickel energetically on his trousers.

"Can't you thank the lady?" exclaimed the embarrassed mother.

"Got a pin, anybody? I want to clean these stars and get the dirt out of this face." He bent over the nickel with delighted concentration.

His mother interposed petulantly: "But look at this nice new quarter, Owen."

"Don't bother me with that old quarter!" Instinctively feeling Jean's sympathy, he looked up at her and smiled. "Say, won't the fellows be s'prised, though, when they know I found this nickel right down in the gutter?"

Jean, amused, started up the next flight of stairs. At the top she turned and looked back. Then, hardly knowing why, she sat down. Some powerful suggestion was working in her, subconsciously. Her eyes were fixed on the little boy, fascinated.

"That old nickel!" she said to herself. "Why in the world does he prefer that to the quarter, I 'd like to know!"

Then something in his absorption threw her into a reverie of her own. A little later she found herself in her room. She was sitting by the window in a far-away mood of exaltation, floating, her intellect freed in some strange fashion from her environment.

If any one had told Jean Caspian that she would end that day in a beatified frame of mind, she would have thought it madness. Had she not given up all hope? But now, suddenly, she found herself asking: "Why am I so happy? Why does everything seem changed?" Strange! In the wretchedest hour of her life a mysterious, inspiring power had risen to support her. It stood beside her now like an invisible husband. What was it? Perhaps it was what people had called the "genius" in her. She was aware only of

a swift, potent reaction, which made her body quiver with a new vitality.

"That nickel!" she repeated. Still uncomprehending, she was already sure. Then, wonderfully, the vague radiance within her soul blazed up into an idea, clear, compelling, prophetic. She rose with a serene, confident smile, and pulled down the shade.

"The *gutter*-nickel!" In her face glowed a secret illumination.

On the next Monday morning, when Clara Coolwood, enthusiastic over a stock company vacancy in Lowell, Massachusetts, rang the doorbell of Mrs. Bunting's boarding-house, she was answered with the curt statement that Miss Caspian was no longer there. She had gone, and had left no address.

III

"Over in Dell's room." How often every day that little phrase answered, "Where 've you been?" "Where are you going?" "Where 'd you hear that?" "Over in Dell's room."

Della Prance's room was No. 381, third floor, in a little ramshackle hotel on upper Broadway. Della Prance and her elder, divorced, "not-feeling-very-well" sister had grumbled daily at the old peacock-blue and garnet plush furniture, with its nibbled corners and threadbare polka dots; at the dilapidated cretonne-covered divan, with "that caster out again"; and at the dirty, torn, faded old-rose wall-paper, only to have Della conclude, sighing: "Oh, well, what 's the use of tearing up and moving? After all, Sis, the old place *has* got atmosphere."

Evidently there were others who shared her opinion. For never was there such a popular rendezvous as "over in Dell's room." And never was there a girl so popular as Della Prance.

"Over in Dell's room" they laughed; "over in Dell's room" they wept. From the unknown aspirant of Smiley's to the "featured" celebrity who could *not* understand why she got those awful notices on her opening night, one and all received genuine sympathy "over in Dell's room."

"Over in Dell's room" they damned, "over in Dell's room" they praised. "What d' you think, Dell! Lazette is stranded out in Omaha, and is working her way back to Smiley's. Playing a real chambermaid now, for a change, in the Grand Hotel! It looks like a good, long engagement, too." "She got the *lead* in that play, really? Flora Gordo! That 's bully! She deserves it. Say, I want to get up and yell when a girl wins out honestly in this business. It 's impossible, but it *can* be done."

Toward five o'clock the room fairly clattered. Dell was like the leader of an orchestra; she struck high C. And while the sharps and flats of those excited voices ran upward, through arpeggios of laughter, to mingle with the chords and discords of the clamorous piano, where the latest song "hits" were banged and yelled, Dell would feel her liveliest notes of merriment suddenly change to a nervous tremolo. The elevator door had banged! Was this grand concerted movement to culminate in a series of staccato door-whacks by that irate hotel proprietor?

Not this time. To-day, the grand finale was more musical, with the long, persistent tinkling of the telephone-bell.

"Let her ring!" "Tell 'em to come over, Dell." "The more the merrier—what?"

As Della Prance sent one of her high-spirited, whimsically affected "hello's!" over the wire, a fresh explosion of laughter rattled along with it. An instant later, something ominous in Dell's voice wrought a sudden transition in those mirthful faces. While the company wondered, the receiver clicked, and from the pale, bewildered Dell their answer came.

"Say, you all—or I guess the most of you, anyway—have heard of Jean Caspian? Well, that was Clara—Clara Coolwood—on the 'phone. What d' you think? She 's just run into Jean, down and out, in a little cheap-joint place. Oh, girls, think of it! Jean Caspian is manicuring nails down in Fourteenth Street!"

A faint gasp was audible, though no one uttered a word. But their unspoken thoughts seemed to cry out the inevitable reflex of egoism: "Oh, the stage! The life of the stage! I wonder where *I 'll* end up."

"Poor Clara!" Dell continued. "It 's been about two months now. Jean just suddenly disappeared out of her life. Clara wrote to Jean's mother—to every one who knew her, but she never got an answer. And here to-day in Smiley's

office some girl Clara got into conversation with told her about this little place where you get your nails done for twenty cents. Jean Caspian! Think of it!" Dell shook her head incredulously. "I tell you, when a genius like that—"

"Good Lord!" From the corner of the room a raucous voice rattled in. "Genius!" she gibed. "Well, I never saw a so-called genius yet that did n't end at the bottom of the ladder. These actresses with a future! Say, take it from me, you can usually find them—well, like your wonderful Jean Caspian, in the manicure parlors. But, say, whenever you hear it whispered, 'Oh, *she 'll* never act!' believe *me,* you can just watch for Somebody's Favorite to give you the wink in electric lights."

With a fling, she donned her hat and coat, and moved toward the door. "Say, don't you mind anything I say, Dell. I 'm madder than a wet hen to-day. This hard-luck atmosphere has got on my nerves. Good-by, everybody! See you at Smiley's in the morning."

When the other guests had taken their leave, and Dell was at last alone, she slipped into a kimono and rang the call-bell. A few minutes later she heard the sound of footsteps in the hall.

"Ice-water boy!" she muttered thirstily, and flung open the door. "Oh," she cried, "it 's Clara!"

Clara burst forth without a preface.

"I never should have known her, Dell! Why, she 's so thin, haggard, sort of, but *that* is n't it. Jean was so different, somehow. Wait till I get these hat-pins out."

After she had seated herself she was silent for a moment. Then she seized Dell's hand.

"Dell, it 's funny, but really it seemed to me as if Jean were—why, she was even greater than she was that wonderful night in Milwaukee with Norman."

Dell brought her back to realities. "But what did she *say?*"

"Why, I only had time for a word. I said, 'Why, Jean!' She had a little bowl of water, and she said, 'Oh, Clara, *please* don't talk to me now! I 'm awfully busy. Come in some other time, won't you?' And before I knew it, she was gone."

For another hour the two girls discussed Jean Caspian and a way to help her. The result of their planning was that the next morning Dell appeared at Clara's room with a triumphantly extended hand.

"Eighty-eight dollars! Well, they can say what they choose about actors, but when it comes to practical generosity, they 're there, right down to the last little girl in the chorus. Look here! Forty dollars from English Toppling! And we used to call him a tight-wad."

An hour later Clara and Dell, half hoping, half fearing to find Jean in such a place, walked into a little shop bearing the sign: "Lizzie Lord. Manicuring." But as Clara was about to reply to the question, "Nails done, lady?" she suddenly stepped back and whispered to Dell:

"I 'll bet Jean 's here under an assumed name. That 's why she asked me not to call her name out." She turned to the desk again. "Is that—that young lady with the light hair here?"

"Miss Miller, you mean?"

Clara hesitated. Some one, evidently Lizzie Lord, called from behind a screen: "No, that girl ain't here no more; she quit us last night."

At this the two girls started reluctantly to leave, when the proprietress, a terrible blonde, emerged to add tartly: "Hold on. We got plenty o' girls can beat Miss Miller manicuring—she wa'n't only a beginner, anyways. Set down; you won't have to wait but a minute."

Clara timidly explained that she wanted only her friend's address. But "Maggie Miller" had left no address in the shop. The proprietress did n't know it. Never had known it. She waddled back behind the screen.

"Maggie Miller!" exclaimed Clara, as the girls left. "Oh, I can't bear to think what that must mean! It makes me perfectly sick. How in the world are we ever going to find her now?"

Days passed, weeks went by, and still no trace of Jean Caspian. It seemed almost incredible that no one could obtain any news of her even "over in Dell's room."

Over in Dell's room they said, "What a shame that such a talented girl should end so disastrously!" Over in Dell's room they told interesting anecdotes about her. Ambitious girls, who had hitherto withheld their secret opinions, at last felt

that there was no longer danger of her rivalry, and came boldly out of the woods. "Yes, Jean Caspian certainly was a genius." Time passed, and over in Dell's room Jean Caspian was now usually referred to in the past tense. Clara Coolwood began to lose hope. She read the papers constantly, fearing each morning to hear of the suicide of Maggie Miller. So the winter drifted by. Newer, more interesting topics were discussed over in Dell's room.

"They say the marcel is coming back again," said Dell, one snowy afternoon, as she was entertaining the wife of an actor friend. "Your hair is wonderful, Mrs. Wade. Have you been reckless enough to indulge in the fifty-dollar permanent wave, or is that the transient curl of a day?"

Pretty Mrs. Wade laughed.

"I got it this morning, thank you—only thirty-five cents—at Rosenburg's, a little place on Thirty-eighth Street. But if you girls ever go there be sure to ask for that pretty blonde girl they have. By the way, do you know, she 's the very image of that leading woman Guy Norman had when I went on to see Harry once. In fact, I told her she ought to go on the stage. Say, that girl 's got the touch all right; she gives a *grand* shampoo."

"What 's her name?" Clara asked excitedly. "Miller?"

"Oh, no. Now, let me see—seems to me some one *did* call her—what was it, now? Hobbs, I think; or was it Cobb?"

Clara Coolwood was already on her feet, and Dell, too. In fifteen minutes they were out of the house. They would lose no time this time. They reached the place breathless; and, not seeing Jean, asked at once for "Miss 'Obb."

The proprietress gazed at them with a cold professional eye, noting their straying tresses. "Miss Robb, you mean? Why, she left last Thursday. No, I don't expect to get her back; she said she was sick. But we got other girls just as good; better, in fact. Miss Robb was smart enough; she took hold pretty well, but she lacked experience. Oh, Miss Lipstein! Here, please!"

"Oh," said Clara, "I don't wish my hair done to-day, thank you. I wanted to see Miss Casp—Cobb—personally. Could you give me her address?"

The woman immediately lost interest, shook her head, and turned away.

Clara's and Dell's hands met and telegraphed a wordless message they could not speak. This second futile effort to solve Jean's mystery left them too heartbroken for words.

It was late in the spring when Della Prance came upon another clue. This was at Floy Tulliver's.

"Say, Dell, whatever became of Jean Caspian?" Floy asked. "We all expected so much of her after the hit she made with Norman. Too bad she did n't strike New York, where some of the big managers like Littleton could have seen her! Oh, that reminds me—funny thing, too. Say, Dell, you remember Betty, that blonde maid I had? Well, I had a picture of Jean on my dresser, right here, and, well—why, Betty used to tell me about a girl that used to work where she worked. Said it was one of those gown places, where they sew on bindings and things,—sort of a sweat-shop, I s'pose,—and Betty always used to say that girl looked so much like Jean's picture. Yes, really. She was quite positive of it. Only this girl was n't so pretty, she said, and was thinner, and—oh, I don't know. But, anyway, she said the eyes were perfect of her. Yes, it *was* queer. Oh, I have no idea where the place was, Dell. Why, let 's see—Betty left me about two months ago."

After thinking all this over seriously, and not without tears, Dell decided not to mention it to Clara Coolwood. It would only break open the wound that was slowly healing in Clara's heart.

For Clara was full of excitement now over her new stock engagement as leading lady in Lowell. Her talk was all of hats and gowns, salaries and parts and matinées. She smiled now at every one's jokes and her whole manner was scented with success.

So, as the weeks lapsed into months, over in Dell's room the name of Jean Caspian gradually faded into a memory.

IV

THE Herrick theater, Buffalo. A profoundly bored stage-hand was hammering away on a back-drop, regardless of the rehearsing of the orchestra.

Prancing along the footlights, up and

down, notes in hand, the stage-manager, intoxicated with his own temporary importance, was grimacing and gesticulating his injunctions to play the music, oh, so *much* softer! Miss Dover's great love-scene had been ruined by their confounded fiddling at the matinée this afternoon. Now, where was that character-man? "*Motzart*"—not "Mozart!"—he was profanely cautioned. Two supers were discharged; no use discussing it, gentlemen; they 'd walked on the ladies' trains just once too often. "Be sure to watch those amber lights now, and for Heaven's sake keep the entrances clear!"

Sarah Dover opened the stage-door, and with her gracious "good evening" stilled the bustle. Through a sudden, flattering silence she passed to her dressing-room.

Here a slight, serious-looking young woman, with light hair braided into a sedate knot, was spreading a silver-and-chiffon gown over a chair. She looked up.

"Well, Vinnie," Sarah Dover asked anxiously, as she emerged from her sable coat, "what luck did you have with my pet gown?"

The maid modestly displayed her skill on a long mended tear in the lace of the star's second-act costume.

"*Vinnie!*" exclaimed Miss Dover, ecstatically. "Why, it 's wonderful! I can scarcely find the place! Where did you ever learn to sew like that?" She smiled gratefully, and sank down before her triple mirrors.

"Why, I could always sew fairly well, Miss Dover," answered Vinnie. She began deftly to take down her mistress's hair. "But just before I came to you, I did work a while in a kind of gown shop, and they had all kinds of fine mending to do."

Sarah Dover mumbled as she plastered her face vigorously with rose-scented cold-cream. "Oh, Vinnie, don't forget about those two new switches. I want to lengthen my braids. Some friends of mine have a box to-night, and I want to look particularly well."

Vinnie, after attaching the switches, gave one shrewd look, then carelessly flung a braid round Miss Dover's head.

"Fine, Vinnie! Leave it that way; it 's just too catchy for anything. Stick in this rose here. Why, Vinnie, I knew you could do nails beautifully, but I had no idea you could dress hair like that. You 're as good as a professional. Lovely!"

Sarah Dover inspected her make-up with smiling satisfaction; then automatically giving the final dusting with her powder-puff, she rose. Vinnie hurried her into her costume gown.

As the star held out her hand for Vinnie to button the glove, a sudden recollection made her say abstractedly:

"I wonder who that was I heard reading those lines last night. Must have been studying some part. Did n't sound like any voice in the company, though. Here, Vinnie, you 're buttoning that glove all wrong! Don't be so nervous, my dear; there 's plenty of time. What 's the matter with you to-night?"

Several days later Miss Dover entered the dressing-room with a puzzled smile on her face.

"Funny!" she exclaimed. "Vinnie, I declare if I did n't hear that strange voice again just now reciting something. It stopped just before I opened the door. Who in the world—no, not *those* shoes, Vinnie. I 'm going to wear the gray ones to-night." She dropped into her chair with a sigh. My, but I 'm tired! I got so nervous in that cab—oh, that 's nice, Vinnie! Thank you. It is a treat to have some one who knows what to do without being told."

As Vinnie the maid flitted here and there in the dressing-room, handing Miss Dover this and taking off that, busying herself with hat, gown, kimono, shoes, and hair, and hunting for the inevitably lost nail-file, there was a sparkle in her eyes that never had been there before. She trembled, but evidently not from fear. A pink flush was mounting in her cheeks.

Miss Dover caught her reflection in the glass. "What in the world are you thinking of, Vinnie?" She studied her maid in the glass as she went on rouging her lips.

Pink deepened to red on Vinnie's face. "Oh, I don't know that I quite dare to tell you, Miss Dover."

Miss Dover turned squarely round and looked at her.

"Why, it was only—" Vinnie was apparently much embarrassed. "Oh, you do look so lovely, Miss Dover! I could n't help thinking—oh, I 'd just *love* to be an actress!"

Sarah Dover turned back to the rouge-

pot to conceal her amusement, but her shoulders were shaking. In another minute she held up an admonitory finger.

"Vinnie," she said, "I did think that you were the one girl who would never be stage-struck. Oh, dear, nobody 's safe, then!"

"Oh, it *is* sort of foolish, I know, but—well, sometimes I feel kind of ambitious."

"Ambitious! Vinnie, for Heaven's sake, be contented! You 're an admirable maid now. Don't spoil that with ambition. Why, Vinnie, you 're as much an artist in your line as I am in mine. I give you my word, I 've envied you more than once!"

Vinnie's face was the perfection of blank ignorance; her voice was a triumph of stupidity as she exclaimed, "Why, Miss Dover, I always thought actresses had such an awfully good time!"

Miss Dover smiled.

"My poor girl, you have no idea what this theatrical life is. Let me tell you something, Vinnie: you have to pay for your applause on the stage—yes, and a hundred times over. Why, you don't know when you 're well off. How would you like to stand and wait all day long, month in and month out, for years, in packed, stuffy agencies?" The star shook her head reminiscently. "Wait till you 've starved and nearly frozen to death in cheap lodging-houses, Miss Vinnie Smith! When I think of the visits to pawnshops! Heavens, I 've worn clothes like those on a scarecrow! You would n't believe Sarah Dover has patched and borrowed and scrubbed, would you? But, oh, the worst of all was the smiling and smiling, and trying to look prosperous and happy through everything!" She turned and patted Vinnie on the hand. "Just you be thankful, Vinnie Smith, that you 're where you are, and get that stage-struck idea right out of your head."

Miss Dover leaned forward to the mirror and daintily adjusted a piece of court-plaster. At the sound of sobbing, she turned. Vinnie's face was hidden in her hands.

"Why, Vinnie!" cried Sarah Dover. "What 's the matter? Vinnie!" She laid her hand tenderly on her maid's shoulder.

"Oh, I could n't bear to think, Miss Dover, that you 'd ever had to suffer like that!" Vinnie began to laugh hysterically through her sobs. "It was something in your voice; I kind of forgot where I was, Miss Dover, for a minute, I guess. You made me imagine it all so plain."

What conversation there was after that dwindled down to cold-cream, cosmetic-sticks, and pins, until Sarah Dover was about to leave her dressing-room. "Strange about that voice I heard," she muttered thoughtfully. "Vinnie, who has this next room right there? D' you know?"

Vinnie, queerly enough, did n't know; so there, for a second time, the subject dropped.

During the third week of the popular star's New York engagement, she arrived at the theater one evening earlier than usual in order to experiment with a new wig. As she stopped to speak to one of the electricians about the spot-light, a voice was heard coming from the direction of her dressing-room. Stealthily, Sarah Dover tiptoed to the door and stopped. For several minutes she leaned against the wall in a spellbound concentration.

When the voice ceased, Miss Dover's eyes were damp, her hands were cold. She was trembling with puzzled excitement.

Suddenly she flung open the dressing-room door.

Her look searched the room as with a hundred eyes, but no one was there. Only her maid, who, perched on a trunk, smiled as usual and went on flitting the comb through a long-haired golden wig.

"Vinnie!" came the amazed exclamation. "*You!* Why, that was n't *you?* It could n't have—Vinnie!" The excited actress held the maid at arm's-length and scrutinized her as if she never had seen her before.

Vinnie's expression was a mask of naïve perplexity. But, as she stared, a nervous, sheepish grin crept into her face. "Oh," she suddenly recollected, with an artfully timorous voice, "I guess I know what you mean, Miss Dover. You heard me talking to myself just now." Guiltily, she shied away from the star, and flouncing down on the trunk eyed her skittishly, while the apologetic strain ran on: "Why, I was only fooling, Miss Dover. You know you did n't come as early as you said you would; so I was just trying to see what it would seem like to be a great actress."

Sarah Dover did not appear to be listening. As she moved abstractedly about the room for a few minutes in silence, she scowled faintly and frequently bit her lip. Several times she gave Vinnie a quick, sharp glance. Then, turning abruptly, she pressed a lever on the wall and sat down at her escritoire, where she began to write hurriedly.

About fifteen minutes later, while Vinnie was telling her mistress how lovely she looked in the new wig, a series of "beg-pardon" raps came on the door, to the accompaniment of an obsequious voice. "Messenger, Miss Dover," said the stage-manager. "Did you ring?"

Miss Dover hastened to the door and stepped outside. When she returned to the dressing-room to complete her toilet the atmosphere was subtly changed. The former freedom with which she had glibly called for this and that had diminished. The two were outwardly mistress and maid as much as ever; but the whole relation had subconsciously altered.

It came to a focus when, just before the star left the dressing-room, Vinnie sprang to brush off a splotch of powder from the black velvet gown. As Miss Dover thanked her, Vinnie restrained a smile. Something in the gracious tone seemed different from that which the mistress had heretofore used to the maid.

After the performance that night, as Vinnie was hanging up clothes, awaiting Miss Dover's unusually delayed return, the assistant stage-manager appeared at the door.

"Miss Dover wants you to come out on the stage right away," he announced.

The star was seated by the footlights; her eyes were on a short, stout, authoritative stranger who was haranguing the stage director about a door somewhere, damn it! that had banged all through every act. He turned to Miss Dover with a shaking head and smiled wearily.

"Well, where is the little lady?"

Miss Dover rose and drew Vinnie forward. "I imagine you 've seen my maid before," she said; "but I suppose you 've never met." She laughed at the jest. "Vinnie, this is Mr. Littleton; Mr. B. B. Littleton, one of the biggest managers in this country." She smiled at the magnate. "And this is Miss Vinnie Smith, Mr. Littleton."

Littleton's shrewd, critical eyes swept Vinnie from top to toe.

"Well, Miss Vinnie Smith, what can you do?" His voice was gruffly jocose. "Can you act?"

The two successful personages on the bare stage did not realize that at that very moment they were watching what Vinnie Smith could really do—act. They did not dream that the name of B. B. Littleton had swept through her brain and whirled a past before her—a past that a histrionic instinct stronger than her will itself was forcing back to its old place.

They did not notice that she had stiffened defiantly. All they saw was a singularly good-looking, phlegmatic maid-servant, coolly unafraid, who seemed quite unimpressed with the possibilities of the situation.

"You 'd better go over some of those speeches I heard you doing, Vinnie. Mr. Littleton will only want—"

"Yes, anything 'll do," broke in the manager. "Fire away!" He pulled out his watch impatiently. "By George! it 's quarter-past eleven now, and I 'm due uptown at twelve. Got to meet that Madame—what the devil 's her name, now? —you know, Sarah, that big French comedienne, Madame—Madame—" Each "Madame" grew more and more remote as he stalked up and down the stage, fumbling in his pockets, chewing a cigar, flipping out letter after letter, grumbling, jamming them back. "Confound it, if there is n't that door banging again! *Wilson!*"

As the feet of Wilson's assistant pattered obediently up the iron steps, Vinnie was explaining. "Oh, Miss Dover, I only made those scenes up. I was only—"

"Give her some of those lines in the mob scenes," thundered Littleton. "What are some of them, Wilson?"

Wilson repeated a few of the speeches with characteristic stage-manager delivery, while Littleton's eyes hurried down the page of a letter. After a short silence, he looked up to demand, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I 'm not going to say those lines, Mr. Littleton." Vinnie was standing erect, with a nonchalantly determined smile on her face.

Nonplussed, Littleton glared at her almost as if he were trying to misunderstand

her. The star, already on her feet, tactfully intervened.

"Oh, Vinnie, you don't realize what a wonderful opportunity this is, my dear! Why, Mr.—"

"It 's just because I *do* realize it, Miss Dover, that I 'm not—"

"What 's the matter with those lines?" Littleton barked it out.

Vinnie regarded the manager listlessly. Slowly an ironic smile crept over her face. "Oh, they 're fine," she finally said, "if all you want is to show intelligence and a good loud voice. But *I* happen to want to show more. And if this *is* such a wonderful opportunity, as Miss Dover says, then why should I waste it on such lines as 'The ropes! Hand me the ropes!' and 'Oh, look at the pretty fool!' I 'm sorry, Mr. Littleton, but—" Vinnie stopped abruptly. Her face changed to a delightfully whimsical, far-away expression. "Those lines are too skimpy. There 's not nearly enough room in them for what I 've got in me to show you, Mr. Littleton."

Fear, eagerness, and anxiety had vanished in this expression of herself. Littleton! Why, he might have been a scene-shifter, for all she cared, despite the puzzled wonder and growing interest that now lurked behind his cold managerial veil. The amazed, questioning face of Sarah Dover—"Can *this* be Vinnie?"—caused only a secret smile. Vinnie Smith boldly flung reason to the winds, and, calling up every hidden charm she possessed, intuitively scented her way to success.

A grunt and a few curt words from the manager urged her on.

"That 's very true, Mr. Littleton, but you must remember I did n't ask you to come and hear me. It was Miss Dover who sent for you, and asked me to come out here on the stage. I 'm perfectly satisfied with my position, and I guess I can make good as a maid until—well, some day, somewhere, somebody *is* going to hear me, Mr. Littleton; but I can tell one thing: I 'm not going to 'fire away' until I shoot to kill. And when that time comes"—she smiled dreamily—"there won't be any reading letters or bothering about a banging door somewhere!"

Suddenly Vinnie burst into a victorious laugh. *"There!"* she cried. "That 's the look I want on your face when I act! See? My own words were better than the ones you gave me. I 've had time to create the 'spell'; and that 's what tells whether you can act or not."

Littleton was staring at her like a child listening to a fairy-tale. But what was the subtle influence that began to threaten to mar his perfect concentration, neutralizing the attractive magnetism between the sexes? The *woman's* atmosphere! For the first time, Vinnie felt a pang of anxiety for her success. What should she do? lightened through her brain. An answer flashed back: Sarah Dover's mind must be charged somehow to an equal concentration with his. The same intensity of attention must be compelled. How? Through anger, jealousy, ridicule? Ah! With a triumphant smile of satisfaction, Vinnie, tingling, ran to the center of the stage.

"I 'm going to do the big speech in Miss Dover's own love-scene!" she exclaimed; and she jumped audaciously into the part.

Shooting a wink at the now intensely interested Sarah, Littleton straddled a chair and, chuckling, rested his arms on the back. The smile gradually faded from his face. He began to scowl, chewing a cigar viciously. He muttered gently under his breath, nervously tapping his foot till the climax came.

Then, jumping up with a dash that sent his chair into the footlights, he caught the glowing Vinnie by both hands, and shook them mercilessly.

"Sarah Dover," he shouted, shaking his fist crazily, "this is the discovery of my life! You 're right, by Jupiter! The girl 's got it! Think of finding a talent like that in the *gutter!*"

"That 's right; she certainly surprised me!" So spoke the artist in Sarah Dover. But the woman in her added quickly: "But, Mr. Littleton, you must n't forget Madame—that French comedienne, you know. It 's almost twelve o'clock."

"Right out of the gutter! Think of it!" Littleton was repeating. "By Jove, I believe she 'd make a perfect—"

"But, Mr. Littleton,"—Miss Dover's voice had risen harshly,—"really, you must n't miss that appointment! Madame—"

"Madame be damned! Let her wait!

Why, confound it, Sarah, you don't realize what this thing means! I 've been waiting for just something like this. Wait till I tell you something."

In the excited talk that followed, all Vinnie Smith was really aware of was the iteration of that magic word "gutter." She stood in a kind of trance, clairvoyante, a delicate smile illuminating her.

Before her was a little boy. He was polishing a nickel on his trousers. How his eyes were dancing with pride in his discovery! Then he vanished. When she turned to Littleton, there was a look of victory on her face.

She left the theater that night, feeling as if, after crawling through a dark, mile-long tunnel, she had miraculously come out into the sunshine, to greet suddenly the half-forgotten figure of—Jean Caspian!

How familiar, yet how strange, the office seemed! She felt like a grandmother revisiting the scenes of her youth. Annie, the red-headed typist, had gone, yet the keys of her machine were still playing the same old tune. A new office-boy, but the same old song: "Mr. Littleton 's not seeing any folks to-day."

How natural it sounded! But Vinnie Smith's card worked a charm. Two mummies came to life and gaped as she calmly opened the magic door marked "Private."

"Good afternoon. Just be seated, please," said Littleton. He went on giving orders right and left. A messenger-boy was hurried off. A dozen letters were glanced at and rubber-stamped. Then he swung round in his chair.

"Can you keep a secret, young lady?"

Vinnie blushed. "That 's what I 've been doing for the last eight months."

"Good! I guess that 's the record for a woman. Well, then, see here. I 've had a 'lemon' wished on me in this new production of mine. She 's a great friend of the author; acts like a—well, she 's impossible. The show 's going to the devil. Now, I 've always said I 'd rather have the worst professional than the cleverest amateur in any show of mine. You 've *got* to have experience; you simply must know how to handle the stage. But I 'm so sick of author's friends and influence and all those gold bricks I 've stood for, that for just once I 'm going to break all my rules and take a chance on you, young lady!

"Now, see here; Monday morning you take the train for New Bedford, and travel with the company for two weeks. Rehearse, and watch it from the front every night. Then we 'll see what you can do. Now, young lady, you may not know it, but there 's a chance that does n't come once in a stage-lifetime. Excuse me for a moment, please."

As she waited for him to finish a heated telephone conversation, her voyaging eyes stopped suddenly at a large framed photograph on the wall. It was a picture of Guy Norman, and there *she* herself was, in the very scene she last played with him in Milwaukee! There she was, too, in this very office she had so many months tried in vain to enter! Guy Norman! A choking came in her throat. His cuffs, —the way he jerked them back; that overcoat, flung over a chair at rehearsal; that fresh, folded handkerchief, never opened. *"Très bien, Ma'm'selle."* Tears were gathering in her eyes.

Littleton whirled round to her.

"Now, about your name. You know, this 'Vinnie Smith' sounds to me like a country dressmaker." He stopped, stared at a tear trickling down her cheek, and added kindly: "Oh, don't feel hurt, my dear; they all take stage names, you know. Why, Sarah Dover's real name is McGillicuddy. Now, I 've been thinking over some names. I 'll tell you—what was that, now? Sher—"

"My mother's name was Caspian."

"Caspian? Bully!"

"Oh, I wish I could take my favorite name. It 's Jean."

Littleton poked her with his pencil. "Say, you can kiss Vinnie Smith good-by right now. Jean Caspian, I wish you luck!"

In three weeks Littleton received the following telegram from Springfield:

> Where did you catch her? Great! You would n't know the show. Come on immediately. GERRISH.

The result of this telegram, and the hurried trip of Littleton's that followed, was that the production was rushed into New York ahead of the schedule, with the



"THE SMILE GRADUALLY FADED FROM HIS FACE"

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

name of Jean Caspian "featured" on the bills.

On the opening night, after the second-act drop fell for the last time, Littleton, grinning at the curtain-calls, and with a keen, twinkling eye on the cabal of critics heading for the bar, was suddenly whacked on the back.

"Great girl!" a tall man behind him exclaimed cordially. He was beaming as if his own daughter had won.

"Hello, Davey! It 's a knock-out, is n't it? Is n't she a wonder?"

"Well, I guess yes. I came all the way over from Elizabeth to see her."

"And what d' you think, Davey, I picked that girl almost out of the gutter. Never acted before last month."

Davey stared. "Say, how many cocktails have you had to-night, old man?"

"Why, that girl was Sarah Dover's maid!"

"Who? Jean Caspian? *Haw-haw-haw!*" Davey threw back his head and roared. "Good God! Was n't I stage-manager for Guy Norman? I always said she 'd go to the top. Say, Littleton, you ought to keep track of these outside winners."

Littleton was transfixed. His eyes grew small. "How many cocktails have *you* had, Davey?"

For a moment the two glared at each other in silence. Then Littleton jerked his thumb toward the stage. "Say, come on behind with me."

Jean opened her dressing-room door in answer to the emphatic knock.

"Well, Miss Caspian," said Littleton, "you certainly put it over." He wrung her hand enthusiastically. "But what 's all this about your being with Norman?"

"Oh, yes," she answered demurely, "I believe I *was* his leading lady. Oh, how d' you do, Mr. Davey?" She extended her hand, and the two exploded in laughter.

Littleton, baffled, bewildered, watched them, utterly at a loss, pulling his beard savagely.

"Well, I 'll be damned!" he said. Then slowly his face lightened to an indulgent smile. "See here, Miss Caspian, I always thought you were a genius, but now I 'm sure of it. Yes, you certainly put it over! *Haw-haw-haw!*"

Soon after the performance was over that night, Jean and two excited, happy girls hastened from the theater and jumped into a taxicab. Over in Dell's room they laughed; over in Dell's room they wept.

"Oh, Jean, it 's awful!" said Clara. "I can't bear to hear it."

"Go on! Go on!" said Della Prance. "I want to hear it *all.*"

"It 's not what she 's telling that affects me. It 's awfully funny, some of it; but it 's something—" Clara slipped down on the floor beside Jean and took her hand. "It 's your voice, Jean—that 's it! It 's something it 's *done* to it." She gripped Jean hard. "Jean, you 've won something more than they ever saw to-night. It 's something that you 'll always have now. It 's been worth the whole game!"

The clock struck three. The parable of the little boy and the gutter-nickel was finished. Silence fell in the room; the girls communed without words. Then Clara rose, yawned, and gave a broken laugh.

"Think of Smiley's in the morning, Dell!"



THE FIRST VOYAGE OVER

OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A NAÏVELY SOPHISTICATED TRAVELER AT FORTY

BY THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. J. GLACKENS

I HAVE just turned forty. I have seen a little something of life. I have been a newspaper man, editor, magazine contributor, author, and, in earlier days, several odd kinds of clerk before I found out what I could do.

Eleven years ago I wrote my first novel, which was issued by New York publishers, and suppressed by them. Heaven knows why, for the same autumn they suppressed my book because of its alleged immoral tendencies they published Zola's "Fecundity" and "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters." I fancy now, after eleven years of wonder, that it was not so much the supposed immorality as the book's straightforward, plain-spoken discussion of American life in general. We were not used then in America to calling a spade a spade, particularly in books. We had great admiration for Tolstoy and Flaubert and Balzac and De Maupassant at a distance,—some of us,—and it was an honor to have handsome sets of these men on our shelves; but mostly we had been schooled in the literature of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Lamb, and that refined company of English sentimental realists who told us something about life, but not everything. I am quite sure that it never occurred to many of us that there was something really improving in a plain, straightforward understanding of life. For myself, I now accept no creeds. I do not know what truth is, what beauty is, what love is, what hope is. I do not believe any one absolutely and I do not doubt any one absolutely. I think people have both evil and good intentions.

While I was opening my mail one morning I encountered a note, now memorable, which was addressed to me at my apartment. It was from an old literary friend of mine in England, who expressed himself as anxious to see me immediately. I have always liked him. I like him because he strikes me as amusingly English, decidedly literary and artistic in his point of view, a man with wide wisdom, discriminating taste, rare selection. He wears a monocle in his right eye, *à la* Chamberlain, and I like him for that. I like people who take themselves with a grand air, whether they like me or not, particularly if the grand air is backed up by a real personality. In this case it is.

Next morning G. took breakfast with me; it was a most interesting affair. He was late—very. He stalked in, his spats shining, his monocle glowing with a shrewd, inquisitive eye behind it, his whole manner genial, self-sufficient, almost dictatorial, and always final. He takes charge easily, rules sufficiently, does essentially well in all circumstances where he is interested so to do.

"I have decided," he observed with that managerial air which always delights me because my soul is not in the least managerial, "that you will come back to England with me. I have my passage arranged for the twenty-second. You will come to my house in England; you will stay there a few days; then I shall take you to London and put you up at a very good hotel. You will stay there until January first and then we shall go to the Continent. Sometime in the spring or summer, when you have all your notes, you will return to London or New York and write your impressions, and I will see that they are published."

"If it can be arranged," I interpolated.

"It *can* be arranged," he replied emphatically. "I will attend to the financial part, and arrange affairs with both an American and an English publisher."

Sometimes life is very generous. It walks in and says, "Here, I want you to

do a certain thing," and it proceeds to arrange all your affairs for you. I felt curiously at this time as though I was on the edge of a great change. When one turns forty and faces one's first transatlantic voyage, it is a more portentous event than when it comes at twenty.

I shall not soon forget reading in a morning paper, on the early ride downtown the day we sailed, of the suicide of a friend of mine, a brilliant man. He had fallen on hard lines, his wife had decided to desert him, he was badly in debt. I knew him well, I had known his erratic history. Here on this morning when I was sailing for Europe in the flush of a momentary literary victory, he was lying in death. It gave me pause. It brought to my mind the Latin phrase, *"Memento mori."* I saw again, right in the heart of this hour of brightness, how grim life really is. Fate is kind or it is not. It puts you ahead or it does not. If it does not, nothing can save you. I acknowledge the Furies. I believe in them. I have heard the disastrous beating of their wings.

When I reached the ship, it was already a perfect morning in full glow. The sun was up, a host of gulls were on the wing, an air of delicious adventure enveloped the great liner's dock at the foot of Thirteenth Street. Did ever a boy thrill over a ship as I over this monster of the seas?

In the first place, even at this early hour it was crowded with people. From the moment I came on board I was delighted by the eager, restless movement of the throng. The main deck was like the lobby of one of the great New York hotels at dinner-time. There was much call on the part of a company of dragooned shipstewards to "keep moving, please," and the enthusiasm of farewells and the inquiries after this person and that were delightful to hear. I encountered G. finally and exchanged greetings, and then perforce soon found myself taken in tow by him, for he obviously wanted to instruct me in all the details of this new world upon which I was now entering.

Shortly before sailing I had my first glimpse of a Miss B., as discreet and charming a bit of English femininity as one would care to set eyes upon. She was an English actress in whose comfortable transit G. was apparently seriously interested. Shortly afterward a Miss X. was introduced to him and to Miss B. by a third acquaintance of Miss B.'s, a Mr. K. I noticed Mr. K. strolling about the deck some time before I saw him conversing with Miss B., and later, for a moment, with G., K. interested me as a direct, self-satisfied, and aggressive type of the Hebrew race. I saw these women only for a moment at first, but they impressed me at once as rather attractive examples of the stage world.

It was nine o'clock, the hour of the ship's sailing. I went forward to the prow. All the morning I had been particularly impressed with the cloud of gulls fluttering about the ship, but now the harbor, the magnificent wall of lower New York, set like a jewel in a green ring of sea-water, took my eye. When should I see it again? How soon should I be back? I stood there till the *Mauretania* fronted her prow outward to the broad Atlantic. Then I started to go below, but G. overtook me.

"Come up here," he said.

We went to the boat-deck, where the towering red smoke-stacks were belching forth trailing clouds of smoke. I am quite sure that G., when he originally made his authoritative command that I come to England with him, was in no way satisfied that I would. It was a somewhat light venture on his part; but here I was. And now, having "let himself in" for this, as he would have phrased it, I could see that he was intensely interested in what Europe would do to me—and possibly in what I would do to Europe. Nevertheless, he had very little to say except to speak of the receding beauty of New York, to speculate as to my probable impressions of England and France, to congratulate himself that we were really under way. It was delightful.

Absolutely ignorant of this world of the sea, a great ship like this interested me from the start. It impressed me no little that all the servants were English and that they were, shall I say, polite? Well, if not that, non-aggressive.

Another thing that impressed and irritated me a little was the stolidity of the English countenance as I encountered it here on this ship. I did n't know then whether it was accidental in this case or national. There is a certain type of Englishman—the robust, rosy-cheeked, blue-

eyed Saxon—whom I cordially dislike, I think, speaking temperamentally and artistically. They are too solid, too rosy, too immobile as to their faces, and altogether too assured and stary. I don't like them. They offend me. They thrust a silly race pride into my face, which is n't necessary at all, and which I always resent with a race pride of my own. It has even occurred to me at times that these temperamental race differences could be quickly adjusted only by an appeal to arms, which is sillier yet. But so goes life. It 's foolish on both sides, but I mention it for what it is worth.

I went to my room and began unpacking, but was not there long before I was called out by G. to meet Miss B. and Miss X.

"Get your cap and coat," he said in his authoritative way, "and come out on deck. Miss B. is there. She 's reading your last novel. She likes it."

I went out, interested to meet these two, for the actress, the talented, good-looking representative of that peculiarly feminine world of art, appeals to me very much. I have always thought, since I have been able to reason about it, that the stage is almost the only ideal outlet for the artistic temperament of a talented and beautiful woman. Men? Well, I don't care so much for the men of the stage. I acknowledge the distinction of such a temperament as that of David Garrick or Edwin Booth. These were great actors, and, by the same token, they were great artists, wonderful artists; but in the main the men of the stage are frail shadows of a much more real thing—the active, constructive man in other lines.

I found that this very able patron of mine was doing everything that could be done to make the trip comfortable without show or fuss. Many have this executive or managerial gift. Sometimes I think it is a natural trait of the English—of their superior classes, anyhow. They go about colonizing efficiently, industriously. They make fine governors and patrons.

Not only were all our chairs on deck here in a row, but our chairs at table had already been arranged for—four seats at the captain's table. It seems that from previous voyages on this ship G. knew the captain. He also knew the chairman of the company in England. No doubt he knew the chief steward. Anyhow, he knew the man who sold us our tickets. Wherever he went, I found he was always finding somebody whom he knew. I like to get in tow of such a man as G. and see him plow the seas.

I covertly observed the personality of Miss X. Here was some one who, on sight, at a glance, attracted me far more significantly than ever Miss B. could. I cannot tell you why, exactly. In a way, Miss B. appeared, at moments and from certain points of view, with her delicacy, refinement, sweetness of mood, the more attractive of the two. But Miss X., with her chic face, her dainty little chin, her narrow, lavender-lidded eyes, drew me quite like a magnet. I liked a certain snap and vigor which shot from her eyes, and which, I could feel, represented our raw American force. A foreigner will not, I am afraid, understand exactly what I mean; but there is something about the American climate, its soil, rain, winds, race spirit, which produces a raw, direct incisiveness of soul in its children. They are strong, erect, elated, enthusiastic. They look you in the eye, cut you with a glance, say what they mean in ten thousand ways without really saying anything at all. They come upon you fresh like cold water, and they have the luster of a hard, bright jewel and the fragrance of a rich, red, full-blown rose. Americans are wonderful to me—American men and American women. They are rarely polished or refined. They know little of the subtleties of life, its order and procedures. But oh, the glory of their spirit, the hope of them, the dreams of them, the desires and enthusiasm of them! That is what wins me. They give me the sense of being intensely, enthusiastically, humanly alive.

After dinner we adjourned to the ship's drawing-room, and there Miss X. fell to playing cards with G. at first, afterward with Mr. K., who came up and found us, thrusting his company upon us perforce. The man amused me, so typically aggressive, money-centered was he. However, not he so much as Miss X. and her mental and social attitude commanded my attention. Her card-playing and her boastful accounts of adventures at Ostend, Trouville, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Aix-les-Bains indicated plainly the trend of her

interests. She was all for the showy life that was to be found in these places, burning with a desire to glitter, not shine, in that half-world of which she was a smart atom. Her conversation was at once showy, naïve, sophisticated, and yet unschooled. I could see by G.'s attentions to her, that, aside from her crude Americanisms, which ordinarily would have alienated him, he was interested in her beauty, her taste in dress, her love of a certain continental café life which encompassed a portion of his own interests. Both were looking forward to a fresh season of it, G. with me, Miss X. with some one who was waiting for her in London.

After dinner there was a concert. It was a dreary affair. When it was over, I started to go to bed, but, it being warm and fresh, I stopped outside. The night was beautiful. There were no fellow-passengers on the promenade. All had retired. The sky was magnificent for stars—Orion, the Pleiades, the Milky Way, the Big Dipper, the Little Dipper. I saw one star, off to my right, as I stood at the prow, under the bridge, which, owing to the soft, velvety darkness, cast a faint, silvery glow on the water—just a trace. Think of it! One lone, silvery star over the great dark sea doing this. I stood at the prow and watched the boat speed on. I threw back my head and drank in the salt wind. I looked and listened. England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany—all these were coming to me mile by mile. As I stood there, a bell over me struck eight times. Another, farther off, sounded the same number. Then a voice at the prow called, "All 's well," and another aloft, in the crow's-nest, echoed, "All 's well." The second voice was weak and quavering.

Something came up in my throat—a quick, unbidden lump of emotion. Was it an echo of old journeys and old seas when life was not safe? What about Columbus and Raleigh and the Norsemen? What about the Phenicians and the Egyptians and the Greeks? St. Paul writes, "And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest." Quite so—fears and pains and terrors. And now this vast ship, eight hundred and eighty-two feet long, eighty-eight feet beam, with huge pits of engines and furnaces and polite, veneered first-cabin decks and passengers! I love life. It is strange, dangerous, beautiful, cruel. I love forms and variations, but I mistrust them utterly. I do not know who I am, or whence I am, or why I am. Only I am here, and would that I were happy and could live so always!

The close of the next day occurred in the lounging- or reception-room, where, after dinner, we all retired to listen to the music, and then began one of those really interesting conversations between G. and Miss X. that sometimes illuminate life and make one see things forever afterward.

It is going to be very hard for me to define just how this could be, for I might say that I had at the moment considerable intellectual contempt for the point of view which the conversation represented. Consider first the American attitude. With us the business of life is not living, but achieving. Roughly speaking, we are willing to go hungry, dirty, to wait in the cold, and to fight gamely, if in the end we can achieve one or more of the seven stars in the human crown of life. Several of the forms of supremacy may seem the same, but they are not. Examine them closely. The average American is not born to place. He does not know what the English sense of order is. We have not that national esprit de corps which characterizes the English and the French, perhaps, certainly the Germans. We are loose, uncouth, but, in our way, wonderful. The spirit of God has once more breathed upon the waters.

Well, the gentleman who was doing the talking in this instance and the lady who was coinciding, inciting, aiding, abetting, approving, and at times leading and demonstrating, represented two different and yet allied points of view. G. is distinctly a product of the English conservative school of thought, a gentleman who wishes sincerely he was not so conservative. His house is in order. You can feel it. His standards and ideals are fixed. He knows what life ought to be, how it ought to be lived. You would never catch him associating with the rag-tag and bob-tail of humanity with any keen sense of human brotherhood or emotional tenderness of feeling. One cannot be considering the state of the under dog at any particular time. Government is established to do this sort of thing. The masses! Let

them behave. And let us, above all things, have order and peace. This is a section of G. Not all, mind you, but a section. I have described Miss X.

"And oh, the life!" she said at one point. "Americans don't know how to live. They are all engaged in doing something. They are such beginners. They are only interested in money. I see them in Paris now and then." She lifted her hand. "Here in Europe people understand life better. They know how to live. They know before they begin how much it will take to do the things that they want to do, and they start out to make that much; not a fortune—just enough to do the things that they want to do. When they get that, they retire and *live*."

"And what do they do when they live?" I asked. "What do they call living?"

"Oh, having a nice country house within a short traveling distance of London or Paris; and being able to dine at the best restaurants and visit the best theaters once or twice a week; to go to Paris or Monte Carlo or Scheveningen or Ostend two or three or four, or as many times a year as they please; to wear good clothes; and to be thoroughly comfortable."

"That is not a bad standard," I said, and then I added, "And what else do they do?"

"And what else should they do? Is n't that enough?"

And there you have the European standard according to Miss X. as contrasted with the American standard which is, or has been up to this time, something decidedly different, I am sure. We have not been so eager to live. Our idea has been to work. No American that I have ever known has had the idea of laying up just so much, a moderate amount, and then retiring and living. He has had quite another thought in his mind. The American, the average American, I am sure loves power, the ability to do something, far more earnestly than he loves mere living. He wants to be an officer or a director of something, a poet, anything you please for the sake of being it, not for the sake of living.

While I was lying in my berth the fifth morning, I heard the room steward outside my door tell some one that he thought we reached Fishguard at one-thirty.

I packed my trunks, thinking of this big ship and the fact that my trip was over and that never again could I cross the Atlantic for the first time. A queer world this. We can only do any one thing significantly once. I remember when I first went to Chicago, I remember when I first went to St. Louis, I remember when I first went to New York. Other trips there were, but they are lost in vagueness. But the first time of any important thing sticks and lasts; it comes back at times, and haunts you with its beauty and its sadness. You know well you cannot do that any more; and, like a clock, it ticks and tells you that life is moving on. I shall never come to England any more for the first time. That is gone and done for, worse luck.

So I packed—will you believe it?—a little sadly. I think most of us are a little silly at times, only we are cautious enough to conceal it. There is in me the spirit of a wistful child somewhere, and it clings pitifully to the hand of its big mama, Life, and cries when it is frightened. It longs for love and sympathy, and aches, oh, pathetically; and then there is a coarse, vulgar exterior which fronts the world defiantly and bids all and sundry to go to the devil. It sneers and barks and jeers bitterly at times, and guffaws and cackles and has a joyous time laughing at the follies of others.

Then I went to hunt G. to find out what I should do. How much was I to give the deck steward, how much to the bath steward, how much to the room steward, how much to the dining-room steward, how much to "boots," and so on.

"Look here," observed that most efficient of all managerial souls that I have ever known, "I 'll tell you what you do. No, I 'll write it." And he drew forth an ever-ready envelop.

I went forthwith and paid them, relieving my soul of a great weight. Then I came on deck, and found that I had forgotten to pack my ship blanket and a steamer rug, which I forthwith went and packed. Then I discovered that I had no place for my derby hat save on my head, so I went back and packed my cap. Then I thought I had lost one of my brushes, which I had n't, though I did lose one of my stylo-pencils. Finally I came on deck and sang coon-songs with Miss X., sitting

in our steamer-chairs. The low shore of Ireland had come into view, with two faint hills in the distance, and these fascinated me. I thought I should have some slight emotion on seeing land again, but I did n't. It was gray and misty at first, but presently the sun came out beautifully clear, and the day was as warm as May in New York. I felt a sudden elation of spirits with the coming of the sun, and I began to think what a lovely time I was going to have in Europe.

Miss X. was a little more friendly this morning than heretofore. She is a tricky creature, coy, uncertain, and hard to please. She liked me intellectually and thought I was able, but her physical and emotional predilections, as far as men are concerned, did not include me.

We rejoiced together singing coon-songs, and then we fought. There is a directness between experienced intellects which waves aside all formalities. She had seen a lot of life; so had I. She said she thought she would like to walk a little.

We strolled back along the heaving deck to the end of the first-cabin section and then to the stern. When we reached there the sky was overcast again, for it was one of those changeable mornings which is now gray, now bright, now misty. Just now the heavens were black and lowering with soft, rain-charged clouds, like the wool of a smudgy sheep. The sea was a rich green in consequence; not a clear green, but a dark, muddy, oil-green. It rose and sank in its endless unrest, and one or two boats appeared—a light-ship, anchored out all alone against the lowering waste, and a small, black, passenger-steamer going somewhere.

"I wish my path in life were as white as that and as straight," observed Miss X., pointing to our white, propeller-churned wake, which extended back for half a mile or more.

"Yes," I observed, "you do and you don't. You do, if it would n't cost you trouble in the future—impose the straight and narrow, as it were."

"Oh, you don't know," she exclaimed irritably, that ugly fighting light coming into her eyes which I had seen there several times before. "You don't know what my life has been. I have n't been so bad. We all of us do the best we can. I have done the best I could, considering."

"Yes, yes," I observed; "you 're ambitious and alive and you 're seeking—Heaven knows what. You would be fine with your pretty face and body if you were not so—so sophisticated. The trouble with you is—"

"Oh, look at that cute little boat out there!" She was talking of the light-ship. "I always feel sorry for a poor little thing like that, set aside from the main tide of life and left lonely, with no one to care for it."

"The trouble with you is," I went on, seizing this new remark as an additional pretext for analysis, "you 're romantic, not sympathetic. You 're interested in that poor little lonely boat because its state is romantic, not pathetic. It may be pathetic, but that is n't the point with you."

"Well," she said, "if you had had all the hard knocks I have had, you would n't be sympathetic either. I 've suffered, I have. My illusions have been killed dead."

"Yes, love is over with you. You can't love any more. You can like to be loved, that 's all. If it were the other way about—"

I paused to think how really lovely she would be with her narrow, lavender eyelids; her delicate, almost retroussé, little nose; her red cupid's-bow mouth.

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a gesture of almost religious adoration, "I cannot love any one person any more; but I can love love, and I do—all the delicate things it stands for."

"Flowers," I observed, "jewels, automobiles, hotel bills, fine dresses."

"Oh, you 're brutal. I hate you. You 've said the cruelest, meanest things that have ever been said to me."

"But they 're so."

"I don't care. Why should n't I be hard? Why should n't I love to live and be loved? Look at my life. See what I 've had."

"You like me, in a way."

"I admire your intellect."

"Quite so; and others receive the gifts of your personality."

"I can't help it. I can't be mean to the man I 'm with. He 's good to me. I won't. I 'd be sinning against the only conscience I have."

They were blowing a bugle for lunch

when we came back, and down we went. G. was already at table. The orchestra was playing "Auld Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home," "Dixie," and the "Suwanee River." It even played one of those delicious American rags which I love so much—the "Oceana Roll." I felt a little lump in my throat at "Auld Lang Syne" and "Dixie," and together Miss X. and I hummed the "Oceana Roll" as it was played. One of the girl passengers came about with a plate to obtain money for the members of the orchestra, and half-crowns were generally deposited. Then I started to eat my dessert; but G., who had hurried off, came back to interfere.

"Come, come,"—he is always most emphatic—"you 're missing it all. We 're landing."

I thought we were leaving at once. The eye behind the monocle was premonitory of some great loss to me. I hurried on deck, to thank his artistic and managerial instinct instantly I arrived there. Before me was Fishguard and the Welsh coast, and to my dying day I shall never forget it. Imagine, if you please, a land-locked harbor, as green as grass in this semi-cloudy, semi-gold-bathed afternoon, with a half-moon of granite scarp rising sheer and clear from the green waters to the low gray clouds overhead. On its top I could see fields laid out in pretty squares or oblongs, and at the bottom of what to me appeared to be the east end of the semicircle was a bit of gray scruff, which was the village, no doubt. On the green water were several other boats—steamers, much smaller, with red stacks, black sides, white rails and funnels, bearing a family resemblance to the one we were on. There was a long pier extending out into the water from what I took to be the village, and something farther inland that looked like a low shed.

This black hotel of a ship, so vast, so graceful, now rocking gently in the enameled bay, was surrounded this hour by wheeling, squeaking gulls. I always like the squeak of a gull; it reminds me of a rusty car-wheel, and somehow it accords with a lone, rocky coast. Here they were, their little feet coral red, their beaks jade gray, their bodies snowy white or sober gray, wheeling and crying, "My heart remembers how." I looked at them, and that old intense sensation of joy came back—the wish to fly, the wish to be young, the wish to be happy, the wish to be loved. I think my lips framed verses, and I thought that if nature, in her vast, sightless chemistry, would only give me something to feed this intense emotion to the full, I should welcome eternal sleep.

But my scene, beautiful as it was, was slipping away. One of the pretty steamers I had noted lying on the water some distance away was drawing alongside—to get mails, they said. There were hurrying and shuffling people on all the first-cabin decks.

Then the mail and trunks being off, and that boat having veered away, another and somewhat smaller one came alongside, and we first- and then the second-class passengers went aboard, and I watched the great ship growing less and less as we pulled away from it. It was immense from alongside, a vast skyscraper of a ship. At a hundred feet it seemed not so large, but exceedingly more graceful; at a thousand feet all its exquisite lines were perfect, its bulk not so great, but the pathos of its departing beauty wonderful; at two thousand feet it was still beautiful and large against the granite ring of the harbor; but, alas! it was moving. The captain was an almost indistinguishable spot upon the bridge. The stacks, in their way gorgeous, took on beautiful proportions. I thought, as we veered in near the pier and the ship turned within her length or thereabouts and steamed out, I had never seen a more beautiful sight. Her convoy of gulls was still about her. Her smoke-stacks flung back their graceful streamers. The propeller left a white trail of foam.

Just then the lighter bumped against the dock. I walked under a long, low train-shed covering four tracks, and then I saw my first English passenger-train. I did n't like the looks of the cars. I can prove in a moment by any traveler that our trains are vastly more luxurious. I can see where there is n't heat enough, and where one lavatory for men and women on any train, let alone a first-class one, is an abomination; but, still, and notwithstanding, I say the English railway service is better. Why? Because it 's more human; it 's more considerate. You are n't driven and urged to step lively and called at in loud, harsh voices, and made to feel

that you are being tolerated aboard something that was never made for you at all, but for the employees of the company.

But finally the train was started, and we were off. The track was not so wide as ours, if I am not mistaken, and the little freight-cars were positively ridiculous, mere wheelbarrows by comparison with the American type. As for the passenger-cars, when I came to examine them, they reminded me of some of our fine street-

affectionate, thoughtful, sympathetic regard for my every possible mood on this occasion. This was my first trip to this England of which of course he was intensely proud. He was so humanly anxious that I should not miss any of its charms or, if need be, defects. He wanted me to be able to judge it fairly and humanly and to see, as he phrased it, "the eventual result sieved through your temperament." The soul of attention, the



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

"THE MAGNIFICENT WALL OF LOWER NEW YORK, SET LIKE A JEWEL IN A GREEN RING OF SEA-WATER"

cars that run from, say, Schenectady to Gloversville. They were the first-class cars, too—the English Pullmans. The train started out briskly and you could feel that it did not have the powerful weight to it which the American train has. An American Pullman creaks significantly, just as a great ship does when it begins to move. An American engine begins to pull slowly because it has something to pull—like a team with a heavy load. I did n't feel that I was in a train half so much as I did that I was in a string of baby-carriages.

As I think of it now, I can never be sufficiently grateful to G. for a certain

soul of courtesy, patient, long-suffering, humane, gentle, how I have tried the patience of that man at times! An iron mood he has on occasion; a stoic one always. Gentle, even, smiling, living a rule and a standard, every thought of him produces a grateful smile.

It was three-thirty when the train began to move, and from the lovely, misty sunshine of the morning the sky had become overcast with low, gray, almost black, rain-clouds. I looked at the hills and valleys. They told me we were in Wales. Curiously, as we sped along, first came Wordsworth into my mind, and then Thomas Hardy. I thought of



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

"I SAW K. CONVERSING WITH MISS B."

Wordsworth first because these smooth, kempt hills, wet with the rain and static with deep, gray shadows, suggested him. England owes much to William Wordsworth, I think. So far as I can see, he epitomized in his verses this sweet, simple hominess that tugs at the heart-strings like some old call that one has heard before. My father was a German, my mother of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and yet there is a pull here in this Shaksperian-Wordsworthian-Hardyesque world which is precisely like the call of a tender mother to a child. I can't resist it. I love it. I love it so much that it even hurts me; and I am not English, but radically American.

I understand that Hardy is not so well thought of in England as he might be; that, somehow, some large conservative class thinks that his books are immoral or destructive. I should say the English would better make much of Thomas Hardy while he is alive. He is one of its great traditions. His works are beautiful. The spirit of all the things he has done or attempted is lovely. He is a master mind, simple, noble, dignified, serene. He is as fine as any of the English cathedrals. St. Paul's or Canterbury has no more significance to me than Thomas Hardy. I shall see St. Paul's. I wish I could see the spirit of Thomas Hardy indicated in some such definite way. And yet I do not. Monuments do not indicate great men, but the fields and valleys of a country suggest them.

At twenty or thirty miles from Fishguard we came to the Bay of Bristol. Then came more open country, and then the lovely, alternating hues of this rain-washed world. The water under these dark clouds took on a peculiar luster. It looked at times like burnished steel, at times like muddy lead. I thought of our own George Inness and what he would have done with these scenes and what the English Turner has done, though he preferred, as a rule, another key.

At four-thirty one of the charming English trainmen came and asked if we would have tea in the dining-car. We would. We arose and in a few moments were entering one of those dainty little basket cars. The tables were covered with white linen and simple, pretty china and a silver tea-service. It was n't as though you were traveling at all. I felt as though I were stopping at the house of a friend, or as though I were in the cozy corner of some well-known and friendly inn. Tea was served. We ate toast and talked cheerfully. G. was most anxious that I should not miss any of the significance of the landscape, and insisted that I keep my nose to the window.

Having started so late, it grew nearly dark after tea, and the distant landscapes



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

"ONE OF THOSE REALLY INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN G. AND MISS X"

were not so easy to descry. We came presently, in the mist, to a place called Carmarthen, I think, where were great black stacks and flaming forges and lights burning wistfully in the dark; and then to another similar place, Swansea; and finally to a third, Cardiff, great centers of manufacture, for there were flaming lights from forges; great, golden gleams from open furnaces; and dark blue smoke, visible even at this hour, from tall stacks overhead; and gleaming electric lights, like bright, lucent diamonds.

It has always seemed a great, sad, heroic thing,—plain day labor. Those common, ignorant men, working before flaming forges, stripped to the waist in some instances, fascinated my imagination. I have always marveled at the inequalities of nature—the way it will give one man a low brow and a narrow mind, a narrow round of thought, and make a slave or horse of him, and another a light, nimble mind, a quick wit, and air, and make a gentleman of him. No human being can solve either the question of ability or utility. Is your gentleman useful? Yes and no, perhaps. Is your laborer useful? Yes and no, perhaps. I should say obviously yes. But see the differences in the reward of labor, physical labor. One eats his hard-earned crust in the sweat of his face; the other picks at his surfeit of courses, and wonders why this or that does n't taste better. I did not make my mind. I did not make my art. I cannot choose my taste except by predestined instinct, and yet here I am sitting in a comfortable English home as I write, commiserating the poor working-man. I indict nature here and now, as I always do and always shall do, as being aimless, pointless, unfair, unjust. I see in the whole thing no scheme but an accidental one, no justice save accidental justice. Now and then, in a way, some justice is done, but it is accidental; no individual man seems to will it. He can't. He does n't know how. He can't think how. And there 's an end of it.



WINGÈD VICTORY

BY VICTOR WHITLOCK

O PATIENT, wounded warrior of the range,
Braving the might of all the storms that blow,
Breasting the bandit winds that never change,
Fighting forever with an unseen foe.
How your brave spirit breathes of sturdy cheer—
You that the ranger deems a worthless tree.
Triumphant Nature, sculptor without peer,
Has moulded you her Wingèd Victory.

HERBERT PEER

AMERICAN MAKERS OF THE NEW JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

Author of "The Religions of Japan," "The Japanese Nation in Evolution," etc.

ALL the world knows that Commodore Matthew C. Perry "opened Japan," very much as one opens an exposition. He touched the button that set in operation the waiting wheels of a century or more of interior, intellectual preparation. It is not so well known that to President Millard Fillmore belongs the credit of organizing the expedition sent out in 1852, although it was William Alexander Graham, Secretary of the Navy, who brought up the subject in cabinet meeting.

Other American makers of Japan lived before Perry. Our flag, covering Dutch ships, was mirrored in Nagasaki Bay in 1798. In 1837, S. Wells Williams, printer and diplomatist, who, in the American ship *Morrison,* fitted out by Mr. Charles W. King, sailed from Hong-Kong to return shipwrecked Japanese, was driven away from Uraga with cannon-fire and balls. From these waifs, by word of mouth, he learned the spoken language; he then translated the gospels into Japanese, and in 1852 acted as Perry's interpreter and proposed "the favored nation" clause in the treaty.

Mastery of the language was the key with which to open Thornrose Castle. The futile visits in 1845 and 1846 of Commodores James Biddle and James Glynn, with battle-ships and brigs, appear smaller in perspective than the work of Ranald MacDonald, first teacher of English in Japan. In 1848, this educational zealot had himself put ashore from an American ship. In shutting out undesirable aliens the bigoted hermit Japanese of the nineteenth century were quite equal to the glorious Americans of the twentieth. Though MacDonald was promptly imprisoned and sent to Nagasaki, about his cage cell eager young men gathered in classes to learn English and become interpreters. The Yedo Government, thus enabled to meet Perry openly, had also, concealed in the after pavilion, Manjiro ("John Munn"), who had been educated at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, and who likewise had been voluntarily put ashore from an American vessel which had carried him to Japan. "John," though young, was white-haired, the capillary bleaching having resulted from translating into Japanese, by command of his Yedo superiors, Bowditch's "The New American Practical Navigator," when dictionaries were unknown.

In Perry's fleet, a marine named Jonathan Goble had enlisted, hoping to Christianize the natives. Goble began with a waif picked up at sea, whose Japanese name emerged from the alembic of sailor lingo as "Sam Patch." Later, in a land where horse traction was unknown, Goble, in order to give his sick wife outdoor air, invented the man-power carriage. By his drawing of a rough design, and showing a native mechanic the picture of a baby-carriage in Godey's "Lady's Book," the result in 1871 was the jinrikisha, the wheel that rolled round the world.

Before 1860, Japanese time was valueless, a drug in the market. There was no word in common use for anything less than an hour. Railways, introduced in 1872, made minutes and seconds intelligible quantities. For the first train scheduled, the prime minister of the empire was late and was left behind. The simultaneous advent of the cheap American watch and the Yankee's jinrikisha made ordinary people realize that an hour had sixty minutes. Some Japanese have since learned to split seconds.

In 1850 no English-speaking person could read correctly a Japanese book. Eugene Van Reed, an American, made a phrase-book in the katakana script, beginning the work which was continued by John Liggins, the two Browns, Samuel and Nathan, and William Imbrie—all Americans. James Curtis Hepburn, linguistic pioneer and translator of the Bible, made the initial dictionary, on which all



FIRST CLASS IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO, 1872, TAUGHT BY DR. GRIFFIS FOR TWO YEARS. MANY OF THESE ARE NOW LEADING MEN IN JAPAN

subsequent lexicons are based. The first series of American books done into Japanese was Peter Parley's histories, the style of which for a whole generation flavored "English as she was written" in Japan. It showed the Japanese islanders that they were as "frogs in a well, that know not the great ocean." More than anything else, the reading of English turned Japan's head away from China's world of thought to that of the Occident. Not a few masterpieces of American literature done into Japanese have passed through many editions. The answer of one of our sailors, in 1847, to the question, "Who is the ruler of America?" "The people," was then unfathomable. It is now quite plain. Prince Ito, who knew the Constitution of the United States almost by heart, read "The Federalist," finding it more fascinating than a novel. Thus it was by Alexander Hamilton, quite as much as by Bismarck, that he was confirmed in his unionist and centralizing theories. On the other hand, none so well as Americans has mastered the psychology of the Japanese, opened their hearts, and read their souls. Despite its limitations, Percival Lowell's work, "Occult Japan" (1894), is a masterpiece, Sidney L. Gulick's "Evolution of the Japanese" (1903) is excellent, and Alice Bacon's writings on Japan are superb.



TOWNSEND HARRIS, THE FIRST UNITED STATES MINISTER TO JAPAN AND FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Except that by Perry's treaty two doors were set ajar for doling out food, fuel, and water to sailors, Japan through this alone might still be a hermit nation. Yet in 1913 we see a world power,

wherein trade and labor are honored, population is doubled, wealth octupled, fifty millions of people are physically made over, and are actually taller by a half-inch than their ancestors, armed with the external forces of civilization, with social life and education, including music and



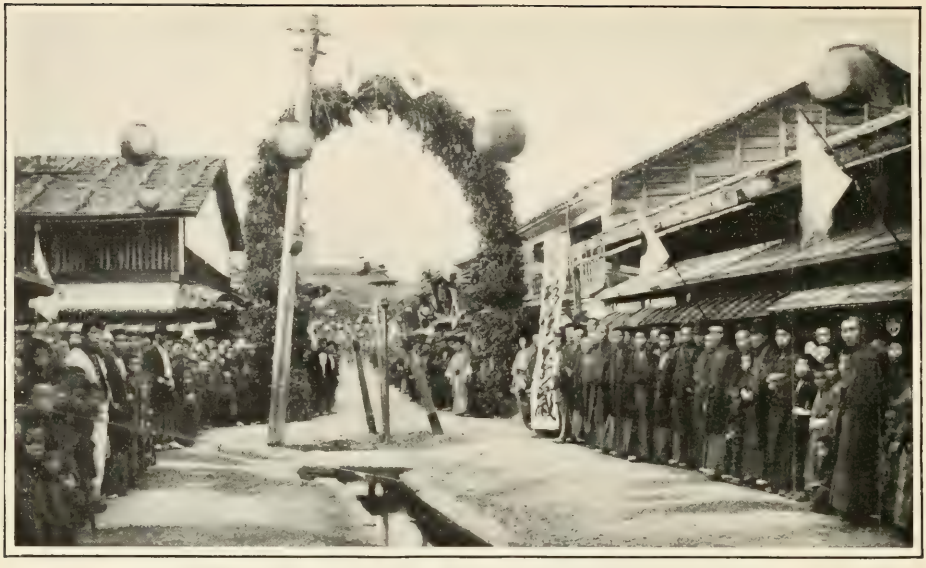
WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

law, changed and with ideals vastly modified. How did it come about?

Our first consul-general was Townsend Harris, merchant, and President of the Board of Education in New York City. In accepting President Pierce's nomination, he changed his skies, but not his constant mind, and hardly his chair of instruction. This founder of the institution that became the College of the City of New York, during twenty-two months at Shimoda and in Yedo, taught Japan's

leading men the practical details of modern civilized intercourse. The hermits yielded, and opened five seaports and two cities to trade, residence, and the work of teachers, missionaries, and experts who made labor honorable. It was Harris who lifted the flood-gates of modernism,

set the precedents, and fixed the limits of the later treaties with twenty nations. Even more, despite diplomatic limits, he discerned in the Japanese character a frankness and honesty that some of our newspapers have not yet discovered. Hence in Yedo, with a courage born of faith that fails not the true discerner, Harris, without a soldier, marine, or sailor, kept the stars and stripes flying over the American legation—the only one left in Yedo—when all the foreign envoys, de-



CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF THE OPENING OF THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN JAPAN

spite big battalions and artillery, had struck their flags and fled to Yokohama, thus insulting a proud nation by their absence from its capital for nearly a decade. The popular Japanese title of Townsend Harris is "the nation's friend."

Having committed herself by treaty, Japan then had to make trade and toil honorable and develop the resources of the country, or else go the way of India, be prostrate like China, or fall into the maw of Russia.

Where look for wealth? The soil was already worked to its full capacity as then known. Despite artificial checks to population, which had stood stationary for a century, the land seemed to cast out its human occupants. Famines, often carrying off two millions of people a year, desolated the land with appalling regularity. They were obliged to look to the mines and the precious metals, despite the double danger of a social revolution sure to be wrought from honoring men of pick and tools rather than of swords, and of the wrath of the gods and dragons that guarded jealously the treasures of the underworld.

It was as Nicodemus by night that high-bred men, shuddering at the necessity of it, came to Mr. Harris to ask for American mining engineers to prospect for gold. In 1861, with appalling promptness, arrived Messrs. William Phipps Blake and Raphael Pumpelly. Then the frightful problem of etiquette at once upreared itself. Should they be received as mechanics in overalls or as subalterns in an embassy? The answer to the question referred to Mr. Harris was startling: "In America the President of the United States would receive them as his equals."

That settled it. The monetary equilibrium of the world was not disturbed then or since by Japan's output of gold. Social and economic conditions, as well as lack of lodes prevented, but Pumpelly taught blasting, and incidentally lighted the fuse that blew up feudalism. Later, Professor Benjamin Lyman, with Harry Smith Monroe and others from America, explored, surveyed, and mapped Japan's treasure-lands, saving the waste of millions in wild delusions.

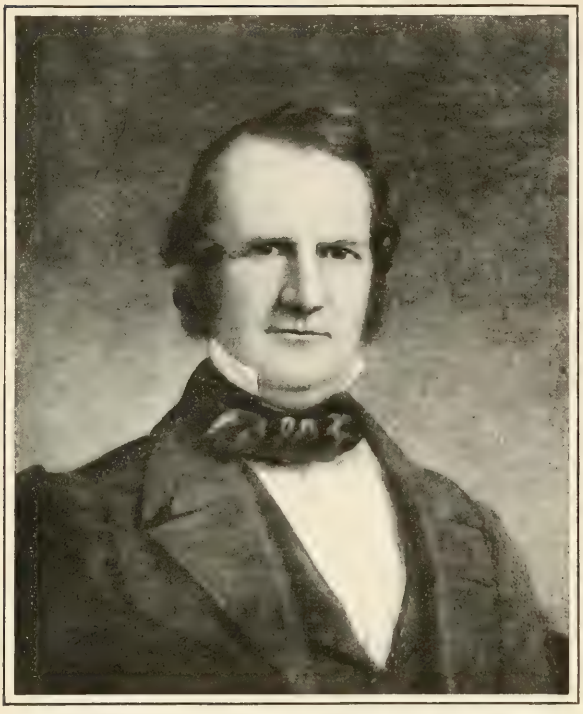
Pumpelly builded better than he knew, healing an age-long breach between honor and toil. Without knowing it, he ushered in a new industrial era. Townsend Harris was the glad sponsor of the missionaries, who for ten years were in effect the sole teachers of the nation in science, history, medicine, and statesmanship; for of Christianity, until 1872, the Japanese, knowing only the Portuguese and Spanish type, and refusing to jest at their scars, would have none.

Some unseen power must have presided over the choice of the four American pioneer missionaries—Channing Moore Williams, Samuel Robbins Brown, James Curtis Hepburn, and Guido Fridolin Verbeck—who arrived on the soil in 1859, each one to live through forty years of altruistic toil. They seeded Japan with new thoughts and raised a regiment of trained men, with faces set toward the Occident. These serve, or have served, as van-leaders of reform and progress, not a few being in the high councils of the nation. Of the four pioneers, three, having been in China, soon got a grip on the native script and literature, which, like most things Japanese, is based on the Chinese. Dr. Guido Fridolin Verbeck, master of seven languages, became later chief government translator, adviser of the emperor, and the star preacher in Japanese. This "Americanized Dutchman," educated in technical science at Delft, had at once the mind of an engineer and of a statesman. At Nagasaki he took hold of the boys, taught them the New Testament and the Constitution of the United States, and, to feudal and divided Japan, Christopher Martin Wieland's poem, "Where is the German Fatherland?" Verbeck dictated what should be the languages for medicine (German), law (French), and education (English). He hewed out the channels of progress by urging that while students should be sent abroad in large numbers, foreign experts in all departments should be brought to Japan; by proposing an imperial embassy to go around the world, and by elaborating a scheme of national elementary education. Dr. Samuel Robbins Brown, the schoolmaster, intellectual father of the first American woman's college chartered as such, at Elmira, New York, who had in 1847 brought the first Chinese students to America, introduced photography and raised a body of intellectuals. To-day a hundred Japanese lawyers, doctors, editors, ministers, and public men revere his name.

In December, 1867, the older native statesmen, with long preparation, and the younger ones, with the new mind "brought from over the sea," got possession of the imperial palace and person in Kioto, and began, in the boy mikado's name, that series of far-reaching reforms that have made a new nation. In the new Government possibly half were pupils of Verbeck. His heart beat faster when in one of the five articles of the charter oath of the emperor in Kioto, the basis of the Constitution of 1889, it was sworn that



A TYPICAL STREET CONVEYANCE IN JAPAN BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF JINRIKISHAS



WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY IN 1831

"intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world in order to restore the foundations of the empire." Leaving Nagasaki and going at once to headquarters, Verbeck secured the turning of the stream of students to America, where soon hundreds, mostly at New Brunswick, New Jersey, were, from 1866 onward, pounding at the gates of knowledge. Verbeck was then called to Tokio to be president of the Imperial University of Tokio and incidentally to be factotum of a government then in novelty and isolation. When the embassy set out to go around the world in 1872, Verbeck, who had suggested the idea, found that more than one half of its personnel had been his pupils.

From 1868 to 1900, in response to the Mikado's invitation, about five thousand experts or assistants in every line of human achievement went to Japan, from master or ordinary mechanics, boatswains, and corporals to superintendents and professors. Their salaries ranged from day's wages to a salary then exceeding that of the President of the United States. Of these, about twelve hundred were American teachers. Of all these foreign helpers (*yatoi*), called out under the charter oath, I had the honor to be the first appointed and on the ground.

It was my good fortune to arrive in Fukui, Echizen, in 1871. I enjoyed the unique advantage of living in the far interior, in a daimio's castle, of seeing feudalism in operation, and of being present, October 1, 1871, at the solemn and impressive ceremonies at its fall and the transference of sovereignty to the emperor.

There was as yet no national department of education. Perhaps it is no accident that, out of the province of Echizen, where public schools were first organized, was raised the Ninth Division of the army that took Port Arthur. The chemical laboratory, training-class of teachers, lecture- and recitation-rooms, equipped with blackboards and modern furniture, were in the actual "palace" occupied for two centuries by the Baron of Echizen, one of the seventeen great feudatories of the empire. As I had been a soldier in the Civil War, I was asked my opinions as to the value of forts in miniature then being built with trowel and clay. Almost the first call to apply my knowledge of chemistry and physics was to show the Japanese how, by the use of electric wires and fulminates, to blow up ships by submarine wires and torpedoes. The introduction at that time of chairs in the schools, and changes in method and habits of sitting, have during a generation elongated the legs of a nation, adding half an inch to the Japanese stature.

Seeing the danger in a scheme of education of exclusive devotion to book-learning, and knowing the value of manual and technical training, I elaborated the plan of a technological school. The letter reached Tokio almost on the day that the first minister of education, Oki Takato, was appointed and the department was organized. Summoned by return messen-

ger to the capital, I was about to begin with four professional chairs, but happily, with enlarged ideas, the Government organized a few months later on a larger scale the superb College of Engineering, in which such men as Dyer, Milne, Divers, and Ayrton taught, and such pupils as Takaminé, Shimosé, and Oda were graduated. Transferred to the Imperial University, I had the honor to serve during three years. I taught science by contract; but also ethics, philosophy, and literature voluntarily, in order to know the Japanese mind. Of my pupils, some entered the cabinet; others to-day occupy places among the highest in education, diplomacy, or the enterprises of the Government. One of these was the Marquis Komura, who, after winning laurels in London, Washington, and Peking, sat opposite Serjius De Witte, the Russian, at the Portsmouth Conference in 1905. Remembering his daily work in the classroom, I was not unprepared for his brilliant success. Against the Russian, he scored all points on the Manchurian question, which to-day is the pivot of politics in the Far East. Komura and Takahira, both ambassadors, the latter to Washington in 1905, had been my pupils, Komura during nearly three years.

The missionaries were the pioneers of every good feature of civilization. In 1859, Hepburn opened the first dispensary in a land where there was no public hospital, or chimney, or newspaper, or milk-wagon, or stationary wash-stand, or any other than medieval devices of comfort. Public hygiene was scarcely known. The highways were full of sights of horror: a million outcasts, swarms of beggars, gamblers, lepers, smallpox patients moving freely abroad; eye-disorders, blindness, unmentionable diseases, and their victims; phallic shrines on the road, and phallic emblems freely exposed in the shops and at temple festivals; pilloried heads, gory execution-grounds, and blackened remains of judicial incineration. In the prisons, the apparatus of torture was elaborate and of infernal variety. Rotten humanity crowded the seats in Hepburn's chapel, while about him were a dozen or so of the future physicians and surgeons now famous. To-day Japan has a thousand hospitals and a faculty of world-wide fame, while no nation excels her in public hygiene.

Long before the government hospitals or officially trained nurses were heard of, Dr. John Berry, a medical missionary, now of Worcester, Massachusetts, the father also of prison reform in Japan, had taught women nurses and begun the development of a noble army of white-robed ministering angels. Indeed, the first message of Christendom has been to womanhood, and gratefully have the Japanese made acknowledgment. As early as 1861, Mrs. James Curtis Hepburn opened at Yokohama a school for girls; she was followed by Miss Mary Kidder of Brooklyn. In 1871 was founded the Woman's Union American Home, "on the Bluff," in which hundreds of girls received the education that has made a multitude of homes in which the social equality of husband and wife is a reality. This home has now a hundred missionary duplicates. In 1872 Miss Margaret Clark Griffis began the



WILLIAM H. JAQUES, WHO INTRODUCED STEEL-MAKING PROCESSES INTO JAPANESE WAR-SHIPS



A GROUP OF STUDENTS TAUGHT BY DR. GRIFFIS IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO

first government school for girls, out of which have developed the Peeresses' School and the Tokio Normal School, which have educated thousands of female teachers. It was an American woman missionary, Mrs. James Ballagh, who in 1863 first demonstrated, with two boys, the capacity of the Japanese voice to sing our scale. Since that time, besides Mr. Mason's training of pupils in the public schools, pianos and brass bands have become common. Mr. Edward House, with a native orchestra in Tokio, gave an oratorio beautifully, and now in New York Mrs. Takaori is singing our airs.

How, in a brief article, can one recite what American women have done in education, from peasant hut to emperor's palace, or tell of statesmen and diplomatists like E. Pershine Smith, John W. Foster, Henry Willard Denison, Durham White Stevens, John Hyde de Forest, the Rt. Rev. Merriman C. Harris; of Charles P. Bryan, who organized the national postal system; of men of finance, like George Burchell Williams; of art experts, like Ernest F. Fenollosa; of archæologists, like Edward S. Morse; of engineers, like William H. Jaques; of surgeons, like Duane B. Simmons and Albert Sydney Ashmead; of translators, like Daniel Crosby Greene or Nathan Brown, the latter by himself alone, after seven years' study, making a superb version of the New Testament, and of a host of others of whose work it shames the writer not to speak? Lack of space forbids even mention in detail of the great missionary enterprise, with its university, colleges, schools, hospitals, dispensaries, and an army of high-souled and cultivated men and women. It has been possible to name scarcely any others than the pioneers. Yet without the direct influence of their foreign Christian teachers, and their practical training received in the sessions, debates, committee and public meetings of the church-congregations, the large measure of representative and self-government, already reached in constitutional Japan, would have been impossible. Only in this way can we explain the large proportion of active members of the Christian Church in the Imperial Diet and local assemblies.

It was ours to be servants only, and joyful was the service. After forty-seven years' close acquaintance with these people, I am unable to trace any inferiority in intellect, or any fundamental difference in human nature, character, or brain



MISS MARGARET GRIFFIS AND HER PUPILS

Miss Griffis was the first American woman teacher in the government school for Samurai girls in Japan

power in the Japanese, as compared with Occidentals. Being a student of history and nations, I believe in their honesty and morality. All that we did was to show the way. The capacity was already theirs. Nevertheless, as Verbeck said, "New Japan came from beyond the sea." To an Englishman we leave the final verdict, —"New Japan is the creation of the foreign employé." Japan's true line of advance has really been less in exterior brilliancy than in interior reconstruction, in coöperation with her foreign helpers; and these, in overwhelming preponderance, whether of numbers or personality, have been Americans.



RESIDENCE OF TOWNSEND HARRIS AT SHIMODA [1835-1858]

MIND VERSUS MUSCLE IN GOLF

BY MARSHALL WHITLATCH

MR. WHITLATCH was a national figure in golf two or three years ago. Now he plays only once or twice a week. But his recent scores in the Knickerbocker Cup contest at the Oakland course show the results of applying his newly developed theory of play to his own game. His gross scores for the four rounds, played a week apart, were 75, 72, 77, and 73, a triumph, he considers, for his new ideas. His 72, done with a ball out of bounds, establishes the new competitive record for the course.—THE EDITOR.

GOLF and brains do not seem to assimilate. That the brains of the country are at work on this problem is amply proved by the membership-lists of the various country clubs. The handicap-lists and scores turned in by these brainy men are further evidence that golf and brains do not assimilate. The scores seem to indicate that there is a direct relation between the amount of brains used and the amount of strokes used in making a round of the course. The more brains, the more strokes.

When I try to find the cause of this state of affairs, these intellectual giants with whom I talk modestly inform me that "Golf is mental," and they admit that the subtle mystery has thus far eluded them; but I can tell from what they leave unsaid rather than from what they voice just how determined they are to master this wonderful mentality which permeates the game of golf, and I can almost imagine their speech of dedication as they consecrate themselves to this great end.

In my own case, I have recently made a very curious discovery and have imparted the secret to a number of my friends, who have urged me to pass the word along.

It is that good golf is played through the lower nerve-centers and motor channels, while poor golf is due to the direct interference of the brain, or consciousness.

In other words, the more I succeed in eliminating the mental or thinking part of golf, and the more I depend upon the muscular sense, the better my golf has become.

Shortly after the account of Maria Montessori's work in the "children's houses" in Rome was published, I obtained a copy of the book, and from it received a suggestion that led me to apply the idea to golf, with the result that my game has been revolutionized, and I have tried the idea upon others with considerable success.

To explain my application of the principle, I must call attention to the Montessori method of teaching handwriting. The usual method of schools has been to place before a child a written letter, give the child a pen, and tell him to copy the letter. Unaccustomed to holding a pen, and totally unfamiliar with the outlines of the letter he is directed to copy, the child holds the pen in a vise-like grip, and with unnecessary muscular exertion moves slowly through a series of mechanical strokes until at last he has produced a crude representation of the original. The Montessori method, on the other hand, is to give to the child a fairly large model of the letter cut out of sandpaper and pasted on a smooth surface. Over these outlines the child is made to pass his finger, at first slowly, but gradually with more lightness and speed until he has become thoroughly familiar with the movements necessary to reproduce the letter. With a pencil-like stick he is then taught to touch the outlines in the same manner, until his sense of touch has become so thoroughly educated to the "feel" of the letter that spontaneously he discovers that he can reproduce it without the model.

"Tracing the letter," explains Dr. Montessori, "in the fashion of writing begins the muscular education which prepares for writing. . . . The child who looks, recognizes, and touches the letter in the manner of writing, prepares himself simultaneously for reading and writing. Touching the letters, and looking at them at the same time, fixes the image more quickly through the coöperation of the senses. Later, the two facts separate;

looking becomes reading, and touching becomes writing."

This suggested to me that the method most used for playing golf followed the method of the old-fashioned system of writing, wherein the child, seeing the letter A, for instance, has a preconceived idea of the motions necessary to make it, and his mind forces his muscles step by step in a cramped and painstaking way to go through certain predetermined movements. This was exactly my scheme in playing golf, and I know from observation that it is the scheme of many other golfers. There is neither freedom nor spontaneity, because the mind controls and dominates each muscular movement necessary in making the swing.

If I were to describe the reason why the majority of players do this, I should say that it is due to their placing more reliance in their sense of vision than on their sense of feeling. One cannot see the correct timing of a stroke, but he can feel it.

My former method was to figure out how everything should "look" when I addressed the ball, and my present method is absolutely to ignore what it looks like, and depend entirely upon what it "feels" like.

If I depend upon what things look like in the address, I "set" some of my muscles in such and such a way to accommodate this preconceived notion. If I depend upon how it feels, I have to relax more and more of my muscles, or I am aware of the resistance one set offers to another.

In the light of my new method, the matter of true balance and poise will assume the importance it deserves because in the preliminary "waggle" of the club, which is generally done with the hands and arms alone, the body being held rigid, the muscles of the body will have to be relaxed in order that one may feel out the correct positions. This has been my own experience, and I think that if consideration be given the fact that the actual stroke is delivered with all the muscles in action, the nearer the player reproduces the actual conditions in his preliminary waggle, the better chance he will have to bring off the shot. If the muscles are "set," with the idea of "aiming," so to speak, with everything in repose in the address, it can hardly be called a good preliminary of the actual effort.

In order to focus the attention on this phase, I should like to describe the two different plans used by the professional golfer and the amateur.

The professional represents good golf, and his scheme of play is to *feel* out the correct position *in action,* while the average amateur represents poor golf, and his scheme is to reason out, in a preconceived way, the correct position, with most of his muscles in repose, or set.

To put it more plainly, I should say that the professional, through his sense of feeling, allows his muscles to talk to his mind; while the amateur, through his reason, makes his mind talk to his muscles, or control them. The sense of feeling being the medium the professional uses to arrive at the correct position to make the stroke, he develops free and spontaneous muscular reaction, while the amateur makes a mental plan or picture of what position he should assume for a correct address, and therefore is without freedom or spontaneity. It is death to any free and natural movement.

In addressing his ball the amateur stands rigidly facing it with muscles set, and with careful attention and painstaking deliberation shown in his entire attitude, concentration written on every feature. Gradually he begins a carefully guarded movement of his club away from his ball. Up to the top of his swing he makes this careful, deliberate movement, consciously controlling every change in position, and then when he reaches the top of his swing, he makes a wild, vicious attempt to whack that ball to "kingdom come." There has not been a single spontaneous muscular act performed. Every movement or muscular reaction has been under his *conscious* control.

Compare this elaborate, complex scheme with the professional method. He walks up to the ball, and never for an instant is in repose. He takes a glance at the point where he intends to send the ball; then back goes his glance to the ball, and away it goes. There is smooth, easy grace in every movement.

Because the professional has succeeded better is no evidence that he has a superior mind. If it were mind, or golf were a mental game, the amateur should succeed better because he has given more thought to his work.

There is really no mystery in the pro-

fessional's success: it is because he has hit his ball truer with no lost motion.

Now, if those golfers who have trouble will stop and consider for a moment the number of things they are thinking of in preparing to strike the ball, they will realize that their effort is decidedly mental; that is, they run over in their minds the things they deem necessary and the positions to be assumed in order to make a successful stroke, while the making of a successful stroke depends upon something they cannot think out at all. It is something they must *feel* out, and that is the delicate balance and timing of the turn of the wrists, etc. It is in the feel of the correct poise of the body and the correct balance of the club while in motion that they should look for guidance.

When a player has the feel of the balance, he makes the stroke with confidence. When he has lost the touch or feel, all the will power in the world will not give him confidence. His next shot is bound to be an experiment. He is then likely to shift his grip, change his stance, alter his club, or make some other kind of experiment. This is going to focus his attention upon the detail he is trying out, and while he may and generally does make a very intelligent effort to accomplish what he at that moment considers the thing of paramount importance, the ball nevertheless fails to go off as he desires.

Good golf comes from educating the muscles to the correct feel of the balance of the body and club while in *motion*. This is essentially physical because it is developed while the muscles are in free and spontaneous action. The average amateur spends most of his time educating himself to a stance with the muscles in *repose* and the mind in *action*. His swing is then made without his getting the preliminary feel cultivated by the professional. This scheme is therefore decidedly mental.

In devoting the attention first to this detail and then to that, it is evident that the mind is giving an amount of conscious attention to the details out of all proportion to their importance, and a player is thus very apt to neglect the most vital point of all—the feel of the correct balance in the preliminary waggle.

The professional really generalizes, and leaves all the finer details of the swing to his subconsciousness to interpret correctly. The young lad just taking up the game does the same.

It has come home to me that many of the things in golf that I have been in the habit of accepting as gospel are in reality pure nonsense. From careful analysis of my own game and by observing other players, I know that more shots are missed from "stiffening up" than from "looking up." Also, those players cannot help looking up who stiffen up, as the saying is. The stiffening up is an inhibition or restraint by the sense of feeling. The reason that this inhibition occurs is due to the fact that the player becomes aware through the sense of feeling, without reasoning it out, that he is not going to hit his ball. If it were not so, there would never be any slicing, because players would not pull in their hands in order to connect with the ball. This is a sense reaction pure and simple, and although I may not be able to show this clearly to all at the start, one may be sure that players can plan and calculate all they desire and stand rigidly facing the ball in their own way, yet when they get in action and are in the act of delivering the blow, the sense of feeling, hitherto neglected, is going to reign supreme and govern the accuracy of the effort.

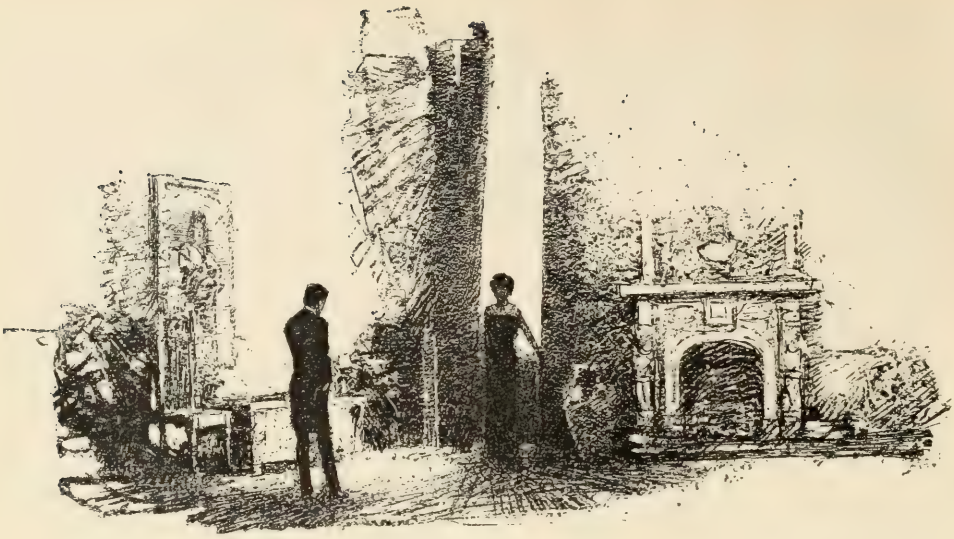
William James says: "Habit diminishes the conscious attention with which our acts are performed. . . . Habit simplifies the movements required to achieve a given result, makes them more accurate, and diminishes fatigue." In another work he says, "The more we exercise ourselves at anything, the fewer muscles we employ."

The habits which are formed in golf, as in everything else in life in which either the mind or muscles are exercised, tend to become fixed, and therefore are difficult to change. Dr. Carpenter very aptly says, "We find ourselves automatically prompted to think, feel, or do what we have been accustomed to think, feel, or do under like circumstances without any consciously formed purpose or anticipation of results." The rigid, fixed address of the average amateur is the hardest thing to change; but it is no benefit, indeed is a decided hindrance, because it results in the player setting his muscles to accommodate his position in the address to a preconceived attitude.

In working out this idea on a number of my friends, I have found that waggling the club and twisting the body in the address are of great help, because they accomplish one thing of vital importance, and that is the relaxing of the various muscles of the body, which all golfers admit is wise. This is one thing, then, which we can readily see is progress. This, as a habit, is a very desirable one to acquire. The next thing it accomplishes is to educate a greater number of the muscles to the feel of the balance and poise of the body while in *motion,* instead of in *repose.* This is one step in sense education. The next is that, as the player is bringing more and more of his muscles into play, he learns to use some of these muscles which have never before entered properly into the delivery of the blow. The point where I find those players upon whom I have tried out the idea drift away from the benefit derived from an address in motion instead of an address in repose is that they will drift back to setting themselves when they put the club down behind the ball. It looks to them like a careless way of playing. It would be a careless way if it were done without an object. The object is to get the feel. The feel is no mysterious force or formula which will put a great strain upon the intellect, and, as a matter of fact, the attention need not be focused upon it at all. It takes care of itself, without one's giving thought to it. It is a simple thing to learn to keep one's balance while in motion, with the club making any sort of pendulum motion. The only thing about it is to do it, and the only thing to think about is to keep the head still while doing it. The ability to keep the head still at such times will gradually improve, because the player is acquiring the habit while in motion. The hardest part of it all is to eradicate from one's mind all preconceived ideas of what he has been in the habit of believing is necessary to bring off the stroke. In my own case, I think of nothing. I ignore all my former idea of angles, etc., and how everything should look, and just waggle my club to get things loosened up. I do not think of the line, I do not think of the distance, but just look at the ball in an easy, superficial way, and as soon as I feel all my muscles are free and working, I make the stroke. If I feel any muscles setting, I make another waggle to "loosen," and then swing at the ball.

I have noticed in trying out this idea upon my friends that they learn to waggle fairly well, but do not seem to grasp the importance of getting the gentle play of the body into the preliminary waggle. Through habit they feel they must do the waggling with the club while the secret of the greatest benefit is to get the preliminary feel as well distributed over all the muscles of the body as possible. If this is done successfully, the player will use those muscles which he has just exercised, and will not have to make so great a conscious effort with one set of muscles which he has been keeping in action to overcome another set which he has been keeping in repose.

The point to remember is that skill is acquired gradually by any method, and the player can confidently hope to make progress every month through sense education. The majority of players fail to become as skilful as it is well within their ability to become because they kill off any chance of learning or make it extremely difficult to learn by making a mental process of golf instead of a physical exercise. The brains should be in the finger-tips and muscles.



T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XXI

LADY MALLOWE and her daughter did not pay their visit to Asshawe Holt, the absolute, though not openly referred to, fact being that they had not been invited.

The visit in question had merely floated in the air as a delicate suggestion made by her ladyship in her letter to Mrs. Asshe Shawe, to the effect that as she and Joan were going to stay at Temple Barholm, the visit to Asshawe they had partly arranged might now be fitted in.

The partial arrangement itself, Mrs. Asshe Shawe remarked when she received the note, was so partial as to require slight consideration, since it had been made by a woman who would push herself into any house if a back door were left open. In the civilly phrased letter she received in answer to her own, Lady Mallowe read between the lines and writhed secretly, as she had been made to writhe scores of times in the course of her career. It had happened so often, indeed, that she should have been used to it; but the woman who acted as maid to herself and Joan always knew when "she had tried to get in somewhere" and failed.

The note of explanation sent immediately to Miss Alicia was at once adroit and amiable. They had unfortunately been detained in London a day or two past the date fixed for their visit to Asshawe, and Lady Mallowe would not allow Mrs. Asshe Shawe, who had so many guests, to be inconvenienced by their arriving late and perhaps disarranging her plans. So if it was quite convenient, they would come to Temple Barholm a week earlier; but not, of course, if that would be the least upsetting.

When they arrived, Tembarom himself was in London. He had suddenly found he was obliged to go. The business which called him was something which could not be put off. He expected to return at once.

It was made very easy for him when he made his excuses to Palliser, who suggested that he might even find himself returning by the same train with his guests, which would give him opportunities. If he was detained, Miss Alicia could take charge of the situation. They would quite understand when she explained. Captain Palliser foresaw for himself some quiet entertainment in his own meeting with the visitors. Lady Mallowe always provided a certain order of amusement for him, and no man alive objected to finding interest and even a certain excitement in the society of Lady Joan. It was her chief characteristic that she inspired in a man a vague, even if slightly irritated, desire to please her in some degree. To lead her on to talk in her sometimes brilliant, always heartlessly unsparing, fashion, perhaps to smile her shade of a bitter smile, gave a man something to do, especially if he was bored. The following would have been Palliser's trenchant summing up of her: "Flaringly handsome girl, brought up by her mother to one end. Bad temper to begin with. Girl who might, if she lost her head, get into some frightful mess. Meets a fascinating devil in her first season. A regular *Romeo* and *Juliet* passion blazes up—all for love and the world well lost. All London looking on. Lady Mallowe frantic and furious. Suddenly the fascinating devil ruined for life. Done for. Bolts. Gets killed. Lady Mallowe triumphant. Girl dragged about afterward like a beautiful young demon in chains. Refuses all sorts of things. Behaves infernally. Nobody knows anything else."

Nobody did know; Lady Mallowe herself did not. From the first year in which Joan had looked at her with child consciousness she had felt that there was antagonism in the deeps of her eyes. No mother likes to recognize such a thing, and Lady Mallowe was a particularly vain woman. The child was going to be an undeniable beauty, and she ought to adore the mother who was to arrange her future. Instead of which, she plainly disliked her.

When the years had become three, the evident antagonism had become defiance and rebellion. Lady Mallowe could not even indulge herself in the satisfaction of showing her embryo beauty off, and thus preparing a reputation for her. She was not cross or tearful, but she had the temper of a little devil. She would not be shown off. She hated it, and her bearing dangerously suggested that she hated her handsome young mother. No effect could be produced with her.

Before she was six, the antagonism was mutual, and it increased with years. The child was of a passionate nature, and had been born intensely all her mother was not, and intensely *not* all her mother was. A throw-back to some high-spirited and fiercely honest ancestor created in her a fury at the sight of falsities and dishonors. As she grew older, she had to admit that nothing palliative could be said about her temper. It had been violent from the first, and she had lived in an atmosphere which infuriated it. She once prayed for a week that she might be made better tempered,—not that she believed in prayer,—but nothing came of it.

Every year she lived she raged more furiously at the tricks she saw played by her mother, who would carry off slights and snubs as though they were actual tributes, if she could gain her end. Since she definitely disliked her daughter, Lady Mallowe did not mince matters when they were alone. What her future would be was made unsparingly clear to the girl. She had no money, she was extremely good-looking, she had a certain number of years in which to fight for her own hand among the new débutantes who were presented every season. Beggary stared them both in the face if she did not make the most of her looks and waste no time. And Joan knew it was all true, and that worse, far worse things were true also. She would be obliged to spend a long life with her mother in cheap lodgings, a faded, penniless, unmarried woman, railed at, taunted, sneered at, forced to be part of humiliating tricks played to enable them to get into debt and then to avoid paying what they owed.

Then that first season! Dear, dear God! that first season when she met Jem! She was not nineteen, and the facile world pretended to be at her feet, and the sun shone as though London were in Italy, and the park was marvelous with flowers, and there were such dances and such laughter!

And it was all so young—and she met

Jem! It was at a garden-party at a lovely old house on the river, a place with celebrated gardens which would always come back to her memory as a riot of roses. The frocks of the people on the lawn looked as though they were made of the petals of flowers, and a mad little haunting waltz was being played by the band, and there under a great copper birch on the green velvet turf near her stood Jem, looking at her with dark, liquid, slanting eyes. They were only a few feet from each other, and he looked, and she looked, and the haunting, mad little waltz played on, and it was as though they had been standing there since the world began, and nothing else was true.

Afterward nothing mattered to either of them. Lady Mallowe herself ceased to count. Now and then the world stops for two people in this unearthly fashion. At such times, as far as such a pair are concerned, causes and effects cease. Her bad temper fled, and she believed she would never feel its furious lash again.

With Jem looking at her with his glowing, drooping eyes, there would be no reason for rage and shame. She confessed the temper to him and told of her terror of it; he confessed to her his fondness for high play, and they held each other's hands, not with sentimental, youthful lightness, but with the strong clasp of sworn comrades, and promised on honor that they would stand by each other every hour of their lives against their worst selves.

They would have kept the pact. Neither was a slight or dishonest creature. The phase of life through which they passed is not a new one, but it is not often so nearly an omnipotent power as was their three-months' dream.

It lasted only that length of time; then came the end of the world. Joan did not look fresh in her second season, and before it was over, men were rather afraid of her. Because she was so young, the freshness returned to her cheek, but it never came back to her eyes.

What exactly had happened, or what she thought of it, was impossible to know. She had delicate, black brows, and between them appeared two delicate, fierce lines. Her eyes were of a purplish-gray, "the color of thunder," a snubbed admirer had once said. Between their black lashes they were more deeply thunder-colored. Her life with her mother was a thing not to be spoken of. To the desperate girl's agony of rebellion against the horror of fate, Lady Mallowe's taunts and beratings were devilish. There was a certain boudoir in the house in Hill Street where the two went through scenes which in their cruelty would have done credit to the Middle Ages.

"We fight," Joan said with a short, horrible laugh one morning—"we fight like cats and dogs. No, like two cats. A cat-and-dog fight is more quickly over."

The evening after she met Jem, when she went to her room in Hill Street for the night, she prayed because she suddenly did believe. Since there was Jem in the world, there must be the Other somewhere.

"I want to be made good," she said. "I have been bad all my life. I was a bad child, I have been a bad girl; but now I *must* be good."

On the night after the tragic card-party she went to her room and kneeled down in a new spirit. She knelt with throat strained and her fierce young face thrown back and upward.

Her hands were clenched to fists, and flung out and shaken at the ceiling. She said things so awful that her own blood shuddered as she uttered them. But she could not, in her mad helplessness, make them awful enough. She flung herself on the carpet at last, her arms outstretched like a creature crucified face downward.

Several years had passed since that night, and no living being knew what she carried in her soul. If she had a soul, she said to herself, it was black—black. But she had none. Neither had Jem had one; when the earth and stones had fallen upon him it had been the end, as it would have been if he had been a beetle.

This was the guest who was coming to the house where Miles Hugo smiled from his frame in the picture-gallery—the house which would to-day have been Jem's if T. Tembarom had not inherited it.

TEMBAROM returned some twenty-four hours after Miss Alicia had received his visitors for him. He had been "going into" absorbing things in London. His thoughts during his northward journey were puzzled and discouraged ones.

The price he would have given for a talk with Ann would not have been easy to compute. Her head, her level little head and her way of seeing into things and picking out facts without being rattled by what did n't really count, would have been worth anything. The day itself was a discouraging one, with heavy threatenings of rain which did not fall.

He went to his room at once when he reached home. He was late, and Pearson told him that the ladies were dressing for dinner. Pearson was in waiting with everything in readiness for the rapid performance of his duties. Tembarom had learned to allow himself to be waited upon. He had, in fact, done this for the satisfying of Pearson, whose respectful unhappiness would otherwise have been manifest despite his efforts to conceal it. He dressed quickly and asked some questions about Strangeways. Otherwise Pearson thought he seemed preoccupied.

On his way to the drawing-room he deflected from the direct path, turning aside for a moment to the picture-gallery because for a reason of his own he wanted to take a look at Miles Hugo.

The gallery was dim and gloomy enough in the purple-gray twilight. He walked through it without glancing at the pictures until he came to the portrait, and looked hard at the handsome face.

"Gee!" he exclaimed under his breath, "it 's queer! Gee!"

Then he turned suddenly round toward one of the big windows. He turned because he had been startled by a sound, a movement. Some one was standing before the window. For a second's space the figure seemed as though it were almost one with the purple-gray clouds that were its background. It was a tall young woman, and her dress was of a thin material of exactly their color—dark-gray and purple at once. The wearer held her head high and haughtily. She had a beautiful, stormy face, and the slender, black brows were drawn together in a frown. Tembarom had never seen a girl so handsome and disdainful. He had, indeed, never been looked at as she looked at him when she moved slightly forward.

He knew who it was. It was the Lady Joan girl, and the sudden sight of her momentarily "rattled" him.

"You quite gave me a jolt," he said awkwardly. "I did n't know any one was in the gallery."

"What are *you* doing here?" she asked. She spoke to him as though she were addressing an intruding servant. There was emphasis on the word "you."

Her intention was so evident that it increased his feeling of being "rattled." To find himself confronting deliberate ill nature of a superior and finished kind was like being spoken to in a foreign language.

"I—I 'm T. Tembarom," he answered, not able to keep himself from staring because she was such a "winner" as to looks.

"T. Tembarom?" she repeated slowly, and her tone made him at once see what a fool he had been to say it.

"I forgot," he half laughed. "I ought to have said I 'm Temple Barholm."

"Oh!" was her sole comment. She actually stood still and looked him up and down.

She knew perfectly well who he was, and she knew perfectly well that no palliative view could possibly be taken by any well-bred person of her bearing toward him. He was her host. She had come, a guest, to his house to eat his bread and salt, and the commonest decency demanded that she should conduct herself with civility. But she cared nothing for the commonest, or the most uncommon, decency. She was thinking of other things. As she had stood before the window she had felt that her soul had never been so black as it was when she turned away from Miles Hugo's portrait—never, never. She wanted to hurt people. Perhaps Nero had felt as she did and was not so hideous as he seemed.

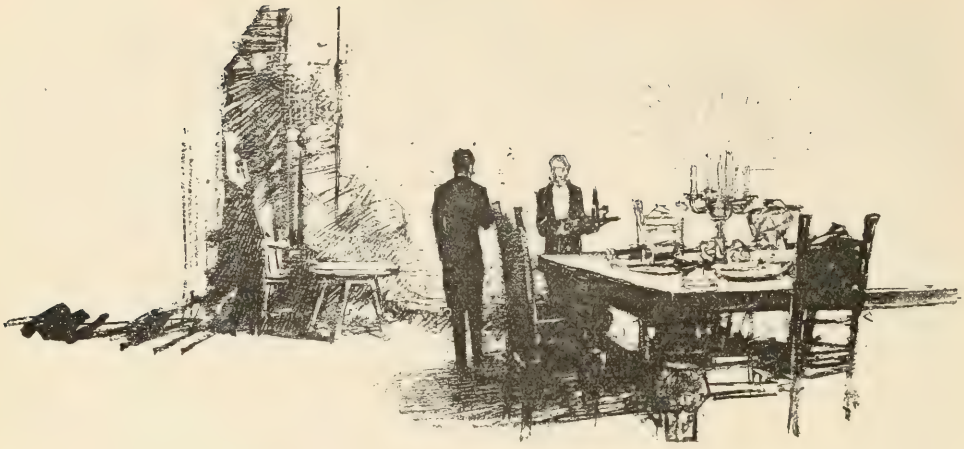
The man's tailor had put him into proper clothes, and his features were respectable enough, but nothing on earth could make him anything but what he so palpably was. She had seen that much across the gallery as she had watched him staring at Miles Hugo.

"I should think," she said, dropping the words slowly again, "that you would often forget that you are Temple Barholm."

"You 're right there," he answered. "I can't nail myself down to it. It seems like a sort of joke."

She looked him over again.

"It is a joke," she said.



It was as though she had slapped him in the face, though she said it so quietly. He knew he had received the slap, and that, as it was a woman, he could not slap back. It was a sort of surprise to her that he did not giggle nervously and turn red and shuffle his feet in impotent misery. He kept quite still a moment or so and looked at her, though not as she had looked at him. She wondered if he was so thick-skinned that he did not feel anything at all.

"That 's so," he admitted. "That 's so." Then he actually smiled at her. "I don't know how to behave myself, you see," he said. "You 're Lady Joan Fayre, ain't you? I 'm mighty glad to see you. Happy to make your acquaintance, Lady Joan."

He took her hand and shook it with friendly vigor before she knew what he was going to do.

"I 'll bet a dollar dinner 's ready," he added, "and Burrill 's waiting. It scares me to death to keep Burrill waiting. He 's got no use for me, anyhow. Let 's go and pacify him."

He did not lead the way or drag her by the arm, as it seemed to her quite probable that he might, as costermongers do on Hampstead Heath. He knew enough to let her pass first through the door; and when Lady Mallowe looked up to see her enter the drawing-room, he was behind her. To her ladyship's amazement and relief, they came in, so to speak, together. She had been spared the trying moment of assisting at the ceremony of their presentation to each other.

CHAPTER XXII



IN a certain sense Joan had been dragged to the place by her mother. But though she had been dragged, she had come with an intention. She knew what she would find herself being forced to submit to if the intruder were not disposed of at the outset. Lady Mallowe's stakes at this special juncture were seriously high. Joan knew what they were, and that she was in a mood touched with desperation. The defenselessly new and ignorant Temple Barholm was to her mother's mind a direct intervention of Providence, and it was only Joan herself who could rob her of the benefits and reliefs he could provide. So she was capable to-day of inflicting upon her latest victim any hurt which might sweep him out of her way. She had not been a tender-hearted girl, and in these years she was absolutely callous.

But though her deliberate intention had been so to conduct herself that he would be put to absolute flight, she had also come for another reason. She had never seen Temple Barholm, and she knew that Jem had loved it with a slighted and lonely child's romantic longing; he had dreamed of it as boy and man, knowing that it must

some time be his own, his home, and yet prevented by his uncle's attitude toward him from daring to act as though he remembered the fact. Old Mr. Temple Barholm's special humor had been that of a man guarding against presumption.

Jem had not intended to presume, but he had been snubbed with relentless cruelty even for boyish expressions of admiration. And he had hid his feeling in his heart until he poured it out to Joan. To-day it would have been his. Together, together, they would have lived in it and loved every stone of it, every leaf on every great tree, every wild daffodil nodding in the green grass. Her brief dream of young joy had been the one reality in her life.

And the man who stood in the place Jem had longed for, the man who sat at the head of his table, was this "thing!" That was what she felt him to be, and every hurt she could do him, every humiliation which should write large before him his presumption and grotesque unfitness, would be a blow struck for Jem, who could never strike a blow for himself again.

She watched Tembarom under her lids at the dinner-table.

He had not wriggled or shuffled when she spoke to him in the gallery; he did neither now. She addressed no remarks to him herself, and answered with chill indifference such things as he said to her. If conversation had flagged between him and Mr. Palford because the solicitor did not know how to talk to him, it did not even reach the point of flagging with her, because she would not talk and did not allow it to begin. Lady Mallowe, sick with annoyance, was quite brilliant. She drew out Miss Alicia by detailed reminiscences of a visit paid to Rowcroft Hall years before. The vicar had dined at the hall while she had been there. She remembered perfectly his "charm of manner and powerful originality of mind. A really remarkable personality."

"His sermons," faltered Miss Alicia, as a refuge, "were indeed remarkable. I am sure he must greatly have enjoyed his conversations with you. I am afraid there were very few clever women in the neighborhood of Rowcroft."

Casting a bitter side glance on her silent daughter, Lady Mallowe lightly seized upon New York as a subject. She knew so much of it from delightful New Yorkers. London was full of delightful New Yorkers. She would like beyond everything to spend a winter in New York. She understood that the season there was in the winter and that it was most brilliant. Mr. Temple Barholm must tell them about it.

"Yes," said Lady Joan, looking at him through narrowed lids, "Mr. Temple Barholm ought to tell us about it."

She wanted to hear what he would say, to see how he would try to get out of the difficulty or flounder staggeringly through it. Her mother knew in an instant that her own speech had been a stupid blunder. She had put the man into exactly the position Joan would enjoy seeing him in. But he was n't in a position, it appeared.

"What is the season, anyhow?" he said. "You 've got one on me when you talk about seasons."

"In London," Miss Alicia explained courageously, "it is the time when her Majesty is at Buckingham Palace, and when the drawing-rooms are held, and Parliament sits, and people come up to town and give balls."

"I guess they have it in the winter in New York, then, if that 's it," he said. "There 's no Buckingham Palace there, and no drawing-rooms, and Congress sits in Washington. But New York takes it out in suppers at Sherry's and Delmonico's and theaters and receptions. Miss Alicia knows how I used to go to them when I was a little fellow, don't you, Miss Alicia?" he added, smiling at her across the table.

"You have told me," she answered.

"I used to stand outside in the snow and look in through the windows at the people having a good time," he said. "Us kids that were selling newspapers used to try to fill ourselves up with choosing whose plate we 'd take if we could get at them. We were so all-fired hungry!"

"How pathetic!" exclaimed Lady Mallowe. "And how interesting, now that it is all over!"

She knew that her manner was gushing, and Joan's side glance of subtle appreciation of the fact exasperated her almost beyond endurance. But she had been forced to hold her ground before in places she detested or where she was not wanted,

and she must hold it again until she had found out the worst or the best. And, great Heaven! how Joan was conducting herself, with that slow, quiet insultingness of tone and look, the wicked, silent insolence of bearing which no man was able to stand, however admiringly he began! The Duke of Merthshire had turned his back upon it even after all the world had known his intentions, and she herself had been convinced that he could not possibly retreat. She had worked desperately that season. And never had Joan been so superb; her beauty at its most brilliant height. The match would have been magnificent; but he could not stand her, and would not. Why, indeed, should any man?

And there were no dukes on the horizon. Merthshire had married almost at once, and all the others were too young or had wives already. If this man would take her, she might feel herself lucky. Temple Barholm and seventy thousand a year were not to be trifled with by a girl who had made herself unpopular and who was twenty-six. And for her own luck the moment had come just before it was too late—a second marriage, wealth, the end of the hideous struggle. Joan was the obstacle in her path, and she must be forced out of it. She glanced quickly at Tembarom. He was trying to talk to Joan now. He was trying to please her. She evidently had a fascination for him. It struck her that he could not take his eyes away. That was because he had never before been on speaking terms with a woman of beauty and rank.

Joan herself knew that he was trying to please her, and she was asking herself how long he would have the courage and presumption to keep it up. He could scarcely be enjoying it.

He was not enjoying it, but he kept it up. He wanted to be friends with her for more reasons than one. No one had ever remained long at enmity with him. He had "got over" a good many people in the course of his career. This had always been accomplished because he presented no surface at which arrows could be thrown. She was the hardest proposition he had ever come up against, he was thinking; but if he did n't let himself be fool enough to break loose and get mad, she 'd not hate him so much after a while. She would begin to understand that it was n't his fault; then perhaps he could get her to make friends. In fact, if she had been able to read his thoughts, there is no certainty as to how far her temper might have carried her. But she could see him only as a sharp-faced, common American of the shop-boy class, sitting at the head of Jem Temple Barholm's table, in his chair.

As they passed through the hall to go to the drawing-room after the meal was over, she saw a neat, pale young man speaking to Burrill and heard a few of his rather anxiously uttered words.

"The orders were that he was always to be told when Mr. Strangeways was like this, under all circumstances. I can't quiet him, Mr. Burrill. He says he must see him at once."

When the message was delivered to him, Tembarom excused himself with simple lack of ceremony. "I 'll be back directly," he said to Palliser. "Those are good cigars." He left the room at once.

Palliser took one of the good cigars, and in taking it exchanged a glance with Burrill which distantly conveyed the meaning that perhaps he had better remain for a moment or so. Captain Palliser's knowledge of interesting detail was obtained "by chance here and there," but always with a light and casual air.

"I am not sure," he remarked as he took the light Burrill held for him and touched the end of his cigar—"I am not quite sure that I know exactly who Mr. Strangeways is."

"He 's the gentleman, sir, that Mr. Temple Barholm brought over from New York," replied Burrill with a stolidity clearly expressive of distaste.

"Indeed, from New York! Why does n't one see him?"

"He 's not in a condition to see people, sir," said Burrill, and Palliser's slightly lifted eyebrow seeming to express a good deal, he added a sentence, "He 's not all there, sir."

"From New York, and not all there. What seems to be the matter?" Palliser asked quietly. "Odd idea to bring a lunatic all the way from America. There must be asylums there."

"Us servants have orders to keep out of the way," Burrill said with sterner stolidity. "He 's so nervous that the sight of strangers does him harm. I may say that questions are not encouraged."

"Then I must not ask any more," said Captain Palliser. "I did not know I was edging on to a mystery."

"I was n't aware that I was myself, sir," Burrill remarked, "until I asked something quite ordinary of Pearson, who is Mr. Temple Barholm's valet, and it was not what he said, but what he did n't, that showed me where I stood."

"A mystery is an interesting thing to have in a house," said Captain Palliser without enthusiasm. He smoked his cigar as though he was enjoying its aroma, and even from his first remark he had managed not to seem to be really quite addressing himself to Burrill. He was certainly not talking to him in the ordinary way; his air was rather that of a gentleman overhearing casual remarks in which he was only vaguely interested. Before Burrill left the room, however, and he left it under the impression that he had said no more than civility demanded, Captain Palliser had reached the point of being able to deduce a number of things from what he, like Pearson, had not said.

CHAPTER XXIII



THE man who in all England was most deeply submerged in deadly boredom was, the old Duke of Stone said with wearied finality, himself. He had been a sinful young man of finished taste in the earlier part of the century; he had cultivated these tastes, which were for literature and art and divers other things, in the most richly alluring foreign capitals until finding himself becoming an equally sinful and finished elderly man, he had decided to marry. After the birth of her four daughters, his wife had died and left them on his hands. Developing at that time a tendency to rheumatic gout and a daily increasing realization of the fact that the resources of a poor dukedom may be hopelessly depleted by an expensive youth passed brilliantly in Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and London, when it was endurable, he found it expedient to give up what he considered the necessities of life and to face existence in the country in England. It is not imperative that one should enter into detail. There was much, and it covered years during which his four daughters grew up and he "grew down," as he called it. If his temper had originally been a bad one, it would doubtless have become unbearable; as he had been born an amiable person, he merely sank into the boredom which threatens extinction. His girls bored him, his neighbors bored him, Stone Hover bored him, Lancashire bored him, England had always bored him except at abnormal moments.

"I read a great deal, I walk when I can," this he wrote once to a friend in Rome. "When I am too stiff with rheumatic gout, I drive myself about in a pony-chaise and feel like an aunt in a Bath chair. I have so far escaped the actual chair itself. It perpetually rains here, I may mention, so I don't get out often. You who gallop on white roads in the sunshine and hear Italian voices and vowels, figure to yourself your friend trundling through damp, lead-colored Lancashire lanes and being addressed in the Lancashire dialect. But so am I driven by necessity that I listen to it gratefully. I want to hear village news from villagers. I have become a gossip. It is a wonderful thing to be a gossip. It assists one to get through one's declining years. Do not wait so long as I did before becoming one. Begin in your roseate middle age."

An attack of gout more severe than usual had confined him to his room for some time after the arrival of the new owner of Temple Barholm. He had, in fact, been so far indisposed that a week or two had passed before he had heard of him. His favorite nurse had been chosen by him because she was a comfortable village woman whom he had taught to lay aside her proper awe and talk to him about her own affairs and her neighbors when he was in the mood to listen. She spoke the broadest possible dialect,—he liked dialect, having learned much in his youth from mellow-eyed Neapolitan and Tuscan girls,—and she had never been near a hospital, but had been trained by the bedsides of her children and neighbors.

She had tucked him in luxuriously in



his arm-chair by the fire on the first day of his convalescence, and as she gave him his tray, with his beef-tea and toast, he saw that she contained anecdotal information of interest which tactful encouragement would cause to flow.

"Now that I am well enough to be entertained, Braddle," he said, "tell me what has been happening."

"A graidely lot, yore Grace," she answered; "but not so much i' Stone Hover as i' Temple Barholm. *He 's* coom!"

Then the duke vaguely recalled rumors he had heard sometime before his indisposition.

"The new Mr. Temple Barholm? He 's an American, is n't he? The lost heir who had to be sought for high and low—principally low, I understand."

The beef-tea was excellently savory, the fire was warm, and relief from two weeks of pain left a sort of Nirvana of peace. Rarely had the duke passed a more delightfully entertaining morning. There was a richness in the Temple Barholm situation, as described in detail by Mrs. Braddle, which filled him with delight.

That the story should be related by Mrs. Braddle gave it extraordinary flavor. No man or woman of his own class could have given such a recounting, or revealed so many facets of this jewel of entertainment. He and those like him could have seen the thing only from their own amused, outraged, bewildered, or cynically disgusted point of view. Mrs. Braddle saw it as the villagers saw it—excited, curious, secretly hopeful of undue lavishness from "a chap as had nivver had brass before an' wants to chuck it away for brag's sake." She saw it as the servants saw it—secretly disdainful, outwardly respectful, waiting to discover whether the sacrifice of professional distinction would be balanced by liberties permitted and lavishness of remuneration and largess. She saw it also from her own point of view—that of a respectable cottage dweller whose great-great-grandfather had been born in a black-and-white timbered house in a green lane, and who knew what were "gentry ways" and what nature of being could never even remotely approach the assumption of them. She had seen Tembarom more than once, and summed him up by no means ill-naturedly.

"He 's not such a bad-lookin' chap. He is na short-legged or turn-up-nosed, an' that 's summat. He con stride along, an' he looks healthy enow for aw he 's thin."

"I think, perhaps," amiably remarked the duke, sipping his beef-tea, "that you had better not call him a 'chap,' Braddle. The late Mr. Temple Barholm was never referred to as a 'chap' exactly, was he?"

Mrs. Braddle gave vent to a sort of internal-sounding chuckle. She had not meant to be impertinent, and she knew her charge was aware that she had not, and that he was neither being lofty nor severe with her.

"Eh, I 'd 'a' loiked to ha' heared somebody do it when he was nigh," she said. "Happen I 'd better be moindin' ma P's an' Q's a bit more. But that 's what this un is, yore Grace. He 's a 'chap' out an' out. An' theer 's some as is sayin' he 's not a bad sort of a chap either. There 's lots o' funny stories about him i' Temple Barholm village. He goes into the cottages now an' then, an' though a fool could see he does na know his place, nor other people's, he 's downreet openhanded. An' he maks foak laugh. He took a lot o' New York papers wi' big picters in 'em to little Tummas Hibblethwaite. An' wot does tha think he did one rainy day? He walks into the owd

Dibdens' cottage, an' sits down betwixt 'em as they sit one each side o' the foire, an' he tells 'em they 've got to cheer him up a bit becos he 's got naught to do. An' he shows 'em the picter-papers, too, an' tells 'em about New York, an' he ends up wi' singin' 'em a comic song. They was frightened out o' their wits at first, but somehow he got over 'em, an' made 'em laugh their owd heads nigh off."

Her charge laid his spoon down, and his shrewd, lined face assumed a new expression of interest.

"Did he! Did he, indeed!" he exclaimed. "Good Lord! what an exhilarating person! I must go and see him. Perhaps he 'd make me laugh my 'owd head nigh off.' What a sensation!"

There was really immense color in the anecdotes and in the side views accompanying them; the routing out of her obscurity of the isolated, dependent spinster relative, for instance. Delicious! The man was either desperate with loneliness or he was one of the rough-diamond benefactors favored by novelists, in which latter case he would not be so entertaining. The only man he had ever encountered who had become a sort of millionaire between one day and another had been an appalling Yorkshire man, who had had some extraordinary luck with diamond-mines in South Africa, and he had been simply drunk with exhilaration and the delight of spending money with both hands, while he figuratively slapped on the back persons who six weeks before would have kicked him for doing it.

This man did not appear to be excited. The duke mentally rocked with gleeful appreciation of certain things Mrs. Braddle detailed. She gave, of course, Burrill's version of the brief interview outside the dining-room door when Miss Alicia's status in the household had been made clear to him. But the duke, being a man endowed with a subtle sense of shades, was wholly enlightened as to the inner meaning of Burrill's master.

"Now, that was good," he said to himself, almost chuckling. "By the Lord! the man might have been a gentleman."

When to all this was added the story of the friend or poor relative, or whatnot, who was supposed to be "not quoite reet i' the yed," and was taken care of like a prince, in complete isolation, attended by a valet, visited and cheered up by his benefactor, he felt that a boon had indeed been bestowed upon him. It was a nineteenth-century "Mysteries of Udolpho" in embryo, though too greatly diluted by the fact that though the stranger was seen by no one, the new Temple Barholm made no secret of him.

If he had only made a secret of him, the whole thing would have been complete. There was of course in the situation a discouraging suggestion that Temple Barholm *might* turn out to be merely the ordinary noble character bestowing boons.

"I will burn a little candle to the Virgin and offer up prayers that he may *not*. That sort of thing would have no *cachet* whatever, and would only depress me," thought his still sufficiently sinful grace.

"When, Braddle, do you think I shall be able to take a drive again?" he asked his nurse.

Braddle was not prepared to say upon her own responsibility, but the doctor would tell him when he came in that afternoon.

"I feel astonishingly well, considering the sharpness of the attack," her patient said. "Our little talk has quite stimulated me. When I go out,"—there was a gleam in the eye he raised to hers,—"I am going to call at Temple Barholm."

"I knew tha would," she commented with maternal familiarity. "I dunnot believe tha could keep away."

A few weeks later there were some warm days, and his grace chose to go out in his pony-carriage. If he was not in some way amused, he found himself whirling, with rheumatic gout and seventy years, among recollections of vivid pictures better hung in galleries with closed doors. It was always possible to stop the pony-chaise by roadsides where solitary men sat by piles of stone, which they broke at leisure with hammers as though they were cracking nuts. He had spent many an agreeable half-hour in talk with a road-mender who could be led into conversation and was left elated by an extra shilling. As in years long past he had sat under chestnut-trees in the Apennines and shared the black bread and sour wine of a peasant, so in these days he frequently would have been glad to sit under a hedge and eat bread and cheese with a

good fellow who did not know him and whose summing up of the domestic habits and needs of "the workin'-mon" or the amiabilities or degeneracies of the gentry would be expressed, figuratively speaking, in thoughts and words of one syllable. He did not, it might be told, desire to enter into conversation with his humble fellow-man from altruistic motives. He did it because there was always a chance more or less that he would be amused. He might hear of little tragedies or comedies; he much preferred the comedies. Blest with a neatly cynical sense of humor, he knew he had always been an entirely selfish man and that he was entirely selfish still, and was not revoltingly fretful and domineering only because he was constitutionally unirritable.

He was, however, amiably obstinate, and was accustomed to getting his own way in most things. On this day of his outing he insisted on driving himself in the face of arguments to the contrary. He was so fixed in his intention that his daughters and Mrs. Braddle were obliged to admit themselves overpowered.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he protested when they besought him to allow himself to be driven by a groom. "The pony does not need driving. He does n't go when he is driven. He frequently lies down and puts his cheek on his hand and goes to sleep, and I am obliged to wait until he wakes up."

"But, Papa dear," Lady Edith said, "your poor hands are not very strong. And he might run away and kill you. Please do be reasonable!"

"My dear girl," he answered, "if he runs, I shall run after him and kill him when I catch him. George," he called to the groom holding the plump pony's head, "tell her ladyship what this little beast's name is."

"The Indolent Apprentice, your Grace," the groom answered, touching his hat and suppressing a grin.

"I called him that a month ago," said the duke. "Hogarth would have depicted all sorts of evil ends for him. Three weeks since, I could have outrun him myself. Let George follow me on a horse if you like, but he must keep out of my sight. Half a mile behind will do."

He got into the phaëton, concealing his twinges with determination, and drove down the avenue with a fine air, sitting very erect and smiling. Indoor existence had become unendurable, and the spring was filling the woods.

"I love the spring," he murmured to himself. "I am sentimental about it. I love sentimentality—in myself, when I am quite alone. If I had been a writing person, I should have made verses every year in April and sent them to magazines —and they would have been returned to me."

The Indolent Apprentice was, it is true, fat, though comely, and he was also entirely deserving of his name. Like his grace of Stone, however, he had seen other and livelier days, and now and then he was beset by recollections. He had once stepped fast, as well as with a spirited gait. During his master's indisposition he had stood in his loose box and professed such harmlessness that he had not been annoyed by being taken out for exercise as regularly as he might have been. He did not intend, when he was taken out, to emulate the Industrious Apprentice by hastening his pace unduly and raising false hopes for the future, but he sniffed in the air the moist green of leafage and damp moss, massed with yellow primroses cuddling in it as though for warmth, and he liked the feel of the road under a pony's feet.

Therefore, when he found himself out in the world again, he shook his head now and then and even tossed it.

"You feel it, too, do you?" said the duke. "I won't remind you of your years."

The drive from Stone Hover to the village of Temple Barholm was an easy one, of many charms of leaf-arched lanes and grass-edged road. The duke had always had a partiality for it, and he took it this morning.

The groom was a young man of three and twenty, and he felt the spring also. The horse he rode was a handsome animal, and he himself was not devoid of a healthy young man's good looks. He knew his belted livery was becoming to him, and when on horseback he prided himself on what he considered an almost military bearing. Sarah Hibson, Farmer Hibson's dimple-chinned and saucy-eyed daughter, had been "carryin' on a good bit" with a soldier who was a smart, well-

set-up, impudent fellow, and it was the manifest duty of any other young fellow who had considered himself to be "walking out with her" to look after his charge. His grace had been most particular about George's keeping far enough behind him; and as half a mile had been mentioned as near enough, certainly one was absolved from the necessity of keeping in sight. Why should not one turn into the lane which ended at Hibson's farm-yard, drop into the dairy, and "have it out wi' Sarah"?

Dimpled chins and saucy eyes, and bare, dimpled arms, and hands patting butter while heads are tossed in coquettishly alluring defiance, made even "having it out" an attractive and memory-obscuring process. Sarah was a plump and sparkling imp of prettiness, and knew the power of every sly glance and every dimple and every golden freckle she possessed. George did not know it so well, and in ten minutes had lost his head and entirely forgotten even the half-mile behind.

He was lover-like, he was masterful, he brought the spring with him; he "carried on," as Sarah put it, until he had actually outdistanced the soldier, and had her in his arms, kissing her as she laughed and prettily struggled.

"Shame o' tha face! Shame o' tha face, George!" she scolded and dimpled and blushed. "Wilt tha be done now? Wilt tha be done? I 'll call mother."

And at that very moment mother came without being called, running, red of face, heavy-footed, and panting, with her cap all on one side.

"The duke 's run away! The duke 's run away!" she shouted. "Jo seed him. Pony got freetened at summat—what art doin' here, George Bind? Get o' thy horse an' gallop! If he 's killed, tha 'rt a ruined man."

THERE was an odd turn of chance in it, the duke thought afterward. Though friskier than usual, the Indolent Apprentice had behaved perfectly well until they neared the gates of Temple Barholm, which chanced to be open because a cart had just passed through. And it was not the cart's fault, for the Indolent Apprentice regarded it with friendly interest. It happened, however, that, perhaps being absorbed in the cart, which might have been drawn by a friend or even a distant relative, the Indolent Apprentice was horribly startled by a large rabbit which leaped out of the hedge almost under his nose, and, worse still, was followed the next instant by another rabbit even larger and more sudden and unexpected in its movements. The Indolent Apprentice snorted, pawed, whirled, dashed through the open gateway,—the duke's hands were even less strong than his daughter had thought,—and galloped, head in air, and bit between teeth, up the avenue, the low carriage rocking from side to side.

"Damn! Damn!" cried the duke, rocking also. "Oh, damn! I shall be killed in a runaway perambulator!"

And ridiculous as it was, things surged through his brain, and once, though he laughed at himself bitterly afterward, he gasped, "Ah, Heloïse!" as he almost whirled over a jagged tree-stump; gallop and gallop and gallop, off the road and through trees, and back again on to the sward, and gallop and gallop and jerk and jolt and jerk, and he was nearing the house, and a long-legged young man ran down the steps, pushing aside footmen, and was ahead of the drunken little beast of a pony, and caught him just as the phaëton overturned and shot his grace safely, though not comfortably, in a heap upon the grass.

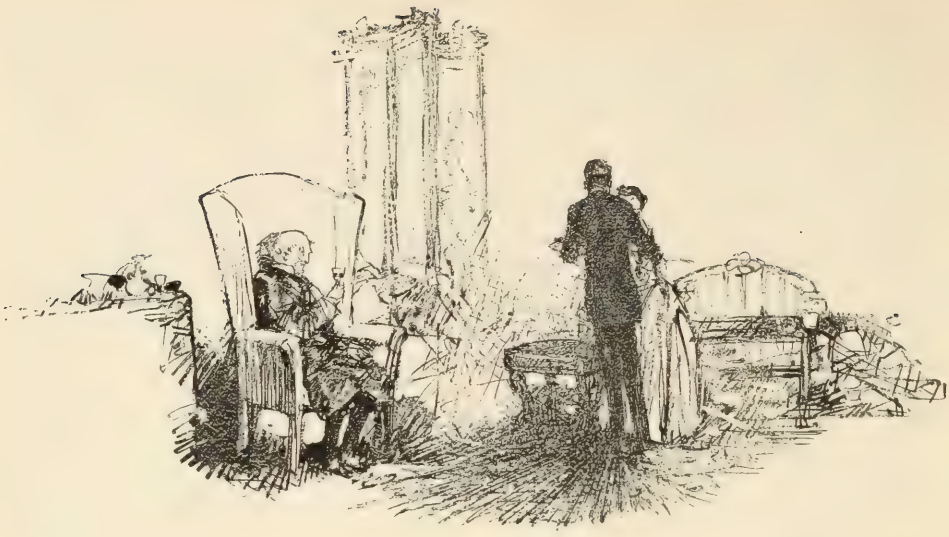
It was of course no trifle of a shock, but its victim's sensations gave him strong reason to hope, as he rolled over, that no bones were broken. The servants were on the spot almost at once, and took the pony's head.

The young man helped the duke to his feet and dusted him with masterly dexterity. He did not know he was dusting a duke, and he would not have cared if he had.

"Hello," he said, "you 're not hurt. I can see that. Thank the Lord! I don't believe you 've got a scratch."

His grace felt a shade shaky, and he was slightly pale, but he smiled in a way which had been celebrated forty years earlier, and the charm of which had survived even rheumatic gout.

"Thank you. I 'm not hurt in the least. I am the Duke of Stone. This is n't really a call. It is n't my custom to arrive in this way. May I address you as my preserver, Mr. Temple Barholm?"



CHAPTER XXIV



UPON the terrace, when he was led up the steps, stood a most perfect little elderly lady in a state of agitation much greater than his own or his rescuer's. It was an agitation as perfect in its femininity as she herself was. It expressed its kind tremors in the fashion which belongs to the puce silk dress and fine bits of collar and undersleeve the belated gracefulness of which caused her to present herself to him rather as a figure cut neatly from a book of the styles he had admired in his young manhood. It was of course Miss Alicia, who having, with Tembarom, seen the galloping pony from a window, had followed him when he darted from the room.

She came forward, looking pale with charming solicitude.

"I do so hope you are not hurt," she exclaimed. "It really seemed that only divine Providence could prevent a terrible accident."

"I am afraid that it was more grotesque than terrible," he answered a shade breathlessly.

"Let me make you acquainted with the Duke of Stone, Miss Alicia," Tembarom said in the formula of Mrs. Bowse's boarders on state occasions of introduction. "Duke, let me make you acquainted, sir, with my—relation—Miss Alicia Temple Barholm."

The duke's bow had a remote suggestion of almost including a kissed hand in its gallant courtesy. Not, however, that early-Victorian ladies had been accustomed to the kissing of hands; but at the period when he had best known the type he had daily bent over white fingers in Continental capitals.

"A glass of wine," Miss Alicia implored—"pray let me give you a glass of wine. I am sure you need it very much."

He was taken into the library and made to sit in a most comfortable easy-chair. Miss Alicia fluttered about him with sympathy still delicately tinged with alarm. How long, how long, it had been since he had been fluttered over! Nearly forty years. Ladies did not flutter now, and he remembered that it was no longer the fashion to call them "ladies." Only the lower-middle classes spoke of "ladies." But he found himself mentally using the word again as he watched Miss Alicia.

He could scarcely remove his eyes from her as he sipped his wine. She felt his escape "providential," and murmured such devout little phrases concerning it that he was almost consoled for the grotesque inward vision of himself as an aged peer of the realm tumbling out of a baby-carriage and rolled over on the grass at the feet of a man on whom later he had

meant to make, in proper state, a formal call. She put her hand to her side, smiling half apologetically.

"My heart beats quite fast yet," she said. Whereupon a quaintly novel thing took place, at the sight of which the duke barely escaped opening his eyes very wide indeed. The American Temple Barholm placed his arm about her in the most casual and informally accustomed way, and led her to a chair, and put her in it, so to speak.

"Say," he announced with affectionate authority, "you sit down right away. It 's you that needs a glass of wine, and I 'm going to give it to you."

The relations between the two were evidently on a basis not common in England even among people who were attached to one another. There was a spontaneous, every-day air of natural, protective petting about it, as though the fellow was fond of her in his crude fashion, and meant to take care of her. He was fond of her, and the duke perceived it with elation, and also understood. He might be the ordinary bestower of boons, but the protective curve of his arm included other things. In the blank dullness of his unaccustomed splendors he had somehow encountered this fine, delicately preserved little relic of other days, and had seized on her and made her his own.

"I have not seen anything as delightful as Miss Temple Barholm for many a year," the duke said when Miss Alicia was called from the room and left them together.

"Ain't she great?" was Tembarom's reply. "She 's just great."

"It 's an exquisite survival of type," said the duke. "She belongs to my time, not yours," he added, realizing that "survival of type" might not clearly convey itself.

"Well, she belongs to mine now," answered Tembarom. "I would n't lose her for a farm."

"Would you mind my writing that down?" said the duke. "I have a fad for dialects and new phrases." He hastily scribbled the words in a tablet that he took from his pocket. "Do you like living in England?" he asked in course of time.

"I should like it if I 'd been born here," was the answer.

"I see, I see."

"If it had not been for finding Miss Alicia, and that I made a promise I 'd stay for a year, anyhow, I 'd have broken loose at the end of the first week and worked my passage back if I had n't had enough in my clothes to pay for it." He laughed, but it was not real laughter. There was a thing behind it. The situation was more edifying than one could have hoped. "I made a promise, and I 'm going to stick it out," he said.

He was going to stick it out because he had promised to endure for a year Temple Barholm and an income of seventy thousand pounds! The duke gazed at him as at a fond dream realized.

"I 've nothing to do," Tembarom added.

"Neither have I," replied the Duke of Stone.

"But you 're used to it, and I 'm not. I 'm used to working 'steen hours a day, and dropping into bed as tired as a dog, but ready to sleep like one and get up rested."

"I used to play twenty hours a day once," answered the duke; "but I did n't get up rested. That 's probably why I have gout and rheumatism combined. Tell me how you worked, and I will tell you how I played."

It was worth while taking this tone with him. It had been worth while taking it with the chestnut-gathering peasants in the Apennines, sometimes even with a stone-breaker by an English roadside. And this one was of a type unique and more distinctive than any other—a fellow who, with the blood of Saxon kings and Norman nobles in his veins, had known nothing but the street life of the crudest city in the world, who spoke a sort of argot, who knew no parallels of the things which surrounded him in the ancient home he had inherited and in which he stood apart as a sort of semi-sophisticated savage. The duke applied himself with grace and finished ability to drawing him out. The questions he asked were all seemingly those of a man of the world charmingly interested in the superior knowledge of a foreigner of varied experience. His method was one which engaged the interest of Tembarom himself. He did not know that he was not only questioned, but, so to speak, deli-

cately cross-examined, and that before the end of the interview the Duke of Stone knew more of him, his past existence and present sentiments, than even Miss Alicia knew after their long and intimate evening talks. The duke, however, had the advantage of being a man and of cherishing vivid recollections of the days of his youth, which, unlike as it had been to that of Tembarom, furnished a degree of solid foundation upon which to build conjecture.

"A young man of his age," his grace reflected astutely, "has always just fallen out of love, is falling into it, or desires vaguely to do so. Ten years later there would perhaps be blank spaces, lean years during which he was not in love at all; but at his particular period there must be a young woman somewhere. I wonder if she is employed in one of the department stores he speaks of, and how soon he hopes to present her to us. His conversation has revealed so far, to use his own rich simile, 'neither hide nor hair' of her."

On his own part, he was as ready to answer questions as to ask them. In fact, he led Tembarom on to asking.

"I will tell you how I played" had been meant. He made a human document of the history he enlarged, he brilliantly diverged, he included, he made pictures, and found Tembarom's point of view or lack of it gave spice and humor to relations he had thought himself tired of. To tell familiar anecdotes of courts and kings to a man who had never quite believed that such things were realities, who almost found them humorous when they were casually spoken of, was edification indeed. The novel charm lay in the fact that his class in his country did not include them as possibilities. Peasants in other countries, plowmen, shopkeepers, laborers in England—all these at least they knew of, and counted them in as factors in the lives of the rich and great; but this dear young man!

"What 's a crown like? I 'd like to see one. How much do you guess such a thing would cost—in dollars?"

"Did not Miss Temple Barholm take you to see the regalia in the Tower of London? I am quite shocked," said the duke. He was, in fact, a trifle disappointed. With the puce dress and undersleeves and little fringes, she ought certainly to have rushed with her pupil to that seat of historical instruction on their first morning in London, immediately after breakfasting on toast and bacon and marmalade and eggs.

"She meant me to go, but somehow it was put off. She almost cried on our journey home when she suddenly remembered that we 'd forgotten it, after all. She 'd never been to London before, and you could n't make her believe she could ever get there again, and she said it was ungrateful to Providence to waste an opportunity. She 's always mighty anxious to be grateful to Providence, bless her!"

"She regards you as Providence," remarked the duke, enraptured. With a touch here and there, the touch of a master, he had gathered the whole little story of Miss Alicia, and had found it of a whimsical exquisiteness and humor.

"She 's a lot too good to me," answered Tembarom. "I guess women as nice as her are always a lot too good to men. She 's a kind of little old angel. What makes me mad is to think of the fellows that did n't get busy and marry her thirty-five years ago."

"Were there—er—many of 'em?" the duke inquired.

"Thousands of 'em, though most of 'em never saw her. I suppose you never saw her then. If you had, you might have done it."

The duke, sitting with an elbow on each arm of his chair, put the tips of his fine, gouty fingers together and smiled with a far-reaching inclusion of possibilities.

"So I might," he said; "so I might. My loss entirely—my abominable loss!"

They had reached this point of the argument when the carriage from Stone Hover arrived. The stately barouche contained Lady Edith and Lady Celia, both pale, and greatly agitated by the news which had brought them horrified from Stone Hover without a moment's delay.

They both descended in haste and swept in such alarmed anxiety up the terrace steps and through the hall to their father's side that they had barely a polite gasp for Miss Alicia and scarcely saw Tembarom at all.

"Dear Papa!" they cried when he revealed himself in his chair in the library intact and smiling. "How you have

frightened us! Where was George? You must dismiss him at once. Really—really—"

"He was half a mile away, obeying my orders," said the duke. "A groom cannot be dismissed for obeying orders. It is the pony who must be dismissed, to my great regret; or else we must overfeed him until he is even fatter than he is and cannot run away."

Were his arms and legs and his ribs and collar-bones and head quite right? Was he sure that he had not received any internal injury when he fell out of the pony-carriage? They could scarcely be convinced, and as they hung over and stroked and patted him, Tembarom stood aside and watched them with interest. They were the kind of girls he had to please Ann by "getting next to," giving himself a chance to fall in love with them, so that she 'd know whether they were his kind or not. They were nice-looking, and had a way of speaking that sounded rather swell, but they were n't ace high to a little slim, red-headed thing that looked at you like a baby and pulled your heart up into your throat.

"Don't poke me any more, dear children. I am quite, quite sound," he heard the duke say. "In Mr. Temple Barholm you behold the preserver of your parent. Filial piety is making you behave with shocking ingratitude."

They turned to Tembarom at once with a pretty outburst of apologies and thanks. They were very polite and made many agreeably grateful speeches, but in the eyes of both there lurked a shade of anxiety which they hoped to be able to conceal. Their father watched them with a wicked pleasure. He realized clearly their well-behaved desire to do and say exactly the right thing and bear themselves in exactly the right manner, and also their awful uncertainty before an entirely unknown quantity. Really, if Willocks, the butcher's boy, had inherited Temple Barholm, it would have been easier to know where one stood in the matter of being civil and agreeable to him. First Lady Edith, made perhaps bold by the suggestion of physical advantage bestowed by the color, talked to him to the very best of her ability; and when she felt herself fearfully flagging, Lady Celia took him up and did her very well-conducted best. Neither she nor her sister were brilliant talkers at any time, and limited by the absence of any common familiar topic, effort was necessary. The neighborhood he did not know; London he was barely aware of; social functions it would be an impertinence to bring in; games he did not play; sport he had scarcely heard of. You were confined to America, and if you knew next to nothing of American life, there you were.

Tembarom saw it all,—he was sharp enough for that,—and his habit of being jocular and wholly unashamed saved him from the misery of awkwardness that Willocks would have been sure to have writhed under. His casual frankness, however, for a moment embarrassed Lady Edith to the bitterest extremity. When you are trying your utmost to make a queer person oblivious to the fact that his world is one unknown to you, it is difficult to know where you stand when he says:

"It 's mighty hard to talk to a man who does n't know a thing that belongs to the kind of world you 've spent your life in, ain't it? But don't you mind me a minute. I 'm glad to be talked to anyhow by people like you. When I don't catch on, I 'll just ask. No man was ever electrocuted for not knowing, and that 's just where I am. I don't know, and I 'm glad to be told. Now, there 's one thing. Burrill said 'Your Ladyship' to you. I heard him. Ought I to say it, or ought n't I?"

"Oh, no," she answered, but somehow without distaste in the momentary stare he had startled her into; "Burrill is—"

"He 's a servant," he aided encouragingly. "Well, I 've never been a butler, but this is the first time I 've been out of a job."

What a queer, candid, unresentful creature! What a good sort of smile! And how odd that it was he who was putting her more at her ease by the mere way in which he was saying this almost alarming thing! By the time he had ended, it was not alarming at all, and she had caught her breath again.

She was actually sorry when the door opened and Lady Joan Fayre came in, followed almost immediately by Lady Mallowe and Captain Palliser, who appeared to have just returned from a walk and heard the news.

Lady Mallowe was most sympathetic. Why not, indeed? The Duke of Stone was a delightful, cynical creature, and Stone Hover was, despite its ducal poverty, a desirable place to be invited to, if you could manage it. Her ladyship's method of fluttering was not like Miss Alicia's, its character being wholly modern; but she fluttered, nevertheless. The duke, who knew all about her, received her amiabilities with appreciative smiles, but it was the splendidly handsome, hungry-eyed young woman with the line between her black brows who engaged his attention. On the alert, as he always was, for a situation, he detected one at once when he saw his American address her. She did not address him, and scarcely deigned a reply when he spoke to her. When he spoke to others, she conducted herself as though he were not in the room, so obviously did she choose to ignore his existence. Such a bearing toward one's host had indeed the charm of being an interesting novelty. And what a beauty she was! Then as in a flash he recalled between one breath and another the quite fiendish episode of poor Jem Temple Barholm—and she was the girl!

Then he became almost excited in his interest. He saw it all. As he had himself argued must be the case, this poor fellow was in love. But it was not with a lady in the New York department stores; it was with a young woman who would evidently disdain to wipe her feet upon him. How thrilling! As Lady Mallowe and Palliser and the others chattered, he watched him, observing his manner. He stood the handsome creature's steadily persistent rudeness very well; he made no effort to push into the talk when she coolly held him out of it. He waited without external uneasiness or spasmodic smiles. If he could do that despite the inevitable fact that he must feel his position uncomfortable, he was possessed of fiber. That alone would make him worth cultivating. And if there were persons who were to be made uncomfortable, why not cut in and circumvent the beauty somewhat and give her a trifle of unease. It was with the light and adroit touch of accustomedness to all orders of little situations that his grace took the matter in hand, with a shade, also, of amiable malice. He drew Tembarom adroitly into the center of things; he knew how to lead him to make easily the odd, frank remarks which were sufficiently novel to suggest that he was actually entertaining. He beautifully edged Lady Joan out of her position. She could not behave ill to him, he was far too old, he said to himself, leaving out the fact that a Duke of Stone is a too respectable personage to be quite waved aside.

Tembarom began to enjoy himself a little more. Lady Celia and Lady Edith began to enjoy themselves a little more also. Lady Mallowe was filled with admiring delight. Captain Palliser took in the situation, and asked himself questions about it. On her part, Miss Alicia was restored to the happiness any lack of appreciation of her "dear boy" touchingly disturbed. In circumstances such as these he appeared to the advantage which in a brief period would surely reveal his wonderful qualities. And how more than charmingly cordial his grace's manner was when he left them!

"To-morrow," he said, "if my daughters do not discover that I have injured some more than vital organ, I shall call to proffer my thanks with the most immense formality. I shall get out of the carriage in the manner customary in respectable neighborhoods, not roll out at your feet. Afterward you will, I hope, come and dine with us. I am devoured by a desire to become more familiar with the 'New York Earth.' "

CHAPTER XXV



IT was Lady Mallowe who perceived the moment when he became the fashion. The Duke of Stone called with the immense formality he had described, and his visit was neither brief nor dull. A little later Tembarom with his guests dined at Stone Hover, and the dinner was further removed from dullness than any one of numerous past dinners always noted for being the



most agreeable the neighborhood afforded. The duke managed his guests as an impresario might have managed his tenor, though this was done with subtly concealed methods. He had indeed a novelty to offer which had been discussed with much uncertainty of point of view.

"Nobody will be likely to see him as he is unless he is pointed out to them," was what he said to his daughters. "But being bored to death,—we are all bored,—once adroitly assisted to suspect him of being alluring, most of them will spring upon him and clasp him to their wearied breasts. I have n't the least idea what will happen afterward. I shall in fact await the result with interest."

Following the dinner party at Stone Hover came many others. All the well-known carriages began to roll up the avenue to Temple Barholm. The Temple Barholm carriages also began to roll down the avenue and between the stone griffins on their way to festive gatherings of varied order. Burrill and the footmen ventured to reconsider their early plans for giving warning. It was not so bad if the country was going to take him up.

"Do you see what is happening?" Lady Mallowe said to Joan. "The man is becoming actually popular."

"He is popular as a turn at a music-hall is," answered Joan. "He will be dropped as he was taken up."

"There 's something about him they like, and he represents what everybody most wants. For God's sake, Joan, don't behave like a fool this time! The case is more desperate. There is nothing else—nothing."

"There never was," said Joan, "and I know the desperateness of the case. How long are you going to stay here?"

"I am going to stay for some time. They are not conventional people. It can be managed very well. We are relatives."

"Will you stay," inquired Joan in a low voice, "until they ask you to remove yourself?"

Lady Mallowe smiled an agreeably subtle smile. "Not quite that," she said. "Miss Alicia would never have the courage to suggest it. It takes courage and sophistication to do that sort of thing. Mr. Temple Barholm evidently wants us to remain. He will be willing to make as much of the relationship as we choose to let him."

"Do you choose to let him make as much of it as will establish us here for weeks—or months?" Joan asked, her low voice shaking a little.

"That will depend entirely upon circumstances. It will, in fact, depend entirely upon you," said Lady Mallowe, her lips setting themselves into a straight, thin line.

For an appreciable moment Joan was silent; but after it she lost her head and whirled about.

"I shall go away," she cried.

"Where?" asked Lady Mallowe.

"Back to London."

"How much money have you?" asked her mother. She knew she had none. She was always sufficiently shrewd to see that she had none.

"How much money have you?" she repeated quietly. This was the way in which their unbearable scenes began.

Joan looked at her; this time it was for about five seconds. She turned her back on her and walked out of the room. Shortly afterward Lady Mallowe saw her walking down the avenue in the rain, which was beginning to fall.

She had left the house because she dared not stay in it. Once out in the park, she folded her long purple cloak about her and pulled her soft purple felt hat down over her brows, walking swiftly under the big trees without knowing where she intended to go before she returned.

No one could know so well as herself how desperate from her own point of view the case was. She had long known that her mother would not hesitate for a moment before any chance of a second marriage which would totally exclude her daughter from her existence. Why should she, after all, Joan thought? They had always been antagonists. The moment of chance had been looming on the horizon for months. Sir Moses Monaldini had hovered about fitfully and evidently doubtfully at first, more certainly and frequently of late, but always with a clearly objecting eye cast askance upon herself. He would have no penniless daughters hanging about, scowling and sneering. None of that for him. And the ripest apple upon the topmost bough in the highest wind would not drop more readily to his feet than her mother would, Joan knew with sharp and shamed burnings.

It made her sick to think of the perpetual visits they had made where they were not wanted, of the times when they had been politely bundled out of places, of the methods which had been used to induce shopkeepers to let them run up bills. For years her mother and she had been walking advertisements of smart shops because both were handsome, wore clothes well, and carried them where they would be seen and talked about. Now this would be all over, since it had been Lady Mallowe who had managed all details. Thrown upon her own resources, Joan would have none of them, even though she must walk in rags. If she had never met Jem! But Jem had been the beginning and the end.

She bit her lips as she walked, and suddenly tears swept down her cheeks.

"And he sits in Jem's place! And every day that common, foolish stare will follow me!" she said.

He sat, it was true, in the place Jem Temple Barholm would have occupied if he had been a living man, and he looked at her a good deal. Perhaps he sometimes unconsciously stared because she made him think of many things. But if she had been in a state of mind admitting of judicial fairness, she would have been obliged to own that it was not quite a foolish stare. Absorbed, abstracted, perhaps, but it was not foolish. Sometimes, on the contrary, it was searching and keen.

Of course he was doing his best to please her. Of all the "Ladies," it seemed evident that he was most attracted by her. He tried to talk to her despite her unending rebuffs, he followed her about and endeavored to interest her, he presented a hide-bound unsensitiveness when she did her worst. Perhaps he did not even know that she was being icily rude. He was plainly "making up to her" after the manner of his class.

She had reached the village when the rain changed its mind, and without warning began to pour down as if the black cloud passing overhead had suddenly opened. She was wondering if she would not turn in somewhere for shelter until the worst was over, when a door opened and Tembarom ran out with an umbrella.

"Come in to the Hibblethwaites' cottage, Lady Joan," he said. "This will be over directly."

He did not affectionately hustle her in by the arm as he would have hustled in Miss Alicia, but he closely guarded her with the umbrella until he guided her inside.

"Thank you," she said.

The first object she became aware of was a thin face with pointed chin and ferret eyes peering at her round the end of a sofa, then a sharp voice.

"Tak' off her cloak an' shake the rain off it in the wash'us'," it said. "Mother an' Aunt Susan 's out. Let him unbutton it fer thee."

"I can unbutton it myself, thank you," said Lady Joan. Tembarom took it when she had unbuttoned it. He took it from

her shoulders before she had time to stop him. Then he walked into the tiny "wash'us' " and shook it thoroughly. He came back and hung it on a chair before the fire.

Tummas was leaning back in his pillows and gazing at her.

"I know tha name," he said. "He towd me," with a jerk of the head toward Tembarom.

"Did he?" replied Lady Joan, without interest.

A flaringly illustrated New York paper was spread out upon his sofa. He pushed it aside and pulled the shabby atlas toward him. It fell open at a map of North America as if through long habit.

"Sit thee down," he ordered.

Tembarom had stood watching them both. "I guess you 'd better not do that," he suggested to Tummas.

"Why not?" said the boy, sharply. "It 's the same as if he 'd married her. If she wur his widder, she 'd want to talk about him. Widders allus wants to talk. Why should n't she? Women 's women. He 'd ha' wanted to talk about her."

"Who is 'he'?" asked Joan, with stiff lips.

"The Temple Barholm as 'u'd be here if he was na."

Joan turned to Tembarom.

"Do you come here to talk to this boy about *him?*" she said. "How dare you!"

Tummas's eyes snapped; his voice snapped also.

"He knew next to nowt about him till I towd him," he said. "Then he came to ax me things an' foind out more. He knows as much as I do now. Us sits here an' talks him over."

Lady Joan still addressed Tembarom.

"What interest can you have in the man who ought to be in your place?" she asked. "What possible interest?"

"Well," he answered awkwardly, "because he ought to be, I suppose. Ain't that reason enough?"

He had never had to deal with women who hated him and who were angry, and he did not know exactly what to say. He had known very few women, and he had always been good natured with them and won their liking in some measure. Also, there was in his attitude toward this particular woman a baffled feeling that he could not make her understand him. She would always think of him as an enemy and believe he meant things he did not mean. If he had been born and educated in her world, he could have used her own language; but he could use only his own, and there were so many things he must not say for a time at least.

"Do you not realize," she said, "that —that you and this boy are taking liberties?"

Tummas broke in wholly without compunction.

"I 've takken liberties aw my loife," he stated; "an' I 'm goin' to tak' 'em till I dee. They 're the on'y things I con tak', lyin' here crippled, an' I 'm goin' to tak' 'em."

"Stop that, Tummas!" said Tembarom, with friendly authority. "She does n't catch on, and you don't catch on, either. You 're both of you 'way off. Stop it!"

"I thowt happen she could tell me things I did na know," protested Tummas, throwing himself back on his pillows. "If she conna, she conna, an' if she wun not, she wun not. Get out wi' thee!" he said to Joan. "I dunnot want thee about the place."

"Say," said Tembarom, "shut up!"

"I am going," said Lady Joan, and, seizing her cloak, turned to open the door.

The rain was descending in torrents, but she passed swiftly out into its deluge, walking as rapidly as she could. She thought she cared nothing about the rain, but it dashed in her face and eyes, taking her breath away, and she had need of breath when her heart was beating with such fierceness.

Even chance could not let her alone at one of her worst moments. She walked faster and faster because she was afraid Tembarom would follow her, and in a few minutes she heard him splashing behind her, and then he was at her side, holding the umbrella over her head.

"You 're a good walker," he said, "but I 'm a sprinter. I trained running after street-cars and catching the 'L' in New York."

She had so restrained her miserable hysterical impulse to break down and utterly humiliate herself under the unexpected blow of the episode in the cottage that she had had no breath to spare when she left the room, and her hurried effort

to escape had left her so much less that she did not speak.

"I 'll tell you something," he went on. "He 's a little freak, but you can't blame him much. Don't be mad at him. He 's never moved from that corner since he was born, I guess, and he 's got nothing to do or to think of but just hearing what 's happening outside. He 's sort of crazy curious, and when he gets hold of a thing that suits him, he just holds on to it till the last bell rings."

She said nothing whatever, and he paused a moment because he wanted to think over the best way to say the next thing.

"Mr. James Temple Barholm"—he ventured it with more delicacy of desire not to seem to "take liberties" than she would have credited him with—"saw his mother sitting with him in her arms at the cottage door a week or so after he was born. He stopped at the gate and talked to her about him, and he left him a sovereign. He 's got it now. It seems a fortune to him. He 's made a sort of idol of him. That 's why he talks like he does. I would n't let it make me mad if I were you."

He did not know that she could not have answered him if she would, that she felt that if he did not stop she might fling herself down upon the wet heather and wail aloud.

"You don't like me," he began after they had walked a few steps farther. "You don't like me."

This was actually better. It choked back the sobs rising in her throat. The stupid shock of it, his tasteless foolishness, helped her by its very folly to a sort of defense against the disastrous wave of emotion she might not have been able to control. She gathered herself together.

"It must be an unusual experience," she answered.

"Well it is—sort of," he said, but in a manner curiously free from fatuous swagger. "I 've had luck that way. I guess it 's been because I 'd *got* to make friends so as I could earn a living. It seems sort of queer to know that some one 's got a grouch against me that—that I can't get away with."

She looked up the avenue to see how much farther they must walk together, since she was not "a sprinter" and could not get away from him. She thought she caught a glimpse through the trees of a dog-cart driven by a groom, and hoped she was not mistaken and that it was driving in their direction.

"It must, indeed," she said, "though I am not sure I quite understand what a grouch is."

"When you 've got a grouch against a fellow," he explained impersonally, "you want to get at him. You want to make him feel like a mutt; and a mutt 's the worst kind of a fool. You 've got one against me.

"I knew there was a lot against me when I came here," he persisted. "I should have been a fool if I had n't. I knew when you came that I was up against a pretty hard proposition; but I thought perhaps if I got busy and *showed* you—you 've got to *show* a person—"

"Showed me what?" she asked contemptuously.

"Showed you—well—*me,*" he tried to explain.

"You!"

"And that I wanted to be friends," he added candidly.

Was the man mad? Did he realize nothing? Was he too thick of skin even to see?

"Friends! You and I?" The words ought to have scorched him, pachyderm though he was.

"I thought you 'd give me a chance—a sort of chance."

She stopped short on the avenue.

"You did?"

She had not been mistaken. The dog-cart had rounded the far-off curve and was coming toward them. And the man went on talking.

"You 've felt every minute that I was in a place that did n't belong to me. You know that if the man that it did belong to was here, you 'd be here with him. You felt as if I 'd robbed him of it—and I 'd robbed you. It was your home—yours. You hated me too much to think of anything else. Suppose—suppose there was a way I could give it back to you—make it your home again?"

His voice dropped and was rather unsteady. The fool, the gross, brutal, vulgar, hopeless fool! He thought this was the way to approach her, to lead her to listen to his proposal of marriage! Not

for a second did she guess that they were talking at cross-purposes. She did not know that as he kept himself steady under her contemptuousness he was thinking that Ann would have to own that he had been up against it hard and plenty while the thing was going on.

"I 'm always up against it when I 'm talking to you," he said. "You get me rattled. There 's things I want to talk about and ask you. Suppose you give me a chance, and let us start out by being sort of friends."

"I am staying in your house," she answered in a deadly voice, "and I cannot go away because my mother will not let me. You can force yourself upon me, if you choose, because I cannot help it; but understand once for all that I will *not* give you your ridiculous chance. And I will not utter one word to you when I can avoid it."

He was silent for a moment and seemed to be thinking rather deeply. She realized now that he saw the nearing dog-cart.

"You won't. Then it 's up to me," he said. Then with a change of tone he added: "I 'll stop the cart and tell the man to drive you to the house. I 'm not going to force myself on you, as you call it. It 'u'd be no use. Perhaps it 'll come all right in the end."

He made a sign to the groom, who hastened his horse's pace and drew up when he reached them. Tembarom said:

"Take this lady back to the house."

The groom, who was a new arrival, began to prepare to get down and give up his place.

"You need n't do that," said Tembarom.

"Won't you get up and take the reins, sir?" the man asked uncertainly.

"No; I can't drive. You 'll have to do it. I 'll walk."

And, to the groom's amazement, they left him standing under the trees looking after them.

"It 's up to me," he was saying. "The whole durned thing 's up to *me*."

(To be continued)

TO A ROYAL MUMMY

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

THOU, Queen who wast,
Now gruesome shape,
Linen and dust,
At whom they gape,—
The multitude,
Ogling and rude,—
What is the message,
Warning, or presage,
Thy vast experience,
Our vast impertinence,
Bid thee impart to us,
Baring thy heart to us?

Blazoned the case
Of Egypt's crown-jewel.
Proud was thy race,
Haughty and cruel;
Scribed here their history,
Glory, and mystery.
When life was ended,
Shrouded and splendid,
How they entombed thee!
No grave enwombed thee,
Walled in a pyramid,
Thy regal beauty hid.

Aye, thou wert queenly,
Majestic, inviolate,
Who now so meanly
Liest in state.
A Pharoah sired thee;
Kings have desired thee:
Forgot now, despoiled,
Thy beauty assoiled,
What if thy wisdom taught
That out of all is naught?
What if thy secret be
That all is vanity?



IN LIGHTER VEIN

GOING UP

OR, THE PERIL OF EXPOSURE AFTER BATHING

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

A PROPHET is not without honor save in his bathing-suit. Bathing-suits harmonize with the ocean, and are worn unblushingly by those who stand with one foot in sea and one on land; but it is possible for a bathing-suit to be out of place, as at a garden party or at the opera. Bathing-suits are specialized goods. If one is inclined to doubt the truth of these propositions, listen to the tale of Professor Jarvis.

The professor spent his summers on the sea-coast of Maine, where he occupied his mornings in working on a history of the diplomatic relations of Uruguay and Paraguay, or perhaps it was Costa Rica and Honduras. His afternoons were spent in golfing and bathing. His house stood about a hundred yards from the end of the sandy bathing-beach, and since he possessed no bath-house, it was his habit, at the end of his chilling swim, to pick his way gingerly home along a sandy, root-ribbed, pine-needled path, to enter his house brazenly by the front door, to flee dripping up the front stairs, and, in the privacy of his bedroom, to transform himself from Proteus to Beau Brummell.

One cool September afternoon as he was returning from his plunge, Professor Jarvis paused among the pines at a little distance from the house. A large black automobile was drawn up before the front steps. The spacious piazza, on which his wife was in the habit of serving afternoon tea—a conveniently situated piazza which gave upon the sea, and not upon Professor Jarvis—was unoccupied. The professor hesitated, his teeth clashing against one another, and the goose-flesh creeping out on his dripping arms. The conclusion was obvious: his wife was receiving guests in the living-room. She had evidently decided that the piazza would be a trifle too breezy for tea.

Now Professor Jarvis, even in a bathing-suit, was not an unbeautiful figure. He had fallen into the vale of fifty years with more grace than the average human being, thanks

to golf and to bathing. He did not display to any alarming extent the inevitable tendencies of age. He was, in fact, rather proud of the restraint which his waist-line had exercised. Now he did not hesitate long among the pines, but advanced daintily over some sharp twigs to the front door. The chauffeur, sprawling at ease in the black car and reading "Mutt and Jeff" in the colored comic section of a Sunday supplement, smiled out of the leeward side of his mouth. But the professor regarded him not, haughtily passed him by, and boldly entered the house. His gray hair stood on end in scant wisps, the goose-flesh adorned his limbs, the water dripped from his Roman nose and trickled from his abbreviated trousers, and he left several little wet footprints on the ivy-clad front porch.

Once inside the house, the professor paused timidly in the hallway. Before him stood two doors. One was the entrance to the dining-room; the other led into the capacious living-room. The stairs were beyond, at the extreme back of the hall. Through the open doors of the living-room issued the sound of voices. Professor Jarvis recognized his wife's and Mrs. Heath's and—no, he was not quite sure about the other one. The conversation within continued.



The professor realized that it would be impossible to pass the living-room door without exposing himself to the curious view of the ladies within.

He could, however, reach and enter the dining-room unobserved. He stood a while in thought.

"I find a plain brown stain gives the best wear," said the doubtful voice in very positive tones. "I find *nothing* compares with it."

The professor recognized the voice. It was Mrs. Bannerman's. He was afraid of Mrs. Bannerman. She was a very positive person, and it was her manner to speak with such evident authority that whenever she held forth the professor began to have his doubts even on Venezuelan questions.

He shivered as he heard her now.

But his wife's voice reassured him. "I 've forgotten what our mixture is," she said. "The farmer always does our shellacking. But you 'll be able to tell if you come out and look at the hall floor. It 's given us splendid wear."

There was a rustle of dresses. The professor started. It was impossible to get up the distant stairs, with their delightful view of the hall—his own plan. Noiselessly he darted into the dining-room, leaving a tiny pool of water behind him. Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Heath, and the formidable Mrs. Bannerman came out into the hall, and discussed varnish, paint, and allied subjects for some minutes.

In the meantime Professor Jarvis considered methods of escape. The dining-room was a large affair. There were windows on one of the sides opposite him, but under them was a sheer drop of twelve feet to a graveled avenue. The sideboard offered no hiding-place. The center-table was not large enough for a professor of diplomacy to curl up under in any fitting way. The "mission" chimney was no place for a man in a bathing-suit. Only one avenue of escape was available, and that was an open door that led invitingly into the pantry or china-closet. Behind this door the professor stationed himself, and prayed that the ladies might depart.

For a moment he had his hopes. There was some mention of good-bys. Somebody went to get her things. The professor drew a long breath. He was very, very chilly, and another little pool was rapidly forming about his white and tender feet.

"Why should I be afraid to face these ladies?" he asked himself. "What have I to be ashamed of? Is there anything wrong in going about my own house in my own bathing-suit? I will go out and say, 'Oh, I was looking for a towel in the china-closet. I have had such a wonderful swim.' "

Nevertheless, the professor did *not* move. Nor time nor place did then adhere, while his bathing-suit did. He heard the voice of the terrible Mrs. Bannerman, and remained behind the china-closet door, listening. Suddenly fear smote into his heart.

"Mr. Jarvis planned this house himself," he heard his wife say proudly. "We had several ideas which we insisted on. For instance, the dining-room here is an arrangement of our own."

The professor moved on, into a recess of the china-closet. The voices came nearer and uprose in voluble appreciation of the dining-room. Mrs. Jarvis was holding forth

with a proud delight on the architectural disposition of doors, windows, etc. What was coming next the professor guessed only too well. He looked about wildly. Cupboards, all too small. Shelves, impossible. They all had glass fronts. He could hardly expose himself under glass, like an exhibit in a museum. There was, to be sure, a dumb-waiter that descended to the kitchen below.

It was a new and wonderful dumb-waiter. Wonderfully balanced, weighted, and contrived. Professor Jarvis headed for it, and, as he heard the voices relentlessly approaching the china-closet, climbed nimbly in and, marveling at the beautiful balance of the thing, cautiously let himself down a few yards into the black abyss that yawned between him and the kitchen.

In absolute and overwhelming darkness he gathered himself about the rope that controlled his wooden cage, and held his breath. Thank heavens, it was a roomy dumb-waiter! As it was, he had to curl up like a kitten or a dog, and a very damp one at that. "I should never have supposed," he said to himself, "that one could get into a dumb-waiter." And he pondered on the uses of adversity, and remembered the bird in the gilded cage. Above, the voices were faintly audible; they echoed as if through caverns.

"The dumb-waiter," his wife explained, "is here."

There were footsteps. The professor clutched the rope with an iron grasp, and just in time. Some one was attempting to jerk it out of his hands.

"It seems to be stuck," said a voice above.

"Let *me* try it," said Mrs. Bannerman.

"Let us all try it," said a chorus of voices.

The professor's blood froze. He curled up tighter about the rope in his damp little puddle. He feared the ladies and particularly he feared the brawny might of the fearful Mrs. Bannerman.

He held fast, but it was of no use.

He was going up!

"As if I were a veal cutlet going up for supper," he thought.

Blinking, he ascended into the cruel light of day.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bannerman," he said politely.



Drawn by May Wilson Preston

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

THE SENIOR WRANGLER: "Never you mind *what* she does, or how she looks. You quit laughin' at her, and, say, don't you ever forget what I 'm going to tell you—drunk or sober, that lady is me mother!"



At the recent exhibition in New York of the work of American women sculptors no groups attracted more amused attention than these plasteline groups by Ethel Myers, the wife of Jerome Myers, the painter. The single figure is called "The Fifth Avenue Girl," and the group is entitled "A Bit of Gossip."

FRESH LIGHT ON WASHINGTON

The following is a literal transcript of a bona fide debate by a boy in a public school. As it throws a bright light on two important, and apparently misunderstood, historical characters, it has been thought worthy of a niche in "Lighter Vein"

DEAR teacher, kind schoolmates, honorable judges and chairman, seeing that I am the speaker on the affirmative side I say that Washington was a greater man than Napoleon.

Washington is the man that saved Our Country from the hands of the British. Did Napoleon, of course not, And Washington never deserted his wife and family like Napoleon did. No because Washington was more of a man than to do that.

G. Washington was a man of good sense. He never got a divorce from his wife like Napoleon did. Of course not because Washington knew better than to do that.

When the British made their second attempt to conquer New York, Washington was too sly for them, and by him the English were defeated, and we won the battle. Did Napoleon do that, of course not.

Napoleon entered Berlin in Triumph October 27, 1806 and established himself in the kings palace. He did not like the beutiful Queen Louise, because he felt that she had inspired the soldiers by her presence and urged her husband to make war. He was very unjust to her in his bulletins and Josephine reproached him of speaking ill of women. Did Washington do that of course not he knew better.

Napoleon never liked the festival of a saint. he said it was a day of idleness. Did Washington like it. Of course becaus he used it right and Napoleon didnt.

I both say and think there was never and never will be a man to take the place of Our great American George Washington.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson

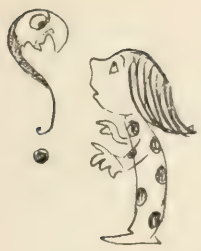
THE CHILD DE LUXE

OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER: "Why! Muriel, where are your dolls this morning? Why don't you take them out in your doll's carriage, dear?"
MURIEL (slightly bored): "Oh! I leave all *that* to their nurse."

A TRIOLET

BY LEROY TITUS WEEKS

I TOOK just a kiss,
But her lips would repeat.
What rapture! what bliss!
I took just a kiss.
You see, it 's like this:
"With what measure ye mete—!"
I took just a kiss,
But her lips *would* repeat.



WHAT IS A RYMBEL?

WITH FOUR REMARKABLE EXAMPLES BY OLIVER HERFORD, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, AND THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE Rymbel is an interesting and newly discovered verse family. It consists of either ten, twenty, or thirty lines, and is sometimes spoken of, not as a rymbel, but as a "tent-twent-thirt." The first noteworthy example of it in our literature is Mr. Herford's interesting twent which, with its fine flux of cerebral invention, is printed below.

The Rymbel family is descended from many rhyming ancestors. Its father was a Jingle, its mother a Rondel. The result of this marriage was a feeble-minded daughter, Symbol by name, and four "wanting" sons, Ramble (the eldest), Rondeau and Rhyme (the twins), and Jumble, the baby. They only express themselves in verse, and are usually spoken of as "the eccentric Rymbels." Deafness is a Rymbel family characteristic.

Whenever the father (who is invariably the family pioneer in matters poetical) is seized by an uncontrollable afflatus, he starts out bravely enough, but usually attenuates at the fifth line of the first stanza. Owing to the deafness of his wife and little ones he shouts this last line in a frantic crescendo, at which point his voice and his intellect give up the unequal contest, and his wife, seizing on the last word as her cue, pursues the theme spontaneously—and in her own misguided way.

The poetical relay proceeds in this manner until the tenth, twentieth, or—in very rare cases—the thirtieth line has been reached. In Mr. Herford's splendid example of rymbelican verse, for instance, the father's brain ceased to "mote" after the fifth line, but the crescendoed concept "fall" was bravely but disastrously propulsed into the second stanza by Mrs. Rymbel, who, in turn, gave up the struggle and abandoned the entire enterprise to the twins.

R. Otway Prendergast.

Editor of Arch. Vulg. and Obs. Words in Prendergast's "Rhyming Rumbels" (Oxford Press—out of print), author of "Wild Verses I Have Met" and "The Stanza in a Savage State." Brentanos; each, $1.65 net.

THE GIRL AND THE RASPBERRY ICE

THE FIRST RECORDED RYMBEL IN OUR TIME

BY OLIVER HERFORD

One summer day in early spring—
  How well I can recall
The falling snow—no, come to think,
It happened at the skating-rink:
  It must have been the fall.

I never shall forget that fall,
  When, spurning all advice,
I buckled on a pair of skates,
And, cutting fancy figure-eights,
  Sat down upon the ice.

I think it was a lemon ice
  Or some such sparkling fruit,
She smiled and said she would prefer
A raspberry cream—the kind you stir—
  I quickly followed suit.

A simple suit of homespun tweed
  That ended at the knees!
No wonder that my legs are chill.
Quick, nurse! another camphor pill!
  I fear I 'm going to sneeze.

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, who has been spending a week-end with the Rymbels, and who is distantly related to them through the Jumbles (of Spring Street), overheard the following "thirt" and made careful enough notes of it to preserve it for all time.

THE YELLOW VASE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I gave the man a ten-cent fare
  When I got on the train.
The sun was shining in the sky,
A great big drop fell in my eye—
  It had begun to rain.

Oh, yes! It was a glorious reign,
  The reign of good Queen Bess;
The people were quite happy then,
The women, children, and the men,
  Each with a fine address.

I tried to find your old address,
  But no, it was not there;
I looked down cellar for it, and
I thought I had it in my hand
  When I came up the stair.

Good gracious! how the people stare,
  When I am off my guard;
They watch my feet when I go out,
(I always push my feet about)
  All three feet—in the yard.

I told the clerk I 'd take a yard;
I don't know what I 'll do,
As your clock says it 's now half-past,
And mine, although it 's somewhat fast,
Says it is half-past, too.

I walked a mile and then walked two,
Not knowing where to go;
Then I came home and ate some fish—
Some shad upon a shallow dish—
And went out for a roe.

Rymbels are not all of them necessarily humorous. Jocoseria is, of course, frequently met with in them, but in the following tragical and noteworthy rymbel Theodosia Garrison proves that drama, in its most lean, Greek, intense, and pulsing form, may well find a place in them. The tragedy, terrible as it is, is one that might befall any woman of means.

TRAGEDY

OR, THE MISSES AND THE MASSEUSE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

The dame unto her masseuse spake,
With sad and downcast mien,
"Woe 's me that I have grown so stout,
Both up and down and all about:
I would be long and lean."

"Dear Madam, on my guidance lean,
'T were mean to do you wrong;
Rely upon my means and taste,
And some day you shall have the waist,
The waist for which you long."

She murmured "But it takes so long,
To get results—I mean."
Oh, what a cruel waste is that
That makes a person short and fat
Who would be long and lean.

Just as we were going to press with this page we were fortunate enough to discover another rymbel by Mr. Herford which, though it displays a note almost of inconstancy in his nature, is gladly published below.

"ON REVIENT TOUJOURS À SON PREMIER AMOUR"

BY OLIVER HERFORD

O! Seraphine, my Seraphine!
When first I saw your face
Flash by me in your limousine,
Methought there ne'er before was seen
Such loveliness, such grace.

Dear Grace! her image glows as bright
Upon my heart to-day
As when, a vision of delight,
She first rejoiced my raptured sight,
One afternoon in May.

'T was then I took fair May to be
My bride, and I was true,
Or nearly so. I fail to see,
Considering my constancy,
What grounds May had to sue.

"And what became of Sue?" you say.
Alas! I have not seen
Excepting, in a casual way,
A sign of Susan since the day
I first met Seraphine.

Mr. Ellis Parker Butler recently submitted, in a spirit of adventure, a story to the editors of The Century. The function of an editor being to criticize and find fault, it was suggested to Mr. Butler, as tactfully and as humanely as the seriousness of his misdemeanors would permit, that some changes in the story might possibly improve it. Breathless, we print his reply —without comment.

E. P. BUTLER LITERATURE FACTORY

242 State St., Flushing, N. Y.

Department of
Corrections and Repairs.

April 30, 1913.

The Century Magazine, New York.

Dear Sir—

Regarding your memo. of yesterday in regard to the 1913 model story recently purchased by you from this company, would say we cannot understand why you have found so many repairs necessary.

While we only guarantee our product for one year from date of purchase, all goods are examined before shipment, and should reach you in good condition, and stand any ordinary wear and tear for twelve months. We cannot understand your complaint. Is it not possible you have allowed sand to get in the gear-box of the story?

However, we are shipping you by this same mail material to replace the unsatisfactory parts, Nos. 13 and 14, and trust that, with these in place, the purchase will give you good satisfaction. In case of any further trouble please address this department.

Yours very truly,
E. P. Butler Literature Factory,
Per E. P. B.

E. P. B./E. P. B.

In answering this communication please refer to Correction No. 987564.

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Said the spider, in tones of distress:
"As a spinster I 'm not a success.
Though I toil and I spin
And I work myself thin,
I never can have a new dress."



TRA-LA-LARCENY

A HEATHEN named Min, passing by
A pie-shop, picked up a mince-pie.
If you think Min a thief,
Pray dismiss the belief:
The mince-pie that Min spied was Min's pie.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



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Halftone plate, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

BRONZE GROUP OF THE UNDEFEATED AMERICAN POLO TEAM

HERBERT HAZELTINE'S SCULPTURE OF THE AMERICAN TEAM WHICH WON THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP IN ENGLAND, IN 1909, AND DEFENDED IT SUCCESSFULLY AGAINST ALL ENGLAND IN 1911 AND 1913

(The leading figure: Mr. Milburn. Second figure: Mr. Whitney, captain. Figure in background: Mr. Lawrence Waterbury. Figure on the right: Mr. J. M. Waterbury.)



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVI SEPTEMBER, 1913 No. 5

LOVE BY LIGHTNING

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "The Melting of Molly," "Andrew the Glad," "Miss Selina Lue," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

LOVE is the début of a woman's soul from the darkness under Adam's left ribs into the sunshine of the Garden of Eden and his presence. It is heavenly, but very much like a major operation attended by convulsions, and I am going to write you the whole truth about it, my dear Evelyn, and not present to you an unadorned feminine version. It is going to be hard, for I 've only been practising concise veracity for a little over a month, and if I am crude in places, you must forgive me.

What did it?

Aunt Grace, my unfilial virago of a disposition, and the will of God.

Please don't let it make you uncomfortable to have me speak of Him in this friendly fashion, for He is in the story, and I can't help it. Besides, that is part of what I want to tell you about.

The first of May, mother came home from a visit to Aunt Grace in Louisville with the most peculiar little man led by a halter for me. He has a title, genuine brand. Elizabeth Gentry is going to marry him now, and she 'll write you all about it. Aunt Grace had selected him in Rome at Easter, and told him the round numbers of the fortune Grandmother Wickliffe left me. She had instructed mother minutely as to my joyous and appreciative course of action toward him, and you know how my maternal parent is about Aunt Grace. I want to record it of father that he received the duke with a recoil, and went to New Orleans the next morning for an indefinite stay.

Of course the little man is a human being, but I consider the United States as fortunate that it is not now in complications with Italy over the murder of one of her scions by an enraged Tennessee woman. Two days after his arrival, and only several hours after the first time he tried to possess his funny little paws of my very garden-burned hand, I packed a few of my belongings in three trunks and a steamer-bag and departed to find Dudley. He is such a perfectly satisfactory brother that, since my earliest youth, I have always felt it best to flee to him when I feel a tantrum coming on. They don't dis-

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turb the even tenor of his life in the least.

"Oh, Nell!" was all mother had the courage to say, when so far away from Aunt Grace, at the announcement of my intention.

"My brother is ill up in the Harpeth Hills, and *I* must go to him," was all I said to the duke.

That was the feminine version of a line in Dudley's last letter, saying he had caught a heavy cold sleeping out without his blanket while with one of his gangs marking lumber on Old Harpeth. But I did take his grace to call on Elizabeth before I departed. I will say that much for myself.

With it all I had left home in such a whirl of hurry and rage that I had n't had time really to realize myself until I sat in my seat and watched the train begin to wind around and around the foot-hills that lead up from the valley. And I must say that realization of myself was not much in the way of amusement. Why should I have left mother in a huff just because she is Aunt Grace's obedient sister? Is n't she also my browbeaten parent? And why rudely abandon the little nobleman, who was my guest, for trying to kiss my hand, which has been used for any old purpose, from digging worms for Dudley to fish with to supplying a surface to be pressed by Bobby Gentry's adolescent bristles, even unto the mustache he at present flourishes? And others, too! No, I could n't honestly approve of myself, as hard as I tried.

And, to make it worse, the very day itself was a balmy, pliant, feminine thing, with not a bluster in its disposition to harmonize with mine. There was a soft bridal veil of spring mist all over the Harpeth Valley, behind which the orchards were blushing pink and white, while by noon, as we began to go up the hills, I caught a whiff of that indescribable, lilting honeysuckle note that comes in the June rhapsody in the Alleghanies. You remember it, don't you, deary, even if you do live in an enchanted Breton garden with a husband who sings? I 'm going to remember it in heaven.

No, I was n't very well pleased with myself, and I got more and more serious on the subject the higher the train crawled up toward the crown of Old Harpeth. If a naturally conscientious person has such a bad disposition that she finds it impossible to accept any form of criticism from other people, then she is ethically obliged to chastise her own self, which is the refinement of psychical cruelty.

By three o'clock the only way I could drag myself out of the depths was by remembering how Aunt Grace's nostrils distend while she insinuates to mother in my presence what an unsatisfactory daughter I am. I can always get up a rage with that mental picture. That is, I could; now it is different, because—but that is what I am going to tell you about.

Of course I knew that Dudley's letters all went to Crow Point, and the ticket-man had told me that we got there at five-fifty. That hour was not dark—quite, I knew, and I decided that I would have plenty of time to drive across the ridge to his camp at Pigeon Creek.

Is n't it a good thing for women that they can't take peeps into what is going to happen to them next? Men could digest their disclosed futures complacently, but on account of pure excitement, women never in the world could even sufficiently masticate theirs to swallow them.

"Is it far from Crow Point to Pigeon Creek?" I asked the conductor, by way of amusing myself.

"About one horse-pull," he answered lucidly, as he went to help a woman and eleven children off at Hitch It.

I 'm glad now he was no more explicit.

Crow Point was just a little farther along the road than Hitch It, and we got there before I had time to ask him any more questions. Purple dusk was just hovering over the mountain-top, as if uncertain about settling down upon it for the night, when the train stopped. He called Crow Point, and I jumped off—the universe.

I stood for a few minutes, with my mind tottering.

"Looking for anybody, little gal?" came a drawl from out the twilight just in time to keep me from running after the train to try and tell them that I did n't want to be left alone in the mountains at dark. A man sat all hunched up on the tree-trunk that supported one end of the huge log which represented the station platform of Crow Point, whittling a small stick.

"Is this Crow Point?" I gasped from

the depths of both consternation and amazement as I looked from him to the three trunks stacked on the ground by the rustic platform.

"Sure am," was the answer, as the small red slivers of wood flew.

"Is this—this all of it?" I asked, this time less from consternation than astonishment.

"Well, they is a few more of us," he answered. "Was you a-looking for any of us in particular?"

"Mr. Dudley Gaines," I answered in a manner that bordered on the lofty, as if I felt that the status of my family must be much the same commanding one at Crow Point that it was down in Hillsboro.

"I reckon you 'll have to holler that loud enough to reach about twenty-five miles acrost to Pigeon Creek, gal, if you want to git him," was the unimpressed answer.

"Twenty-five miles!" I spoke less haughtily this time. "Can't I get there to-night?"

"You could ef you had started this time last night," was the practical reply.

Suddenly the fact that I was planted down in the wilderness of gigantic mountains, alone except for one aborigine of the masculine gender, overpowered me so that I sank down on the log and became much meeker in manner and spirit.

"What 'll I do?" I asked, and this time my words were nothing more than a subdued and respectful peep.

"Wall, I reckon Stivers and missus will have to take you in for the night," answered the native, with a condescending drawl. "They might not, but you mentioned young Gaines's name. We 'most shot him for a revenue when he first came, but he 's brought a sight of good work amongst us, and lives like he was fellowman with all. Be you his sister or his woman?"

"Sister," I answered, taking a grain of courage at thus hearing Dudley's name mentioned as that of a prominent citizen of the fastnesses.

"Yes, Stivers had a cross on his gun for Dud, and he mighty nigh got a bloodstain to smear on it 'fore he found out that he were just a logger. But Stivers 'll take you in, I reckon, now he knows you belong to his tribe, though his cabin is so small you could n't cuss a cat without getting hair in your teeth."

"Where do Mr. and Mrs. Stivers live?" I ventured, with a shudder at the taste of cat-hair in my mouth.

"Round behind that crag and woodland there," he answered as he turned the stick and looked at it critically in the fading light. "You can go on by yourself, or, if you want to wait until I whittle this little end slimmer, I can take you along with me. They is going to be a ruckus kind of a meetin' of the gang there to-night, but they won't nothing but dark draw the boys outen the bushes."

"I 'll wait," I answered trustfully, preferring to appear at the hostelry under the care of a strange man than risk the woods alone. Necessity is the stepmother of many conventions.

And there I sat on a companionable log beside a perfectly strange outlaw who had been talking about notches on guns and blood-splotches, waiting for him to whittle down the end of a stick exactly to satisfy his artistic tastes before accompanying me through a dark strip of woodland to the hospitable roof of a moonshiner, in hopes I would be taken in to spend the night thereunder.

And I must proudly and truthfully record it of myself that I bore the situation in dignified and complacent terror, sitting humbly still while the moonshiner slowly peeled tiny pink shavings off the end of the stick for what seemed like centuries to me. My interior was a small Vesuvius of disposition, frozen over temporarily, and I even had the strength to marvel at my own control of it.

Finally he held his work of art close to his eyes to see the point in the dusk, which had deepened by the moment, tested it on his finger carefully several times, peered at it again, and then nonchalantly threw it away in the grass.

"Come on and follow," he said in commanding and indifferent mien as I rose to accompany him.

And follow him I did, in true squaw fashion, about ten paces behind. I was surprised he did n't ask me to carry his gun, a long, heavy ante-bellum weapon that rested carelessly in the hollow of his arm. I 'd have done it with the greatest graciousness if he had handed it to me. A frightened woman easily lapses into sav-

agery, and is willing to accept impedimenta in the rear of man in times of danger.

And, as we walked, the shadows got blacker and blacker, and the tree-tops lowered lower and lower in their thick gloom. Every few minutes something furry, like the hallucination of a gigantic mouse, would scurry across our path, or a great creaky croak would be hurled at our heads from the groaning branches above. And, with every fresh horror, I got closer to the heels of the human animal in front of me, until I was in danger of having my nose skinned by the barrel of the gun, or stepping on the protruding heels of his heavy boots, into which his faded overalls were stuffed. My knees may have trembled, but I assure you I kept pace with grim determination through what seemed endless miles of that haunted woodland.

And as we tramped along in silence, my mood of self-depreciation, which had seized me on the train, again asserted itself, and my alarmed mentality was saying sternly that it had warned my proud spirit that such catastrophes would be the result of my headlong course of wilfulness, when we came out of the darkness into a clearing where a cabin stood, from which a dim light shone.

"Stivers'," remarked my guide, fluently. "So long," he added tersely, and disappeared again into the woods by another path. At the time I wondered if he could be troubled by the conventions. I did him an injustice; I know now it was a horse hitched on the other side of the clearing.

For more than a few long minutes I stood and pondered with panicky indecision over just what to do, the wood with its nightmares on the one hand, and the unknown on the other. I chose the unknown, and plunged in as I faltered up to the open door of the small two-room hut.

Suddenly two doors were shut hurriedly in the darkness, and I heard the scuffling of heavy feet as a man appeared in the flare of the dim candle in the front room and peered at me cautiously.

"What do you want?" was the hospitable greeting that issued from the cavern of his huge chest.

"Mr. Dudley Gaines," I answered, using instinctively the name of introduction that I had seen succeed a few minutes earlier.

"He ain't here; but if you are his woman, come in," was the answer, and as Dudley's property I entered the Stivers's abode.

Even in my tragic situation for an instant my temper rose. Why should man's possession justify the existence of a woman in the eyes of the primitive? However, masculine justification of life is a delicious feeling to a woman in a dark and fearful wood and— But I 'll tell you about that later.

With becoming gravity and timidity I entered the living-room of the moonshiner's hut, and weakly seated myself in a chair he pointed out to me in a corner by an open window.

"Brat 's got fits, and the woman is out there tending it," was my host's ample excuse for the non-appearance of my hostess.

At his words my heart jumped and then stood still. I had never been in the house with a fit before, and the feeling was gruesome, coming so close on the heels of the woolly, furry things in the woods.

Then as I poised myself on the edge of the chair, holding on tight to keep myself from running out into the night, an eery wail came from the back of the house, and I collapsed on the seat, with a queer, suffocating pain in the place of that jump. I had never noticed a child's cry before, and something moved in the region of my solar plexus.

"Can't—can't something be done?" I ventured in desperation.

"Naw," came the answer in a drawl. "I reckon it is bound fer kingdom come this trip sure. Leader will take a look at it when he comes in fer a round-up of the gang. They 'll all be late to-night, on 'count of some dirty business over at Hitch It. If you want to go to bed, that 's the best bed in the lean-to out there we keep for over-nights. Better git settled and outen the way 'fore the gang gits here. They 're 'most too rough fer calico like you to stay around, and there 'll be a big fight on 'fore it 's over. Leader is snorting rough over that knifing at Hitch It, and somebody 'll be cut down with power by him 'fore he 's done with it. The woman is too upsot with the kid to see to you; but bedding is all you need, now dark has come. Better git to cover right away."

As he was speaking, he took the candle



Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Color-Tone.

"THEN, AS I FALTERED AND FELT THAT I MUST STOP AND SINK ON THE FLOOR, A WHILE A SHOULDER BRACED ITSELF AGAINST



engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

STRONG, WARM, BARE ARM CAME AROUND ME, AND UNDER MY ARM AROUND THE BABY, MINE, AS GABRIEL SWUNG INTO STEP WITH ME"

and led the way into a little shed-room, while I followed with trembling knees, and the jelly of fear quivering all over my body. Every moonshine murder about which I had ever read in the papers trod in martial array before my mental eyes, and my breath was just a flutter between my chattering teeth. It really is a triumph of the survival of the life force in the human body that I am alive to tell the tale to you to-day.

"They 's light enough from the window for you to roll in," the man said as he pointed to a low bed, built of logs and boughs along the wall next to the front room. "Better git to cover and stay there, a calico like you, with the boys as rough as they be; you might n't like 'em. I reckon they better not know you 're here, on 'count of the row that 's coming over that knifing; so lay close."

And even before he had time to depart with his candle, I made a dive beneath the patched quilt, only grasping my hat in my hand instead of keeping it on my head. Then, as still as my trembling limbs would let me, I lay close to the rough, thin, pine planks that separated me from what seemed the only other human being in the world. And for hours it seemed I lay there and panted and groveled in spirit with terror and helplessness, waiting, waiting, for something dreadful to happen, and almost wishing it would come and be over.

Across the mountain-tops there began to be distant mutterings of thunder, and in the flashes of lightning I could see restless, dark birds wing by the small window. And save for the thunderings, there was a stillness that must have been on the waters before the first dawn reigned. I could hear my heart beat like a muffled motor, and only the uncanny wail broke the silence now and again, while once I thought I heard a woman's stifled moan that sent a shudder to the very core of my body.

And as I lay and cowered in that darkness, the mood of self-realization came back upon me, and alone in that terror of blackness I turned at bay and faced myself. Was that coward thing I that lay helpless while a woman alone moaned away the life of her tortured child, and a plan for murder was plotted with my full knowledge? Why did n't I run out into that dreadful night and warn the victim, stop him from stepping into the dreadful trap laid for him? And right then I impeached myself. I had been guarded and fended and had all humanity nurtured out of me, so that, rather than risk my own pitiful little life, I was willing to "lie close" and let my brother human be murdered in cold blood.

"But women are weak," I argued in my own defense, "and terrible, wolfish things like these they cannot control or prevent. They must let them take their course."

"Weak women have steeled themselves to the saving of their brothers and sisters centuries long," came the still, small voice that seemed to be hovering over my breast.

"I can't risk my own life for that of a rough moonshiner who probably spends his time whittling a stick to throw away," I sobbed in answer to myself.

"What more important thing than whittling a stick do you do with your life?" came the question, relentlessly.

"Nothing," I sobbed under my breath, as a vision of all the nothings I had done in my life came before me with a flash of the lightning that seemed to illumine the inside of the very inner me.

"And that other woman suffering in there, why don't I go to her?" I demanded of myself, and failed to find an answer.

"Afraid of the roughness of some mountain man who would scarcely dare harm your brother's 'woman'?" I asked contemptuously from above my own breast. "You a 'woman,' if you let another woman watch her child die alone!"

Desperate at this goad, I sat up, and was pushing back the quilt, when the muffled sound of heavy boots came from across the clearing, and in another flash I saw a file of men, each one of whom looked ten feet tall, each with a gun on his arm, come out of the black woods and turn to the front of the house. I melted back to cover, and lay drawing breath like a drowning man.

Quietly they came into the room next to that in which I was hiding, and their drawly voices had a subdued and terrible sound as they exchanged a few remarks in guarded tones.

"Leader come?" one man asked from so near the pine board against which I trembled that he could n't have been a foot away from me.

"Naw; and Bill is waiting in the woods to ketch him 'fore he gits here, if he kin," came the mumble of my host's big voice.

"It 'll be nip and tuck 'twixt 'em, and lay out the worst man feet due west," another voice took up the gruesome chorus.

"That 's Bill now, coming outen the woods," exclaimed Stivers, ominously. "I reckon he thinks he missed Leader. Don't nobody say nothing when he comes in, but let him set and wait for his knock-out. Nobody's business but Leader's."

Listening frantically, I heard the doomed man's hesitating feet shuffle into the room and the chair groan as he took his seat amid the glum silence.

And there I lay, and with Bill I waited I did n't know for what, some nameless horror that would kill the life in me and make me a dishonored thing all my life—a human too cowardly to cry out the word of warning to another of God's creatures. And through it all the little child wailed and the woman moaned.

Then in the midst of another thick muttering from the head of Old Harpeth, which was followed by a vivid flash, I heard another pair of feet step on the threshold of the cabin. I cowered under the quilt, held my breath, and took the bullet into my own heart—or thought I did.

Then high and clear through the flash of the lightning, over the mutterings of the thunder and the scuffle of the men's feet, accompanied by a glad cry from the moaning woman, there came a voice of an archangel singing in tones of command that thrilled that whole mountain until it seemed to shake with its reverberations:

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss."

I lay still, and something poured into my heart that was a peace made from the glory of the storm, the moan of the woman, and the song of a dawn-bird. Out of the darkness my soul came like—I think I partly expressed it in the first sentence of this confession, if you will turn back and see, Evelyn dear.

After the men had sung the wonderful old hymn through to its very last lines,

"To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally,"

Bill and I kept very still and took our "knock-out."

Bill had stuck a knife into a gallant over at Hitch It for offering to exchange snuff-sticks with Malinda Budd, and I could easily detect a decided vein of sympathy in the voice of Leader while he administered a rousing reproof to the knife, but extolled the use of fists in such cases, much to the approval of the rest of the gang.

In fact, that was the greatest sermon ever spoken in the English language on the theme of justice, courage, feminine protection, manly dignity, and brotherly love, and it was done in about five minutes, I should say. Every word of it hit Bill fair and square, and me also, to say nothing of all the rest of the world. During the last minute and a half of the discourse the men were indulging in muttered "Ahmens" and "Glory be's," and I could hardly restrain myself from throwing off the quilt and—well, you know, Evelyn, that Grandmother Wickliffe was a pillar in the Methodist Church of Hillsboro, and at times of great emotion, during the visit of the presiding elder, she did—shout. Aunt Grace never likes to hear it mentioned.

Now, let me see, this is just about the beginning of the real story, and I am so anxious to tell it all, though I really feel a hesitancy. However, when I am through with the letter, I can leave out any part of it that does n't sound seemly for me to tell about him—and me, can't I?

To begin with, I hardly know how to make you understand about that baby's stomach, and how near a tragedy it was. Don't laugh! I tremble when I think about it, and I don't ever believe I 'll learn to do it to them. I hope I won't have to practise on one of my own first; but, then, it would be awful to kill another woman's baby experimenting on it, would n't it? I 'd better not think about that now, or I can't tell the rest of the story.

Well, after the doxology had been sung by the strange Gabriel in the next room, accompanied by some really lovely rough

men's voices, and he had sent them away so he could see to the sick baby in the other room, I lay still and had a racking, glorious experience. For the first time in my life I really prayed to Something that answered in the dark. I did n't have much to say for myself, but a great Gentleness reached down and laid hold of me for always, and I can never be lost from Him any more, and I knew it. *Now,* I have been taught that it is called the witness of the spirit, and it 's what Grandmother Wickliffe had. But I did n't inherit it; I had to find it myself, and I got it through tribulation, by the way of Gabriel's song in the terror of the night, followed by the sermon to Bill.

And while I was lying there under the quilt, just shouting in my soul with ancestral ardor, I was called to come forth and attest my new convictions. And I did. If I had n't got that faith in God just a few minutes before on the wings of a great emotion, I never could have steeled myself to taking that awful purple, twitching baby and helping Gabriel do the dreadful things to it he did. I would have taken to the woods at the first look at it. But I know now that I had got the real religion that darts right through the emotions, and prods you up to do things. And I did them.

"It 'll die, and I can't hold it," whimpered the poor exhausted mother when Gabriel told her to hold the baby's mouth open while he poured in the hot water. At that time I was still safe and rejoicing over myself under the quilt.

"You must hold him while I wash him out, or he *will* die. Come, brace up and help me!" I heard Gabriel plead to the poor creature, with positive agony in his voice, while the baby moaned.

"No use, Leader; I 've done give' up," and I heard her fling herself on the floor and begin to moan in chorus with the baby.

It took me just half a minute to get to my feet, into that other room, and that baby in my arms, as awful to look at as it was. Of course it seemed as if God was honoring me by crowding works on my new faith pretty closely, and how I got through with such credit I don't see; but I did.

"You 'll have to show me just what to do; I never touched a baby before, but I will try to help," I said to Gabriel, who was looking at me in an absolute astonishment and devout thankfulness that encouraged my new-found capableness.

"A woman, thank God!" I heard him mutter before he spoke.

"Tip him on your arm, hold his head close against your breast, with your finger down his throat, while I pour in this hot water; then turn him over on your knee quick when it is about to come up. He is full of fried potatoes, and that is what is making the spasms. I 'll hold his legs with my left hand, so he can't kick away from you. We must get down enough of this water to bring up all of the potatoes."

Gabriel's voice was quick and respectful, as if he were speaking to somebody that had as much intellect and manual training as himself. I suppose that is what helped me through with those dreadful hours of time that it took to work up that awful potato—that and the positive way I said:

"Now, God, help me, please, and quick!"

At last it all came forth, and I don't suppose it really was hours; but the baby was apparently done for.

"No use, Leader; his time have come. She 's buried five out thar in the clearing at jest about his age. Let the little critter go in peace," said Stivers, who had come in through the back door. His rough voice had a note of suffering in it, though he lit his pipe by a coal from the fire calmly enough.

But at the mention of the five little graves out in that awful night, the poor woman on the floor groveled up on to her knees and caught at my skirts.

"God help you!" said Gabriel, gently, to her. "He 's rid of the poison, but so collapsed that there seems nothing more to do."

"Yes, and I 'm going to help God help her," I said suddenly, and I rose from the chair to walk the floor with the limp, white thing that had been the purple horror in my arms. "I did n't know how to unpoison him, but if it 's strength and heat he needs, I can give him that," and I held the tiny mountaineer close against my bare breast, from which his poor little convulsed fingers had torn all the foolish lace and embroidered linen.

"If a physician were here, he would try transfusion; the child is anemic, anyway," said Gabriel, thoughtfully.

"We don't need any physician but God to get my heat and strength into him. I only wish I had on a real flannel petticoat, as a decent woman ought to have for cases of emergency like this, to wrap him in. This old piece of blanket is n't real wool."

"Poor folks can't buy much but shoddy these days," said Stivers, with glum resentfulness.

"Here, my shirt 's the thing," said Leader, and as quick as one of the flashes that came in the window with the thunder mutterings, he had peeled off his own gray flannel blouse, and was wrapping it around the baby, and tucking it close over my breast.

"Now fight, and I 'm with you," he said as he looked straight into my eyes in the dim light.

"He is n't going to die; he 's got a right to live, and he 's going to do it, God helping," I answered, as I got a firm grasp of the mite on my left arm, and put my warm right hand over the poor little collapsed stomach.

And then for what seemed hours of eternity I walked and rubbed and hugged that limp baby, while I prayed inside my own vitals to the tune of "Stand up." Stivers stood smoking sullenly by the fire, the mother lay on the floor, moaning, and Gabriel stood over by the window, with his bare shoulders gleaming comfortingly with every flash of lightning. And the knowledge that all three of those strong, useful real people were depending upon ignorant, foolish me to lead the fight for that poor little life made the new wings of my spirit raise themselves and soar out into some wonderful space I had never been in before, but through which I knew the way and could take the baby with me.

How long I plodded across and across that rickety floor of the cabin I don't know, but once I staggered as I came near Gabriel at the window, and my right shoulder sagged under its burden. Then, as I faltered and felt that I must stop and sink on the floor, a strong, warm, bare arm came around me, and under my arm around the baby, while a shoulder braced itself against mine, as Gabriel swung into step with me.

"Keep fighting," he said deep in his throat.

And again I soared away with the baby up to where God was there to help us.

Then suddenly we both were brought back to earth by my feeling him stir, and huddle closer to my breast, while the limp little knees found strength to press themselves in against the ribs over my heart.

"Oh!" I sobbed with a quick breath.

The mother moaned, and Gabriel steadied us both closer. He thought the baby was dead, I knew.

"Want to give him to me?" he asked gently.

"No, I don't," I answered jerkily enough to sound like a snap; "but wipe the perspiration out of my eyes. He 's getting hot now, and I 'm melting, but I don't dare stop hugging and patting. Make his mother understand he 's getting all right."

But nobody has to make a mother understand when her baby is saved. The poor creature just gave one pitiful gasp, and went to nice, comfortable crying instead of moaning. It was lovely to hear hearty boohoos, though she never said a word except to ask Stivers for her snuff-stick, which he attentively swabbed in the can before he handed it to her.

"You can't go on walking and joggling forever; sit down and rock and rest with him," suggested Gabriel, timidly and respectfully, after he had passed a nice, cool, linen handkerchief all over my hot face for me, even with intelligence enough to wipe in the hollow under my chin.

"Not now; he 's squirming deliciously, and I don't dare. Suppose he should go limp again," I answered fearfully.

"He 's due to drop off to sleep now," announced Leader in such a positive, though kind, voice that almost immediately young Stivers obediently turned himself a bit, settled in a nice, soggy way, and I could feel the little lungs so near mine begin to draw breath in a regular, good sound sleep.

I waited a minute to be sure, then sank with him into a chair beside the fire.

"Yes, he 's all right now," Leader said in a lovely, quiet voice, with just a husky note of happiness in it as he gently raised into his own strong hand one tiny paddie that had stolen up on my breast from out the warm, gray shirt. For a wonderful



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

"'ARE YOU REAL?' HE WHISPERED, WITH MY CHEEK PRESSED HARD AGAINST HIS, AND HIS ARMS TERRIFIC WITH TENDERNESS"

DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

second we were all soul-becalmed together, and then he went over into the corner and slipped on his khaki hunting-coat, which he had hung on a peg in the wall, and decorously tied his silk handkerchief around his neck, in true mountaineer fashion. He never did get that shirt again, for I originated some remarkable bandages for young Stivers out of it next day.

Then he came back to the fire, and while I hovered the kiddie, the mother came close on her knees and settled beside us, so that together we took a worse ministerial drubbing than even Bill got for the knifing episode, delivered in a voice of such heavenly sympathy that Grandmother Wickliffe's spirit again rose in me, and if it had n't been for the baby, I believe she would have broken out this time in one good shout. She has n't up to date, but I feel sure she will some day, and I don't always intend to restrain her manifestations.

The sermon this time had for its text the sacredness of the use of the maternal fount for the young instead of promiscuous food, but it embraced all the advanced feminist questions of the day, and was an awful glorification and arraignment of human females all in one breath. Why don't women begin to know what dreadful and wonderful creatures they really are earlier in life? The knowledge comes with an awful shock when it does come, and ought to be experienced while young. I had taken Bill's sermon to heart, but that one to Mrs. Stivers I got right in the center of my soul. It is still there.

And when it was over, the poor mother was kneeling by the fire, with the baby at her breast, sobbing and crooning softly as she rocked it to and fro in its deep sleep.

"It 's suffocating in here, now that it is all over. Don't you want to come out and watch the storm?" Gabriel asked me in a low voice as he stood beside me looking down on the comfortable pair on the hearth. "Don't be afraid. It is a great one, mostly electrical, and will likely go on all night this way. It makes the atmosphere almost unendurably heavy. Do you want to watch it from the bluff there at the end of the clearing? You can look down and see it at play in the valley."

"Please," I answered, catching the word in the middle with a breath that was a sob in retreat.

Then before I knew it, or how, we were seated together on a big rock that jutted out from the edge of the world. The cabin, with its one or two dim lights, loomed with shadowy outlines behind us, and tall trees hugged us close on both sides; but before us and beneath us was a wild, black, turbulent night.

"Now look down into the valley when the next flash comes," Gabriel said with a note of excitement sounding in his deep voice that matched the wind through the trees.

Then just as he finished speaking, a slow, steady sheet of light came and lit up the world below us. The fields in their spring garments, embroidered by the threads of silver creeks, lay lush and green, dotted by farm-houses in which dim lights twinkled, bouqueted by glowing pink orchards, and outlined by blooming hedges. Tall trees were massed along the edges of the meadows and the river-banks, and among them the white lines of the old sycamores gleamed in masses of high lights. And in the wild, soft wind that rushed up the mountain-sides and flung itself upon us there was mingled the tang of the honeysuckle and rhododendron with the sweetness of the orchards and pungence of newly plowed earth.

Then as suddenly as the picture had risen before our eyes it sank back into the purple blackness, and I caught my breath with the glory of it.

"And God made it!" I exclaimed softly, with the last sob that had been left in my heart caught from my mouth by the wind.

" 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein,' " he answered, and the wind took his words as if it had been waiting for them to carry across the mountains.

After that for several long minutes, I don't know how many, I sat silent in the windy blackness, with the tree-branches sighing and crashing over our heads, and wild things rustling in the leaves and bushes beside us, and wondered what was happening to me.

Of course I have been deadly afraid of a minister all my life, and the times we have had the bishops and presiding elders and pastors to dinner with us in honor

of the memory of Grandmother Wickliffe have been times of torture to me. I always thought, of course, they were not real men, though the way they looked and their hearty appetites for both viands and jokes kept them from seeming conventional angels; but this Gabriel materialization that sat close to me on that rock, which was the end of the universe, was a strong, heart-beating man, who alone stood between me and the real wilderness of the woods and the awful wilderness of my ignorant and convicted spirit. It was terrific, but heavenly sweet.

"I know He made me,—I found that out to-night,—but I don't see what for, and I wish I knew why," I said in the smallest voice I had ever heard myself use; and this time there was just the echo of that last sob left to sigh out on the wind.

"He saw I needed you pretty badly a few hours ago," Gabriel said in that delicious warm voice he had used to me to encourage me through the worst baby chokings.

"I 've always been a dreadful woman, and wanted to be more and more so until I heard you sing 'Stand up for Jesus!' when I was dead and gone from fear of your gun, and talk to Bill about loving the girl with the snuff-stick in the right way, and the man, too, just because we are all God's children. I was lost, but Something found me in the dark just before you and the baby did. I never belonged to anything or anybody before, and even now how do I know that God wants me after the awful way I have lived?" My words trailed in positive anguish.

"He does want you, woman dear. Take my word for that, or would you like me to quote you about five hundred passages from His Book to prove it to you?" He laughed as he said it in a wooing, comforting way that was both manly and ministerial.

"You don't know me. I 'm a perfect stranger to you," I answered with agonizing honesty, because the regard of that man, whom I had never seen a few hard, long hours before, was becoming very valuable to me, and I felt afraid that if I did n't warn him about myself before he took me for a friend, I might not ever do it, but dishonestly make him like me, as I have done to so many other men.

"We could n't be perfect strangers after the battle with those potatoes—and after seeing what that flash revealed of the valley together, could we?" he asked, with the amusement sounding still more plainly in his voice. "And you know you heard me preach twice. Is n't that a kind of left-handed introduction?"

"People that are introduced to me don't ever know me," I answered forlornly; for I felt that the time had come for me to confess my sins before men, and this was the hardest man to do it to I had ever met, and also the easiest.

"Then tell me about yourself. I 've been wondering a bit since I have had time. You answered a hurry-call I had to send above pretty quickly," he said in a beguiling and encouraging tone of voice that sounded just as other agreeable men's voices have sounded to me before, only more so.

Just then a furry thing rustled in the bushes, and I moved an inch nearer him. I felt him stir, but he sat comfortingly still. I did n't want him to move to me.

"The worst thing about me is that I am utterly and entirely worthless," I began, dropping the words out slowly in the dark. "If God made me, He can't help but be dreadfully disappointed in me, and wishing He had n't. I 'm just a wicked white kitten, with a blue ribbon around my neck, kept in a basket, and fed the warm milk of other people's work and attentions."

"That is not always the kitten's fault," said Gabriel, gently.

"It 's this kitten's. My family would have liked for me to be strong-minded and go to college and do things in the world. They 've tried to persuade me. Dudley, my brother, says I have got so much brains held in solution that he is afraid some day something will happen to precipitate them before the world is ready for them; but I ignore them strenuously. My mother is the president of the Home Mission Society that Grandmother Wickliffe founded, and Aunt Grace is state president of the Colonial Daughters, and makes remarkable speeches. I am just a large, white-skinned, well-fed, red-headed bunch of nothing, and I don't know how to get over it."

"At least you are of the blessed company of the meek," answered Gabriel, this

time with a real human chuckle that he might have used if he had found three of a kind in a poker-hand.

"Oh, no, I 'm not meek," I hastened to assure him. "I 'm the most conceited woman on the earth, the vain kind of conceit that looks in the glass and admires its black lashes and white teeth, and long curves in good frocks, not the intellectual-attainment kind, that has some excuse for existence. I know I 'm beautiful, and I hugely enjoy it."

"You sound beautiful by description, and a few flashes of lightning, added to candle-light, bear you witness. Still, why should n't you appreciate the gifts God has made you? Beauty can have the most wonderful influence in the world in the way of enjoyment for us people at large. Use yours that way when no misguided potatoes call you." His voice was enthusiastic and delightful, and what he said about the flashes of lightning made me blush so there in the dark that I was sorry one did n't come that minute and let him see it—the blush. That thought, coming into my mind, cast me into the depths of humiliation that I had had it about him.

"That 's the trouble," I faltered in unhappy mortification at my instability of character. "I use it to make other people miserable, and know when I do it—men people and things like that."

"Sometimes that is n't fair, is it?" he asked after a minute's pause. "And yet women will do it. What makes them?"

"I don't know," I almost sobbed, but controlled it. "I never knew how wrong it was until you talked to Bill about that snuff-stick girl, and how he ought to feel about her, and influence her not to do other men that way. I 'm like her, only I do worse than snuff-sticks; and I enjoy it. No, I know God does n't want a woman like that."

"But perhaps you won't be like that any more. I don't believe you could, after tasting to-night's adventure. You lapped up that situation pretty enthusiastically," he said gently. But somehow there was a hint of amusement in his voice that set my dreadful temper off for a second, and made me wild to convince him of the depths of my sinfulness. I felt that the occasion demanded his serious attention and not levity.

All my life my temper has been a whirlwind that rose and carried me to the limit of things, and then beyond, without any warning. I thought I was making a confession in a state of religious zeal, but I am afraid it was just the same old rage. Religious zeal often takes these peculiar forms of exaggerated temper, and often never finds itself out. From this you 'll see I 'm trying very hard to differentiate myself; but it is difficult.

Then for minutes and minutes, and perhaps hours, I sat there in the dark beside that strange man, and told him things that I had never told anybody living, and some I had never admitted to myself. It came out in a wailing, sobbing volume, and I trembled so that he had to take my cold hand in his, I suppose to keep me from sliding off the rock down into the valley.

I wonder if any woman before ever talked out her whole wild self into a man's ears? And I wonder if it shook him as it did this one out under the lowering clouds and dark trees? When women habitually reveal themselves to men, it is going to bring social revolution, and they must go slow.

And I did go slow. I tried to be truly considerate of him. I began on a few ridiculous misdemeanors that I am surprised I remembered of myself, such as inconsiderate extraction of money from father by means of unwarranted tantrums, impositions on my dear mother's loving credulity about some of my hunting forays with Bobby, when I left home riding Lady Gray, side-style, only to fling a leg over Dudley's Grit two squares down the street, where Bobby was waiting with him for me.

It surprised me that he only chuckled delightedly, and wanted to know just exactly who and what Bobby was or is.

But I could n't be diverted, and was determined to tell the whole tale. I felt as if I must get one or two things off my conscience and on to his. I went the whole length, and succeeded.

When I told him of that mad escapade at Louisville, while I was visiting Aunt Grace, with Stanley Hughes and the supper party he gave to that French dancing-girl in "The Bird-Flight," when I got out of the taxi and walked home in my satin slippers in the snow for ten blocks rather than stay and have Stanley take me

another block in the state he was in, though I had done nothing to stop his drinking and laughed at him, I heard him catch his breath and shudder.

I never told anybody before that it was a paper-knife in my hands that ripped open Henry Hedrick's cheek for an inch, down in his library while Mamie was up-stairs putting their six-months' old baby to bed, and I was a guest in their house. In this case I had suspected how he felt about me before I came, but had contemptuously ignored it because I liked to be with Mamie. I told the last few minutes of that tale with dry sobs breaking my words, and while I shook, he folded my cold hand in both his warm ones, and I heard him mutter between his teeth:

"God love her and keep her!"

Then, after a long stillness, I crept closer to him, so that my head bowed against his arm, and opened the very depths to him.

"I don't think any woman ought to say this to any man," I began from very far down in my throat, "but you are a preacher, and that makes a difference, and you won't mind. I am disrespectful and ungrateful to Aunt Grace about it when she is trying her level best to do it to me, but—but I ought to get married. There are lots of wonderful women all over the world who are doing gloriously without husbands, and living happily forever after; but I 'm not one. Some women have such frivolous spirits that nothing but a good, firm husband and an enormous family of children can ever chasten them. I 'm one. I 've always thought that he 'd find me some day long before I was ready for him —or them; but now I 'm afraid he 'll never come. I know he won't." I clung to his strong fingers desperately.

"I think he will," he answered as he kindly, but firmly, possessed himself of his own hand and coat-sleeve, but in such a way as not to hurt my feelings. "I seem to feel that he is well on the road, though fighting hard," he added in what sounded like mild exasperation or desperation, I could n't tell which.

"No," I answered, with pitiful sadness and real conviction—"no; I am not worthy of him, and he won't come. It is too late. God and you have just taught me this dreadful night what a good woman really is, and now I will have to be so busy trying all the rest of my life to be one that I won't have time to look for—that is, he won't find me. I don't want anything but a good one, and if I 'm being so good as all that, how 'll I let him know I want him?"

"Maybe he 'll get a revelation," answered Gabriel in a low and controlled voice that seemed to come from the very fastnesses of something within him.

And as he spoke I felt something warm and sweet and terrible stealing over me; but I plunged forward in my confession, past the episode of the duke, my traitorous flight from home, and up to the arrival at Stivers's, and the cowardly taking of refuge under the patchwork quilt.

"I misunderstood, and thought from the way the men talked that you were going to kill Bill, and I was too much of a coward to run out and find him in the dark and warn him. You see, I lay still and let Bill be killed, whether you did it or not; and so I murdered him, even if he is alive," I deduced miserably.

"Dudley was wise to fear the precipitation of the logical part of the solution," Gabriel remarked so quietly that it seemed as if he preferred that I should n't hear him.

"Yes; and, you see, I am a common murderer as well as all the other dreadful things. And I let that baby die, too, rather than go and help the woman wash it outside and in, as you made me do. That is two murders; and I 'm another one for not knowing how to fill it up with hot water and poke my finger down its throat and press the potatoes and water up at the same time. I 'm a woman, or I ought to be. It 's my life business to know and perform ably such terrible and simple operations on babies. That makes me three murderers. And how did I know that Bill would n't kill you at the same time you killed him, and Mr. Stivers and—"

"Stop!" Gabriel exclaimed suddenly, and he was shaking so hard with unseemly mirth that he shook me, too; for without being able to help myself, I had been crowding closer and closer to him, until I was burrowing right under his arm in the agonies of confession. "The damages will be endless if you go on at this rate. How many of these murders did you realize you were doing at the time you did 'em?"

"Only Bill," I answered, after a few minutes of intense mental suffering. "I knew I ought to go and sympathize with the mother of the baby, but I did n't know about that squeezing a baby's stomach in the right place; but, as I say, I ought to have known, and— I did throw the quilt back to start to Mrs. Stivers when you came in. Please don't laugh!"

"Then you stand acquitted of all responsibility of faulty impulse except about the murder of Bill, which did n't come off," Gabriel answered in a gentle, serious, and respectful voice that soothed me into a cheerful frame of mind over my crimes even before he had more than half uttered the words. I felt hope for myself rise in my heart.

"And then—then you came to the door and began to sing 'Stand up for Jesus!' so that eyes in my soul opened suddenly, and I saw Him standing and looking pitifully down into my awful black heart, and I felt Him reach out His hand to me in the darkness. I 've always avoided and been afraid of God before, but now do you think He feels about me as He did the man on the other cross who had done awful things, I forget just what, and as long as Bill and the baby are both alive, and I worked so hard, He will forgive me and love me? And give me more awful work to do? Tell me, and what you say I will believe." I crouched at his knee as I asked the question breathlessly.

"Oh, you wonderful, foolish woman, you! Don't you know that the good God knows and claims His own?" Gabriel answered, as he bent forward and put his hand on the head that had bowed on his knee. For a heart-still instant we trembled together, then he said quietly and humbly: "I give up. All my life I have prayed that my 'woman' would be one who had seen her Master face to face. Stumbling in the darkness, groping, both of us, we found each other and—clung. Are you mine? God, dare I claim a miracle such as You sent to Your servants of old? Have we together met You in the bush, and is it burning? Can we believe that You mean to"—

Then suddenly, in the very midst of his prayer, came a great, white, steady glare, which rent the black clouds above us and revealed us to each other, like the sun at high noon. The very mountains seemed to reel in it, and the forest behind us was stilled from the rack of the winds.

And clasping his knees, I looked and looked into his eyes, down, down until I found a light more blinding than that without, while I could feel his searching mine sternly, solemnly, and with a hope so great that I was tempted to cower, but was prevented by a fierce hunger that rose in me and demanded. I don't know how long the light lasted, but when it went out, and had left us in the night, the ordeal was over, and I was welded into his arms, and his lips were pouring out love to me in broken words of blessing and demand.

"Are you real?" he whispered, with my cheek pressed hard against his, and his arms terrific with tenderness. "Can I believe it is true? Can I claim a miracle? Can I?"

"Yes," I answered with triumphant certainty in my mind and voice—"yes. It 's that revelation you said you—that is, the—the man that was coming for me would have. I know it 's a miracle, because I am as afraid of a preacher as of—of that thing rustling out there in the bushes; but if God let me get into your arms this awful way He means for me to stay. And it 's *my* miracle, not yours. I needed one, and you did n't. You are it! You don't think He will take you away from me in the daylight, do you?"

"Never," he laughed against my lips, with the coax and woo both in his throat, under my hand pressed against it. And that was the taming of the wild me.

A long time after, when I had settled myself comfortably against his shoulder, and gone permanently to housekeeping in the parsonage of his arms, softly the clouds above us drifted apart, and a glorious full moon shone down on us in the warmest congratulatory approval.

"Let me look good at you, love-woman, so I 'll not confuse you with the other flowers when morning comes," Gabriel fluted from above my head as he attempted to turn me on his arm a fraction of an inch away from him.

"You can use the moon, if you need it for identification purposes, but that lightning was enough for me," I answered, retiring from his eyes for a hot-cheeked second under the silk handkerchief around his neck. "It may take time and moonlight

to teach you me, but I knew you in a flash. I know it 's awful, but most women learn love by lightning, and it 's agony to have to wait while men slowly arrive at it by the light of the sun, moon, and stars. Will nothing ever teach them to hurry?"

"I should say," answered Gabriel, with a delicious laugh, which I got double benefit of, for I both heard it and felt it, "that I had met you at least half-way."

"And I 'm a perfect stranger to you," I was reiterating honestly, when an amazed answer arrived from the other side of the rock.

"Well, you don't look it—perfect strangers!" came in Dudley's astonished voice, as he rose from beneath the crag and stood beside us. "You old psalm-singer, you, where did you get that girl?" he demanded with a great, but, for the circumstances, very calm, interest.

"Just picked her up in the woods, where she has always been waiting for me, you old log-killer, you. Yes, I guessed the fact that she is your sister, but I dare you to try to take her away from me," answered Gabriel, as he held me closer, when, with sisterly dignity, I tried to get into a position to squelch Dudley.

"I 'll never try," answered Dudley, with devout thankfulness sounding in his voice up from his diaphragm. "Maybe you can hold her down, Gates; you seem to have got a good grip for a starter. The family never could."

Yes, my dear Evelyn, Gabriel turned out to be that wonderful Gates Attwood to whom Chicago has given five million dollars to build his great Temple of Labor down on the South Side. He has been up here visiting Dudley at his camp at Pigeon Creek, hiding for a little rest for three months, and circuit-riding the mountaineers. If I had met him under the shelter of my own roof-tree, I in evening dress, with the lights on, I would have taken one insolent look at him, and then talked to Bobby the rest of the evening, while Aunt Grace raged in pantomime at mother about me. I realized this the instant Dudley called his name, and I turned and hid my eyes against his lips as I trembled at such an escape from losing him.

"I never belonged to anybody but you and—God. That 's what made me bad to the others before I was found and claimed," I whispered across his cheek, while he nestled me still deeper into his breast, ignoring Dudley, as he deserved.

"God's good woman, and mine," was the low answer I felt and heard.

"Well, I 'd better go scare Mr. and Mrs. Possum and the Coon Sisters off your trunks over at Crow Point," remarked Dudley, with more than brotherly consideration. "Something familiar about that collection of baggage yanked me off the down train. I 'll fix you up at Stivers's when you want to come in, Nell. Here 's to her permanent change of heart, Parson!" And he lighted his pipe as he strolled away through the woods.

And as he left, an awful shyness came pressing in between me and the great man who sat on an Old Harpeth crag and held me so mercifully in his arms.

"Is n't there a mistake somewhere?" I asked in fear and trembling. "Or did I really get born again, with you to help me?"

"Yes, love," he answered softly. "This is the right way of things. I needed you; you, me. We were ready, and He let us touch hands in the storm, to be new created. Don't you feel—kind of weak and young?"

"No," I whispered just as softly. "Dreadfully strong. I know now how Eve felt when she put her hand to Adam's side, where there was n't even a scar, and did n't have to ask where she really came from."

THE LETTER THAT REALLY WAS SENT

Hillsboro, Tennessee, May 30.

My dear Evelyn:

Yes, I know it sounds dreadful for him, that I 'm going to marry Gates Attwood next month; but I am going to be better than you can believe I will. I tried to write you all about it, but I could n't. No, that is n't exactly true. I did, but Gates is wearing the letter in his left breast pocket, and won't give it up. Everybody will just have to trust him with me because he does; and he must know what 's best, because God trusts him. Please come home in time for the wedding. I need you, but I have n't made any plans. I can't think or plan. I 'm feeling. Were you ever born again? If you have been, you will know what I 'm talking about when I tell you; and if you have n't, you will think I am crazy.

Lovingly,

HELEN.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

LES DEUX AVOCATS (THE TWO LAWYERS)

FROM THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PAINTING BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF ALEXANDER W. DRAKE

LIFE AFTER DEATH[1]

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Author of "The Life of the Bee," "Pelléas and Mélisande," etc.

THIS calm, judicious review of the results of organized psychical research cannot fail to be immensely valuable in clearing up the mists accumulated in twenty-eight years of earnest investigation into "the debatable phenomena designated by such terms as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic." The accumulations of evidence, and of argument based upon evidence, have been so enormous that few men busy with life have found time more than to dip into the wonderful subject and turn dismayed and reluctant away. Nothing has been so much needed by the Public Concerned with the Greater Things as a careful digestion of this subject to date, and we are fortunate in having so broad, so scientific, so many-sided a mind as Maeterlinck's perform this service for us.

This paper is the first of many in which THE CENTURY will take account of civilization's accomplishments in many fields for the benefit of busy men and women.—THE EDITOR.

THE THEOSOPHICAL HYPOTHESIS

I HAVE recently been studying two interesting solutions of the problem of personal survival—solutions which, although not new, have at least been lately renewed. I refer to the neotheosophical and neospiritualistic theories, which are, I think, the only ones that can be seriously discussed. The first is almost as old as man himself; but a popular movement of some magnitude in certain countries has rejuvenated the doctrine of reincarnation, or the transmigration of souls, and brought it once more into prominence.

The great argument of its adherents—the chief and, when all is said, the only argument—is only a sentimental one. Their doctrine that the soul in its successive existences is purified and exalted with more or less rapidity according to its efforts and deserts is, they maintain, the only one that satisfies the irresistible instinct of justice which we bear within us. They are right, and, from this point of view, their posthumous justice is immeasurably superior to that of the barbaric heaven and the monstrous hell of the Christians, where rewards and punishments are forever meted out to virtues and vices which are for the most part puerile, unavoidable, or accidental. But this, I repeat, is only a sentimental argument, which has only an infinitesimal value in the scale of evidence.

We may admit that certain of their theories are rather ingenious; and what they say of the part played by the "shells," for instance, or the "elementals," in the spiritualistic phenomena, is worth about as much as our clumsy explanations of fluidic and supersensible bodies. Perhaps, or even no doubt, they are right when they insist that everything around us is full of living, sentient forms, of diverse and innumerous types, "as different from one another as a blade of grass and a tiger, or a tiger and a man," which are incessantly brushing against us and through which we pass unawares. If all the religions have overpopulated the world with invisible beings, we have perhaps depopulated it too completely; and it is extremely possible

[1] Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and copyright U. S. A., 1913, by Eugène Fasquelle.

that we shall find one day that the mistake was not on the side which one imagined. As Sir William Crookes well puts it in a remarkable passage:

It is not improbable that other sentient beings have organs of sense which do not respond to some or any of the rays to which our eyes are sensitive, but are able to appreciate other vibrations to which we are blind. Such beings would practically be living in a different world to our own. Imagine, for instance, what idea we should form of surrounding objects were we endowed with eyes not sensitive to the ordinary rays of light but sensitive to the vibrations concerned in electric and magnetic phenomena. Glass and crystal would be among the most opaque of bodies. Metals would be more or less transparent, and a telegraph wire through the air would look like a long narrow hole drilled through an impervious solid body. A dynamo in active work would resemble a conflagration, whilst a permanent magnet would realise the dream of mediæval mystics and become an everlasting lamp with no expenditure of energy or consumption of fuel.

All this, with so many other things which they assert, would be, if not admissible, at least worthy of attention, if those suppositions were offered for what they are, very ancient hypotheses that go back to the early ages of human theology and metaphysics; but when they are transformed into categorical and dogmatic assertions, they at once become untenable. Their exponents promise us, on the other hand, that by exercising our minds, by refining our senses, by etherealizing our bodies, we shall be able to live with those whom we call dead and with the higher beings that surround us. It all seems to lead to nothing very much and rests on very frail bases, on very vague proofs derived from hypnotic sleep, presentiments, mediumism, phantasms, and so forth. We want something more than arbitrary theories about the "immortal triad," the "three worlds," the "astral body," the "permanent atom," or the "Karma-Loka." As their sensibility is keener, their perception subtler, their spiritual intuition more penetrating, than ours, why do they not choose as a field for investigation the phenomena of prenatal memory, for instance, to take one subject at random from a multitude of others—phenomena which, although sporadic and open to question, are still admissible?

THE NEOSPIRITUALISTIC HYPOTHESIS

Outside theosophy, investigations of a purely scientific nature have been made in the baffling regions of survival and reincarnation. Neospiritualism, or psychicism, or experimental spiritualism, had its origin in America in 1870. In the following year the first strictly scientific experiments were organized by Sir William Crookes, the man of genius who opened up most of the roads at the end of which men were astounded to discover unknown properties and conditions of matter; and as early as 1873 or 1874 he obtained, with the aid of the medium Florence Cook, phenomena of materialization that have hardly been surpassed. But the real beginning of the new science dates from the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research, familiarly known as the S. P. R. This society was formed in London twenty-eight years ago, under the auspices of the most distinguished men of science in England, and, as we all know, has made a methodical and strict study of every case of supernormal psychology and sensibility. This study or investigation, originally conducted by Edmund Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore, and continued by their successors, is a masterpiece of scientific patience and conscientiousness. Not an incident is admitted that is not supported by unimpeachable testimony, by definite written records and convincing corroboration. Among the many supernormal manifestations, telepathy, previsions, and so forth, we will take cognizance only of those which relate to life beyond the grave. They can be divided into two categories: first, real, objective, and spontaneous apparitions, or direct manifestations; second, manifestations obtained by the agency of mediums, whether induced apparitions, which we will put aside for the moment because of their frequently questionable character, or communications with the dead by word of mouth or automatic writing. Those extraordinary communications have been studied at length by such men as F. W. H. Myers, Richard Hodgson, Sir Oliver Lodge, and the philosopher William James, the father of the new pragmatism. They profoundly impressed and almost

convinced these men, and they therefore deserve to arrest our attention.

It appears, therefore, to be as well established as a fact can be that a spiritual or nervous shape, an image, a belated reflection of life, is capable of subsisting for some time, of releasing itself from the body, or surviving it, of traversing enormous distances in the twinkling of an eye, of manifesting itself to the living and, sometimes, of communicating with them.

For the rest, we have to recognize that these apparitions are very brief. They take place only at the precise moment of death, or follow very shortly after. They do not seem to have the least consciousness of a new or superterrestrial life, differing from that of the body whence they issue. On the contrary, their spiritual energy, at a time when it ought to be absolutely pure, because it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when matter surrounded it. These more or less uneasy phantasms, often tormented with trivial cares, although they come from another world, have never brought us one single revelation of topical interest concerning that world whose prodigious threshold they have crossed. Soon they fade away and disappear forever. Are they the first glimmers of a new existence or the final glimmers of the old? Do the dead thus use, for want of a better, the last link that binds them and makes them perceptible to our senses? Do they afterward go on living around us, without again succeeding, despite their endeavors, to make themselves known or to give us an idea of their presence, because we have not the organ that is necessary to perceive them, even as all our endeavors would not succeed in giving a man who was blind from birth the least notion of light and color? We do not know at all; nor can we tell whether it is permissible to draw any conclusion from all these incontestable phenomena. Meanwhile, it is interesting to observe that there really are ghosts, specters, and phantoms. Once again, science steps in to confirm a general belief of mankind, and to teach us that a belief of this sort, however absurd it may at first seem, still deserves careful examination.

THE DILEMMA OF THE TRUTH-SEEKER

Now, what are we to think of it all? Must we, with Myers, Newbold, Hyslop, Hodgson, and many others who have studied this problem at length, conclude in favor of the incontestable agency of forces and intelligences returning from the farther bank of the great river which it was deemed that none might cross? Must we acknowledge with them that there are cases ever more numerous which make it impossible for us to hesitate any longer between the telepathic hypothesis and the spiritualistic hypothesis? I do not think so. I have no prejudices,—what were the use of having any in these mysteries?—no reluctance to admit the survival and the intervention of the dead; but, before leaving the terrestrial plane, it is wise and necessary to exhaust all the suppositions, all the explanations, there to be discovered. We have to make our choice between two manifestations of the unknown, two miracles, if you prefer, whereof one is situated in the world which we inhabit and the other in a region which, rightly or wrongly, we believe to be separated from us by nameless spaces which no human being, alive or dead, has crossed to this day. It is natural, therefore, that we should stay in our own world as long as it gives us a foothold, as long as we are not pitilessly expelled from it by a series of irresistible and irrefutable facts issuing from the adjoining abyss. The survival of a spirit is no more improbable than the prodigious faculties which we are obliged to attribute to the mediums if we deny them to the dead: but the existence of the medium, contrary to that of the spirit, is unquestionable; and therefore it is for the spirit, or for those who make use of its name, first to prove that it exists.

Do the extraordinary phenomena of which we have spoken—transmission of thought from one subconscious mind to another, perception of events at a distance, subliminal clairvoyance—occur when the dead are not in evidence, when the experiments are being made exclusively between living persons? This cannot be honestly contested. Certainly no one has ever obtained among living people series of communications or revelations similar to those of the great spiritualistic mediums Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Thompson, and Stainton Moses, nor anything that can be compared with these so far as continuity or lucidity is concerned. But though the quality of the phenomena will not bear

comparison, it cannot be denied that their inner nature is identical. It is logical to infer from this that the real cause lies not in the source of inspiration, but in the personal value, the sensitiveness, the power of the medium. These mediums are pleased, in all good faith and probably unconsciously, to give to their subliminal faculties, to their secondary personalities, or to accept, on their behalf, names which were borne by beings who have crossed to the further side of the mystery: this is a matter of vocabulary or nomenclature which neither lessens nor increases the intrinsic significance of the facts.

THE BORDER-LAND OF LIFE AND DEATH

Well, in examining these facts, however strange and really unparalleled some of them may be, I never find one which proceeds frankly from this world or which comes indisputably from the other. They are, if you wish, phenomenal border incidents; but it cannot be said that the border has been violated. It is simply a matter of distant perception, subliminal clairvoyance, and telepathy raised to the highest power; and these three manifestations of the unexplored depths of man are to-day recognized and classified by science, which is not saying that they are explained. That is another question. When, in connection with electricity, we use such terms as positive, negative, induction, potential, and resistance, we are also applying conventional words to facts and phenomena of the inward essence of which we are utterly ignorant; and we must needs be content with these, pending better. Between these extraordinary manifestations and those given to us by a medium who is not speaking in the name of the dead, there is, I insist, only a difference of the greater and the lesser, a difference of extent or degree, and in no wise a difference in kind.

For the proof to be more decisive, it would be necessary that neither the medium nor the witnesses should ever have known of the existence of him whose past is revealed by the dead man; in other words, that every living link should be eliminated. I do not believe that this has ever actually occurred, nor even that it is possible; in any case, it would be a very difficult experiment to control. Be this as it may, Dr. Hodgson, who devoted part of his life to the quest of specific phenomena wherein the boundaries of mediumistic power should be plainly overstepped, believes that he found them in certain cases, of which, as the others were of very much the same nature, I will merely mention one of the most striking. In a course of excellent sittings with Mrs. Piper, the medium, he communicated with various dead friends who reminded him of a large number of common memories. The medium, the spirits, and he himself seemed in a wonderfully accommodating mood; and the revelations were plentiful, exact, and easy. In this extremely favorable atmosphere, he was placed in communication with the soul of one of his best friends, who had died a year before, and whom he simply called "A." This A, whom he had known more intimately than most of the spirits with whom he had communicated previously, behaved quite differently and, while establishing his identity beyond dispute, vouchsafed only incoherent replies. Now, A "had been troubled much, for years before his death, by headaches and occasionally mental exhaustion, though not amounting to positive mental disturbance."

The same phenomenon appears to recur whenever similar troubles have come before death, as in cases of suicide.

"If the telepathic explanation is held to be the only one," says Dr. Hodgson (I give the gist of his observations), "if it is claimed that all the communications of these discarnate minds are only suggestions from my subconscious self, it is unintelligible that, after having obtained satisfactory results from others whom I had known far less intimately than A and with whom I had consequently far fewer recollections in common, I should get from him, in the same sittings, nothing but incoherencies. I am thus driven to believe that my subliminal self is not the only thing in evidence, that it is in the presence of a real, living personality, whose mental state is the same as it was at the hour of death, a personality which remains independent of my subliminal consciousness and absolutely unaffected by it, which is deaf to its suggestions, and draws from its own resources the revelations which it makes."

The argument is not without value, but its full force would be obtained only if it were certain that none of those present

knew of A's madness; otherwise it can be contended that, the notion of madness having penetrated the subconscious intelligence of one of them, it worked upon it and gave to the replies induced a form in keeping with the state of mind presupposed in the dead man.

IS THE FUTURE LIFE DIM AND SHADOWY?

Of a truth, by extending the possibilities of the medium to these extremes, we furnish ourselves with explanations which forestall nearly everything, bar every road, and all but deny to the spirits any power of manifesting themselves in the manner which they appear to have chosen. But why do they choose that manner? Why do they thus restrict themselves? Why do they jealously hug the narrow strip of territory which memory occupies on the confines of both worlds and from which none but indecisive or questionable evidence can reach us? Are there, then, no other outlets, no other horizons? Why do they tarry about us, stagnant in their little pasts, when, in their freedom from the flesh, they ought to be able to wander at ease over the virgin stretches of space and time? Do they not yet know that the sign which will prove to us that they survive is to be found not with us, but with them, on the other side of the grave? Why do they come back with empty hands and empty words? Is that what one finds when one is steeped in infinity? Beyond our last hour is it all bare and shapeless and dim? If it be so, let them tell us; and the evidence of the darkness will at least possess a grandeur that is all too absent from these cross-examining methods. Of what use is it to die, if all life's trivialities continue? Is it really worth while to have passed through the terrifying gorges which open on the eternal fields in order to remember that we had a great-uncle called Peter and that our Cousin Paul was afflicted with varicose veins and a gastric complaint? At that rate, I should choose for those whom I love the august and frozen solitudes of the everlasting nothing. Though it be difficult for them, as they complain, to make themselves understood through a strange and sleep-bound organism, they tell us enough categorical details about the past to show that they could disclose similar details, if not about the future, which they perhaps do not yet know, at least about the lesser mysteries which surround us on every side and which our body alone prevents us from approaching. There are a thousand things, large or small, alike unknown to us, which we must perceive when feeble eyes no longer arrest our vision. It is in those regions from which a shadow separates us, and not in foolish tittle-tattle of the past, that they would at last find the clear and genuine proof which they seem to seek with such enthusiasm. Without demanding a great miracle, one would nevertheless think that we had the right to expect from a mind which nothing now enthralls some other discourse than that which it avoided when it was still subject to matter.

This is where things stood when, of late years, the mediums, the spiritualists, or, rather, it appears, the spirits themselves, for one cannot tell exactly with whom we have to do, perhaps dissatisfied at not being more definitely recognized and understood, invented, for a more effectual proof of their existence, what has been called "cross-correspondence." Here the position is reversed: it is no longer a question of various and more or less numerous spirits revealing themselves through the agency of one and the same medium, but of a single spirit manifesting itself almost simultaneously through several mediums often at great distances from one another and without any preliminary understanding among themselves. Each of these messages, taken alone, is usually unintelligible, and yields a meaning only when laboriously combined with all the others.

As Sir Oliver Lodge says:

> The object of this ingenious and complicated effort clearly is to prove that there is some definite intelligence underlying the phenomena, distinct from that of any of the automatists, by sending fragments of a message or literary reference which shall be unintelligible to each separately—so that no effective telepathy is possible between them, —thus eliminating or trying to eliminate what had long been recognized by all members of the Society for Psychical Research as the most troublesome and indestructible of the semi-normal hypotheses. And the further object is evidently to prove as far as possible, by the substance and quality of the

message, that it is characteristic of the one particular personality who is ostensibly communicating, and of no other.[1]

The experiments are still in their early stages, and the most recent volumes of the "Proceedings" are devoted to them. Although the accumulated mass of evidence is already considerable, no conclusion can yet be drawn from it. In any case, whatever the spiritualists may say, the suspicion of telepathy seems to me to be in no way removed. The experiments form a rather fantastic literary exercise, one intellectually much superior to the ordinary manifestations of the mediums; but up to the present there is no reason for placing their mystery in the other world rather than in this. Men have tried to see in them a proof that somewhere in time or space, or else beyond both, there is a sort of immense cosmic reserve of knowledge upon which the spirits go and draw freely. But if the reserve exist, which is very possible, nothing tells us that it is not the living rather than the dead who repair to it. It is very strange that the dead, if they really have access to the immeasurable treasure, should bring back nothing from it but a kind of ingenious child's puzzle, although it ought to contain myriads of lost or forgotten notions and acquirements, heaped up during thousands and thousands of years in abysses which our mind, weighed down by the body, can no longer penetrate, but which nothing seems to close against the investigations of freer and more subtle activities. They are evidently surrounded by innumerable mysteries, by unsuspected and formidable truths that loom large on every side. The smallest astronomical or biological revelation, the least secret of olden time, such as that of the temper of copper, an archæological detail, a poem, a statue, a recovered remedy, a shred of one of those unknown sciences which flourished in Egypt or Atlantis—any of these would form a much more decisive argument than hundreds of more or less literary reminiscences. Why do they speak to us so seldom of the future? And for what reason, when they do venture upon it, are they mistaken with such disheartening regularity? One would think that, in the sight of a being delivered from the trammels of the body and of time, the years, whether past or future, ought all to lie outspread on one and the same plane.[2] We may therefore say that the ingenuity of the proof turns against it. All things considered, as in other attempts, and notably in those of the famous medium Stainton Moses, there is the same characteristic inability to bring us the veriest particle of truth or knowledge of which no vestige can be found in a living brain or in a book written on this earth. And yet it is inconceivable that there should not somewhere exist a knowledge that is not as ours and truths other than those which we possess here below.

A LACK OF VITAL COMMUNICATIONS

THE case of Stainton Moses, whose name we have just mentioned, is a very striking one in this respect. This Stainton Moses was a dogmatic, hard-working clergyman, whose learning, Myers tells us, in the normal state did not exceed that of an ordinary schoolmaster. But he was no sooner "entranced" before certain spirits of antiquity or of the Middle Ages who are hardly known save to profound scholars—among others, St. Hippolytus; Plotinus; Athenodorus, the tutor of Augustus; and more particularly Grocyn, the friend of Erasmus—took possession of his person and manifested themselves through his agency. Now, Grocyn, for instance, furnished certain information about Erasmus which was at first thought to have been gathered in the other world, but which was subsequently discovered in forgotten, but nevertheless accessible, books. On the other hand, Stainton Moses's integrity was never questioned for an instant by those who knew him, and we may therefore take his word for it when he declares that he had not read the books in question. Here again the mystery, inexplicable though it be, seems really to lie hidden in the midst of ourselves. It is unconscious reminis-

[1] "The Survival of Man," Chap. XXV, p. 325.

[2] In this connection, however, we find two or three rather perturbing facts, a remarkable one being that at a spiritualistic meeting held by the late W. T. Stead the prediction of the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga was described with the most circumstantial details. A verbatim report was drawn up of this prediction and signed by thirty witnesses; and Stead went next day to beg the Servian minister in London to warn the king of the danger that threatened him. The event took place, as announced, a few months later. But "precognition" does not necessarily require the intervention of the dead; moreover, every case of this kind, before being definitely accepted, would call for prolonged study in every particular.

cence, if you will, suggestion at a distance, subliminal reading; but no more than in cross-correspondence is it indispensable to have recourse to the dead and to drag them by main force into the riddle, which, seen from our side of the grave, is dark and impassioned enough as it is. Furthermore, we must not insist unduly on this cross-correspondence. We must remember that the whole thing is in its earliest stages, and that the dead appear to have no small difficulty in grasping the requirements of the living.

In regard to this subject, as to the others, the spiritualists are fond of saying:

"If you refuse to admit the agency of spirits, the majority of these phenomena are absolutely inexplicable."

Agreed; nor do we pretend to explain them, for hardly anything is to be explained upon this earth. We are content simply to ascribe them to the incomprehensible power of the mediums, which is no more improbable than the survival of the dead, and has the advantage of not going outside the sphere which we occupy and of bearing relation to a large number of similar facts that occur among living people. Those singular faculties are baffling only because they are still sporadic, and because only a very short time has elapsed since they received scientific recognition. Properly speaking, they are no more marvelous than those which we use daily without marveling at them; as our memory, for instance, our understanding, our imagination, and so forth. They form part of the great miracle that we are; and, having once admitted the miracle, we should be surprised not so much at its extent as at its limits.

Nevertheless, I am not at all of opinion that we must definitely reject the spiritualistic theory; that would be both unjust and premature. Hitherto everything remains in suspense. We may say that things are still very little removed from the point marked by Sir William Crookes, in 1874, in an article which he contributed to the "Quarterly Journal of Science." He there wrote:

> The difference between the advocates of Psychic Force and the Spiritualists consists in this—that we contend that there is as yet insufficient proof of any other directing agent than the Intelligence of the Medium, and no proof whatever of the agency of Spirits of the Dead; while the Spiritualists hold it as a faith, not demanding further proof, that Spirits of the Dead are the sole agents in the production of all the phenomena. Thus the controversy resolves itself into a pure question of *fact,* only to be determined by a laborious and long-continued series of experiments and an extensive collection of psychological *facts,* which should be the first duty of the Psychological Society, the formation of which is now in progress.

HAS THE SPIRIT ONLY AN INCOHERENT MEMORY OF LIFE?

MEANWHILE, it is saying a good deal that rigorous scientific investigations have not utterly shattered a theory which radically confounds the idea which we were wont to form of death. We shall see presently why, in considering our destinies beyond the grave, we need have no reason to linger too long over these apparitions or these revelations, even though they should really be incontestable and to the point. They would seem, all told, to be only the incoherent and precarious manifestations of a transitory state. They would at best prove, if we were bound to admit them, that a reflection of ourselves, an after-vibration of the nerves, a bundle of emotions, a spiritual silhouette, a grotesque and forlorn image, or, more correctly, a sort of truncated and uprooted memory, can, after our death, linger and float in a space where nothing remains to feed it, where it gradually becomes wan and lifeless, but where a special fluid, emanating from an exceptional medium, succeeds at moments in galvanizing it. Perhaps it exists objectively, perhaps it subsists and revives only in the recollection of certain sympathies. After all, it would be not unlikely that the memory which represents us during our life should continue to do so for a few weeks or even a few years after our decease. This would explain the evasive and deceptive character of those spirits which, possessing only a mnemonic existence, are naturally able to interest themselves only in matters within their reach. Hence their irritating and maniacal energy in clinging to the slightest facts, their sleepy dullness, their incomprehensible indifference and ignorance, and all the wretched absurdities which we have noticed more than once.

But, I repeat, it is much simpler to attribute these absurdities to the special character and the as yet imperfectly recognized difficulties of telepathic communication. The unconscious suggestions of the most intelligent among those who take part in the experiment are impaired, disjointed, and stripped of their main virtues in passing through the obscure intermediary of the medium. It may be that they go astray and make their way into certain forgotten corners which the intelligence no longer visits, and thence bring back more or less surprising discoveries; but the intellectual quality of the aggregate will always be inferior to that which a conscious mind would yield. Besides, once more, it is not yet time to draw conclusions. We must not lose sight of the fact that we have to do with a science which was born but yesterday, and which is groping for its implements, its paths, its methods, and its aim in a darkness denser than the earth's. The boldest bridge that men have yet undertaken to throw across the river of death is not to be built in thirty years. Most sciences have centuries of thankless efforts and barren uncertainties behind them; and there are, I imagine, few among the younger of them that can show from the earliest hour, as this one does, promises of a harvest which may not be the harvest of their conscious sowing, but which already bids fair to yield such unknown and wondrous fruit.[1]

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS

So much for survival proper. But certain spiritualists go further, and attempt the scientific proof of palingenesis and the transmigration of souls. I pass over their merely moral or scientific arguments, as well as those which they discover in the prenatal reminiscences of illustrious men and others. These reminiscences, though often disturbing, are still too rare, too sporadic, so to speak; and the supervision has not always been sufficiently close for us to be able to rely upon them with safety. Nor do I purpose to pay attention to the proofs based upon the inborn aptitudes of genius or of certain infant prodigies—aptitudes which are difficult to explain, but which, nevertheless, may be attributed to unknown laws of heredity. I shall be content to recall briefly the results of some of Colonel de Rochas's experiments, which leave one at a loss for an explanation.

First of all, it is only right to say that Colonel de Rochas is a savant who seeks nothing but objective truth, and does so with a scientific strictness and integrity that have never been questioned. He puts certain exceptional subjects into an hypnotic sleep, and by means of downward passes makes them trace back the whole course of their existence. He thus takes them successively to their youth, their adolescence, and down to the extreme limits of their childhood. At each of these hypnotic stages the subject reassumes the consciousness, the character, and the state of mind which he possessed at the corresponding stage in his life. He goes over the same events, with their joys and sorrows. If he has been ill, he once more passes through his illness, his convalescence, and his recovery. If, for instance, the subject is a woman who has been a mother, she again becomes pregnant and again suffers the pains of childbirth. Carried back to an age when she was learning to write, she writes like a child, and her writings can be placed side by side with the copy-books which she filled at school.

This in itself is very extraordinary, but, as Colonel de Rochas says:

> Up to the present, we have walked on firm ground; we have been observing a physiological phenomenon which is difficult of explanation, but which numerous experiments and verifications allow us to look upon as certain.

[1] In order to exhaust this question of survival and of communications with the dead, I ought to speak of Dr. Hyslop's recent investigations, made with the assistance of the mediums Smead and Chenoweth (communications with William James). I ought also to mention Julia's famous "bureau" and, above all, the extraordinary séances of Mrs. Wriedt, the trumpet medium, who not only obtains communications in which the dead speak languages of which she herself is completely ignorant, but raises apparitions said to be extremely disturbing. I ought lastly, to examine the facts set forth by Professor Porro, Dr. Venzano, and M. Rozanne, and many other things besides, for spiritualistic investigation and literature are already piling volume upon volume. But it was not my intention or my pretension to make a complete study of scientific spiritualism. I wished merely to omit no essential point and to give a general but accurate idea of this posthumous atmosphere which no really new and decisive fact has come to unsettle since the manifestations of which we have spoken.

We now enter a region where still more surprising enigmas await us. Let us, to come to details, take one of the simplest cases. The subject is a girl of eighteen, called Joséphine. She lives at Voiron, in the department of the Isère. By means of downward passes, she is brought back to the condition of a baby at her mother's breast. The passes continue, and the wonder-tale runs its course. Joséphine can no longer speak; and we have the great silence of infancy, which seems to be followed by a silence more mysterious still. Joséphine no longer answers except by signs; *she is not yet born,* "she is floating in darkness." They persist; the sleep becomes heavier; and suddenly, from the depths of that sleep, rises the voice of another being—a voice unexpected and unknown, the voice of a churlish, distrustful, and discontented old man. They question him. At first he refuses to answer, saying that "of course he 's there, as he 's speaking"; that "he sees nothing"; and that "he 's in the dark." They increase the number of passes, and gradually gain his confidence. His name is Jean-Claude Bourdon; he is an old man; he has long been ailing and bedridden. He tells the story of his life. He was born at Champvent, in the parish of Polliat, in 1812. He went to school until he was eighteen, and served his time in the army with the Seventh Artillery at Besançon; and he describes his gay time there, while the sleeping girl makes the gesture of twirling an imaginary mustache. When he goes back to his native place, he does not marry, but he has a mistress. He leads a solitary life (I omit all but the essential facts), and dies at the age of seventy, after a long illness.

We now hear the dead man speak, and his posthumous revelations are not sensational, which, however, is not an adequate reason for doubting their genuineness. He "feels himself growing out of his body," but he remains attached to it for a fairly long time. His fluidic body, which is at first diffused, takes a more concentrated form. He lives in darkness, which he finds disagreeable; but he does not suffer. At last the night in which he is plunged is streaked with a few flashes of light. The idea comes to him to reincarnate himself, and he draws near to her who is to be his mother (that is to say, the mother of Joséphine). He encircles her until the child is born, whereupon he gradually enters the child's body. Until about the seventh year this body was surrounded by a sort of floating mist in which he used to see many things which he has not seen since.

The next thing to be done is to go back beyond Jean-Claude. A mesmerization lasting nearly three quarters of an hour, without lingering at any intermediate stage, brings the old man back to babyhood, to a fresh silence, a new limbo; and then suddenly another voice and an unexpected person. This time it is an old woman who has been very wicked; and so she is in great torment. She is dead at the actual instant; for, in this inverted world, lives go backward and of course begin at the end. She is in deep darkness, surrounded by evil spirits. She speaks in a faint voice, but always gives definite replies to the questions put to her, instead of caviling at every moment, as Jean-Claude did. Her name is Philomène Carteron.

I will now quote Colonel de Rochas:

By intensifying the sleep, I induce the manifestations of a living Philomène. She no longer suffers, seems very calm, and always answers very coldly and distinctly. She knows that she is unpopular in the neighborhood, but no one is a penny the worse, and she will be even with them yet. She was born in 1702; her maiden name was Philomène Charpigny; her grandfather on the mother's side was called Pierre Machon and lived at Ozan. In 1732 she married, at Chevroux, a man named Carteron, by whom she had two children, both of whom she lost.

Before her incarnation, Philomène had been a little girl who died in infancy. Previous to that, she was a man who had committed murder, and it was to expiate this crime that she endured much suffering in the darkness, even after her life as a little girl, when she had had no time to do wrong. I did not think it necessary to carry the hypnosis further, because the subject appeared exhausted and her paroxysms were painful to watch.

But, on the other hand, I noticed one thing which would tend to show that the revelations of these mediums rest on an objective reality. At Voiron, one of the regular attendants at my demonstrations is a young girl, Louise ——. She possesses a

very sedate and thoughtful cast of mind, not at all open to hypnotic suggestion; and she has in a very high degree the capacity, which is comparatively common in a lesser degree, of perceiving the magnetic effluvia of human beings and, consequently, the fluidic body. When Joséphine revives the memory of her past, a luminous aura is observed around her, and is perceived by Louise. Now, to the eyes of Louise, this aura becomes dark when Joséphine is in the phase separating two existences. In every instance there is a strong reaction in Joséphine when I touch points where Louise tells me that she perceives the aura, whether it be dark or light.

I thought it well to give the report of one of these experiments almost in extenso, because those who maintain the palingenesic theory find in these the only appreciable argument which they possess. Colonel de Rochas renewed them more than once with different subjects. Among these, I will mention only one, a girl called Marie Mayo, whose history is more complicated than Joséphine's, and whose successive reincarnations take us back to the seventeenth century and carry us suddenly to Versailles, among the historical personages moving about Louis XIV.

Let us add that Colonel de Rochas is not the only mesmerizer who has obtained revelations of this kind, which may henceforth be classed among the incontestable facts of hypnotism. I have mentioned his alone because they offer the most substantial guaranties from every point of view.

WHAT HAS BEEN PROVED?

What do they prove? We must begin, as in all questions of this kind, by entertaining a certain distrust of the medium. It goes without saying that all mediums, by the very nature of their faculties, are inclined to imposture, to trickery. I know that Colonel de Rochas, like Dr. Richet and like Professor Lombroso, was occasionally hoaxed. That is the inherent defect of the machinery which we must perforce employ; and experiments of this sort will never possess the scientific value of those made in a physical or chemical laboratory. But this is not an a priori reason for denying them any sort of interest. As a question of fact, are imposture and trickery possible here? Obviously, even though the experiments be conducted under the strictest supervision. However complicated it may be, the subject can have learned his lesson, and can cleverly avoid the traps laid for him. The best guaranty, when all is said, lies in his good faith and his moral sense, which the experimenters alone are in a position to test and to know; and for that we must trust to them. Besides, they neglect no precaution necessary to make imposture extremely difficult. After taking the subject, by means of transverse passes, up the stream of his life, they make him come down the same stream; and the same events pass in the reverse order. Repeated tests and counter-tests always yield identical results; and the medium never hesitates or goes astray in the labyrinth of names, dates, and incidents.[1]

Moreover, it would be requisite for these mediums, who are generally people of merely average intelligence, suddenly to become great poets in order thus to create, down to every detail, a series of characters differing entirely one from the other, in which everything—gestures, voice, temper, mind, thoughts, feeling—is in keeping, and ever ready to reply, in harmony with their inmost nature, to the most unexpected questions. It has been said that every man is a Shakspere in his dreams; but have we not here to do with dreams which, in their uniformity, bear a singular resemblance to fact?

I think, therefore, that, until we receive evidence to the contrary, we may be allowed to leave fraud out of the question. Another objection that might be raised, as was done with respect to the Myers phantom, is the insignificance of their revelations from beyond the grave. I would rather look on this as an argument in behalf of their good faith. Those whose imagination is rich enough to create the wonderful persons whom we see living in their sleep would doubtless find no great

[1] In order to hide nothing and to bring all the documents into court, we may point out that Colonel de Rochas ascertained upon inquiry that the subjects' revelations concerning their former existences were inaccurate in several particulars.

"Their narratives were also full of anachronisms, which disclosed the presence of normal recollections among the suggestions that came from an unknown source. Nevertheless, one perfectly indubitable fact remains, which is that of the existence of certain visions recurring with the same characteristics in the case of a considerable number of persons unknown to one another."

difficulty in inventing a few fantastic but plausible details on the subject of the next world. Not one of them thinks of it. They are Christians, and therefore carry deep down in themselves the traditional terror of hell, the fear of purgatory, and the vision of a paradise full of angels and palms. They never refer to any of it. Although they are most often ignorant of all the theories of reincarnation, they conform strictly to the theosophical or neo-spiritualistic hypothesis, and are unconsciously faithful to it in their very indefiniteness: they speak vaguely of "the dark" in which they find themselves. They tell nothing because they know nothing. It is apparently impossible for them to give any account of a state that is still illumined. In fact, it is very likely, if we admit the hypothesis of reincarnation and of evolution after death, that nature, here as elsewhere, does not proceed by bounds. There is no special reason why she should take a prodigious and inconceivable leap between life and death.

We do not find the dramatic change which at first thought we are rather inclined to expect. The spirit is first of all confused at losing its body and every one of its familiar ways; it recovers itself only by degrees. It resumes consciousness slowly. This consciousness is subsequently purified, exalted, and extended, gradually and indefinitely, until, reaching other spheres, the principle of life that animates it ceases to reincarnate itself, and loses all contact with us. This would explain why we never have any but minor and elementary revelations.

All that concerns this first phase of the survival is fairly probable, even to those who do not admit the theory of reincarnation. For the rest, we shall see presently that the solutions which man's imagination finds there merely change the question and are inadequate and provisional.

THE DANGER OF UNCONSCIOUS SUGGESTION IN MESMERIC TESTS

We now come to the most serious objection, that of suggestion. Colonel de Rochas declares that he and all the other experimenters who have given themselves up to this study "have not only avoided everything that could put the subject on a definite tack, but have often tried in vain to lead him astray by different suggestions." I am convinced of it: there can be no question of voluntary suggestion.

But do we not know that in these regions unconscious and involuntary suggestion is often more powerful and effective than the other? In the hackneyed and rather childish experiment of table-turning, for instance, which, after all, is only a crude and elementary form of telepathy, the replies are nearly always dictated by the unconscious suggestion of a participant or a mere onlooker.[1] We should therefore first of all have to make sure that neither the hypnotizer nor an onlooker, nor yet the subject himself, has ever heard of the reincarnated persons. It will be enough, I shall be told, to employ for the countertests another operator and different onlookers who are ignorant of the previous revelations. Yes, but the subject is not ignorant of them; and it is possible that the first suggestion has been so profound that it will remain forever stamped upon the unconsciousness, and that it will reproduce the same incarnations indefinitely in the same order.

All this does not mean that the phenomena of suggestion are not themselves laden

[1] In this connection, may I be permitted to quote a personal experience? One evening at the Abbaye de Saint-Wandrille, where I am wont to spend my summers, some newly arrived guests were amusing themselves by making a small table spin on its foot. I was quietly smoking in a corner of the drawing-room, at some distance from the little table, taking no interest in what was happening around it and thinking of something quite different. After due entreaty, the table replied that it held the spirit of a seventeenth-century monk who was buried in the east gallery of the cloisters under a flagstone dated 1693. After the departure of the monk, who suddenly, for no apparent reason, refused to continue the interview, we thought that we would go with a lamp and look for the grave. We ended by discovering in the far cloister, on the eastern side, a tombstone in very bad condition, broken, worn down, trodden into the ground, and crumbling, on which, by examining it very closely, we were able with great difficulty to decipher the inscription, "A. D. 1693." Now, at the moment of the monk's reply there was no one in the drawing-room except my guests and myself. None of them knew the abbey; they had arrived that very evening a few minutes before dinner, after which, as it was quite dark, they had put off their visit to the cloisters and the ruins until the following day. Therefore, short of a belief in the "shells" or the "elementals" of the theosophists, the revelation could have come only from me. Nevertheless, I believed myself to be absolutely ignorant of the existence of that particular tombstone, one of the least legible among a score of others, all belonging to the seventeenth century, which pave this part of the cloisters.

with mysteries; but that is another question. For the moment, as we see, the problem is almost insoluble, and control is impracticable. Meanwhile, since we have to choose between reincarnation and suggestion, it is right that we should confine ourselves in the first instance to the latter, in accordance with the principles which we have observed in the case of automatic speech and writing. Between two unknowns, common sense and prudence decree that we should turn first to the one on whose frontiers lie certain facts more frequently recorded, the one which shows a few familiar glimmers. Let us exhaust the mystery of our life before forsaking it for the mystery of our death. Throughout this vast expanse of treacherous ground, it is important that, until fresh evidence arrives, we should keep to one inflexible rule, namely, that thought transference exists as long as it is not absolutely and physically impossible for the subject or some person in the room to have cognizance of the incident in question, whether the cognizance be conscious or not, forgotten or actual. Even this guaranty is not sufficient, for it is still possible for some one taking no part in the sitting, and even very far away from it, to be placed in communication with the medium by some unknown means, and to influence the medium at a distance and unwittingly. Lastly, to provide for every contingency before letting death come upon the boards, it would be necessary to make certain that atavistic memory does not play an unforeseen part. Cannot a man, for instance, carry hidden in the depths of his being the recollection of events connected with the childhood of an ancestor whom he has never seen, and communicate it to the medium by unconscious suggestion? It is not impossible. We carry in ourselves all the past, all the experience, of our ancestors. If by some magic we could illumine the prodigious treasures of the subconscious memory, why should we not there discover the events and facts that form the sources of that experience? Before turning toward yonder unknown, we must utterly exhaust the possibilities of this terrestrial unknown. It is moreover remarkable, but undeniable, that, despite the strictness of a law which seems to shut out every other explanation, despite the almost unlimited and probably excessive scope allotted to the domain of suggestion, there nevertheless remain some facts which perhaps call for another interpretation.

THE LACK OF COMPELLING PROOF IN THE THEORY

But let us return to reincarnation, and recognize, in passing, that it is very regrettable that the arguments of the theosophists and neospiritualists are not compelling; for there never was a more beautiful, a juster, a purer, a more moral, fruitful, and consoling, or, to a certain point, a more probable creed than theirs. But the quality of a creed is no evidence of its truth. Even though it is the religion of six hundred millions of mankind, the nearest to the mysterious origins, the only one that is not odious, and the least absurd of all, it will have to do what the others have not done—bring unimpeachable testimony; and what it has given us hitherto is only the first shadow of a proof begun.

Indeed, even that would not put an end to the riddle. In principle, reincarnation sooner or later is inevitable, since nothing can be lost or remain stationary. What has not been demonstrated in any way, and will perhaps remain indemonstrable, is the reincarnation of the whole, identical person, notwithstanding the abolition of memory. But what matters that reincarnation to him, if he be unaware that he is still himself? All the problems of the conscious survival of man start up anew, and we have to begin all over again. Even if scientifically established, the doctrine of reincarnation, just like that of a survival, would not set a term to our questions. It replies to neither the first nor the last, those of the beginning and the end, the only ones that are essential. It simply shifts them, pushes them a few hundreds, a few thousands, of years back, in the hope, perhaps, of losing or forgetting them in silence and space. But they have come from the depths of the most prodigious infinities, and are not content with a tardy solution. I am most certainly interested in learning what is in store for me, what will happen to me immediately after my death. You tell me:

"Man, in his successive incarnations, will make atonement by suffering, will be purified, in order that he may ascend from

sphere to sphere until he returns to the divine essence whence he sprang."

I am willing to believe it, notwithstanding that all this still bears the somewhat questionable stamp of our little earth and its old religions; I am willing to believe it; but even then? What matters to me is not what will be for some time, but for always; and your divine principle appears to me not at all infinite nor definite. It even seems to me greatly inferior to that which I conceive without your help. Now, even if it were based on thousands of facts, a religion that belittles the God conceived by my loftiest thought could never dominate my conscience. Your infinity or your God, without being even more unintelligible than mine, is nevertheless smaller. If I be again immerged in Him, it means that I emerged from Him; if it be possible for me to have emerged from Him, then He is not infinite; and, if He be not infinite, what is He? We must accept one thing or the other: either He purifies me because I am outside Him and He is not infinite; or, being infinite, if He purify me, then there was something impure in Him, because it is a part of Himself which He is purifying in me. Moreover, how can we admit that this God who has existed for all time, who has the same infinity of millenaries behind Him as in front of Him, should not yet have found time to purify Himself and put a period to His trials? What He was not able to do in the eternity previous to the moment of my existence He will not be able to do in the subsequent eternity, for the two are equal. And the same question presents itself where I am concerned. My principle of life, like His, exists from all eternity, for my emergence out of nothing would be more difficult of explanation than my existence without a beginning. I have necessarily had innumerable opportunities of incarnating myself; and I have probably done so, seeing that it is hardly likely that the idea came to me only yesterday. All the chances of reaching my goal have therefore been offered to me in the past; and all those which I shall find in the future will add nothing to the number, which was already infinite. There is not much to say in answer to these interrogations, which spring up everywhence the moment our thought glances upon them. Meanwhile, I had rather know that I know nothing than feed myself on illusory and irreconcilable assertions. I had rather keep to an infinity the incomprehensibility of which has no bounds than restrict myself to a God whose incomprehensibility is limited on every side. Nothing compels you to speak of your God; but, if you take upon yourself to do so, it is necessary that your explanations should be superior to the silence which they break.

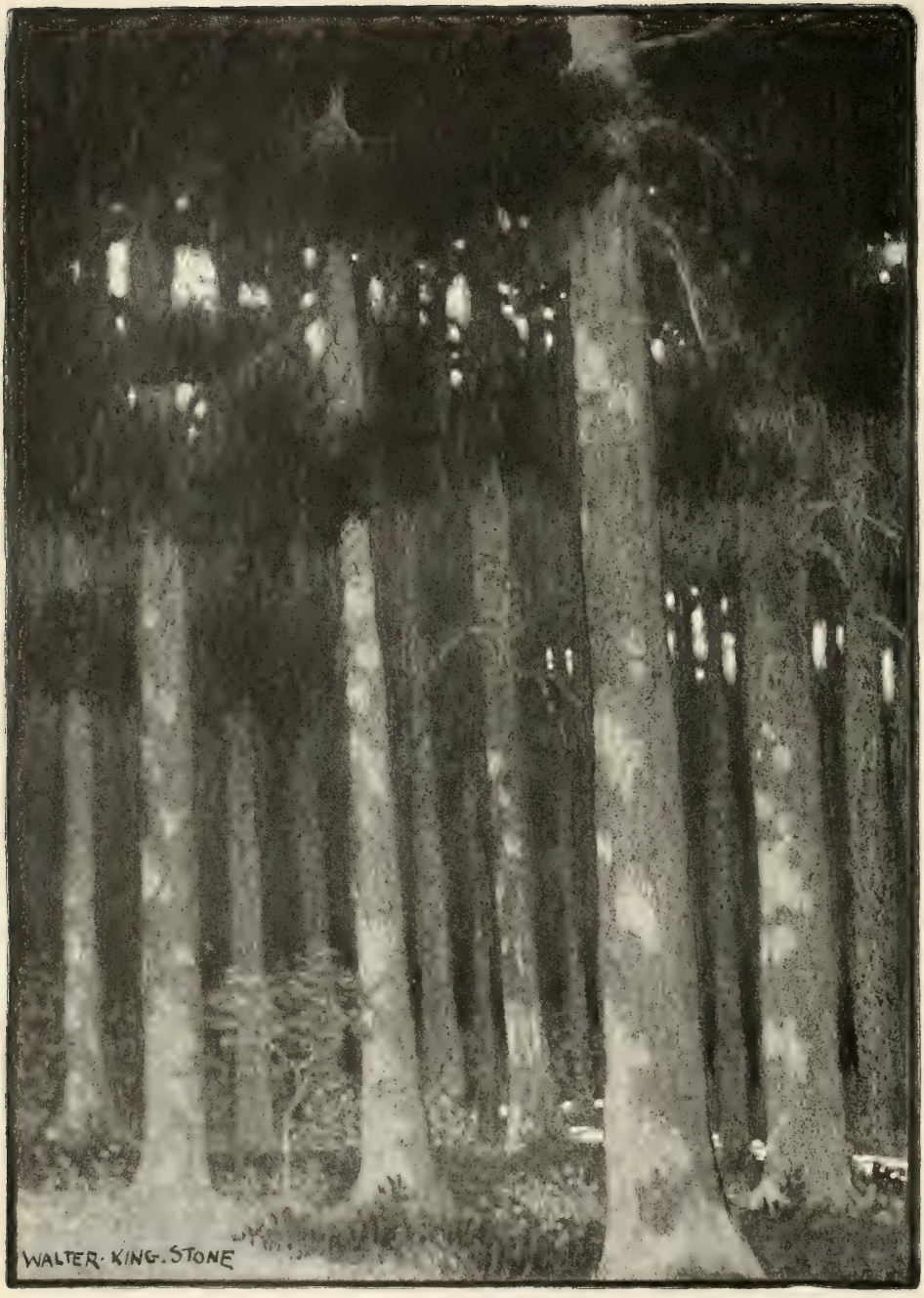
It is true that the scientific spiritualists do not venture as far as this God; but, then, tight-pressed between the two riddles of the beginning and the end, they have almost nothing to tell us. They follow the tracks of our dead for a few seconds in a world where seconds no longer count, and then they abandon them in the darkness. I do not reproach them, because we have here to do with things which, in all probability, we shall not know in the day when we shall think that we know everything. I do not ask that they shall reveal to me the secret of the universe, for I do not believe, like a child, that this secret can be expressed in three words or that it can enter my brain without bursting it. I am even persuaded that beings who might be millions of times more intelligent than the most intelligent among us would not yet possess it, for this secret must be as infinite, as unfathomable, as inexhaustible as the universe itself. Nevertheless, the fact remains that this inability to go even a few years beyond the life after death detracts greatly from the interest of their experiments and revelations. At best, it is only a short space gained, and it is not by this juggling on the threshold that our fate is decided. I am ready to go through what may befall me in the short interval filled by those revelations, as I am even now going through what befalls me in my life here. My destiny does not lie there, nor my home. I do not doubt that the facts reported are genuine and proved; but what is even much more certain is that the dead, if they survive, have not a great deal to teach us, whether because at the moment when they can speak to us they have nothing to tell us, or because at the moment when they might have something to reveal to us they are no longer able to do so, but withdraw forever, and lose sight of us in the immensity which they are exploring.



Country Roads of New England

Four Drawings by
Walter King Stone


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WALTER · KING · STONE





THE WHITE LINEN NURSE

HOW RAE MALGREGOR UNDERTOOK GENERAL HEARTWORK FOR A FAMILY OF TWO

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Author of "Molly Make-Believe," etc.

IN THREE PARTS: PART TWO

WITH PICTURES BY HERMAN PFEIFER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

On the day of her graduation from the training-school, the White Linen Nurse was overcome by hysteria. For weeks she had been working too hard, and two or three cases with which she had been connected having gone wrong, she had racked herself with an absurd sense of responsibility. Now, in her distracted state, the visible sign of her self-contempt was the perfectly controlled expression of her trained-nurse face.

From a scene in her room with her two room-mates, in which confidences are exchanged, she rushed to the office of the Superintendent of Nurses, and hysterically demanded her own face. The Senior Surgeon was sent for, and after tartly telling the girl she was a fool, finally took her with him and his little crippled daughter for a thirty-mile trip into the country, where he had been summoned on a difficult case.

On their return, the Senior Surgeon lost control of the machine on a steep hill, and the three were thrown out.

WHEN the White Linen Nurse found anything again, she found herself lying perfectly flat on her back in a reasonably comfortable nest of grass and leaves. Staring inquisitively up into the sky she thought she noticed a slight black-and-blue discoloration toward the west, but more than that, much to her relief, the firmament did not seem to be seriously injured. The earth, she feared, had not escaped so easily. Even away off somewhere near the tip of her fingers the ground was as sore, as sore as could be, under her touch. Impulsively to her dizzy eyes the hot tears started, to think that now, tired as she was, she would have to jump right up in another minute or two and attend to the poor earth. Fortunately for any really strenuous emergency that might arise, there seemed to be nothing about her own body that hurt at all except a queer, persistent little pain in her cheek.

Not until the Little Crippled Girl's dirt-smouched face intervened between her own staring eyes and the sky did she realize that the pain in her cheek was a pinch.

"Wake up! wake up!" scolded the Little Crippled Girl, shrilly. "Naughty—pink-and-white Nursie! I wanted to hear the bump! You screamed so loud I could n't hear the bump."

With excessive caution the White Linen Nurse struggled up at last to a sitting posture, and gazed perplexedly about her.

It seemed to be a perfectly pleasant field—acres and acres of mild old grass totter-

ing palsiedly down to watch some skittish young violets and bluets frolic in and out of a giggling brook. Up the field? Up the field? Hazily the White Linen Nurse ground her knuckles into her incredulous eyes. Up the field, just beyond them, the great empty automobile stood amiably at rest. From the general appearance of the stone wall at the top of the little grassy slope it was palpably evident that the car had attempted certain vain acrobatic feats before its failing momentum had forced it into the humiliating ranks of the backsliders.

Still grinding her knuckles into her eyes, the White Linen Nurse turned back to the Little Girl. Under the torn, twisted sable cap one little eye was hidden completely, but the other eye loomed up as rakish and bruised as a prize-fighter's. One sable sleeve was wrenched disastrously from its armhole, and along the edge of the vivid, purple little skirt the ill-favored white ruffles seemed to have raveled out into hopeless yards and yards and yards of Hamburg embroidery.

The Little Girl began to gather herself together a trifle self-consciously.

"We—we seem to have fallen out of something," she confided with the air of one who halves a most precious secret.

"Yes, I know," said the White Linen Nurse; "but *what* has become of—your father?"

Worriedly for an instant, the Little Girl sat scanning the remotest corners of the field, then abruptly, with a gasp of real relief, she began to explore with cautious fingers the geographical outline of her black eye.

"Oh, never mind about Father," she asserted cheerfully. "I guess—I guess he got mad and went home."

"Yes, I know," mused the White Linen Nurse; "but it does n't seem—probable."

"Probable?" mocked the Little Girl, most disagreeably; then suddenly her little hand went shooting out toward the stranded automobile.

"Why, *there* he is," she screamed—"under the car! Oh, look—look—looky!"

Laboriously the White Linen Nurse scrambled to her knees. Desperately she tried to ram her fingers like a clog into the whirling dizziness round her temples.

"Oh, my God! oh, my God! what 's the dose for anybody under a car?" she babbled idiotically.

Then with a really Herculean effort, both mental and physical, she staggered to her feet, and started for the automobile.

But her knees gave out, and wilting down to the grass, she tried to crawl along on all fours till straining wrists sent her back to her feet again.

Whenever she tried to walk, the Little Girl walked; whenever she tried to crawl, the Little Girl crawled.

"Is n't it *fun!*" the shrill childish voice piped persistently. "Is n't it just like playing shipwreck!"

When they reached the car, both woman and child were too utterly exhausted with breathlessness to do anything except just sit down on the ground and stare.

Sure enough, under that monstrous, immovable-looking machine the Senior Surgeon's body lay rammed, face down, deep, deep into the grass.

It was the Little Girl who recovered her breath first.

"I think he 's dead," she volunteered sagely. "His legs look—awfully dead to me." Only excitement was in the statement. It took a second or two for her little mind to make any particularly personal application of such excitement. "I had n't—exactly—planned—on having *him* dead," she began with imperious resentment. A threat of complete emotional collapse zigzagged suddenly across her face. "I won't have him dead! I won't! I *won't!*" she screamed out stormily.

In the amazing silence that ensued the White Linen Nurse gathered her trembling knees up into the circle of her arms and sat there staring at the Senior Surgeon's prostrate body, and rocking herself feebly to and fro in a futile effort to collect her scattered senses.

"Oh, if some one would only tell me what to do, I know I could do it! Oh, I know I could do it! If some one would only tell me what to do!" she kept repeating helplessly.

Cautiously the Little Girl crept forward on her hands and knees to the edge of the car, and peered speculatively through the great yellow wheel-spokes. "Father!" she faltered in almost inaudible gentleness. "Father!" she pleaded in perfectly impotent whisper.

Impetuously the White Linen Nurse scrambled to her own hands and knees and jostled the Little Girl aside.

"Fat Father!" screamed the White Linen Nurse. "Fat Father! Fat Father! *Fat Father!*" she gibed and taunted with the one call she knew that had never yet failed to rouse him.

Perceptibly across the Senior Surgeon's horridly quiet shoulders a little twitch wrinkled and was gone again.

"Oh, his heart!" gasped the White Linen Nurse. "I must find his heart!"

Throwing herself prone upon the cool, meadowy ground and frantically reaching under the running-board of the car to her full arm's-length, she began to rummage awkwardly hither and yon beneath the heavy weight of the man in the desperate hope of feeling a heart-beat.

"Ouch! you tickle me!" spluttered the Senior Surgeon, weakly.

Rolling back quickly with fright and relief, the White Linen Nurse burst forth into one maddening cackle of hysterical laughter. "Ha! ha! ha!" she giggled. "Hi! hi!"

Perplexedly at first, but with increasing abandon, the Little Girl's voice took up the same idiotic refrain. "Ha! ha! ha!" she choked. "Hi! hi! hi!"

With an agonizing jerk of his neck, the Senior Surgeon rooted his mud-gagged mouth half an inch farther toward free and spontaneous speech. Very laboriously, very painstakingly, he spat out one by one two stones and a wisp of ground-pine and a brackish, prickly tickle of stale golden-rod.

"Blankety-blank-blank-*blank!*" he announced in due time—"blankety-blank-blank-blank-*blank!* Maybe when you two blankety-blank imbeciles have got through your blankety-blank cackling, you 'll have the blankety-blank decency to save my—my blankety-blank-blank-blank-*blank-blank life!*"

"Ha! ha! ha!" persisted the poor White Linen Nurse, with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Hi! hi! hi!" snickered the poor Little Girl through her hiccoughs.

Feeling hopelessly imprisoned under the monstrous car, the Senior Surgeon closed his eyes for death. No man of his weight, he felt sure, could reasonably expect to survive many minutes longer the apoplectic, blood-red rage that pounded in his ear-drums. Through his tight-closed eyelids very, very slowly a red glow seemed to permeate. He thought it was the fires of hell. Opening his eyes to meet his fate like a man, he found himself staring impudently close, instead, into the White Linen Nurse's furiously flushed face, which lay cuddled on one plump cheek, staring impudently close at him.

"Why—why—get out!" gasped the Senior Surgeon.

Very modestly the White Linen Nurse's face retreated a little further into its blushes.

"Yes, I know," she protested; "but I 'm all through giggling now. I 'm sorry —I 'm—"

In sheer apprehensiveness the Senior Surgeon's features crinkled wincingly from brow to chin as though struggling vainly to retreat from the appalling proximity of the girl's face.

"Your—eyelashes—are too long," he complained querulously.

"Eh?" jerked the White Linen Nurse's face. "Is it your brain that 's hurt? Oh, sir, do you think it 's your brain that 's hurt?"

"It 's my stomach," snapped the Senior Surgeon. "I tell you I 'm not hurt; I 'm just—squashed. I 'm paralyzed. If I can't get this car off me—"

"Yes, that 's just it," beamed the White Linen Nurse's face—"that 's just what I crawled in here to find out—how to get the car off you. That 's just what I want to find out. I could run for help, of course; only I could n't run, 'cause my knees are so wobbly. It would take hours, and the car might start or burn up or something while I was gone. But you don't seem to be caught anywhere on the machinery," she added more brightly; "it only seems to be sitting on you. So if I could only get the car off you! But it 's so heavy. I had no idea it would be so heavy. Could I take it apart, do you think? Is there any one place where I could begin at the beginning and take it all apart?"

"Take it apart—hell!" groaned the Senior Surgeon.

A little twitch of defiance flickered across the White Linen Nurse's face.

"All the same," she asserted stubbornly, "if some one would only tell me what to do, I know I could do it."

Horridly from some unlocatable quarter of the engine an alarming little tremor quickened suddenly, and was hushed again.

"Get out of here—quick!" stormed the Senior Surgeon.

"I won't," said the White Linen Nurse, "until you tell me what to do."

Brutally for an instant the ingenuous blue eyes and the cynical gray eyes battled each other.

"*Can* you do what you 're told?" faltered the Senior Surgeon.

"Oh, yes," said the White Linen Nurse.

"I mean, can you do exactly what you 're told?" gasped the Senior Surgeon. "Can you follow directions, I mean? Can you follow them explicitly? Or are you one of those people who listens only to her own judgment?"

"Oh, but I have n't got any judgment," protested the White Linen Nurse.

Palpably in the Senior Surgeon's bloodshot eyes the leisurely seeming diagnosis leaped to precipitous conclusions.

"Then get out of here quick, for God's sake, and get to work!" he ordered.

Cautiously the White Linen Nurse jerked herself back into freedom and crawled around and stared at the Senior Surgeon through the wheel-spokes again. Like one worrying out some intricate mathematical problem, his mental strain was pulsing visibly through his closed eyelids.

"Yes, sir?" prodded the White Linen Nurse.

"Keep still!" snapped the Senior Surgeon. "I 've got to think," he said. "I 've got to work it out. All in a moment you 've got to learn to run the car. All in a moment! It 's awful!"

"Oh, I don't mind, sir," affirmed the White Linen Nurse, serenely.

Frenziedly the Senior Surgeon rooted one cheek into the mud again.

"You don't *mind?*" he groaned. "You don't *mind?* Why, you 've got to learn —everything—everything from the very beginning!"

"Oh, that 's all right, sir," crooned the White Linen Nurse.

Ominously from somewhere a horrid sound creaked again. The Senior Surgeon did not stop to argue any further.

"Now come here," he ordered. "I 'm going to—I 'm going to—" Startlingly his voice weakened, trailed off into nothingness, and rallied suddenly with exaggerated bruskness. "Look here, now, for Heaven's sake, use your brains! I 'm going to dictate to you very slowly, one thing at a time, just what to do."

Quite astonishingly the White Linen Nurse sank down on her knees and began to grin at him.

"Oh, no, sir," she said; "I could n't do it that way—not one thing at a time. Oh, no, indeed, sir— No." Absolute finality was in her voice, the inviolable stubbornness of the perfectly good-natured person.

"You 'll do it the way I tell you to," roared the Senior Surgeon, struggling vainly to ease one shoulder or stretch one knee-joint.

"Oh, no, sir," beamed the White Linen Nurse; "not one thing at a time. Oh, no; I could n't do it that way. Oh, no, sir; I won't do it that way—one thing at a time," she persisted hurriedly. "Why, you might faint away or something might happen right in the middle of it—right between one direction and another, and I would n't know at all what to turn on or off next; and it might take off one of your legs, you know, or an arm. Oh, no; not one thing at a time."

"Good-by, then," croaked the Senior Surgeon. "I 'm as good as dead now." A single shudder went through him, a last futile effort to stretch himself.

"Good-by," said the White Linen Nurse. "Good-by. I 'd heaps rather have you die perfectly whole, like that, of your own accord, than have me run the risk of starting the car full-tilt and chopping you up so, or dragging you off so, that you did n't find it convenient to tell me how to *stop* the car."

"You 're a—a—a—" spluttered the Senior Surgeon, incoherently.

"*Crinkle-crackle!*" went that mysterious, horrid sound from somewhere in the machinery.

"Oh, my God!" surrendered the Senior Surgeon, "do it your own—damned way! Only—only—" His voice cracked raspingly.

"Steady! Steady there!" said the White Linen Nurse. Except for a sudden odd pucker at the end of her nose her expression was still perfectly serene. "Now begin at the beginning," she

begged. "Quick! Tell me everything just the way I must do it! Quick! quick! quick!"

Twice the Senior Surgeon's lips opened and shut with a vain effort to comply with her request.

"But you can't do it," he began all over again; "it is n't possible. You have n't got the mind."

"Maybe I have n't," said the White Linen Nurse; "but I 've got the memory. *Hurry!*"

"*Creak!*" said the funny little something in the machinery.

"Oh, get in there quick!" surrendered the Senior Surgeon. "Sit down behind the wheel!" he shouted after her flying footsteps. "Are you there? For God's sake, are you there? Do you see those two little levers where your right hand comes? For God's sake, don't you know what a lever is? Quick now! Do just what I tell you!"

A little jerkily then, but very clearly, very concisely, the Senior Surgeon called out to the White Linen Nurse just how every lever, every pedal, should be manipulated to start the car.

Absolutely accurately, absolutely indelibly, the White Linen Nurse visualized each separate detail in her abnormally retentive mind.

"But you can't possibly remember it," groaned the Senior Surgeon. "You can't possibly. And probably the damned car 's *bust* and won't start, anyway, and—" Abruptly the speech ended in a guttural snarl of despair.

"Don't be a—blight!" screamed the White Linen Nurse. "I 've never forgotten anything yet, sir!"

Very tensely she straightened up suddenly in her seat. Her expression was no longer even remotely pleasant. Along her sensitive, fluctuant nostrils the casual crinkle of distaste and suspicion had deepened suddenly into sheer dilating terror.

"Left foot—press down—hard—left pedal," she began to singsong to herself.

"No, *right* foot—*right* foot!" corrected the Little Girl, blunderingly from somewhere close in the grass.

"Inside lever—pull—'way—back!" persisted the White Linen Nurse, resolutely, as she switched on the current.

"No, *outside* lever! *Outside! Outside!*" contradicted the Little Girl.

"Shut your damned mouth!" screeched the White Linen Nurse, her hand on the throttle as she tried the self-starter.

Bruised as he was, wretched, desperately endangered there under the car, the Senior Surgeon could almost have grinned at the girl's terse, unconscious mimicry of his own most venomous tones.

Then with all the forty-eight lusty, ebullient years of his life snatched from his lips like an untasted cup, and one single noxious, death-flavored second urged, forced, crammed down his choking throat, he felt the great car quicken and start.

"God!" said the Senior Surgeon, just "God!" The God of mud, he meant; the God of brackish grass; the God of a man lying still hopeful under more than two and a half ton's weight of unaccountable mechanism, with a novice in full command.

Up in her crimson leather cushions, free-lunged, free-limbed, the White Linen Nurse heard the smothered cry. Clear above the whir of wheels, the whizz of clogs, the one word sizzled like a red-hot poker across her chattering consciousness. Tingling through the grasp of her fingers on the vibrating wheel, stinging through the sole of her foot that hovered over the throbbing clutch, she sensed the agonized appeal. "Short lever, spark; long lever, gas," she persisted resolutely. "It must be right; it must!"

Jerkily then, and blatantly unskilfully, with riotous puffs, and spinning of wheels, the great car started, faltered, balked a bit, then dragged crushingly across the Senior Surgeon's flattened body, and with a great wanton burst of speed tore down the sloping meadow into the brook rods away. Clamping down the brakes with a wrench and a racket like the smash of a machine-shop, the White Linen Nurse jumped out into the brook, and with one wild, terrified glance behind her, staggered back up the long, grassy slope to the Senior Surgeon.

Mechanically through her wooden-feeling lips she forced the greeting that sounded most cheerful to her.

"It 's not much fun, sir, running an auto," she gasped. "I don't believe I 'd like it."

Half propped up on one elbow, still dizzy with mental chaos, still paralyzed with physical inertia, the Senior Surgeon lay staring blankly about him. Indiffer-

ently for an instant his stare included the White Linen Nurse. Then glowering suddenly at something beyond her, his face went perfectly livid.

"Good God! the—the car 's on fire!" he mumbled.

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. "Why, did n't you know it, sir?"

Headlong the Senior Surgeon pitched over on the grass, his last vestige of self-control stripped from him, horror unspeakable racking him sobbingly from head to toe.

Whimperingly the Little Girl came crawling to him, and, settling down close at his feet, began with her tiny lace handkerchief to make futile dabs at the mud-stains on his gray silk stockings.

"Never mind, Father," she coaxed; "we 'll get you clean sometime."

Nervously the White Linen Nurse bethought her of the brook. "Oh, wait a minute, sir, and I 'll get you a drink of water," she pleaded.

Bruskly the Senior Surgeon's hand jerked out and grabbed at her skirt.

"Don't leave me!" he begged. "For God's sake, don't leave me!"

Weakly he struggled up again and sat staring piteously at the blazing car. His unrelinquished clutch on the White Linen Nurse's skirt brought her sinking softly down beside him like a collapsed balloon. Together they sat and watched the gaseous yellow flames shoot up into the sky.

"It 's pretty, is n't it?" piped the Little Girl.

"Eh?" groaned the Senior Surgeon.

"Father," persisted the shrill little voice—"Father, do people ever burn up?"

"Eh?" gasped the Senior Surgeon. Brutally the harsh, shuddering sobs began to rack and tear again through his great chest.

"There! there!" crooned the White Linen Nurse, struggling desperately to her knees. "Let me get—everybody a drink of water."

Again the Senior Surgeon's unrelinquished clutch on her skirt jerked her back to the place beside him.

"I said *not to leave me!*" he snapped out as roughly as he jerked.

Before the affrighted look in the White Linen Nurse's face a sheepish, mirthless grin flickered across one corner of his mouth.

"Lord! but I 'm shaken!" he apologized. "Me, of all people!" Painfully the red blood mounted to his cheeks. "Me, of all people!" Bluntly he forced the White Linen Nurse's reluctant gaze to meet his own. "Only yesterday," he persisted, "I did a laparotomy on a man who had only one chance in a hundred of pulling through, and I—I laughed at him for fighting off his ether cone—laughed at him, I tell you!"

"Yes, I know," soothed the White Linen Nurse; "but—"

"But nothing!" growled the Senior Surgeon. "The fear of death? Bah! All my life I 've scoffed at it. Die? Yes, of course, when you *have* to, but with no kick coming. Why, I 've been wrecked in a hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico, and I did n't care; and I 've lain for nine days more dead than alive in an Asiatic cholera camp, and I did n't care; and I 've been locked into my office three hours with a raving maniac and a dynamite bomb, and I did n't care; and twice in a Pennsylvania mine disaster I 've been the first man down the shaft, and I did n't care; and I 've been shot, I tell you, and I 've been horse-trampled, and I 've been wolf-bitten, and I 've *never* cared. But to-day—to-day—" Piteously all the pride and vigor wilted from his great shoulders, leaving him all huddled up, like a woman, with his head on his knees—"but to-day I 've got mine," he acknowledged brokenly.

Once again the White Linen Nurse tried to rise.

"Oh, please, sir, let me get you a—drink of water," she suggested helplessly.

"I said not to leave me!" jerked the Senior Surgeon.

Perplexedly, with big staring eyes, the Little Crippled Girl glanced up at this strange fatherish person who sounded so suddenly small and scared like herself. Jealous instantly of her own prerogatives, she dropped her futile labors on the mud-stained silk stockings and scrambled precipitously for the White Linen Nurse's lap, where she nestled down finally after many gyrations, and sat glowering forth at all possible interlopers.

"Don't leave *any* of us!" she ordered with a peremptoriness not unmixed with supplication.

"Surely some one will see the fire and

come and get us," conceded the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes, surely," mused the White Linen Nurse. Just at that moment she was mostly concerned with adjusting the curve of her shoulder to the curve of the Little Girl's head. "I could sit more comfortably," she suggested to the Senior Surgeon, "if you 'd let go my skirt."

"Let go of your skirt? Who 's touching your skirt?" gasped the Senior Surgeon, incredulously. Once again the blood mounted darkly to his face. "I think I 'll get up—and walk around a bit," he confided coldly.

"Do, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

With a tweak of pain through his sprained back, the Senior Surgeon suddenly sat down again. "I *sha'n't* get up till I 'm good and ready," he declared.

"I would n't, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. Very slowly, very complacently, all the while she kept right on renovating the Little Girl's personal appearance, smoothing a wrinkled stocking, tucking up obstreperous white ruffles, tugging down parsimonious purple hems, loosening a pinchy hook, tightening a wobbly button. Very slowly, very complacently, the Little Girl drowsed off to sleep, with her weazen, iron-cased little legs stretched stiffly out before her. "Poor little legs! Poor little legs! Poor little legs!" crooned the White Linen Nurse.

"I don't know that you need to make a *song* about it," winced the Senior Surgeon. "It 's just about the cruellest case of complete muscular atrophy that I 've ever seen."

Blandly the White Linen Nurse lifted her big blue eyes to his.

"It was n't her 'complete muscular atrophy' that I was thinking about," she said. "It 's her panties that are so unbecoming."

"Eh?" exclaimed the Senior Surgeon.

"Poor little legs! Poor little legs! Poor little legs!" resumed the White Linen Nurse, droningly.

Very slowly, very complacently, all around them April kept right on being April. Very slowly, very complacently, all around them the grass kept right on growing, and the trees kept right on budding. Very slowly, very complacently, all around them the blue sky kept right on fading into its early evening dove-colors.

Nothing brisk, nothing breathless, nothing even remotely hurried, was there in all the landscape except just the brook, and the flash of a bird, and the blaze of the crackling automobile.

The White Linen Nurse's nostrils were smooth and calm with the lovely sappy scent of rabbit-nibbled maple-bark and mud-wet arbutus buds. The White Linen Nurse's mind was full of sumptuous, succulent marsh-marigolds and fluffy-white shad-bush blossoms.

The Senior Surgeon's nostrils were all puckered up with the stench of burning varnish. The Senior Surgeon's mind was full of the horrid thought that he 'd forgotten to renew his automobile fire-insurance, and that he had a sprained back, and that his rival colleague had told him he did n't know how to run an auto, anyway, and that the cook had given notice that morning, and that he had a sprained back, and that the moths had gnawed the knees out of his new dress-suit, and that the Superintendent of Nurses had had the audacity to send him a bunch of pink roses for his birthday, and that the boiler in the kitchen leaked, and that he had to go to Philadelphia the next day to read a paper on "Surgical Methods at the Battle of Waterloo" and he had n't even begun the paper yet, and that he had a sprained back, and that the wall-paper on his library hung in shreds and tatters, waiting for him to decide between a French fresco effect and an early English paneling, and that his little daughter was growing up in wanton ugliness under the care of coarse, indifferent hirelings, and that the laundry robbed him weekly of at least five socks, and that it would cost him fully seven thousand dollars to replace this car, and that he had a sprained back.

"It 's restful, is n't it?" cooed the White Linen Nurse.

"Is n't *what* restful?" glowered the Senior Surgeon.

"Sitting down," said the White Linen Nurse.

Contemptuously the Senior Surgeon's mind ignored the interruption and reverted precipitously to its own immediate problem concerning the gloomy, black-walnut-shadowed entrance-hall of his great house, and how many yards of imported linoleum at $3.45 a yard it would take to recarpet the "confounded hole";

and how it would have seemed, anyway, if —if he had n't gone home as usual to the horrid black-walnut shadows that night, but been carried home instead, feet first and quite dead—dead, mind you, with a *red* necktie on, and even the cook was out! And they would n't even know where to lay him, but might put him by mistake in that—in that—in his dead wife's dead bed!

Altogether unconsciously a little fluttering sigh of ineffable contentment escaped the White Linen Nurse.

"I don't care how long we have to sit here and wait for help," she announced cheerfully, "because to-morrow, of course, I 'll have to get up and begin all over again—and go to Nova Scotia."

"Go *where?*" lurched the Senior Surgeon.

"I 'd thank you kindly, sir, not to jerk my skirt quite so hard," said the White Linen Nurse, just a trifle stiffly.

Incredulously once more the Senior Surgeon withdrew his detaining hand.

"I 'm not even touching your skirt," he denied desperately. Nothing but denial and reiterated denial seemed to ease his self-esteem for an instant. "Why, for Heaven's sake, should I want to hold on to your skirt?" he demanded peremptorily. "What the deuce," he began blusteringly—"why in—"

Then abruptly he stopped and shot an odd, puzzled glance at the White Linen Nurse, and right there before her startled eyes she saw every vestige of human expression fade out of his face as it faded out sometimes in the operating-room when, in the midst of some ghastly, unforeseen emergency that left all his assistants blinking helplessly about them, his whole wonderful, scientific mind seemed to break up like some chemical compound into all its meek component parts, only to reorganize itself suddenly with some amazing explosive action that fairly knocked the breath out of all on-lookers, but was pretty apt to knock the breath *into* the body of the person most concerned.

When the Senior Surgeon's scientific mind had reorganized itself to meet *this* emergency, he found himself vastly more surprised at the particular type of explosion that had taken place than any other person could possibly have been.

"Miss Malgregor," he gasped, "speaking of preferring 'domestic service,' as you call it—speaking of preferring domestic service to—nursing, how would you like to consider—to consider a position of—of —well, call it a—a position of general—heartwork—for a family of two? Myself and the Little Girl here being the two, as you understand," he added briskly.

"Why, I think it would be grand!" beamed the White Linen Nurse.

A trifle mockingly the Senior Surgeon bowed his appreciation.

"Your frank and immediate—enthusiasm," he murmured, "is more, perhaps, than I had dared to expect."

"But it *would* be grand," said the White Linen Nurse. Before the odd little smile in the Senior Surgeon's eyes her white forehead puckered all up with perplexity. Then with her mind still thoroughly unawakened, her heart began suddenly to pitch and lurch like a frightened horse whose rider has not even remotely sensed as yet the approach of an unwonted footfall. "What did you say?" she repeated worriedly. "Just exactly what was it that you said? I guess, maybe, I did n't understand just exactly what it was that you said."

The smile in the Senior Surgeon's eyes deepened a little.

"I asked you," he said, "how you would like to consider a position of 'general heartwork' in a family of two, myself and the Little Girl here being the two. 'Heartwork' was what I said. Yes, 'heartwork,' not housework."

"*Heartwork?*" faltered the White Linen Nurse. "Heartwork? I don't know what you mean, sir." Like two falling rose-petals her eyelids fluttered down across her affrighted eyes. "Oh, when I shut my eyes, sir, and just hear your voice, I know of course, sir, that it 's some sort of a joke; but when I look right at you, I—I—don't know—what it is."

"Open your eyes and keep them open, then, till you do find out," suggested the Senior Surgeon, bluntly.

Defiantly once again the blue eyes and the gray eyes challenged each other.

" 'Heartwork' was what I said," persisted the Senior Surgeon. Palpably his narrowing eyes shut out all meaning but one definite one.

The White Linen Nurse's face became almost as blanched as her dress.

"You 're—you 're not asking me to—*marry* you, sir?" she stammered.

"I suppose I am," acknowledged the Senior Surgeon.

"Not *marry* you!" cried the White Linen Nurse. Distress was in her voice, ...ste, unmitigable shock, as though the hi... gods themselves had fallen at her feet and splintered off into mere candy fragments. "Oh, not *marry* you, sir?" she kept right on protesting. "Not be—*engaged,* you mean? Oh, not be *engaged* —and everything?"

"Well, why not?" snapped the Senior Surgeon.

Like a smitten flower the girl's whole body seemed to wilt down into incalculable weariness.

"Oh, no, no! I could n't!" she protested. "Oh, no, really!" Appealingly she lifted her great blue eyes to his, and the blueness was all blurred with tears. "I 've—I 've been engaged once, you know," she explained falteringly. "Why —I was engaged, sir—almost as soon as I was born, and I stayed engaged till two years ago. That 's almost twenty years. That 's a long time, sir. You don't get over it—easy." Very, very gravely she began to shake her head. "Oh, no, sir! No! Thank you—very much, but I—I just simply *could n't* begin at the beginning and go all through it again. I have n't got the heart for it. I have n't got the spirit. Carving your initials on trees and—and gadding round to all the Sunday-school picnics—"

Brutally, like a boy, the Senior Surgeon threw back his head in one wild hoot of joy. Much more cautiously, as the agonizing pang in his shoulder lulled down again, he proceeded to argue the matter, but the grin in his face was even yet faintly traceable.

"Frankly, Miss Malgregor," he affirmed, "I 'm much more addicted to carving people than to carving trees; and as to Sunday-school picnics—well, really now, I hardly believe that you 'd find my demands in that direction excessive."

Perplexedly the White Linen Nurse tried to stare her way through his bantering smile to his real meaning. Furiously, as she stared, the red blood came flushing back into her face.

"You don't mean for a second that you —that you love me?" she asked incredulously.

"No, I don't suppose I do," acknowledged the Senior Surgeon with equal bluntness; "but my little kiddie here loves you," he hastened somewhat nervously to affirm. "Oh, I 'm almost sure that my little kiddie here—loves you. She needs you, anyway. Let it go at that. Call it that we both—need you."

"What you mean is," corrected the White Linen Nurse, "that needing *somebody* very badly, you 've just suddenly decided that that somebody might as well be me?"

"Well, if you choose to put it like that," said the Senior Surgeon, a bit sulkily.

"And if there had n't been an auto accident," argued the White Linen Nurse just out of sheer inquisitiveness, "if there had n't been just this particular kind of an auto accident at this particular hour of this particular day of this particular month, with marigolds and—everything, you probably never would have realized that you *did* need anybody?"

"Maybe not," admitted the Senior Surgeon.

"U-m-m," said the White Linen Nurse. "And if you 'd happened to take one of the other girls to-day instead of me, why, then I suppose you 'd have felt that *she* was the one you really needed? And if you 'd taken the Superintendent of Nurses instead of any of us girls, you might even have felt that *she* was the one you most needed?"

"Oh, hell!" said the Senior Surgeon.

With surprising agility for a man with a sprained back he wrenched himself around until he faced her quite squarely.

"Now see here, Miss Malgregor," he growled, "for Heaven's sake, listen to sense, even if you can't talk it! Here am I, a plain professional man, making you a plain professional offer. Why in thunder should you try and fuss me all up because my offer is n't couched in all the foolish, romantic, lace-paper sort of flub-dubbery that you think such an offer ought to be couched in, eh?"

"Fuss you all up, sir?" protested the White Linen Nurse, with real anxiety.

"Yes, fuss me all up," snarled the Senior Surgeon, with increasing venom. "I 'm no story-writer; I 'm not trying to



Plates in tint, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"'THE CAR 'S ON FIRE!' HE MUMBLED. 'YES, SIR,' SAID THE WHITE LINEN NURSE. 'WHY, DID N'T YOU KNOW IT, SIR?'"

make up what might have happened a year from next February in a Chinese junk off the coast of—Nova Zembla to a Methodist preacher and a—and a militant suffragette. What I 'm trying to size up is just what 's happened to you and me today. For the fact remains that it *is* today. And it *is* you and I. And there *has* been an accident, and out of that accident —and everything that 's gone with it—I *have* come out thinking of something that I never thought of before. And there *were* marigolds," he added with unexpected whimsicality. "You see, I don't deny even the marigolds."

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"Yes, *what?*" jerked the Senior Surgeon.

Softly the White Linen Nurse's chin burrowed down a little closer against the sleeping child's tangled hair.

"Why—yes, thank you very much; but I never shall love again," she said definitely.

"Love?" gasped the Senior Surgeon. "Why, I 'm not asking you to love me!" His face was suddenly crimson. "Why, I 'd *hate* it, if you—loved me! Why, I 'd—"

"O-h-h," mumbled the White Linen Nurse in new embarrassment. Then suddenly and surprisingly her chin came tilting bravely up again. "What *do* you want?" she asked.

Helplessly the Senior Surgeon threw out his hands.

"My God!" he said, "what do you suppose I want? I want some one to take care of us."

Gently the White Linen Nurse shifted her shoulder to accommodate the shifting little sleepy-head on her breast.

"You can *hire* some one for that," she suggested with real relief.

"I was trying to hire—*you!*" said the Senior Surgeon, tersely.

"Hire *me?*" gasped the White Linen Nurse. "Why! Why!"

Adroitly she slipped both hands under the sleeping child and delivered the little frail-fleshed, heavily ironed body into the Senior Surgeon's astonished arms.

"I—I don't want to hold her," he protested.

"She—is n't mine," argued the White Linen Nurse.

"But I can't talk while I 'm holding her," insisted the Senior Surgeon.

"I can't listen while I 'm holding her," persisted the White Linen Nurse.

Freely now, though cross-legged like a Turk, she jerked herself forward on the grass and sat probing up into the Senior Surgeon's face like an excited puppy trying to solve whether the gift in your upraised hand is a lump of sugar or a live coal.

"You 're trying to hire *me?*" she prompted him nudgingly with her voice. "Hire me for money?"

"Oh, my Lord, no!" said the Senior Surgeon. "There are plenty of people I can hire for money; but they won't *stay,*" he explained ruefully. "Hang it all!—they won't *stay!*" Above his little girl's white, pinched face his own ruddy countenance furrowed suddenly with unspeakable anxiety. "Why, just this last year," he complained, "we 've had nine different housekeepers and thirteen nursery governesses." Skilfully as a surgeon, but awkwardly as a father, he bent to readjust the weight of the little iron leg-braces. "But, I tell you, no one will stay with us," he finished hotly. "There 's something the matter with us. I don't seem to have money enough in the world to make anybody *stay* with us." Very wryly, very reluctantly, at one corner of his mouth his sense of humor ignited in a feeble grin. "So, you see, what I 'm trying to do to you, Miss Malgregor, is to—hire you with something that will just naturally *compel* you to stay." If the grin round his mouth strengthened a trifle, so also did the anxiety in his eyes. "For Heaven's sake, Miss Malgregor," he pleaded, "here 's a man and a house and a child all going to—hell! If you 're really and truly tired of nursing, and are looking for a new job, what 's the matter with tackling us?"

"It *would* be a job," admitted the White Linen Nurse, demurely.

"Why, it would be a horrible job," confided the Senior Surgeon, with no demureness whatsoever.

Very soberly, very thoughtfully, then, across the tangled, snuggling head of his own and another woman's child, he urged the torments and the comforts of his home upon this second woman.

"What is there about my offer that you

don't like?" he demanded earnestly. "Is it the whole idea that offends you? Or just the way I put it? 'General heartwork for a family of two'—what is the matter with *that?* Seems a bit cold to you, does it, for a real marriage proposal? Or is it that it 's just a bit too ardent, perhaps, for a mere plain business proposition?"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"Yes, what?" insisted the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes—*sir,*" flushed the White Linen Nurse.

Very meditatively the Senior Surgeon reconsidered his phrasing. "'General heartwork for a family of two'? U-m-m." Quite abruptly even the tenseness of his manner faded from him, leaving his face astonishingly quiet, astonishingly gentle. "But how else, Miss Malgregor," he queried—"how else should a widower with a child proffer marriage to a—to a young girl like yourself? Even under conditions directly antipodal to ours, such a proposition can never be a purely romantic one. Yet even under conditions as cold and businesslike as ours, there 's got to be some vestige of affection in it, some vestige at least of the *intelligence* of affection, else what gain is there for my little girl and me over the purely mercenary domestic service that has racked us up to this time with its garish faithlessness?"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"But even if I had loved you, Miss Malgregor," explained the Senior Surgeon, gravely, "my offer of marriage to you would not, I fear, have been a very great oratorical success. Materialist as I am, cynic, scientist, any harsh thing you choose to call me, marriage in some freak, boyish corner of my mind still defines itself as being the mutual sharing of a—mutually original experience. Certainly, whether a first marriage be instigated in love or worldliness, whether it eventually proves itself bliss, tragedy, or mere sickening ennui, to two people coming mutually virgin to the consummation of that marriage, the thrill of establishing publicly a man-and-woman home together is an emotion that cannot be reduplicated while life lasts."

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

Bleakly across the Senior Surgeon's face something gray that was not years shadowed suddenly, and was gone again.

"Even so, Miss Malgregor," he argued—"even so, without any glittering romance whatsoever, no woman, I believe, is very grossly unhappy in any affectional place that she knows distinctly to be her *own* place. It 's pretty much up to a man, then, I think, though it tear him brain from heart, to explain to a second wife quite definitely just exactly what place it is that he is offering her in his love or his friendship or his mere desperate need. No woman can even hope to step successfully into a second-hand home who does not know from her man's own lips the measure of her predecessor. The respect we owe the dead is a selfish thing compared with the mercy we owe the living. In my own case—"

Unconsciously the White Linen Nurse's lax shoulders quickened, and the sudden upward tilt of her chin was as frankly interrogative as a French inflection. "Yes, sir," she said.

"In my own case," said the Senior Surgeon, bluntly—"in my own case, Miss Malgregor, it is no more than fair to tell you that I—did not love my wife. And my wife did not love me." Only the muscular twitch in his throat betrayed the torture that the confession cost him. "The details of that marriage are unnecessary," he continued with equal bluntness. "It is enough, perhaps, to say that she was the daughter of an eminent surgeon with whom I was exceedingly anxious at that time to be allied, and that our mating, urged along on both sides, as it was, by strong personal ambitions, was one of those so-called 'marriages of convenience' which almost invariably turn out to be marriages of such dire inconvenience to the two people most concerned. For one year we lived together in a chaos of experimental acquaintanceship; for two years we lived together in increasing uncongeniality and distaste; for three years we lived together in open and acknowledged enmity; at the last, I am thankful to remember, we had one year together again that was at least an—armed truce."

Darkly the gray shadow and the red flush chased each other once more across the man's haggard face.

"I had a theory," he said, "that possibly a child might bridge the chasm between us. My wife refuted the theory, but submitted herself reluctantly to the fact. And when she died in giving birth to—my theory, the shock, the remorse, the regret, the merciless self-analysis that I underwent at that time almost convinced me that the whole miserable failure of our marriage lay entirely on my own shoulders." Like the stress of mid-summer, the tears of sweat started suddenly on his forehead. "But I am a fair man, I hope, even to myself, and the cooler, less-tortured judgment of the subsequent years has virtually assured me that for types as diametrically opposed as ours such a thing as mutual happiness never could have existed."

Mechanically he bent down and smoothed a tickly lock of hair away from the little girl's eyelids.

"And the child is the living physical image of her," he stammered—"the violent hair, the ghost-white skin, the facile mouth, the arrogant eyes, staring, staring, maddeningly reproachful, persistently accusing. My own stubborn will, my own hideous temper, all my own ill-favored mannerisms, mock back at me eternally in her mother's unloved features." As mirthless as the grin of a skull, the Senior Surgeon's mouth twisted up a little at one corner. "Maybe I could have borne it better if she 'd been a boy," he acknowledged grimly; "but to see all your virile —masculine vices come back at you, so sissified, in *skirts!*"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

With an unmistakable gasp of relief, the Senior Surgeon expanded his great chest.

"There, that 's done," he said tersely. "So much for the past; now for the present! Look at us pretty keenly and judge for yourself. A man and a very little girl, not guaranteed, not even recommended, offered merely 'as is,' in the honest trade-phrase of the day, offered frankly in an open package, accepted frankly, if at all, 'at your own risk.' Not for an instant would I try to deceive you about us. Look at us closely, I ask, and decide for yourself. I am forty-eight years old; I am inexcusably bad-tempered, very quick to anger, and not, I fear, of great mercy. I am moody, I am selfish, I am most distinctly unsocial; but I am not, I believe, stingy, or ever intentionally unfair. My child is a cripple, and equally bad-tempered as myself. No one but a mercenary has ever coped with her, and she shows it. We have lived alone for six years. All of our clothes, and most of our ways, need mending. I am not one to mince matters, Miss Malgregor, nor has your training, I trust, made you one from whom truths must be veiled. I am a man, with all a man's needs, mental, moral, physical. My child is a child with all a child's needs, mental, moral, physical. Our house of life is full of cobwebs. The rooms of affection have long been closed. There will be a great deal of work to do, and it is not my intention, you see, that you should misunderstand in any conceivable way either the exact nature or the exact amount of work and worry involved. I should not want you to come to me afterward with a whine, as other workers do, and say: 'Oh, but I did n't know you would expect me to do *this!* Oh, but I had n't any idea you would want me to do *that!* And I certainly don't see why you should expect me to give up my Thursday afternoon just because you yourself happened to fall down-stairs in the morning and break your back!' "

Across the Senior Surgeon's face a real smile lightened suddenly.

"Really, Miss Malgregor," he affirmed, "I 'm afraid there is n't much of anything that you *won't* be expected to do. And as to your 'Thursdays out'? Ha! if you have ever yet found a way to temper the wind of your obligations to the shorn lamb of your pleasures, you have discovered something that I myself have never yet succeeded in discovering. And as to 'wages'? Yes, I want to talk everything quite frankly. In addition to my average yearly earnings, which are by no means small, I have a reasonably large private fortune. Within normal limits there is no luxury, I think, that you cannot hope to have. Also, exclusive of the independent income which I should like to settle upon you, I should be very glad to finance for you any reasonable dreams that you may cherish concerning your family in Nova Scotia. Also, though the offer looks small and unimportant to you now, it is liable to loom pretty large to you later;

also, I will personally guarantee to you, at some time every year, an unfettered, perfectly independent two-months' holiday. So the offer stands—my 'name and fame,' if those mean anything to you, financial independence, an assured 'breathing spell' for at least two months out of twelve, and at last, but not least, my eternal gratitude. 'General heartwork for a family of two!' There, have I made the task perfectly clear to you? Not everything to be done all at once, you know; but immediately where necessity urges it, gradually as confidence inspires it, ultimately if affection justifies it, every womanish thing that needs to be done in a man's and a child's neglected lives? Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"Oh, and there 's one thing more," confided the Senior Surgeon. "It 's something, of course, that I ought to have told you the very first thing of all." Nervously he glanced down at the sleeping child, and lowered his voice to a mumbling monotone. "As regards my actual morals, you have naturally a right to know that I 've led a pretty decentish sort of life, though I probably don't deserve any special credit for that. A man who knows enough to be a doctor is n't particularly apt to lead any other kind. Frankly, as women rate vices, I believe I have only one. What—what—I 'm trying to tell you now is about that one." A little defiantly as to chin, a little appealingly as to eye, he emptied his heart of its last tragic secret. "Through all the male line of my family, Miss Malgregor, dipsomania runs rampant. Two of my brothers, my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather before him, have all gone down, as the temperance people would say, into 'drunkards' graves.' In my own case, I have chosen to compromise with the evil. Such a choice, believe me, has not been made carelessly or impulsively, but out of the agony and humiliation of several less successful methods." As hard as a rock, his face grooved into its granite-like furrows again. "Naturally, under these existing conditions," he warned her almost threateningly, "I am not peculiarly susceptible to the mawkishly ignorant and sentimental protests of people whose strongest passions are an appetite for chocolate candy. For eleven months of the year," he hurried on a bit huskily —"for eleven months of the year, eleven months, each day reeking from dawn to dark with the driving, nerve-wracking, heart-wringing work that falls to my profession, I lead an absolutely abstemious life, touching neither wine nor liquor nor even, indeed, tea or coffee. In the twelfth month—June always—I go 'way up into Canada,—'way, 'way off in the woods to a little log camp I own there,—with an Indian who has guided me thus for eighteen years, and live like a—wild man for four gorgeous, care-free, trail-tramping, salmon-fighting, whisky-guzzling weeks. It is what your temperance friends would call a 'spree.' To be quite frank, I suppose it is what anybody would call a 'spree.' Then the first of July,—three or four days past the first of July, perhaps, —I come out of the woods quite tame again, a little emotionally nervous, perhaps, a little temperishly irritable, a little unduly sensitive about being greeted as a returned jail-bird, but most miraculously purged of all morbid craving for liquor, and with every digital muscle as coolly steady as yours, and every conscious mental process clamoring cleanly for its own work again."

Furtively under his glowering brows he stopped and searched the White Linen Nurse's imperturbable face. "It 's an—established habit, you understand," he rewarned her. "I 'm not advocating it, you understand, I 'm not defending it; I 'm simply calling your attention to the fact that it *is* an established habit. If you decide to come to us, I—I could n't, you know, at forty-eight, begin all over again to—to have some one waiting for me on the top step the first of July to tell me what a low beast I am till I go down the steps again the following June."

"No, of course not," conceded the White Linen Nurse. Blandly she lifted her lovely eyes to his. "Father 's like that," she confided amiably. "Once a year—just Easter Sunday only—he always buys him a brand-new suit of clothes and goes to church. And it does something to him, I don't know exactly what, but Easter afternoon he always gets drunk,—oh, mad, fighting drunk is what I mean, —and goes out and tries to shoot up the whole county." Worriedly, two black

thoughts puckered between her eyebrows. "And always," she said, "he makes mother and me go up to Halifax beforehand to pick out the suit for him. It 's pretty hard sometimes," she said, "to find anything dressy enough for the morning that 's serviceable enough for the afternoon."

"Eh?" jerked the Senior Surgeon. Then suddenly he began to smile again like a stormy sky from which the last cloud has just been cleared. "Well, it 's all right, then, is it? You 'll take us?" he asked brightly.

"Oh, *no!*" said the White Linen Nurse. "Oh, *no,* sir! Oh, no, indeed, sir!" Quite perceptibly she jerked her way backward a little on the grass. "Thank you *very much,*" she persisted courteously. "It 's been *very interesting.* I thank you *very much* for telling me, but—"

"But what?" snapped the Senior Surgeon.

"But it 's too quick," said the White Linen Nurse. "No man could tell like that, just between one eye-wink and another, what he wanted about *anything,* let alone marrying a perfect stranger."

Instantly the Senior Surgeon bridled.

"I assure you, my dear young lady," he retorted, "that I am entirely and completely accustomed to deciding between 'one wink and another' just exactly what it is that I want. Indeed, I assure you that there are a good many people living to-day who would n't be living if it had taken me even as long as a wink and three quarters to make up my mind."

"Yes, I know, sir," acknowledged the White Linen Nurse. "Yes, of course, sir," she acquiesced, with most commendable humility; "but all the same, sir, I could n't do it," she persisted with inflexible positiveness. "Why, I have n't enough education," she confessed quite shamelessly.

"You had enough, I notice, to get into the hospital with," drawled the Senior Surgeon, a bit grumpily, "and that 's quite as much as most people have, I assure you. 'A high-school education or its equivalent,'—that is the hospital requirement, I believe?" he questioned tartly.

"'A h[illegible]h-school education or its—equivocation' is what we girls call it," confessed the White Linen Nurse, demurely. "But even so, sir," she pleaded, "it is n't just my lack of education. It 's my brains. I tell you, sir, I have n't got enough brains to do what you suggest."

"I don't mean at all to belittle your brains," grinned the Senior Surgeon despite himself,—"oh, not at all, Miss Malgregor,—but, you see, it is n't especially brains that I 'm looking for. Really, what I need most," he acknowledged frankly, "is an extra pair of hands to go with the —brains I already possess."

"Yes, I know, sir," persisted the White Linen Nurse. "Yes, of course, sir," she conceded. "Yes, of course, sir, my hands work awfully well—with your face. But all the same," she kindled suddenly—"all the same, sir, I can't. I won't! I tell you, sir, I *won't!* Why, I 'm not in your world, sir. Why, I 'm not in your class. Why, my folks are n't like your folks. Oh, we 're just as *good* as you, of course, but we are n't as *nice.* Oh, we 're not *nice* at all. Really and truly we 're not." Desperately through her mind she rummaged up and down for some one conclusive fact that would close this torturing argument for all time. "Why, my father eats with his knife!" she asserted triumphantly.

"Would he be apt to eat with mine?" asked the Senior Surgeon, with extravagant gravity.

Precipitously the White Linen Nurse jumped to the defense of her father's intrinsic honor.

"Oh, no," she denied with some vehemence; "Father 's never cheeky like that! Father' 's simple sometimes—plain, I mean. Or he might be a bit sharp. But, oh, I 'm sure he 'd never be—cheeky. Oh, no, sir. No."

"Oh, very well, then," grinned the Senior Surgeon. "We can consider everything all comfortably settled, then, I suppose?"

"No, we can't," screamed the White Linen Nurse. A little awkwardly, with cramped limbs, she struggled partly upward from the grass and knelt there, defying the Senior Surgeon from her temporarily superior height. "No, we can't," she reiterated wildly. "I tell you I can't, sir. I won't! I *won't!* I 've been engaged once, and it 's enough. I tell you, sir, I 'm all engaged *out!*"

"What 's become of the man you were

engaged to?" quizzed the Senior Surgeon, sharply.

"Why, he 's married," said the White Linen Nurse. "And they 've got a kid!" she added tempestuously.

"Good! I 'm glad of it," smiled the Senior Surgeon, quite amazingly. "Now he surely won't bother us any more."

"But I was engaged so long," protested the White Linen Nurse—"almost ever since I was born, I said. It 's too long. You don't get over it."

"He got over it," remarked the Senior Surgeon, laconically.

"Y-e-s," admitted the White Linen Nurse; "but, I tell you, it does n't seem decent, not after being engaged—twenty years." With a little helpless gesture of appeal she threw out her hands. "Oh, can't I make you understand, sir?"

"Why, of course I understand," said the Senior Surgeon, briskly. "You mean that you and John—"

"His name was Joe," corrected the White Linen Nurse.

With astonishing amiability the Senior Surgeon acknowledged the correction.

"You mean," he said—"you mean that you and—Joe have been cradled together so familiarly all your babyhood that on your wedding-night you could most naturally have said: 'Let me see, Joe, it 's two pillows that you always have, is n't it? And a double-fold of blanket at the foot?' You mean that you and Joe have been washed and scrubbed together so familiarly all your young childhood that you could identify Joe's headless body twenty years hence by the kerosene-lamp scar across his back? You mean that you and Joe have played house together so familiarly all your young tin-dish days that even your rag dolls called Joe father? You mean that since your earliest memory, until a year or so ago, life has never once been just you and life, but always you and life and Joe? You and spring and Joe, you and summer and Joe, you and autumn and Joe, you and winter and Joe, till every conscious nerve in your body has been so everlastingly Joed with Joe's Joeness that you don't believe there 's any experience left in life powerful enough to eradicate that original impression? Eh?"

"Yes, sir," flushed the White Linen Nurse.

"Good! I 'm glad of it," snapped the Senior Surgeon. "It does n't make you seem quite so alarmingly innocent and remote for a widower to offer marriage to. Good, I say! I 'm glad of it."

"Even so, I don't want to," said the White Linen Nurse. "Thank you very much, sir; but even so, I don't want to."

"Would you marry Joe now if he were suddenly free and wanted you?" asked the Senior Surgeon, bluntly.

"Oh, my Lord, no!" said the White Linen Nurse.

"Other men are pretty sure to want you," admonished the Senior Surgeon. "Have you made up your mind definitely that you 'll never marry anybody?"

"N-o, not exactly," confessed the White Linen Nurse.

An odd flicker twitched across the Senior Surgeon's face like a sob in the brain.

"What 's your first name, Miss Malgregor?" he asked a bit huskily.

"Rae," she told him, with some surprise.

The Senior Surgeon's eyes narrowed suddenly again.

"Damn it all, Rae," he said, "I—want you!"

Precipitously the White Linen Nurse scrambled to her feet.

"If you don't mind, sir," she cried, "I 'll run down to the brook and get *myself* a drink of water."

Impishly like a child, muscularly like a man, the Senior Surgeon clutched out at the flapping corner of her coat.

"No, you don't," he laughed, "till you 've given me my definite answer, yes or no."

Breathlessly the White Linen Nurse spun round in her tracks. Her breast was heaving with ill-suppressed sobs, her eyes were blurred with tears.

"You 've no business to hurry me so," she protested passionately. "It is n't fair; it is n't kind."

Sluggishly in the Senior Surgeon's jolted arms the Little Girl woke from her feverish nap and peered up perplexedly through the gray dusk into her father's face.

"Where 's my kitty?" she asked hazily.

"Eh?" jerked the Senior Surgeon.

Harshly the little iron leg-braces

clanked together. In an instant the White Linen Nurse was on her knees in the grass.

"You don't hold her right, sir," she expostulated. Deftly, with soft, darting little touches, interrupted only by rubbing her knuckles into her own tears, she reached out and eased successively the bruise of a buckle or the dragging weight on a cramped little hip.

Still drowsily, still hazily, with little smacking gasps and gulping swallows, the child worried her way back again into consciousness.

"All the birds *were* there, Father," she droned forth feebly from her sweltering mink-fur nest.

"All the birds *were* there
With yellow feathers instead of hair,
And bumblebees—and bumblebees—
And bumblebees—and bumblebees—"

Frenziedly she began to burrow the back of her head into her father's shoulder. "And bumblebees—and bumblebees—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake—'buzzed in the trees!'" interpolated the Senior Surgeon.

Rigidly from head to foot the little body in his arms stiffened suddenly. As one who saw the supreme achievement of a life-time swept away by some one careless joggle of an infinitesimal part, the Little Girl stared up agonizingly into her father's face.

"Oh, I don't think 'buzzed' was the word!" she began convulsively. "Oh, I don't think—"

Startlingly through the twilight the Senior Surgeon felt the White Linen Nurse's rose-red lips come smack against his ear.

"Darn you! Can't you say 'crocheted in the trees'?" sobbed the White Linen Nurse.

Grotesquely for an instant the Senior Surgeon's eyes and the White Linen Nurse's eyes glared at each other in rank antagonism. Then suddenly the Senior Surgeon burst out laughing.

"Oh, very well," he surrendered—"'crocheted in the trees!'"

The White Linen Nurse sank back on her heels and began to clap her hands.

"Oh, now I will! Now I will!" she cried exultantly.

"Will *what?*" frowned the Senior Surgeon.

The White Linen Nurse stopped clapping her hands and began to wring them nervously in her lap instead.

"Why, will—*will,*" she confessed demurely.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Senior Surgeon. "Oh!" Then jerkily he began to pucker his eyebrows. "But, for Heaven's sake, what 's the 'crocheted in the trees' got to do with it?" he asked perplexedly.

"Nothing *much,*" mused the White Linen Nurse, very softly. With sudden alertness she turned her curly blonde head toward the road. "There 's somebody coming," she said. "I hear a team."

Overcome by a bashfulness that tried to escape in jocosity, the Senior Surgeon gave an odd, choking little chuckle.

"Well, I never thought I should marry a—trained nurse!" he acknowledged with somewhat hectic blitheness.

Impulsively the White Linen Nurse reached for her watch and lifted it close to her twilight-blinded eyes. A sense of ineffable peace crept suddenly over her.

"You won't, sir," she said amiably. "It 's twenty minutes of nine now, and the graduation was at *eight.*"

For any real adventure except dying, June is certainly a most auspicious month.

Indeed, it was on the very first rain-green, rose-red morning of June that the White Linen Nurse sallied forth upon her extremely hazardous adventure of marrying the Senior Surgeon and his naughty little crippled daughter.

The wedding was at noon in some kind of gray-granite church. The Senior Surgeon was there, of course, and the necessary witnesses; but the Little Crippled Girl never turned up at all, owing, it proved later, to a more than usually violent wrangle with whomever dressed her, concerning the general advisability of sporting turquoise-colored stockings with her brightest little purple dress.

The Senior Surgeon's stockings, if you really care to know, were gray, and the Senior Surgeon's suit was gray, and he looked altogether very huge and distinguished, and no more strikingly unhappy than any bridegroom looks in a gray-granite church.

And the White Linen Nurse, no longer

now truly a White Linen Nurse, but just an ordinary, every-day silk-and-cloth lady of any color she chose, wore something rather coaty and grand and bluish, and was distractingly pretty, of course, but most essentially unfamiliar, and just a tiny bit awkward and bony-wristed-looking, as even an admiral is apt to be on his first day out of uniform.

Then as soon as the wedding ceremony was over, the bride and groom went to a wonderful green-and-gold café, all built of marble and lined with music, and had a little lunch. What I really mean, of course, is that they had a very large lunch, but did n't eat any of it.

Then in a taxi-cab, just exactly like any other taxi-cab, the White Linen Nurse drove home alone to the Senior Surgeon's great, gloomy house, to find her brand-new stepdaughter still screaming over the turquoise-colored stockings. And the Senior Surgeon, in a Canadian-bound train, just exactly like any other Canadian-bound train, started off alone, as usual, on his annual June "spree."

Please don't think for a moment that it was the Senior Surgeon who was responsible for the general eccentricities of this amazing wedding-day. No, indeed. The Senior Surgeon did n't *want* to be married the first day of June. He said he did n't, he growled he did n't, he snarled he did n't, he swore he did n't; and when he finished saying and growling and snarling and swearing, and looked up at the White Linen Nurse for a confirmation of his opinion, the White Linen Nurse smiled perfectly amiably and said, "Yes, sir." Then the Senior Surgeon gave a great gasp of relief and announced resonantly: "Well, it 's all settled, then? We 'll be married some time in July, after I get home from Canada?" And when the White Linen Nurse kept right on smiling perfectly amiably and said, "Oh, no, sir, oh, no, thank you, sir; it would n't seem exactly legal to me to be married any other month but June," the Senior Surgeon went absolutely dumb with rage that this mere chit of a girl, and a trained nurse, too, should dare to thwart his personal and professional convenience. But the White Linen Nurse just drooped her pretty blonde head and blushed and blushed and blushed and said: "I was only marrying you, sir, to—accommodate you, sir, and if June does n't accommodate you, I 'd rather go to Japan with that monoideic somnambulism case. It 's very interesting, and it sails June 2." Then, "Oh, hell with the 'monoideic somnambulism case'!" the Senior Surgeon would protest.

Really it took the Senior Surgeon quite a long while to work out the three special arguments that would best protect him, he thought, from the horridly embarrassing idea of being married in June.

"But you can't get ready so soon," he suggested at last with real triumph. "You 've no idea how long it takes a girl to get ready to be married. There are so many people she has to tell—and everything."

"There 's never but two that she 's got to tell, or bust," conceded the White Linen Nurse with perfect candor—"just the woman she loves the most and the woman she hates the worst. I 'll write my mother to-morrow, but I told the Superintendent of Nurses yesterday."

"The deuce you did!" snapped the Senior Surgeon.

Almost caressingly the White Linen Nurse lifted her big blue eyes to his.

"Yes, sir," she said. "And she looked as sick as a young undertaker. I can't imagine what ailed her."

"Eh?" choked the Senior Surgeon. "But the house, now," he hastened to contend—"the house, now, needs a lot of fixing over; it 's all run down. It 's all —everything. We never in the world could get it into shape by the first of June. For Heaven's sake, now that we 've got money enough to make it right, let 's go slow and make it perfectly right."

A little nervously the White Linen Nurse began to fumble through the pages of her memorandum-book.

"I 've *always* had money enough to 'go slow and make things perfectly right,'" she confided a bit wistfully. "Never in all my life have I had a pair of boots that were n't guaranteed or a dress that would n't wash or a hat that was n't worth at least three re-pressings. What I was hoping for now, sir, was that I was going to have enough money so that I could go fast and make things wrong if I wanted to—so that I could afford to take chances, I mean. Here 's this wall-paper, now,"—tragically she pointed to some figuring in her note-book,—"it 's got peacocks on it, life-size, in a queen's garden, and I wanted



Plates in tint, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"'YOU 'VE NO BUSINESS TO HURRY ME SO,' SHE PROTESTED. 'IT IS N'T FAIR; IT IS N'T KIND'"

DRAWN BY HERMAN PFEIFER

it for the dining-room. Maybe it would fade, maybe we 'd get tired of it, maybe it would poison us: slam it on one week, and slash it off the next. I wanted it just because I wanted it, sir. I thought maybe, while you were 'way off in Canada—"

Eagerly the Senior Surgeon jerked his chair a little nearer to his fiancée's.

"Now, my dear girl," he said, "that 's just what I want to explain—that 's just what I want to explain—just what I want to explain—to—er—explain," he continued a bit falteringly.

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

Very deliberately the Senior Surgeon removed a fleck of dust from one of his cuffs.

"All this talk of yours about wanting to be married the same day I start off on my—Canadian trip," he contended, "why, it 's all damned nonsense."

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

Very conscientiously the Senior Surgeon began to search for a fleck of dust on his other cuff.

"Why, my—my dear girl," he persisted, "it 's absurd, it 's outrageous! Why, people would—would hoot at us! Why, they 'd think—"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"Why, my dear girl," sweated the Senior Surgeon, "even though you and I understand perfectly well the purely formal, businesslike conditions of our marriage, we must at least, for sheer decency's sake, keep up a certain semblance of marital conventionality before the world. Why, if we were married at noon the first day of June as you suggest, and I should go right off alone as usual on my Canadian trip, and you should come back alone to the house, why, people would think—would think that I did n't care anything about you."

"But you don't," said the White Linen Nurse, serenely.

"Why, they 'd think," choked the Senior Surgeon—"they 'd think you were trying your—darndest to get rid of me."

"I am," said the White Linen Nurse, complacently.

With a muttered ejaculation the Senior Surgeon jumped to his feet and stood glaring down at her.

Quite ingenuously the White Linen Nurse met and parried the glare.

"A gentleman, and a red-haired kiddie, and a great walloping house all at *once,* it 's too much," she confided genially. "Thank you just the same, but I 'd rather take them gradually. First of all, sir, you see, I 've got to teach the little kiddie to like me. And then there 's a green-tiled paper with floppity sea-gulls on it that I want to try for the bath-room. And—and—" Ecstatically she clapped her hands together. "Oh, sir, there are such loads and loads of experiments I want to try while you are off on your spree!"

" 'S-h-h!" cried the Senior Surgeon. His face was suddenly blanched, his mouth twitching like the mouth of one stricken with almost insupportable pain. "For God's sake, Miss Malgregor," he pleaded, "can't you call it my Canadian trip?"

Wider and wider the White Linen Nurse opened her big blue eyes at him.

"But it *is* a spree, sir!" she protested resolutely. "And my father says—" Still resolutely her young mouth curved to its original assertion, but from under her heavy-shadowing eyelashes a little smile crept softly out—"when my father 's got a lame trotting-horse, sir, that he 's trying to shuck off his hands," she faltered, "he does n't ever go round mournful-like, with his head hanging, telling folks about his wonderful trotter that 's just 'the littlest, teeniest, tiniest bit lame.' Oh, no. What father does is to call up every one he knows within twenty miles and tell 'em: 'Say, Tom, Bill, Harry, or whatever your name is, what in the deuce do you suppose I 've got over here in my barn? A lame horse that wants to trot! *Lamer than the deuce,* you know, but can do a mile in two forty.' " Faintly the little smile quickened again in the White Linen Nurse's eyes. "And the barn will be full of men in half an hour," she said. "Somehow nobody wants a trotter that 's lame, but almost anybody seems willing to risk a lame horse that 's plucky enough to trot."

"What 's the 'lame trotting-horse' got to do with *me?"* snarled the Senior Surgeon, incisively.

Darkly the White Linen Nurse's lashes fringed down across her cheeks.

"Nothing much," she said; "only—"

"Only what?" demanded the Senior Surgeon. A little more roughly than he realized he stooped down and took the White Linen Nurse by her shoulders, and

jerked her sharply round to the light. "Only *what?*" he insisted peremptorily.

Almost plaintively she lifted her eyes to his.

"Only my father says," she confided obediently—"my father says, 'if you 've got a worse foot, for Heaven's sake, put it forward, and get it over with!'

"So I 've *got* to call it a spree," smiled the White Linen Nurse; " 'cause when I think of marrying a surgeon that goes off and gets drunk every June, it—it scares me almost to death; but—" Abruptly the red smile faded from her lips, the blue smile from her eyes—"but when I think of marrying a—June drunk that 's got the grit to pull up absolutely straight as a die and be a surgeon all the other 'leven months in the year?" Dartingly she bent down and kissed the Senior Surgeon's astonished wrist. "Oh, then I think you 're perfectly grand!" she sobbed.

Awkwardly the Senior Surgeon pulled away and began to pace the floor.

"You 're a good little girl, Rae Malgregor," he mumbled huskily—"a good little girl. I truly believe you 're the kind that will see me through." Poignantly in his eyes humiliation overwhelmed the mist. Perversely in its turn resentment overtook the humiliation. "But I won't be married in June," he reasserted bombastically. "I won't, I won't, I won't. I tell you I positively refuse to have a lot of damned fools speculating about my private affairs, wondering why I did n't take you, wondering why I did n't stay home with you. I tell you I won't. I simply *won't.*"

"Yes, sir," whimpered the White Linen Nurse.

With a real gasp of relief the Senior Surgeon stopped his eternal pacing of the floor.

"Bully for you!" he said. "You mean then we 'll be married some time in July after I get back from my—trip?"

"Oh, no, sir," whimpered the White Linen Nurse.

"But, great Heavens!" shouted the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes, sir," the White Linen Nurse began all over again. Dreamily planning out her wedding-gown, her lips without the slightest conscious effort on her part were already curving into shape for her alternate "No, sir."

"You 're an idiot!" snapped the Senior Surgeon.

A little reproachfully the White Linen Nurse came frowning out of her reverie.

"Would it do just as well for traveling, do you think?" she asked, with real concern.

"Eh? What?" said the Senior Surgeon.

"I mean, does Japan *spot?*" queried the White Linen Nurse. "Would it spot a serge, I mean?"

"Oh, hell with Japan!" jerked out the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

Now, perhaps you will understand just exactly how it happened that the Senior Surgeon and the White Linen Nurse *were* married on the first day of June, and just exactly how it happened that the Senior Surgeon went off alone as usual on his Canadian trip, and just exactly how it happened that the White Linen Nurse came home alone to the Senior Surgeon's great, gloomy house, to find her brand-new stepdaughter still screaming over the turquoise-colored stockings. Everything now is perfectly comfortably explained except the turquoise-colored stockings. Nobody could explain the turquoise-colored stockings.

But even a little child could explain the ensuing June. Oh, June was perfectly wonderful that year! Bud, blossom, birdsong, breeze, rioting headlong through the land; warm days as sweet and lush as a greenhouse vapor; crisp nights faintly metallic, like the scent of stars; hurdy-gurdies romping tunefully on every street corner; even the ash-man flushing frankly pink across his dusty cheek-bones.

Like two fairies who had sublet a giant's cave, the White Linen Nurse and the Little Crippled Girl turned themselves loose upon the Senior Surgeon's gloomy old house.

It certainly was a gloomy old house, but handsome withal, square and brown and substantial, and most generously gardened within high brick walls. Except for dusting the lilac-bushes with the hose, and weeding a few rusty leaves out of the privet hedge, and tacking up three or four scraggly sprays of English ivy, and regreening one or two bay-tree boxes, there was really nothing much to do to the garden. But the house? O ye gods! All

day long from morning till night, but most particularly from the back door to the barn, sweating workmen scuttled back and forth till nary a guilty piece of black-walnut furniture had escaped. All day long from morning till night, but most particularly from ceilings to floors, sweltering workmen scurried up and down step-ladders, stripping dingy papers from dingier plasterings.

When the White Linen Nurse was n't busy renovating the big house or the little stepdaughter, she was writing to the Senior Surgeon. She wrote twice.

"Dear Dr. Faber," the first letter said—

Dear Dr. Faber:

How do you do? Thank you very much for saying you did n't care what in thunder I did to the house. It looks *sweet*. I 've put white, flutfery muslin curtains 'most everywhere. And you 've got a new solid-gold-looking bed in your room. And the Kiddie and I have fixed up the most scrumptious light blue suite for ourselves in the ell. Pink *was* wrong for the front hall, but it cost me only $29.00 to find out, and now that 's settled for all time.

I am very, very, very, very busy. Something strange and new happens every day. Yesterday it was three ladies and a plumber. One of the ladies was just selling soap, but I did n't buy any. It was horrid soap. The other two were calling ladies, a silk one and a velvet one. The silk one tried to be nasty to me. Right to my face she told me I was more of a lady than she had dared to hope. And I told her I was sorry for that, as you 'd had one "lady," and it did n't work. Was that all right? But the other lady was nice, and I took her out in the kitchen with me while I was painting the woodwork, and right there in her white kid gloves she laughed and showed me how to mix the paint pearl gray. *She* was nice. It was your sister-in-law.

I like being married, Dr. Faber. I like it lots better than I thought I would. It 's fun being the biggest person in the house.

Respectfully yours,

RAE MALGREGOR, AS WAS.

P.S. Oh, I hope it was n't wrong, but in your ulster pocket, when I went to put it away, I found a bottle of something that smelled as though it had been forgotten. I threw it out.

It was this letter that drew the only definite message from the itinerant bridegroom.

"Kindly refrain from rummaging in my ulster pockets," wrote the Senior Surgeon, briefly. "The 'thing' you threw out happened to be the cerebellum and medulla of an extremely eminent English theologian."

"Even so, it was sour," telegraphed the White Linen Nurse in a perfect agony of remorse and humiliation.

The telegram took an Indian with a birch canoe two days to deliver, and cost the Senior Surgeon twelve dollars. Just impulsively the Senior Surgeon decided to make no further comments on domestic affairs at that particular range.

Very fortunately for this impulse, the White Linen Nurse's second letter concerned itself almost entirely with matters quite extraneous to the home.

The second letter ran:

Dear Dr. Faber:

Somehow I don't seem to care so much just now about being the biggest person in the house. Something awful has happened: Zillah Forsyth is dead. Really dead, I mean. And she died in great heroism. You remember Zillah Forsyth, don't you? She was one of my room-mates, not the gooder one, you know, not the swell; that was Helene Churchill. But Zillah? Oh, you know, Zillah was the one you sent out on that fractured-elbow case. It was a Yale student, you remember? And there was some trouble about kissing, and she got sent home? And now everybody 's crying because Zillah *can't* kiss anybody any more. Is n't everything the limit? Well, it was n't a fractured Yale student she got sent out on this time. If it had been, she might have been living yet. What they sent her out on this time was a senile dementia, an old lady more than eighty years old. And they were in a sanatorium or something like that, and there was a fire in the night. And the old lady just up and positively refused to escape, and Zillah had to push her and shove her and yank her and carry her out of the window, along the gutters, round the chimneys. And the old lady bit Zillah right through the hand, but Zillah would n't let go. And the old lady tried to drown Zillah under a bursted water tank, but Zillah would n't let go. And everybody hollered to Zillah to

cut loose and save herself, but Zillah would n't let go. And a wall fell, and everything, and, oh, it was awful, but Zillah never let go. And the old lady that was n't any good to any one, not even herself, got saved, of course. But Zillah? Oh, Zillah got hurt bad, sir. We saw her at the hospital, Helene and I. She sent for us about something. Oh, it was awful! Not a thing about her that you 'd know except just her great solemn eyes mooning out at you through a gob of white cotton, and her red mouth lipping sort of twitchy at the edge of a bandage. Oh, it was awful! But Zillah did n't seem to care so much. There was a new interne there, a Japanese, and I guess she was sort of taken with him. "But, my God, Zillah," I said, "*your* life was worth more than that old dame's!"

"Shut your noise!" says Zillah. "It was my job, and there 's no kick coming." Helene burst right out crying, she did. "Shut *your* noise, too!" says Zillah, just as cool as you please. "Bah! There 's other lives and other chances."

"Oh, you believe that now?" cries Helene. "Oh, you do believe that now, what the Bible promises you?" That was when Zillah shrugged her shoulders so funny, the little way she had. Gee! but her eyes were big! "I don't pretend to know what your old Bible says," she choked. "It was the Yale feller who was tellin' me."

That 's all, Dr. Faber. It was her shrugging her shoulders so funny that brought on the hemorrhage, I guess.

Oh, we had an awful time, sir, going home in the carriage, Helene and I. We both cried, of course, because Zillah was dead, but after we got through crying for that, Helene kept right on crying because she could n't understand why a brave girl like Zillah *had* to be dead. Gee! but Helene takes things hard! Ladies do, I guess.

I hope you 're having a pleasant spree.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that one of the wall-paperers is living here at the house with us just now. We use him so much, it 's truly a good deal more convenient. And he 's a real nice young fellow, and he plays the piano finely, and he comes from up my way. And it seemed more neighborly, anyway. It 's so large in the house at night just now, and so creaky in the garden.

With kindest regards, good-by for now, from

RAE.

P.S. Don't tell your guide or *any one,* but Helene sent Zillah's mother a check for fifteen hundred dollars. I saw it with my own eyes. And all Zillah asked for that day was just a little blue serge suit. It seems she 'd promised her kid sister a little blue serge suit for July, and it sort of worried her.

Helene sent the little blue serge suit, too, and a hat. The hat had bluebells on it. Do you think when you come home, if I have n't spent too much money on wall-papers, that I could have a blue hat with bluebells on it? Excuse me for bothering you, but you forgot to leave me enough money.

It was some indefinite, pleasant time on Thursday, the twenty-fifth of June, that the Senior Surgeon received the second letter. It was Friday, the twenty-sixth of June, exactly at dawn, that the Senior Surgeon started homeward.

(To be concluded)

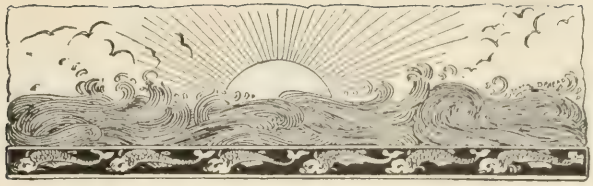
THE GENTLE READER

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

"WHY does the poet choose to sing?
No impulse ever stirred in me
The wish to make myself a thing
To which all mocking gibes might cling."
Perhaps he sees more than you see.

"Why should this fool go crying out
The secrets of his soul? In steel
I case myself, nor care to shout
Those things one does not talk about."
Perhaps he feels more than you feel.

"If I had wisdom to impart,
I 'd say the thing, and let it go,
Not trifle with a foolish art
And make a motley of my heart."
Perhaps he knows more than you know.



SUBMARINE MOUNTAINS

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

UNDER the sea, which is their sky, they rise
To watery altitudes as vast as those
Of far Himalayan peaks impent in snows,
And veils of cloud and sacred deep repose.
Under the sea, their flowing firmament,
More dark than any ray of sun can pierce,
The earthquake thrust them up with mighty tierce,
And left them to be seen but by the eyes
Of awed imagination inward bent.

Their vegetation is the viscid ooze,
Whose mysteries are past belief or thought.
Creation seems around them devil-wrought,
Or by some cosmic urgence gone distraught.
A-down their precipices, chill and dense
With the dank midnight, creep or crawl or climb
Such tentacled and eyeless things of slime,
Such monster shapes as tempt us to accuse
Life of a miscreative impotence.

About their peaks the shark, their eagle, floats
In the thick azure far beneath the air,
Or downward sweeps upon what prey may dare
Set forth from any silent, weedy lair.
But one desire on all their slopes is found,
Desire of food, the awful hunger strife;
Yet here, it may be, was begun our life,
Here all the dreams on which our vision dotes
In unevolved obscurity were bound.

Too strange it is, too terrible! And yet
It matters not how we were wrought, or whence
Life came to us with all its throb intense,
If in it is a Godly Immanence.
It matters not,—if haply we are more
Than creatures half conceived by a blind force
That sweeps the universe in a chance course:
For only in Unmeaning Might is met
The intolerable thought none can ignore.

A VISIT TO WHISTLER

BY MARIA TORRILHON BUEL

IN May, 1899, we were two women in Paris for hats, gowns, and the season's show of pictures. I was under the wing of a handsome matron who had a latent desire to see herself transferred to canvas should she chance upon a painter with an appealing portrait of some other woman. Through friends, several great studios were opened to us, and we grew more and more enterprising, until one day my guide and mentor, suddenly turning to me, said, "Let us visit Whistler!"

It fairly took my breath away, for I recalled much caustic wit of alleged Whistler origin that I had seen in the public prints, and, feeling the promptings of caution, I exclaimed, "How dare you?"

"Because he has invited me," she replied.

It was true, for, a few years before, my friend's husband, shrewd in the law, and equally daring in his connoisseurship, had paid a large price for a Whistler "Nocturne" of a beauty so characteristic that even amateurs could look at it and wonder what it was all about. This nocturne began its existence in my friend's home by perpetrating a joke. It had been brought to the house by one of Whistler's pupils, just from Europe. We two women entered the drawing-room to find it alone in its glory, which did not seem to be dimmed by the fact that it was on the carpet with a Louis Quinze chair for an easel. We gazed in wonderment, from all possible angles, and finally exclaimed that it was "quite Japanese" in style and coloring. Then the reverent pupil entered, kneeled before it, wiped it softly with his silk handkerchief, smiled, and reversed it —for we had been studying the *chef-d'œuvre* upside down. He withdrew without taking notice of our chagrin. Evidently the joke was too good to keep, for the incident has become one of the stock Whistler anecdotes. Within a year a friend has regaled me with it, without a suspicion of carrying coals to Newcastle.

That purchase had given the artist much satisfaction, aside from the lofty price, and he used to write charming letters, asking my friend to visit him in Paris.

That same day we went to his studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs.

Arriving at a forbidding area, with a winding staircase, we looked at each other with feminine indecision. Before we could arrange a retreat, the concierge, who was somewhere near the top, caught sight of us and called down to learn whom we wanted. I made a megaphone of my hand and screamed aloft, "Monsieur Whist-lai-ai-re!"

"*Là bas,* on the fifth," she answered.

After a slow ascent, we stood at last on the top steps of the winding staircase. I can still hear the prolonged jingle of the primitive bell my vigorous pull had roused. Before it was stilled, the door opened suddenly, and there stood Whistler, the great Whistler—in his shirt-sleeves!

The first impression was of a little, big personage who completely filled the doorway. He appeared much smaller than any idea of personality conveyed by the portraits of him that we had seen. On his left arm he held a large palette, with a bunch of brushes in his hand. All were moist, as were also to some extent his sleeves and clothing, for he was without a painting-apron. But the famous mono-

cle was there, and the whisk of white hair was in the right place. The *signalement* was complete.

There he stood, silent, obviously waiting for us to explain the intrusion. In the dim light I imagined that I could see his monocle bristling, and I felt much like a conscience-stricken child about to be eaten by an ogre. As my friend remained dumb, in a weak voice I murmured the name that was to be our talisman, meekly adding my own; but that was lost in his "Ah!" of recognition.

"You are the bold woman who bought my picture! I have a sitter now; but come to-morrow at four, and we will have tea."

We accepted in unison, the door was closed in our faces, and with a sense of deep satisfaction at having escaped an unknown peril we tripped lightly down the staircase. While we were standing at his door, Whistler had so managed that we could not have moved half an inch farther toward the forbidden sanctuary. It was probably a well-planned, habitual, and defensive position on his part.

On the following day, punctually at four o'clock, we again stood in constrained positions on the narrow steps, but without a sense of awkwardness; again the bell jingled wildly.

Again the great Whistler opened the door, but now dressed in a suit of black, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his lapel. His welcome was graceful and cordial. With easy confidence we walked into the studio. A bright fire glowed at one end, in front of which was a round table covered with green rep, on which were tea-things, and dishes filled with dainty French cakes. A little maid, in neat cap and apron, was hovering about. All about us, turned to the wall and unframed, were seemingly hundreds of canvases. What has become of all those treasures since Whistler's death?

As we entered, he said, with a wave of the hand toward the hidden canvases, "See how careful I am!"

As a whole, the studio, though spacious, was simple in its furnishings, except for the amazing decoration of masterpieces turned to the wall. He offered us chairs, and seated himself on the edge of a long table. Reaching out for a copy of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," he began to read to us his most spicy letters.

He read on and on, until we began to wonder whether all the afternoon was to be spent in this novel and entertaining way. Meanwhile I glanced about and noticed a large phonograph, which seemed the only discordant note in an otherwise harmonious place. It soon became a discord, for suddenly tiring of his own wit, he turned lovingly to the instrument, and regaled us with a medley of "coon" songs, orchestral numbers, and other music. Had we dared, we should have glanced at each other in amazement.

At last Whistler reverted to art, and brought a canvas to the easel. He oiled it slightly, tenderly, and, lo! a handsome Italian boy shone forth, soul and all. It was magical. We had previously agreed to say but little, and never to gush over anything we might be shown. We did not speak, indeed hardly dared to, for he was watching us as a nurse watches a thermometer in an overheated room.

Again he made search, and brought before us another picture. This time the oiling and dusting disclosed the portrait of a beautiful American girl, wearing an evening cloak, the collar of which was very high. Such breeding and poise in the picture! It was more than a reproduction: something of the inner woman was there. Over this we allowed ourselves to exclaim in admiration, which moved the master to say:

"It took a long time to paint this portrait."

There was a pause, of which my friend took advantage to say that she would much like to have him paint her portrait.

"How long shall you be in Paris?" he asked.

"Another week."

"There you are! You Americans are all the same; here to-day, gone to-morrow; *à Paris aujourd'hui, demain, à Hoboken.* One might as well try to paint fish jumping out of the water," he added with his captivating laugh.

With this laugh, all the ice that had been accumulating melted away. I found voice to say that I had recognized him immediately the day before from having seen and greatly admired his portrait by a fellow-artist. To my complete discomfiture, he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"He *imagines* that he has painted my portrait."

At last we were having a glimpse of the real Whistler, or, rather, of the one we had heard of and read about.

He showed us two more canvases, one by a pupil. Then he drew up to the tea-table and began to discourse on the "Nocturne" which my friend had bought. This led to a recital of his hopes of the budding "Académie Whistler," which had been formally opened in the autumn of 1898. However, the academy did not remain open long. Nothing in his training or natural gifts gave him the endurance and patience required of a teacher; besides, his health failed, and he went to a milder climate. We dared ask him how he liked being a teacher, to which he answered:

"You know what the French call *une bête de somme—un cheval de fiacre—quoi!*" Again he shrugged and sighed.

We had brought with us two copies of Nicholson's caricature of Whistler, in which he is standing at full-length, monocled, against a nocturnal sky. We asked him to sign them, and he was exceedingly gracious about it.

"These caricatures were my idea," he explained; "I told Nicholson how to do them. They are a great success."

On each he sketched a butterfly in pencil, adding on one, *"Tant pis"* and on the other, "With all proper regrets."

He told us that he often became very much attached to his work. Once he had an order from a man for a portrait; it was duly finished, and amply paid for. He still held it, although the man wrote periodically to have it sent to him. "I really feel that it is much too good for him," he explained. "The worst of it is that the longer I keep it the more I like it, and"—after a pause he whispered—"the less likely he is to get it."

As the afternoon had waned, we suggested driving him home. He assented, putting on his famous high hat and a pair of black gloves, and we clattered down the five flights together, the air seeming fairly saturated with his presence.

Entering the one-horse victoria which had brought us from the hotel, I had to sit on the *strapontin,* about which I festooned myself as best I could. To my astonishment, our appearance did not seem to create much commotion in the Quartier, though I knew how exotic we must look.

We drove through a round porte-cochère, which was the entrance to a sort of tunnel; at the end of it we emerged into a courtyard flanked by the little house Whistler occupied.

On reaching his home, the master insisted on our coming in to see it. We found it rather gloomy, with a garden in the rear, which was shown with great pride. There were a few pictures on the walls. The cloth was spread on the dining-table, and many dishes and plates were stacked in the middle.

The good-bys were said, with an invitation extended to visit his studio again on our next trip. We had had a memorable visit with him, and were taking away with us impressions of the real Whistler —the Whistler whom the world at large knew not, the kind, genial, courteous, humanly sorrowful, and sorrowing man of genius.



LOWER MANHATTAN, FROM THE HUDSON, OR NORTH, RIVER



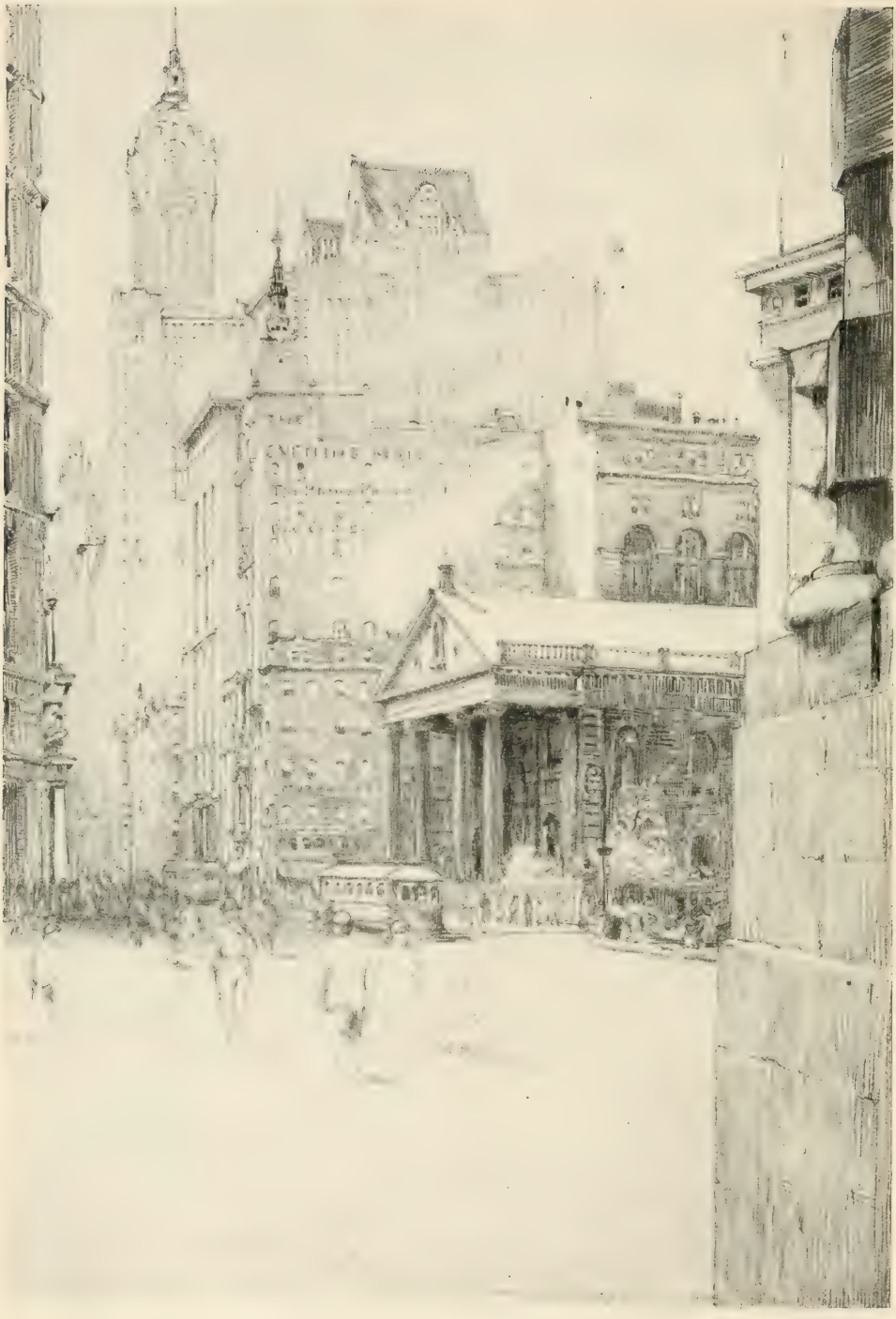
BROAD STREET, LOOKING NORTH TO WALL STREET

The portico of the Stock Exchange is at the left, a part of the portico of the Sub-Treasury is seen at Wall and Nassau Streets, and the crowd in the street, at the right, is the outdoor exchange known as "The Curb."



CORTLANDT STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM THE FERRY

The Hudson Terminal is seen at the left, and the Investment Building and Singer Tower at the right.



LOWER BROADWAY, FROM THE POST-OFFICE

The portico of St. Paul's is in the foreground, and the Singer Tower in the distance.

THE BOOK OF HIS HEART

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

Author of "The Siren of the Air," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY HERMAN PFEIFER

ON Monday, April 11, Mr. Francis wrote in the book:

"She was in again to-day. Dressed quite different from the first time. Not expensive, but tasteful and excellent. Took samples of blue pongee and *crêpe de chine*. I said I thought that delicate new London mist would become her better. She thanked me, and let me give her a sample of that. She showed a knowledge of silks that was most pleasing, considering the general ignorance among women on such subjects. We talked about some things not important enough to mention here.

'All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time.'
Longfellow."

His reason for adding this selection was not very clear; but somehow a little touch of poetry seemed suitable after an entry of that sort. There was a good deal of poetry in the book, selections copied from various magazines and volumes that had helped to brighten his prosaic existence as a silk salesman in McDavitt's department store.

One would have had to be a good observer to guess that behind the plain, neat, black-and-white exterior of Mr. Francis there was the soul of a poet. Judged by the frost-touched blackness of his hair, he might have been thirty-eight years old. His face, tending to delicacy of feature in the forehead and nose, and rendered a little wistful by the worry-lines about his eyes, had the pallor that comes from years of living in artificial light. He invariably looked as though he had been smooth-shaven five minutes before, and he invariably was ready to give his most earnest attention to the desires of a customer. He fitted in the high-classed old establishment that employed him, and paid him well for a silk salesman. The consideration shown him he repaid by immaculateness in dress, scrupulousness in his reports, and the air of an English butler in dealing with customers.

His inner self was revealed in only two of his daily activities—in the handling of the silks that had been his familiars from boyhood, and in the keeping of a large red-morocco diary that he carried in the breast-pocket of his black frock-coat.

The silks—how he caressed their shimmering textures and colors, how he made them display all their subtle beauties and allurements! It was quite without guile on his part: the idea of urging or inveigling any one into buying would have filled him with horror. He displayed his wares to their best advantage because he loved them. Therefore he did it so wonderfully well that many a fine lady, after watching his firm, white, well-kept hands play among the folds, bought stuffs for which she had no possible use. This gained him some dislike and trouble, for McDavitt's does not exchange dress-goods.

But Mr. Francis's real self-revelation was reserved for the diary. Every night he made an entry. During the several hours every day when the choiceness, and

therefore sparseness, of McDavitt's clientele left him with nothing to do, he often took out the book, opened it among the shining silks on the mahogany counter, and made a note or two in it. It was a rather large book for a diary, and the India-paper leaves gave its thousand pages the bulk of a far smaller number in ordinary diaries. The words "Personal Journal" were printed in gold across the front cover, and there was a bunch of gold forget-me-nots, tied with a gold true-lover's knot, in the upper left-hand corner. Beneath the forget-me-nots, in small, precise roman capitals, Mr. Francis had printed his name, ROLAND FARWELL FRANCIS.

To one prying into the secrets of Mr. Francis's life through the medium of this diary, the number of entries like the one quoted above might have seemed somewhat appalling.

The pages were full of hints of romance, or, rather, of an almost indefinite number of romances. The vague beginnings were recorded in statements like "She was in again to-day." Later there were conjectures about "her," bits of personal description, faint suggestions of longing, of aspiration; then commiserations of his own unworthiness, bitter self-analysis leading up to relinquishment, final fits of despondency, during which he loaded pages with the most mortuary poetry he could find. But he was an invincible idealist; soon the process started all over again. From the time when he began work, aged seventeen years, as a stock clerk in McDavitt's silk department, he must have approximated a round hundred of these catalectic romances.

His station in life, his work, his poetic temperament, made the result inevitable. His silks attracted beauty, he adored beauty, and beauty considered him in much the same class as the glass-and-ebony display-fixtures. Like a modern Tantalus, he watched the waters of life flow by so close that they fairly enveloped him, and yet he was powerless to lift one drop for the quenching of the thirst of his soul. A cheaper man might have solaced himself with cheaper beauty, a more practical man might have sought beauty as true in less inaccessible places, a luckier man might have stumbled upon it nearer home. Mr. Francis, lacking cheapness and practicality and luck, had remained a virtuous bachelor.

On Friday, April 15, Mr. Francis wrote in the book:

"She has not been in again. Several times I thought I saw her some aisles away. Her face is an unusual one. It is strange I seem always to be seeing it.

"I heard a few minutes ago a rumor that I was being considered for a great piece of good fortune if Mr. Baldwin's illness continues to prevent him from resuming his duties. I do not know why I am not so very much thrilled by the prospect. I suppose I ought to be.

"She must have decided that McDavitt's is too expensive. Her dress was tasteful, but not at all luxurious. She gave me a feeling of great respect.

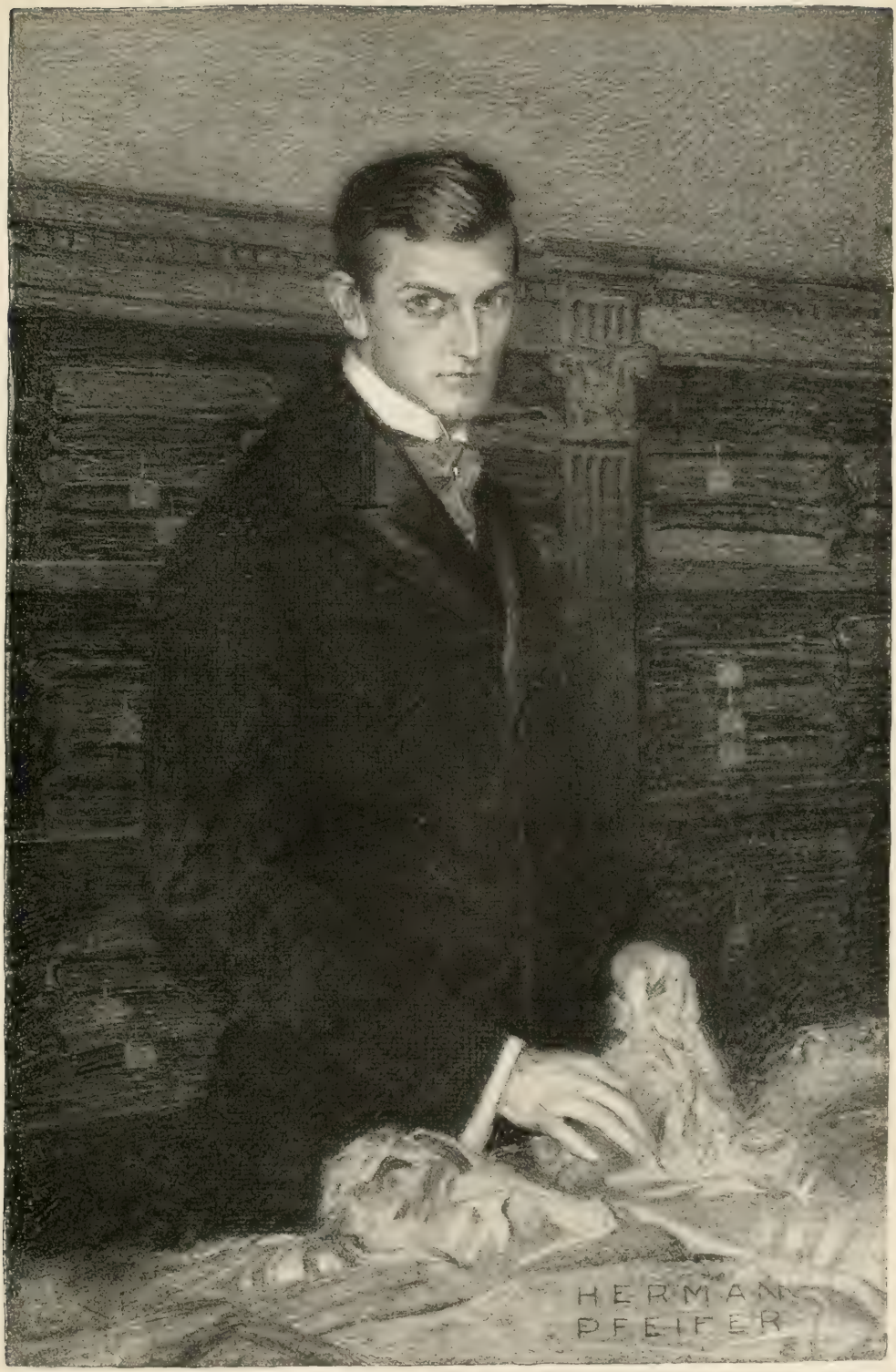
'Friend, let us cease to vex the Eternal
Why:
'T is very good to live; better, perhaps, to
die.'

Reader Magazine."

On Monday, April 18, he wrote:

"To-day, on account of the continued illness of Mr. Baldwin, I was promoted to be the assistant buyer and manager of this department. Three thousand a year, nearly sixty dollars a week! Once I looked forward to thirty per w'k like millions. Now sixty is not so much. I must be getting old. It will help me to lay up a competence for my declining years. Perhaps I should send one of my nephews to college. It has been the regret of my life that I entered on an active business career immediately after graduation from high school. Doubtless I should have made an effort to work my way through Columbia. Yes, I will write to my brother and offer to send one of the boys to college.

"She has not been in again. Doubtless she decided to purchase elsewhere. McDavitt's *is* expensive. Perhaps I should strive to have the margin of profit reduced. She did not dress or act like one with much money. Doubtless she was attracted to Mc's by their reputation for handling only the best. I remember she looked worried whenever I quoted prices. Still, she wished the best. But the state of her purse made her careful, and finally



Drawn by Herman Pfeifer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'SHE WAS THREE AISLES AWAY, LOOKING OVER THAT NEW IMPORTATION OF CHINESE MANDARINS'"

made her decide to purchase in a cheaper store. I think I can understand her. That London mist would have suited her, trimmed with a little old gold. However, of course it is foolish for me to allow myself to indulge in such reflections. I shall probably never see her again.

"Mrs. Benson congratulated me warmly on my advancement. She has been very thoughtful of my comforts for the last seven years, going on eight. She mentioned how she had always tried to, and I thanked her deeply. She said she hoped I would n't feel impelled to move elsewhere, and I assured her I had no such intentions. I despise a man who is puffed up by a little success. Vanity of vanities, *vanitas vanitatis*. Or *vanitatium?* I wish I remembered more of my Latin; my memory is far from what I should like it to be. Mrs. B. also said she had two tickets to The Empire Vaudeville given her by the new couple in the back parlor. They are in the theatrical profession, and are getting a try-out there this week. I could not well refuse her invitation to accompany her, although I do not care for vaudeville. She says she goes at least once every week. It brightens up her dull life. Poor soul! I guess she needs it. Hers is not a very gay life."

During the considerable period that Mr. Francis had rented Mrs. Benson's most expensive room, the second-floor front, his intimacy with her had consisted of one heart-to-heart talk in the week following Mr. Benson's decease. Mr. Benson, who had been indefinitely "in the clothing business," had caught a cold which developed into pneumonia, with fatal results. When, a few days after the funeral, Mrs. Benson wept on Mr. Francis's shoulder, she had said that she wished never to speak to another man, never even to see one, except in the necessary course of business. She ran a boarding-house, and she would accept men as well as women for boarders; other relations with them she could not consider.

Mr. Francis had always respected her wishes. Even when she presided at the Sunday evening dinner-table, a wide, tight vision of black silk, and conversation was supposed to be more unrestricted than on week-days, Mr. Francis had been careful not to trespass on the sacred confines of her bereavement. Her conversation with the other men at the table, in which she attempted to include him, he passed off as her necessary sacrifice to the business that supported her widowhood. He was even more literal-minded than the average idealist.

On Thursday, April 21, he wrote in the book:

"I am quite sure she was in again today. She was three aisles away, looking over that new importation of Chinese mandarins, but she departed before I approached. She was dressed altogether different from the first two times, but I am sure it was she. I would notice her face among a thousand. I noticed those two little lines at the top of her nose between her eyebrows. And yet she is not old; one would not call her young, either; and not middle-aged, either. Before I got over wondering whether I should go over and wait on her personally, she had gone. He who hesitates is lost. The clerk said she had taken samples of all the new silks. He thought she had taken too many, and said she did not act like a buyer. I requested him to follow McDavitt's principle to give all the samples asked for and not comment on it.

"To be much of my time in the office, as my new position forces me to be, has some drawbacks. Doubtless, however, even were I back in my old place, I should never see her again. And what possible good can come if I do see her? I am little more than a servant, a lackey. But I forget that I am now an assistant buyer. Perhaps that raises me a little in the scale. But how little—not enough to make any difference to her.

"From the library to-day I got a book, 'Selections from the English Poets of the Nineteenth Century.' It is more complete than the 'Golden Treasury,' and I anticipate a great deal of pleasure and profit from it. It contains Shelley's 'Defense of Poetry,' which I can well afford to read again."

Under the entry of Friday, April 22, he copied entire Shelley's "Indian Serenade," beginning,

> "I arise from dreams of thee
> In the first sweet sleep of night."

tank on his table, he knows that they must move according to the same laws in the midst of the ocean. In this spirit the psychologist arranges his experiments, too. He does not carry them on in the turmoil of social life, but prepares artificial situations in which the persons will show the laws of mental behavior. An experiment on memory or attention or imagination or feeling may bring out in a few minutes mental facts which the ordinary observer would discover only if he were to watch the behavior and life attitudes of the man for years. Everything depends upon the degree with which the characteristic mental states are brought into play under experimental conditions. The great advantage of the experimental method here is, as everywhere, that everything can be varied and changed at will and that the conditions and the effects can be exactly measured.

If we apply these principles to the question of the jury, the task is clear. We want to find out whether the coöperation, the discussion, and the repeated voting of a number of persons is helping or hindering them in the effort to judge correctly upon a complex situation. We must therefore artificially create a situation which brings into action the judgment, the discussion, and the vote; but if we are loyal to the idea of experimenting, we must keep the experiment free from all those features of a real jury deliberation that have nothing to do with the mental action itself. Moreover, it is evident that the situations to be judged must allow a definite knowledge as to the objective truth. The experimenter must know which verdict of his voters corresponds to the real facts. Secondly, the situation must be difficult, in order that a real doubt may prevail. If all the voters were on one side from the start, no discussion would be needed. Thirdly, it must be a rather complex situation, in order that the judgment may be influenced by a number of motives. Only in this case will it be possible for the discussion to point out factors which the other party may have overlooked, thus giving a chance for changes of mind. All these demands must be fulfilled if the experiment is really to picture the jury function. But it would be utterly superfluous, and would make the exact measurement impossible, if the material on which the judgment is to be based were of the same kind of which the evidence in the court-room is composed. The trial by jury in an actual criminal case may involve many picturesque and interesting details, but the mental act of judging is no different when the most trivial objects are chosen.

I settled on the following simple device. I used sheets of dark-gray cardboard. On each were pasted white paper dots of different form and in an irregular order. Each card had between ninety-two and a hundred and eight such white dots of different sizes. The task was to compare the number of spots on one card with the number of spots on another. Perhaps I held up a card with a hundred and four dots, and below it one with ninety-eight. Then the subjects of the experiment had to decide whether the upper card had more dots or fewer dots than the lower one. I made the first set of experiments with eighteen Harvard students. I took more than the twelve men who form a jury in order to reinforce the possible effect, but did not wish to exceed the number greatly, so that the character of the discussion might be similar to that in a jury. A much larger number would have made the discussion too formal or too unruly. The eighteen men sat about a long table, and were first allowed to look for half a minute at the two big cards, each forming his judgment independently. Then at a signal every one had to write down whether the number of dots on the upper card was larger, equal, or smaller. Immediately after that they had to indicate by a show of hands how many had voted for each of the three possibilities. After that an excited discussion began, three or four men speaking at the same time.

After five minutes of talking, the vote was repeated, again at first being written and then being taken by a show of hands. A second five-minute exchange of opinion followed, with a new effort to convince the dissenters. After this period the third and last vote was taken. This experiment was carried out with a variety of cards with smaller or larger difference of numbers, but always with a difference enough to allow an uncertainty of judgment. Here, indeed, we had repeated all the essential conditions of the jury vote and discussion, and the mental state was char-

acteristically similar to that of the jurymen.

The very full accounts which the participants in the experiment wrote down the following day indicated clearly that we had a true imitation of the mental process despite the striking simplicity of our conditions. One man, for instance, described his inner experience as follows:

I think the experiment involves factors quite comparable to those that determine the verdict of a jury. The cards with their spots are the evidence pro and con which each juryman has before him to interpret. Each person's decision on the number is his interpretation of the situation. The arguments, too, seem quite comparable to the arguments of the jury. Both consist in pointing out factors of the situation that have been overlooked, and in showing how different interpretations may be possible.

Another man wrote:

In the experiment it seemed that one man judged by one criterion and another by another, such as distribution, size of spots, vacant spaces, or counting along one edge. Discussion often brought a man's attention to other criterions than those he used in his first judgment, and these often outweighed the original. Similarly, different jurymen would base their opinion on different aspects of the case, and discussion would tend to draw their attention to other aspects. The experiment also illustrated the relative weight given to the opinion of different fellow-jurymen. I found that the statements of a few of the older men who have had more extensive psychological experience weighed more with me than those of the others. Suggestion did not seem to be much of a factor. A man is rather on his mettle, and ready to defend his original impression until he finds that it is hopeless.

Again, another wrote:

To me the experiment seemed fairly comparable to the real situation. As in an actual trial, the full truth was not available, but certain evidence was presented to all for interpretation. As to the nature of the discussion itself, I think there was the same mingling of suggestion and real argument that is to be found in a jury discussion.

Another said:

The discussion influenced me by suggesting other methods of analysis. For instance, comparison of the amount of open space in two cards, comparison of the number of dots along the edges, estimation in diagonal lines, were methods mentioned in the discussion which I used in forming my own judgments. It does not seem to me that in my own case direct suggestion had any appreciable effect. I was aware of a tendency toward contrasuggestibility. There was a half-submerged feeling that it would be good sport to stick it out for the losing side. The lack of any unusual amount of suggestion and the presence of the influences of analysis and detailed comparison seem to me to show that the tests were in fact fairly comparable to situations in a jury-room.

To be sure, there were a few who were strongly impressed by the evident differences between the rich material of an actual trial and the meager content of our tests, there the actions of living men, here the space relations of little spots. But they evidently did not sufficiently realize that the forming of such number judgments was not at all a question of mere perception; that, on the contrary, many considerations were involved. Most men felt the similarity from the start.

What were the results of this first group of experiments? Our interest must evidently be centered on the question of how many judgments were correct at the first vote before any discussion and any show of hands were influencing the minds of the men, and how many were correct at the last vote, after the two periods of discussion and after taking cognizance of the two preceding votes. If I sum up all the results, the outcome is that fifty-two per cent. of the first votes were correct, and seventy-eight per cent. of the final votes were correct. The discussion of the successive votes had therefore led to an improvement of twenty-six per cent. of all votes. Or, as the correct votes were at first fifty-two per cent., their number is increased by one half. May we not say that this demonstration in exact figures proves that the confidence in the jury system is justified? And may it not be added that, in view of the wide-spread prejudices, the result is almost surprising?

Here we had men of high intelligence who were completely able to take account of every possible aspect of the situation. They had time to do so, they had training to do so, and every foregoing experiment ought to have stimulated them to do so in the following ones. Yet their judgment was right in only fifty-two per cent. of the cases until they heard the opinions of the others and saw how they voted. The mere seeing of the vote, however, cannot have been decisive, because forty-eight per cent.,—that is, virtually half of the votes, —were at first incorrect. The wrong votes might have had as much suggestive influence on those who voted rightly as the right votes on those on the wrong side. Nevertheless, if the change was so strongly in the right direction, the result must clearly have come from the discussion.

But I am not at the end of my story. I also made exactly the same experiments with a class of advanced female university students. When I started, my aim was not to examine the differences of men and women, but only to have ampler material, and I confined my work to students in psychological classes because I was anxious to get the best possible scientific analysis of the inner experiences. I had no prejudice in favor of or against women as members of the jury, any more than my experiments were guided by a desire to defend or to attack the jury system. I was anxious only to clear up the facts. The women students had exactly the same opportunities for seeing the cards and the votes and for exchanging opinions. The discussions, while carried on for the same length of time, were on the whole less animated. There was less desire to convince and more restraint; but the record which was taken in shorthand showed nearly the same variety of arguments that the men had brought forward. Everything agreed exactly with the experiments of the men, and the only difference was in the results. The first vote of all experiments with the women showed a slightly smaller number of right judgments. The women had forty-five per cent. correct judgments, as against the fifty-two per cent. of the men. I should not put any emphasis on this difference. It may be said that the men had more training in scientific observations, and the task was therefore slightly easier for them than for most of the women. I should say that, all taken together, men and women showed an equal ability in immediate judgment, as with both groups about half of the first judgments were correct. The fact that with the men two per cent. more, with the women five per cent. less, than half were right would not mean much. But the situation is entirely different with the second figure. We saw that for the men the discussion secured an increase from fifty-two per cent. to seventy-eight per cent.; with the women the increase is not a single per cent. The first votes were forty-five per cent. right, and the last votes were forty-five per cent. right. In other words, they had not learned anything from discussion.

It would not be quite correct, if we were to draw from that the conclusion that the women did not change their minds at all. If we examine the number of cases in which in the course of the first, second, and third votes some change occurred, we find changes in forty per cent. of all judgments of the men and nineteen per cent. of all judgments of the women. This does not mean that a change in a particular case necessarily made the last vote different from the first; we not seldom had a case where for instance the first vote was larger, the second equal, and the third again larger. And, as a matter of course, where a change between the first and the last occurred, it was not always a change in the right direction. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the votes always covered three possibilities, and not only two. It was therefore possible for the first vote to be wrong, and then for a change to occur to another wrong vote. The nineteen per cent. changes in the decisions of the women accordingly contained as many cases in which right was turned into wrong as in which wrong was turned into right, while with the men the changes to the right had an overweight of twenty-six per cent. The self-analysis of the women indicated clearly the reason for their mental stubbornness. They heard the arguments, but they were so fully under the autosuggestion of their first decision that they fancied that they had known all that before and that they had discounted the arguments of their opponents in the first vote. The cobbler has to stick to his last: the psychologist has to be sat-

isfied with analyzing the mental processes, but it is not his concern to mingle in politics. He must leave it to others to decide whether it will really be a gain if the jury-box is filled with persons whose minds are unable to profit from discussion and who return to their first idea, however much is argued from the other side. It is evident that this tendency of the female mind must be advantageous for many social purposes. The woman remains loyal to her instinctive opinion. Hence we have no right to say that one type of mind is better than another. We may say only they differ, and that this difference makes men fit and women unfit for the task which society requires from jurymen.

In order to make quite sure that the discussion, and not the seeing of the vote, is responsible for the marked improvement in the case of men, I carried on some further experiments in which the voting alone was involved. To bring this mental process to strongest expression, I went far beyond the small circle which was needed for the informal exchange of opinion, and operated, instead, with my large class of psychological students in Harvard. I have there four hundred and sixty students, and accordingly had to use much larger cards with large dots. I showed to them any two cards twice. There was an interval of twenty seconds between the first and the second exposure, and each time they looked at the cards for three seconds. In one half of the experiments that interval was not filled at all, in the other half a quick show of hands was arranged, so that every one could see how many on the first impression judged the upper card as having more or an equal number or fewer dots than the lower. After the second exposure every one had to write down his final result. The pairs of cards which were exposed when the show of hands was made were the same as those which were shown without any one knowing how the other men judged. We calculated the results on the basis of four hundred reports. They showed that the total number of right judgments in the cases without showing hands was sixty per cent. correct, in those with show of hands about sixty-five per cent. A hundred and twenty men had turned from the right to the wrong; that is, had more incorrect judgments when they saw how the other men voted than when they were left to themselves. It is true that those who turned from worse to better by seeing the vote of the others were in a slight majority, bringing the total vote five per cent. upward; but this difference is so small that it could just as well be explained by the mere fact that this act of public voting reinforced the attention and improved a little the total vote through this stimulation of the social consciousness. It is not surprising that the mere seeing of the votes in such cases has so small an effect, incomparable with that of a real discussion in which new vistas are opened, inasmuch as in forty per cent. of the cases the majority was evidently on the wrong side from the start. Those who are swept away by the majority would, therefore, in forty per cent. of the cases be carried to the wrong side. I went still further, and examined by psychological methods the degree of suggestibility of those four hundred participants in the experiment, and the results showed that the fifty most suggestible men profited from the seeing of the vote of the majority no more than the fifty least suggestible ones. In both cases there was an increase of about five per cent. correct judgments. I also drew from this the conclusion that the show of hands was ineffective as a direct influence toward correctness, and that it had only the slight indirect value of forcing the men to concentrate their attention better on those cards. All results, therefore, point in the same direction: it is really the argument which brings a co-operating group nearer to the truth, and not the seeing how the other men vote. Hence the psychologist has every reason to be satisfied with the jury system.

"Sunday, April 24.

"This evening has been a most eventful one for me. I am engaged to Mrs. Benson. I am still so astonished that I do not know precisely how it occurred. I do not know how to describe my feelings. They are so mixed. Words fail me.

"I escorted her to a Sunday-evening concert at the Metropolitan. I owed her something, of course, in return for The Empire Vaudeville, and when she reminded me of that, I said maybe she would like to go to the Metropolitan. The music was beautiful. Homer and Bonci sang. I have always gone alone before. Mrs. Benson wept because it was so beautiful. Then she said she was partly weeping because the boarders had begun to cast insinuations about her and me.

"Words cannot express how overcome I was. She has, of course, nothing but her reputation. How bitterer than a serpent's tooth is a slanderous tongue! I asked her who started it, but she would not tell me for fear I would attack him, which would make matters worse. I would have done so, too; at least I would have demanded a retraction. Before I knew it we were engaged.

"I am not sorry. How lonely my life has been! Perhaps I have at last found happiness where I least expected it. She is a good, honest, capable woman, and she says she 's going to begin exercising to reduce her weight. I fear I am unworthy. Would that I could adore her more! Everything is not just as I imagined love to be; but I am not sorry. I should be happy in my good fortune. It is not good for man to live alone.

'Duty is an Archangel on the right-hand side of God.'

Anon."

Nevertheless, it was a much chastened, even saddened, Mr. Francis who returned to work the following morning. He had lived in his dreams, his romances had been the deepest and sweetest part of his life, for so long that such a reality as his engagement to Mrs. Benson hurt him through and through.

Perhaps any reality in the matter of romance would have hurt him. He had become a confirmed dreamer, even as he had become a confirmed bachelor, and he was not fitted to cope with practical details. Even the preparations, the hundred and one rather sordid arrangements, he would have had to go through in order to marry his latest ideal would probably have saddened him a good deal. It was thrice in vain that he attempted to be practical in the matter of marriage with Mrs. Benson; he suffered by every necessary preparation that brushed the star-dust off the butterfly's wings of his dream ideal of love—suffered agonies that gave him a feeling of weakness in the diaphragm and in the knees.

Until eleven o'clock he was busy with the morning instalment of traveling-salesmen who came to offer their wares. This duty disposed of, he strolled out into the department where he was supposed to oversee the stock and clerks. Wicked hopes that she, the lady of his dream romance, would return he suppressed so firmly that he had a continuous ache in his throat. Gone were his shimmering dreams, his vistas of poetic reverie. He threw himself desperately into the business of arranging displays, stationing clerks, verifying price-tags. He was thoroughly melancholy and businesslike and stern-faced and miserable.

His evenings at the boarding-house were even more uncomfortable than his days in the store. Mrs. Benson had lost no time in announcing her engagement, and Mr. Francis now occupied the place of honor at her right hand at meals; he had long refused this place through feelings of delicacy about trespassing on Mrs. Benson's known reverence for her late husband, and the honor sat heavily upon him. The smiles and insinuations of the boarders, the sordid jocularity of it all, seared his soul. Idealist that he was, his sense of humor was not much developed; and remarks like, "Can't you just see Mr. Francis walking the floor with a bundle of yell in his arms?" sent all the blood from his heart into his face, and back again, in two frantic leaps.

On one point he was trying to be firm: he would not let Mrs. Benson read in "The Book of his Heart." She found it on the second evening of their prenuptial bliss in the front parlor, and triumphantly drew it forth. Desperately he reclaimed his property; frantically he argued that it

was sacred to him, that there were some things they would n't have to share in common. No theory could have been more repugnant to Mrs. Benson, and none could have so solidified her determination to read that "Personal Journal" from cover to cover. The issues were pitched, the armies drawn up, the bugles blown; and struggle as he would, Mr. Francis realized that he was foredoomed to the woe of the vanquished. She would read the book, she would despise it, and she would burn it because of its wicked references to women other than herself. Realizing this certain outcome, Mr. Francis vacillated between the wisdom of burning the book himself and the wickedness of hiding it and telling her that he had burned it. In the meantime he kept his coat buttoned and his door locked.

On Thursday, April 28, he wrote at one o'clock in the morning:

"God have mercy on me, a miserable sinner! She was in again to-day, and I adore her still.

"I could not greet Mrs. Benson as usual this evening. I could not. She insisted, but I said I had a sore throat and might infect her. She said I must have a doctor, but I was firm, I declared I would get along all right. She came up with a mustard-plaster while I was retiring. I could not let her in. It was terrible. Several of the boarders heard her; I could hear them laughing. The knowledge of my turpitude debases me like a crawling worm. I have always striven to live an upright life, so that I could look all men and women in the face. My duty is plain. Shall I be a hypocrite and deceiver? Shall I give up my self-respect, which has meant so much to me all these years? I am in a terrible dilemma.

"I will rise at five o'clock and leave the house before any one is stirring to-morrow morning. But what shall I do to-morrow evening? Heaven help and guide me!

"And yet my heart is not able to be sorry that she was in again to-day. I had given up expecting her, and the sight of her confounded me. The blueness of her eyes is like still waters. Her brown hair is as soft as brown silk in the skein. Her gentleness restoreth my soul. Yes, though I walked through the Valley of Death, I would love her. I am a vile man, loathsome to myself. And I am a liar. I told Mrs. Benson I was kept at the store while in truth I was walking in Central Park. Through the night under the stars. Full of the thought of her. Full of poetry no one ever yet wrote the like of. Full of wonder and hope and exceeding glory and brightness.

"She is a sampler. I ought to have suspected it ever since that clerk spoke about her taking samples of all those new mandarins and she never bought anything. She had an idea to do it on a large scale. Instead of being in the employ of only one rival store, she has eight she supplies samples to. She spends all her time supplying samples to the stores that employ her. But she 's afraid her idea won't work. She dresses as different as she can, but the department managers get to recognize her, with unfortunate results.

"I went up to her as soon as I recognized her, and asked to be allowed to wait on her. I lost once by my hesitation. She seemed much disappointed because I recognized her. I said, 'I suspect you are a sampler, but I will take the responsibility of supplying you with all the samples from McDavitt's silk department that you desire.' Of course I had no right to make such an offer, but I did not think of it at the time. She looked all broken up, and told me she was deeply obliged, but she thought she 'd have to quit and go back in Seaton-Baum's silk department. She said she wished she could get into McDavitt's, if only we did n't employ only men clerks. I said I thought McDavitt's was behind the times in that as well as in many other things, and I had intended to take the matter up with the superintendent. This was true. I asked for her name and address, so that I might notify her if anything came of it. She gave them to me.

"She said she wondered how I recognized her when she dressed differently every time, and I said I should remember her face among a million. She said that did n't prejudice her against me as it would if most men had said it. She shook hands with me when she said good-by.

"I will not put her name down here. There are some things I cannot put down even here. And yet why should n't I? I have always tried to be sincere and frank

here. Miss Anna Wright. Anna. But doubtless I shall never see her again. Ours is a purely business acquaintance. I fear I shall not be able to change the policy about men clerks. It is an unprogressive policy. How her face would brighten the department! And she knows silks better than most of our men clerks. She has a feeling about them that counts a great deal; she really understands them. My slight acquaintance with her has filled me with the deepest respect. There is a great deal of sincerity about her, but she looks as if her life had not been altogether happy. I do not feel bashful when I talk to her, as I do with most women. This is most strange, considering how I feel toward her. I have a sort of feeling that she trusts me. What would I not give if I were worthy! Thank Heaven, she does not know how I have treated poor Mrs. Benson!"

On Friday, April 29, Mr. Francis wrote in the book:

"I am inscribing these words in a furnished room that I rented shortly after the store closed this evening. I sent an expressman to Mrs. Benson's to get my things. Try as I would, reason with my self, all was in vain. I am a coward; I could not go back to Mrs. Benson's.

"I thought I would go back and say something against Mr. Benson, thus breaking off the engagement in a respectable manner. Mrs. Benson has often said that if I ever said anything against Mr. Benson, everything between us would be at an end. I thought this would be a good way to end matters. God knows I have nothing against Mr. Benson, and I know he would have forgiven me if he had heard of it in the place wherever the dead are. But I could not do it. When within a block of the house I could not force myself to go any farther. I could not, as God is my witness. I have tried to do right, but I am such a coward I would have succumbed in the street if I had gone on.

"Mrs. Benson refused to allow the expressman to get my things, although I had sent the money to pay a week's rent in advance with him. She tried to make him give her my address, but I had warned him not to do that, and I gave him a dollar when he returned and told me how he had resisted her. I regret that she would not let him have my things. I can get a new outfit, of course, but I had become accustomed to some of the things I had. Some of them I have had since my seventeenth year. Still, I am content. I have deserved much worse than has been meted out to me.

"Later. Mrs. Benson has been here. The expressman deceived me; he gave her my address, after all. I will not write down what she said while irresponsible through her emotions, and I do not remember what I said. At any rate, she is gone. I can hardly write.

"Later. The landlady of this house has just been in to tell me I must move out in the morning. She does n't desire men like me in her house. She says she knows my kind, and I am worse than the white-slavers the papers tell about. Perhaps she is right. I have no words to express my misery at my conduct. I will rise at five o'clock in the morning and seek a new rooming-house where I am not known."

"Saturday, April 30.

"I have another furnished room. It is not highly desirable. I rented it under an assumed name, and I will move when the present danger has had time to decrease. I tremble lest Mrs. Benson should come to seek me in the store. I spend as much of my time in the office as possible, and keep a sharp lookout when I am on the floor.

'Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!'

I know now something of the feeling of the felon who has escaped and whom every man's hand is raised against. But I have brought it on myself. I only hope it will not result in my final expulsion from the store. McDavitt's is very careful about the character of their employees.

"I put the matter about lady clerks in the department up to the manager this afternoon. To my surprise, he took to it rather kindly, and will refer it up to the proper authorities.

"A chilly, rainy day. I am tired out, but very happy to be secluded in this room. It is pleasant to sit alone and hear the rain outside.

"But I am not altogether alone. I have a memory, and a name, and I have a hope. Anna. But why is my heart lifted up? I am not worthy even to think of her.

'For be the day never so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong.'
Stephen Hawes."

"Tuesday, May 3.

"The superintendent has refused to entertain my suggestion about women clerks in the silk department. It would be against McDavitt's policy. I have written and expressed his decision. So everything ends. I shall never see her again. I am a broken reed. One thing I can be thankful for: Mrs. Benson has not come to ask for me at the store."

"Wednesday, May 4.

"This evening after dinner I walked over to the address. It is an apartment-house, and it is just such a place as I should think she would choose to live in. Nothing showy, but very neat and quiet and respectable. I walked in front of the house several times before returning. Something expanded in me every time I walked before the house and thought it was the place where she lives. I wonder whom she lives with? Doubtless with her mother and father and perhaps a sister or brother. I picked out a window that looked like it might be hers on the third floor. There was a soft yellow light like the light of a lamp in it.

"But of course I was mistaken. Probably she was out. She must be much sought after, and doubtless goes out a great deal in the evenings. Still, I found my heart lifted up just to walk slowly by and imagine she was in the room with the yellow lamp. I came home with peace and happiness in my heart, and yet with a great yearning. I will not conceal that I had that also. How poorly that expresses my feeling! The power of verbal expression is not my forte."

The entry of Thursday, May 5, ended:

"She has not replied to my note telling of the superintendent's decision; but of course no reply was necessary. Walked before her house this evening. Had not expected to, but could not resist the temptation. Have no right even to think of her. Legally, of course, I am still engaged to Mrs. Benson."

The entries of May 6, 7, and 8 related that he had walked past "her" house. He avoided mentioning her name, as an ancient Hebrew would have avoided mentioning the name of Jehovah, or a modern Japanese the name of his emperor.

On Monday, May 9, Mr. Francis wrote in the book:

"I have a note from her, thanking me for my efforts in her behalf and regretting that McDavitt's is so unprogressive. She ends: 'I shall apply to you again when your store has got out of the rut of ages. I like McDavitt's for its air of gentility and old-fashioned niceness.' How she can write! I shall treasure her note. She says she would have written, thanking me, before, but my note reached her just as they were moving to another apartment. She sends me the new address unconsciously on the heading of her letter. I am glad I know she has moved. Suppose I had continued to walk before her former residence, thinking she still lived there? And yet that might have served me just as well, as long as I thought she was there.

"Now I have to record a very unpleasant matter. Mr. A. I. Sugenheim, an attorney-at-law, was in the store to-day to see me, and he said Mrs. Benson had decided to start a suit for breach of promise against me for $10,000; but if I wished to avoid the disgrace of having my name and picture in all the papers, I could pay the money, and he would not start the suit. He gave me an unpleasant impression. I said I should have to consult a lawyer before I decided. I recognized Mrs. Benson had grounds for damages, but I did n't have $10,000. He said I could pay in instalments.

"I said I would consider the matter. He then said he would compromise for $5000 cash. My dealings with traveling-salesmen stood me in good stead. I said I would not think of paying a cent more than $2000. I had $1200 in the savings-bank, and I would pay the rest $100 a month.

"He begged me to remember that I had committed a very grave offense. Both

from a legal and moral point of view I was culpable, and I had no right to pinch pennies to put myself square with the world. I was obliged to admit all this. But I did not like the way he said it; his manner did not give me a feeling of frankness and sincerity. I answered that $2000 was a great deal of money. 'Make it $2500, for your conscience' sake, at least,' he said. I saw he was weakening; his nature was exactly like that of many of the salesmen I have to deal with. I turned away, saying, 'I will make it $2100 and I cannot in conscience make it a cent more.' He caught me by the arm and told me to believe him I would regret it to my dying day if I did not make it $2400, anyway; but I was firm. Finally he agreed to accept $2100. Unpleasant as the details were, I have a great feeling of relief. To-morrow I shall withdraw all my savings from the savings-bank and meet him at his office at 6:30 P.M. After that I shall be free.

"Walked past her new home this evening. It is perhaps not so nice as the other place, but eminently respectable. I debated all the way whether I would act unwarrantedly if I wrote her another note in answer to her last. How she would despise me if she knew the unfortunate details of my private life! I bow my head in shame when I think of her and of them."

"Tuesday, May 10.

"Mr. Sugenheim said last night Mrs. Benson had refused to accept $2100. She had been wounded too deeply, and disgraced forever in the eyes of the boarders. I was overcome with grief at this news. But she would accept $2400. I at once agreed. I can save nearly two hundred dollars a month out of my salary by living carefully, and I feel more absolved from my turpitude than if I had paid a smaller amount. But it is a base thing to try to feel that I can acquit myself by a money payment. This will be a lesson to me never to trifle with a woman's feelings again unless I really love her. I think I can say on my honor that I never really loved Mrs. Benson. This makes me feel at once more blameworthy and more relieved than if I had loved her. It is hard to explain just how.

"Walked past her new home again this evening. I have chosen another window on the third floor, right-hand corner, as the one that belongs to her. This is foolish, but why should I not do it if it pleases me? I started to write several notes to her this evening, but tore them up. I have no excuse to inflict myself upon her."

The entries of the next few days dealt chiefly with his evening parades and with the struggles of his conscience as to whether he ought to write her again. By pressure of the longing in his soul he became bolder; one evening he even had the courage to go into the front hall of the apartment-house and search out her name in the long row of letter-boxes above the electric-bell buttons. The simple "Wright" printed there held him spellbound for so long that, when he recollected himself, he fled fearfully from the building, and trembled afterward at the thought of the risk he had run. But his timidity did not prevent him from continuing to haunt the vicinity of her home.

Such was his absorption in his romance, such interesting business filled his evenings, that he was never lonely, as he had often been even in the company of the other boarders at Mrs. Benson's. Except for an occasional visit to his brother and sister-in-law in Brooklyn, he had no more human associations, and desired none. The place where he lived was a rooming-house; he took his solitary meals in restaurants, seeking out the cheapest places, so that he might save every possible cent toward discharging the financial burden his engagement and dereliction had put upon him.

But taking it all in all, he was happier than he had ever been in his life before. Never had one of his ideal romances developed so far; and never, thanks principally to the affectionate, if brief advances, of Mrs. Benson, had he had so true an idea of the meaning of love. He composed many notes to Miss Anna Wright,—I hope he will forgive me for setting forth her name in cold type,—and he knew that the time was approaching when he would send one to her.

On Friday, May 13, Mr. Francis wrote in the book:

"Five o'clock in the morning. I have met her face to face, I have spoken to her, and

walked with her! We ran into each other, almost. I was gawking up at her window,—I mean the one I call hers,—and I did not see her until she stopped and spoke to me.

"What a fool I must have seemed! I could not say anything—not a word. She asked me if I lived in the neighborhood, and I said no. She said she was just going out for a walk over to Central Park and back to get the air. I said it was a pleasant evening for a walk, fool that I am! She said several other things; asked me about the store. Then she said good evening, and went on. I went on, too, in the direction I was going when I met her.

"But there are times when a man forgets everything but one thing. I turned back before I had gone half a block. I followed her. I cannot describe how I felt. All the way up Fifth Avenue from Thirty-eighth Street I kept her in sight. I do not know how I had the courage to go up and speak to her while she was passing St. Patrick's Cathedral. Something outside myself forced me to do it. I was not myself. She let me walk with her. She let me walk back to her door again with her.

"Some time I will put down where we went, the bench beside the little lagoon with the swans where we sat, and all she said. I remember everything perfectly. But I cannot write it down now.

"After I had told her good-night, I went back and did everything we had done together, and recalled everything she had said. I sat for over two hours on the bench where we had sat together. She told me a great deal about herself, and I was right: she has not had a very happy life. And she asked me about myself. I told her all she asked. I told her about the book, and she said sometime she 'd like to read the extracts about her in it, and I said she could.

"It is beginning to be dawn. I am glad my window faces east. The sky is pale golden. There is something about the dawn, something sacred. It is like her; I cannot describe how.

"I cannot write any more. I will go out and take another walk until breakfast. Perhaps I will go over to the East River. Yes, I will go over to the East River and look at the boats. There is something magnificent about boats."

"Sunday, May 22.

"To-day we went out to Pelham Bay Park. We went early in the morning and stayed all day. We took a boat-ride over to Closson's Point, and sat under a tree, and I let her read the book—all there was in it. She did not reproach me for the many things that I regret I ever wrote in it. At times she laughed, and at times I am sure that there were tears in her eyes. I could not well understand her at all times, even when she explained to me why it made her feel as she said it did.

"Yesterday paid the first instalment of $200. $1000 more, and that unfortunate episode in my life will be closed forever.

"I do not seem to take as much interest in the book as I once did. For the first time in many years I have let nearly a week go by without a record in it.

"Shall I tell what happened when I left her at her door at midnight less than an hour ago? I have long made it a point to be sincere and frank in these pages, but I cannot always write down the most important things in my life, especially now. I will only write that ineffable joy surrounded me.

'O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?' "



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

FROM A CHARCOAL PORTRAIT BY JOHN SARGENT

THE MIND OF THE JURYMAN

WITH A SIDE-LIGHT ON WOMEN AS JURORS

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

Author of "American Traits," "Psychology and Life," etc.

EVERY lawyer knows some good stories about some wild juries he has known, which made him shiver and doubt whether a dozen laymen ever can see a legal point. But every newspaper reader, too, remembers an abundance of cases in which the decision of the jury startled him by its absurdity. Who does not recall sensational acquittals in which sympathy for the defendant or prejudice against the plaintiff carried away the feelings of the twelve good men and true? For them are the unwritten laws, for them the mingling of justice with race hatreds or with gallantry. And even in the heart of New York a judge recently said to a chauffeur who had killed a child and had been acquitted, "Now go and get drunk again; then this jury will allow you to run over as many children as you like."

Yet whatever the temperament of the jury and its legal insight, we may sharply separate its ideas of deserved punishment from that far more important aspect of its function, the weighing of evidence. The juries may be whimsical in their decisions, they may be lenient in their acquittals or over-rigid in their verdicts of guilty, but that is quite in keeping with the democratic spirit of the institution. The Teutonic nations do not want the abstract law of the scholarly judges; they want the pulse-beat of life throbbing in the court decisions, and what may seem a wilful ignoring of the law of the lawyers may be a heartfelt expression of the popular sentiment. Better to have some statutes riddled by illogical verdicts than legal decisions severed from the sense of justice which is living in the soul of the nation.

But while a rush into prejudice or a hasty overriding of law may draw attention to some exceptional verdicts, in the overwhelming mass of jury decisions nothing is aimed at but a real clearing up of the facts. The evidence is submitted, and while the lawyers may have wrangled as to what is evidence and what is not, and while they may have tried by their presentation of the witnesses on their own side and by their cross-examinations to throw light on some parts of the evidence and shadows on some others, the jurymen are simply to seek the truth when all the evidence has been submitted. And mostly they do not forget that they will live up to their duty best the more they suppress in their own hearts the question whether they like or dislike the truth that comes to light. Whoever weighs the social significance of the jury system ought not to be guided by the few stray cases in which the emotional response obscures the truth, but all praise and blame and every scrutiny of the institution ought to be confined essentially to the ability of the jurymen to live up to their chief responsibility, the sober finding of the true facts.

It cannot be denied that much criticism has been directed against the whole jury system in America and Europe by legal scholars, as well as by laymen, on account of the prevailing doubt whether the traditional form is really furthering the clearing-up of the hidden truth. Where the evidence is so perfectly clear that every one by himself alone feels from the start exactly like all the others, the cooperation of the twelve men cannot do any harm; but it cannot do any particular good, either. Such cases do not demand the special interest of the social reformer. His doubts and fears come up only when difference of opinion exists, and the discussion and the repeated votes overcome the divergence of opinion. The skeptics claim that the system as such may easily be instrumental for suppressing the truth and bringing the erroneous opinion to victory. In earlier times a frequent objection was that lack of higher education made men unfit to weigh correctly the facts in a complicated situation, but for a long while

this kind of arguing has been given up. The famous French lawyer who, whenever he had a weak case, made use of his right to challenge jurymen by systematically excluding all persons of higher education, certainly blundered in this respect, according to the views of to-day. Those best informed within and without the legal science agree that the verdicts of straightforward people with public-school education are in the long run neither better nor worse than those of men with college schooling or professional training. A jury of artisans and farmers understands and looks into a mass of neutral material as well as a jury of bankers and doctors, or at least their final verdict has an equal chance to hit the truth.

But the critics say that it is not the lack of general or logical training of the individual person which obstructs the path of justice. The trouble lies rather in the mutual influence of the twelve men. The more persons work together, the less, they say, every single man can reach his highest level. They become a mass, with mass consciousness, a kind of crowd in which each one becomes oversuggestible. Each one thinks less reliably, less intelligently, and less impartially than he would by himself alone. We know how men in a crowd do indeed lose some of the best features of their individuality. A crowd may be thrown into a panic, may rush into any foolish, violent action, may lynch and plunder, or a crowd may be stirred to a pitch of enthusiasm, may be roused to heroic deeds or to wonderful generosity; but whether the outcome be wretched or splendid, in any case it is the product of persons who have been entirely changed. In the midst of the panic or in the midst of the heroic enthusiasm, no one has kept his own characteristic mental features. The individual no longer judges for himself; he is carried away, his own heart reverberates, with the feelings of the whole crowd. The mass consciousness is not an adding-up, a mere summation, of the individual minds, but the creation of something entirely new. Such a crowd may be pushed into any roads; chance leaders may use or misuse its increased suggestibility for any ends. No one can foresee whether this heaping up of men will bring good or bad results. Certainly the individual level of the crowd will always be below the level of its best members. And is not a jury necessarily such a group with a mass consciousness of its own? Every individual member is melted into the total, has lost his independent power of judging, and has become influenced through his heightened suggestibility and social feeling by any chance pressure which may push toward error as often as toward truth.

But if such arguments are brought into play, it is evident that it is no longer a legal question, but a psychological one. The psychologist alone deals scientifically with the problem of mutual mental influence and with the reënforcing or awakening of mental energies by social coöperation. He should accordingly investigate the question with his own methods, and deal with it from the point of view of the scientist. This means he is not simply to form an opinion from general value impressions and to talk about it as about a question of politics, where any man may have his personal idea or fancy, but to discover the facts by definite experiments. The modern student of mental life is accustomed to the methods of the laboratory. He wants to see exact figures, by which the essential facts come into sharp relief. But let us understand clearly what such an experiment means. When the psychologist goes to work in his laboratory, his aim is to study those thoughts and emotions and feelings and deeds which move our social world. But his aim is not simply to imitate or to repeat the social scenes of the community. He must simplify them and bring them down to the most elementary situations, in which only the characteristic mental actions are left.

Is this not the way in which the experimenters proceed in every field? The physicist or the chemist does not study the great events as they occur in nature on a large scale and with bewildering complexity of conditions, but he brings down every special fact which interests him to a neat, miniature copy on his laboratory table. There he mixes a few chemical solutions in his retorts and his test-tubes, or produces the rays or sparks or currents with his subtle laboratory instruments, and he feels sure that whatever he finds there must hold true everywhere in the gigantic universe. If the waters move in a certain way in his little



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

THE LAST FAUN

"'*Since I slept, the boughs have pressed so near*
The narrow path is lost. But I must run
And chase my fellows out into the sun.'"

DRAWN BY CHARLES A. WINTER

THE LAST FAUN

BY HELEN MINTURN SEYMOUR

WITH PICTURE BY CHARLES A. WINTER

BY mead and wood I called them all day through,
All day I hunted them from dale to dale,
From height to height, each rift we ever knew,
At hide-and-seek, and still no answering hail.
Ah, could they be so cruel in their play
To make me lose the first delicious day
Since spring came up the vale?

I mind me how the northern whirlwind tore
Our wood. I saw those aged giants quake.
Their wreckage lay about my cavern door.
I shut it close and, deep in withered brake,
I hugged my icy flanks all shivering,
And closed mine eyes, and dreamed of spring—of spring
Whose voice would bid me wake.

And next I heard the inmost water run
In the cliff's heart, and wondered, half asleep,
If all the snow were melted in the sun,
And waited for a hamadryad to peep
Through yonder cleft and mock me for my sloth.
But, oh! the fern was soft, and I was loth
From out my bed to creep.

Slow, slow I drew the rotting bolt away.
My hoofs sank deep among the drifted leaves.
But, farther on, a lonely sunbeam lay
On fading snowdrops, and my granite eaves
Were overthatched with mosses green and fine;
And every bud upon the dangling vine
Showed how the warm sap heaves.

I marvel how the streamer hangs so low
About my door, that with the fading year
Was out of reach—or did I dream it so?
No. Since I slept, the boughs have pressed so near
The narrow path is lost. But I must run
And chase my fellows out into the sun.
"O playmates, playmates, hear!"

So went I calling, listening, singling out
Each voice, each sound, each little stir that woke
The drowsy shadows. Now it was the rout
Of vagrant winds, and now a bird that broke
The trance with song up-brimming through the birch,
And now the boars disputing in their search
For mast beneath the oak.

I ran to find them at the dancing-green.
The grass had sprung untrampled by their feet.
Great oaks had fallen, and the copse between
Changed the smooth lawn. Each knoll and ivied seat
Was crumbling fast. The forest life had drowned
In waves of lush young growth our pleasure-ground,
Whelmed every nymph's retreat.

I thought: "The gods have wrought a cruel jest,
Blasting our wood and those who dwell therein,
Bidding the coverts break their wonted rest
To grow and grow and drown the dancing-green;
And so in dark, numb days, the winter through,
The charm was wrought, and still the ruin grew,
Unheard-of and unseen.

"And they, my comrades, waking even as I,
Have they, too, seen the change and crept away
To weep, untroubled by the laughing sky,
Far in the utmost shadow? Stay, oh, stay!
O brothers mine, here 's one who weeps with you
The sunny glade, the dancing in the dew,
The pipes of yesterday!"

So went I calling, calling down the glade:
"Oh, harken, brothers, harken, one and all!"
Mad Echo jeered me from the hemlock shade,
But never came there answer to my call.
Their caves lay overgrown and tenantless,
Nor by a sound nor footprint might I guess
What sorrow should befall.

There came a laughter veering down the breeze,
Soft, cruel sounds as from a dryad's throat.
"Even now they mock you, hid among the trees,
Shaping their signals to the wood bird's note,
With sly, malicious dance and mirth-brimmed eyes."
The laughter broke, and, wavering into sighs,
Failed, wind-like and remote.

Panting, I swung from stem to jutting stem
Up the wet crag, and, ever as I clomb,
I called, 'twixt tears and pain, and offered them
Bribe of my last year's harvest, honeycomb,
Beechnuts, and hazel; yet there came no sign
Save Echo's, answering that call of mine,
"O friends, come home! Come home!"

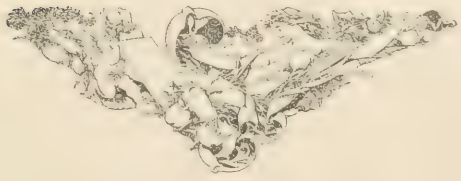
Oh, not among the cliffs or on the height!
"Some glad adventure leads them far astray,
Surely," I said; "the coming of the night
Will bring them back." And for a while I lay
And racked my wits with plans of punishment.
Then up I sprang in doubt and discontent,
And sought another way.

And now that dark has fallen, and I lie
Curled on the leaves and nurse my bleeding sides,
I wonder, was it Pan who wandered by,
And lured them down the unfamiliar rides—
That Pan whose piping has a sweeter note
Than spring has bred in any woodland throat
To win the shy-winged brides?

Or else another, mightier than Pan,
That Other who has neither form nor speech,
Who stops the spider ere he weaves his span,
Or lizard, darting o'er the fallen beech,
Who draws a film across the doe's brown eyes,
And takes the lark, though high and high he flies
And dreams him out of reach.

He blows the noiseless reed which none may hear
Save such as he would draw unto his hand.
He takes a tribute of the waking year,
And wanders, piping, through the flowery land.
And there a locust hears him and is mute;
And here a rabbit leaves a nibbled root
To hark and understand.

O piper in the shadows, pipe once more!
Send but one call from out the fading west!
Aye, though I crouch behind my cavern door,
One note of thine would draw me to the quest,
To journey past the sunset and the rain,
Where I may find my people once again,
And the lost winds find rest.





THE COUNTRY OF THE DORMER-WINDOW

MURRAY BAY, A CANADIAN SUMMER RESORT

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

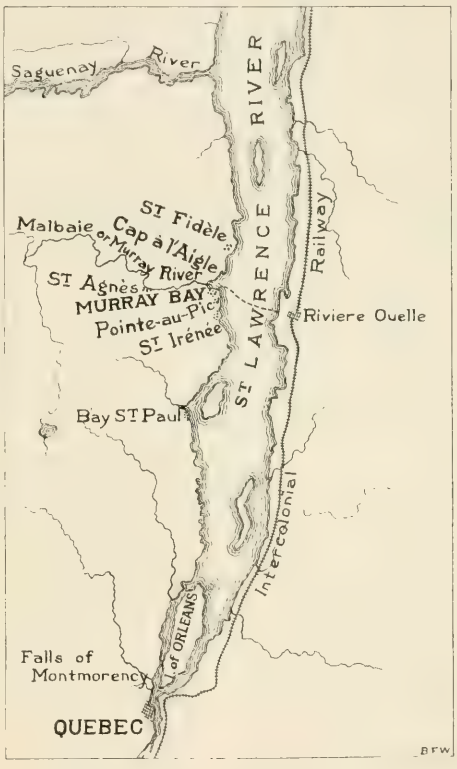
WITH PICTURES BY W. T. BENDA

THE way to go to Murray Bay is down the St. Lawrence by boat from Quebec. There is, indeed, another way, which most people take, but it should be taken only by impatient travelers who prefer a speedy to a picturesque arrival.

The "bateau" is one of the three paddle-wheel boats that ply between Quebec and the Saguenay River. Each bateau has its own character, its own history, its own aliases. A bateau regards shipwreck as a baptism, and thereupon takes a new name and a new coat of paint. The dean of the fleet, at least according to the Murray Bay tradition, is a sort of Methuselah. The story goes that before our Civil War, in the days when the Mississippi ran unvexed to the gulf, when young Sam Clemens was crying out "Mark Twain," a paddle-wheeler plied between New Orleans and Vicksburg—but this gossip is beneath the dignity of history. The bateau, whatever its dubious past may have been, leaves the wharf at Quebec at eight o'clock in the morning and arrives at Murray Bay at half-past one. This legend, which I take from the Richelieu and Ontario time-table, is less trustworthy than the other. Let us come to facts. At some time or other the bateau leaves Quebec; it passes the Ile d'Orleans, the Falls of Montmorency, and about sixty miles of beautiful shore; and after what, if the day be fine, is a most delightful sail, draws near to Bay St. Paul. This arrival is the prologue to Murray Bay. The bateau gyrates, heaves, trembles, and sidles toward the dock. Shouts from the bateau, answering shouts from the dock; the bateau hesitates, shivers, and like a tired cow comes diffidently up alongside. The passengers crowd to the landward rail; the population of Bay St. Paul crowds to the edge of the quay. A small coil of rope is hurled through the air from the bateau; it is caught by the population of Bay St. Paul; attached to the rope is the boat's hawser, which is made fast to a pile. Friends exchange joyous greetings; the *charretiers,* whose carriages and carts in long sequence stretch the length of the causeway from the dock to the shore, wait politely for customers.

The bateau prefers to arrive at the moment when the tide either lifts it far above or leaves it far below the level of the quay; the gang-plank is always at a sharp angle, and in consequence the cargo, put on or off,—barrels, bales, bundles, trunks—slides down or is rushed

up with bumps, bangs, and loud shouts of "Prenez garde! Faites attention!" or less articulate expressions. For a time all is feverish excitement, joyous activity, perspiration, and hullabaloo. Then, as the gang-plank, at a whistle from the quarter-deck, is about to be lifted, shrieks from the quay indicate the belated arrival of a barrel, a pig, or some stout passenger waving breathlessly hand-bag and umbrella. At last the bateau glides on toward Murray Bay. The same bustle which characterized the arrival at Bay St. Paul, but tempered by a higher civilization, marks the arrival at Murray Bay. The custom-house is a mere amiable ceremony, and the traveler is at once confronted with his first exercise of choice: "Will monsieur have a *calèche* or a *planche?*"



MAP OF THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM QUEBEC TO MURRAY BAY

As soon as the traveler has climbed into the calèche (the luggage is left for the *charrette*), the charretier gives a warning cry and swings down the long causeway, and, turning to the right, goes up the hill that buttresses the Pic. Here you learn your first vehicular lesson. At a particular point going up the hill—it will not vary six feet on any hill, for the rule is *de rigueur,* and every native boy is born with the knowledge—the charretier leaps to the ground and drives on foot from alongside.

Once free of the dock and over the hill, the traveler drives down the long village street. Every French-Canadian village properly consists of one long street. This is partly in order to economize shoveling and plank-walk during the winter, and partly because Latin sociability and democracy hold that every house has a right to front on the main street. Here the traveler sees the most charming touch of art in Murray Bay architecture, the curve of the gable-roof. In old times all the native houses, or most of them, had this curving roof; but of late years desire for space and lack of taste betray themselves in repeating the ugly roofs familiar to the south of the Canadian border. Nothing in architecture is more soothing than this curve in the gabled roof; it contains all the picturesqueness, all the poetry, that the patron saint of roofs—is it, perchance, St. Rufinus?—allows to them.

The traveler who means to put up at a hotel has an ample range of choice. The Manoir Richelieu, a younger sister to the Château Frontenac of Quebec, gazes over a glorious expanse of river from the heights above the quay. It supplies its guests with *confort moderne* softened to the native simplicity of Murray Bay, but it can hardly count as a part of the village; it is too young, it is an interloper. There is also the Château Murray, on the main street, which looks over the bay, and presents a comfortable air of seeming to receive, as no doubt it does, the compliments of departing guests; and, though even younger than the Manoir Richelieu, it is much more in accord with Murray Bay habits and traditions. But beyond cavil *the* hotel of Murray Bay is the Lorne House, as it calls itself on its letter-paper, which is known to its familiars, and to all the world, as Chamard's. Architects, builders, upholsterers, and tinsmiths can



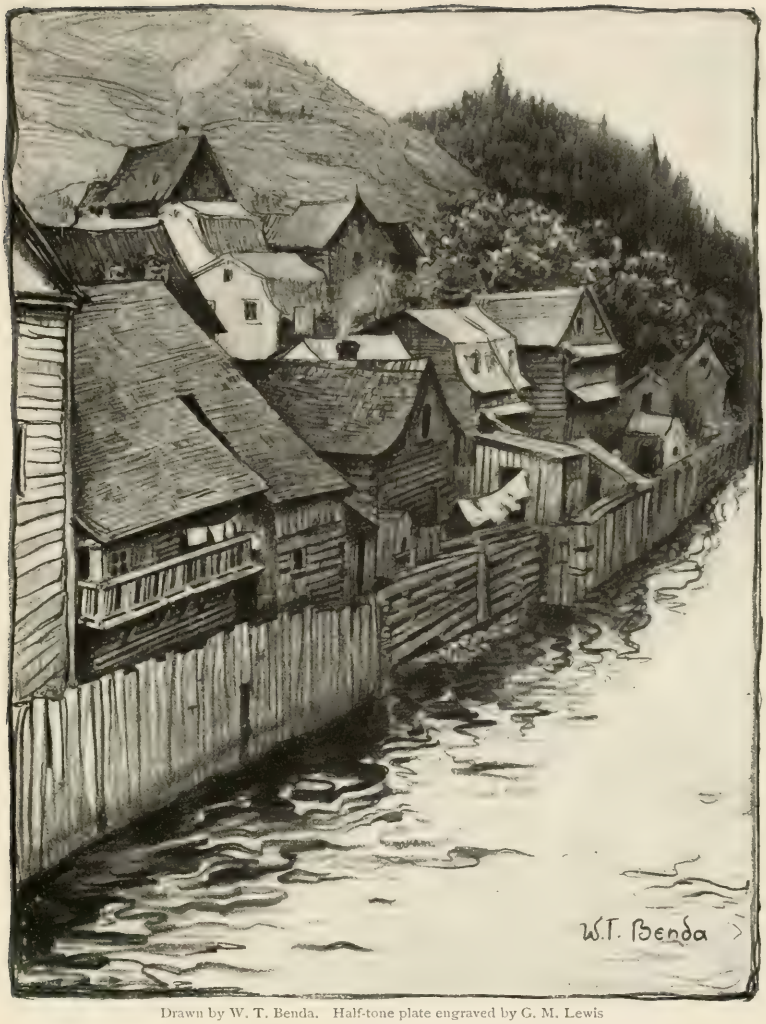
Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

VIEW OF MURRAY BAY FROM POINTE-AU-PIC

create Manoirs Richelieu ad libitum; so, with the addition of a French sense of proportion, they can also create Châteaux Murray; nobody except the late Monsieur Chamard could have created Chamard's. It is a personality expressed in the form of a hotel; it is a spirit embodied in dining-room, parlors, office, veranda, and partitions. The partitions remind the guest of Shakspere's lines, like "cloud-capp'd towers" and "gorgeous palaces": he expects them to dissolve, melt into thin air, and "leave not a rack behind." Chamard's is the one hotel, I should suppose, in all the world that rises triumphantly above material things. The table, no doubt, is wholesome and exhilarating, but nobody cares; for at Chamard's, quite unlike other human abodes, the table is not the center of gravity. The place is a club, gathered about Monsieur Chamard's interesting and attractive personality, and, now that he is gone, prospering upon his memory and Mademoiselle Chamard's disposition and character. The physical structure used to stand about where the Manoir Richelieu now is; but it flitted away, or, like the phenix, was reborn, on a bold eminence above the golf-links, where half a dozen cottages, seedlings from the parent plant, have grown up about it. But Chamard's is not a hotel for chance comers; it demands, so one of the guests assures me, an introduction from some one known to a guest, at least.

The first thing for a new-comer to do is to take a drive; and the first drive should be up the *rive droite* of the Murray River as far as the red bridge and down the *rive gauche,* or, for custom is liberal in this matter, up the rive gauche and back by the rive droite. This drive uncovers all that is typical in the scenery of Murray Bay.

Besides introducing the traveler at once to the scenery, the Murray River drive has another advantage—it takes him past the principal sights. The road skirts the golf-links, turns sharp at the Village Mailloux, and then cuts the links in two just before the path that leads to the famous sixth tee, the *pons dufforum.* Here the charretier, if he is a good cicerone, points his whip to a house that stands in a little garden radiant with bright flowers: "Voilà, monsieur, la maison de Mademoiselle Anger." One may draw aside the veil that has been very transparent ever since the French Academy crowned "L'Oublié," and say that Mademoiselle Anger is Laure Conan, the novelist. A few minutes further, to the left, on the edge of the



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

VIEW OF MALBAIE (MURRAY BAY) FROM THE BRIDGE

bay, stands the manor-house of the seigniory.

From the manor-house the road runs along the edge of the bay, where picturesque schooners float or lie on their sides, according to the tide, and then on to the village of Malbaie, or Murray Bay. Americans call it the Far Village, but the native resident of Pointe-au-Pic, who wishes Monsieur Anger, *le notaire,* brother to Laure Conan, to draw up a legal document, or Monsieur Perron to cut him a suit of homespun, or Monsieur Shea to sell him a clock or a banjo-string, says, "Je vais au village" ("I am going to the village"), just as a suburban resident says, "I am going to town." At the end of the bay stands the Far Village church in all her kindly, simple seriousness. Her bells ring out the angelus over the waters of the bay, along the shores, and back into the uplands, proclaiming that she is ready, like a hen gathering her chickens under her wings, to receive and comfort all the faithful. On the façade, if three doorways and a barn-like front can count as a façade, there is a statue of the Madonna that has drawn to itself some of the beauty of the place. Hard by is the residence of Monsieur le Curé and his assistants. The younger priests officiate in the church and also teach school. It is pleasant, when

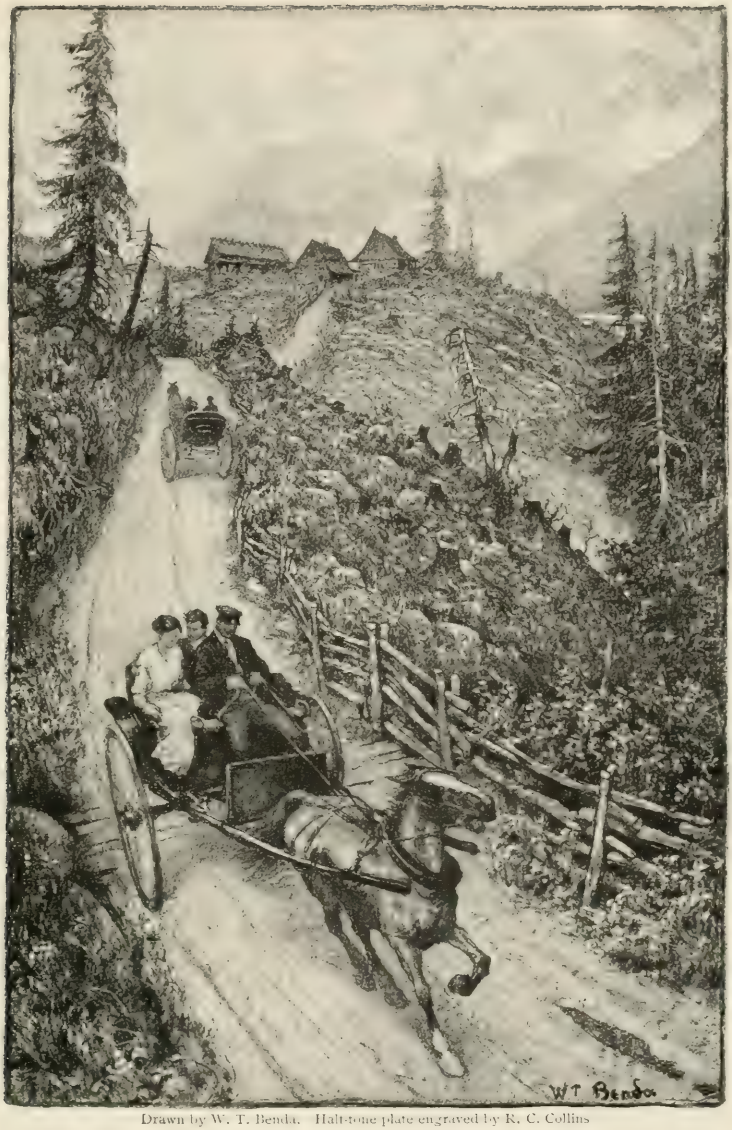


Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE CHURCH OF ST. ETIENNE AT MURRAY BAY, WITH TEACHING BROTHERS IN THE FOREGROUND

driving by during recess, to see these serious-faced young men, dressed in their long black cassocks, playing with the children, or, when off duty, refreshing themselves with a pipe and animated conversation.

The Far Village has a little inn of its own, but it is undisturbed by foreigners; it is sufficient to itself, with its shops, its bank, its ecclesiastical edifices, its little houses, some of which back on the river, in fact, lean perilously over the brink, strongly reminding one of the old Florentine houses along the Arno. The courthouse is on the rive gauche, and somewhat away from the village. To say the truth, its bald, rather brazen, aspect suggests the less amiable side of the law, and it seems singularly out of keeping with the general innocence of Malbaie. There is a story that Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, when at the bar, long before he became chief-justice of Canada, went there to argue a case, carrying only one book under his arm. A native remarked this penury of legal preparation: "C'est fort peu de chose; il ne réussira pas avec M'sieur le juge" ("That 's too little; he won't win his case"). The next time Sir Charles carried several large volumes: "A la bonne



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A ROAD NEAR MURRAY BAY

heure; cette fois-ci il est sérieux" ("Good; this time he means business").

Now and then, whether on your first drive up the Murray River, or on your second up Maltais's Hill and on the way to St. Agnès to see mountains rise behind mountains in deepening hues of violet and blue, you pass a plain, black cross. These crosses stand in little inclosures, eight feet square, which are filled with monk's-hood. At these places the people of the neighborhood gather in the month of May to say a prayer, and ask *la Sainte Vierge* to bless the sowing of the grain. Sometimes you pass one of the old baking-ovens, and, if you are in luck, a pretty girl examining the condition of the loaves.

The traveler who is used to the more gingerly driven horses of other places need not fear lest the wiry little horse, which ends his course downhill at a canter and starts uphill at a gallop, will tire himself out. The charretier always spares his horse by jumping out himself as soon as the first

uphill gallop is over. This is a comfort to the tender-hearted traveler, for as soon as he leaves the Far Village he is, or seems to be, going up or down hill all the time.

Beyond the Murray River, on the high bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence, lies the village of Cap-à-l'Aigle. The relations of Cap-à-l'Aigle to Pointe-au-Pic would require a chapter by themselves; they seem to present the difference between slap-everlasting and auction bridge; some like one game and some the other. Even the views are very different. Nothing can be finer in its way—one feels that here the player makes a most successful slap—than the view over the St. Lawrence; and there are notable objects of pilgrimage at Cap-à-l'Aigle. There is nothing north of the St. Lawrence—one may hazard the assertion—more charming in its way than the garden of Mount Murray manor, the seigniory that was allotted to Colonel Fraser at the time the seigniory on the west side of the Murray River was allotted to Colonel Nairne. It is hard to say what makes a garden charming, or what makes a garden old-fashioned, or why we praise old fashions when all the world is agog for new fashions; but whatever the causes, they are operative



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

VIEW ACROSS THE BAY FROM THE HILLSIDE

Chamard's in the foreground; Cap-à-l'Aigle manor in the middle distance

here, and most successfully. There is a glorious prodigality of color and sweet odor, an inspiriting sense that the flowers are all animated by as reckless a purpose to enjoy life as is compatible with floral variety and picturesqueness, which is associated with memories of President Taft and of the late Mr. Justice Harlan; there is tennis; there is the Sunday afternoon walk. There is canoeing for those



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

BAKING BREAD IN MURRAY BAY

propriety; and all is hedged in by a gracious seclusion.

Of course there are other things to do at Murray Bay than to drive or to visit the sights. But do what you will, so long as you stay out of doors you cannot escape the view. There is golf, pursued with the regularity that characterizes all kinds of superior machinery, on a links of much who venture out on the bay or along the shore of the St. Lawrence. And canoeing, which is not without a spice of danger, might well be worth a greater risk, for only from the center of the bay can you see the mountains rise in sequent tiers beyond the Far Village church; only on the bay can you appreciate the angelus or see all the beauty of the Murray Bay



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A NATIVE FAMILY AND A TYPICAL HOUSE IN MURRAY BAY

sunsets, gloriously reflected in the water and coloring the eastern sky. But the chief pastime is fishing. There are salmon to be had in the Murray River, and ambitious fishermen spend long, happy hours, casting, casting, casting. It is hard to say whether catching enters into this sport or not, stories differ so widely.

Trout-fishing is obligatory. A visitor is at liberty to play golf, canoe, walk, or not, as he pleases; but unless he is willing to pass for a misanthrope, or, what is worse, a misichthus (or whatever word will serve to designate some wretch of Doctor Johnson's way of thinking), he must go trout-fishing. Let me hasten to say that what we in our slipshod American fashion call trout are not the true British-born trout, but char or I know not what else. This, very properly, is the A B C of a Canadian's education. The way to go trout-fishing is to camp on the shore of one of the little lakes in the back country. There a club or a host provides a tent, and the guest brings his rod, blankets, and food. The *gardien* of the lake, and one or two of his friends, cook, make the fires, and paddle the boats. Some people—parsons, Englishmen, young ladies—are totally absorbed in weights and numbers and interminable fish-stories. Others, of soberer disposition or piscatorial incapacity, enjoy the woods, the birds, the shy hare, the amiable chipmunk, and all the denizens of the forest. But the great pleasure of it all is to sit about the fire after supper, with the stars overhead and a faint breeze just audible over the lake and in the trees, and listen to the men sing their Canadian songs.

There are no better-mannered people than the *habitants* who live on the borders of the woods. In earlier times all the natives used to have charming manners, but the coming of strangers who set no special store by manners—Americans who have more important things to think about, others from different places who hold themselves superior to the natives—has tended to bring in different standards and values. But even now the habitants on the borders of the woods have always good manners—a refinement, a self-effacement, a wealth of consideration for their guests—that must rank as one of the fine arts. Their manners are their chief possession; they are poor and not quick-witted. One gardien, to whom a letter had been sent bidding him be ready to expect a party of fishermen on Monday, was discovered sitting on his door-step.

Gardien: "Bonjour, messieurs."

We: "Bonjour, mon ami, est-ce que tout est prêt?"

Gardien: "Que voulez-vous dire, messieurs?"

We: "N'avez-vous pas reçu notre lettre?"

Gardien: "Ah, oui, j'ai reçu votre lettre."

We: "Eh bien, nous avons dit que nous arriverions aujourd'hui, lundi" ("We said that we should come to-day, Monday").

Gardien (after a pause): "J'ai lu *lundi,* mais j'ai compris *jeudi*" ("I read Monday, but I understood Thursday").

The great charm of Murray Bay lies even more in the character and disposition of its people than in its beautiful scenery. To every one who has been long familiar with Murray Bay its most delicate charm lies in the memories of the men whose dignity of character and fine friendliness of manner set a special seal upon the beautiful place. Among those who will not come again to brighten the summer days by their presence are Mr. Edward Blake and Mr. Justice Harlan. These men belong to the history of Canada and of the United States, but in matters that do not concern the muse of history they belong to Murray Bay. No golfer can tee his ball on the links without involuntarily expecting to see Judge Harlan's noble figure striding joyously from hole to hole, and to hear his exultant, boyish glee over a good stroke or his humorous explanation of an unlucky one. No worshiper goes to the Protestant church, the pretty stone church on the village street, without a glance at the spot where the justice used to stand on Sunday mornings, a symbol of large-hearted, Christian hospitality, and greet the congregation as it straggled in. And if, for instance, in order to give a visual reality to one of Shakspere's heroes, one seeks for an embodiment of dignity, grace, and high character, the image of Mr. Edward Blake comes instantly up, with his handsome bearing and courtly simplicity. Indeed, Murray Bay is rich in human memories that outdo nature in her prodigal attempts to make the place delightful.

CLOWN'S RUE

BY HUGH JOHNSON

Author of "A Man and his Dog," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY H. T. DUNN

THE "Incorrigibles" of the Sixteenth Cavalry was an unofficial gild of bachelors consisting of a major named Merton; of Gallipoli, who is named as the homeliest man in the army; of Fredericks, who is a born and joyful celibate; and of Swinnerton.

The round-faced good humor of fat, bandy-legged Swinnerton was proverbial. He was not a cavalry officer. He was a medico, and the best surgeon in the service; yet the only place where his mere passing did not provoke a smile was the operating-pavilion of his own hospital. His thin tow hair was of the unbrushable variety. Smooth and wet it as he would, it stuck out at divers angles in every conceivable form of horn and quirk and curl from a head that was of the contour of a peeled onion. His blue eyes were round, his lips seemed pursed in a perennial effort to form the letter o, and his torso was nearly spherical, with all of which grotesquery no one in the world seemed more pleased than Swinnerton himself. For with the advantage of having his laugh well launched before he had uttered a word, he had acquired an easy reputation as one of the army's "funny men," a thing in which he took no little pride, until between the dawn and the dark of a single day it became for him a shirt of fire which, strive as he would, he could not cast away, and which came as near as the breadth of a man's hand from being the end of him.

Apart from these the Sixteenth is a "married" regiment, and when orders dropped from a seemingly placid sky, sending the command to the Mexican border, fifteen hundred miles away, with two hours' notice, no one took thought of how this might affect the officers of the bachelors' mess, and least of all Swinnerton.

At the railroad spur, where three long troop-trains lay puffing amid a debris of ammunition- and ration-cases, forage-bales, saddles, and equipment; where a regiment of soldiers swarmed, tugging and heaving supplies upon the train, leading, cajoling, and forcing frightened troop-horses up the heavy ramps to the crowded stock-cars; where sergeants swore and fretted, and orderlies ran about with belated orders for the officers who were devoting the between-times of all this to saying good-by to more or less numerous families, no one had eyes for Swinnerton. And eyes that might have seen him would not have been believed. For, fancying himself hidden behind a pile of canvas-bales of medical

supplies, he was holding the two hands of a gravely beautiful girl, gazing into her tear-dimmed eyes and telling her in a hoarse and earnest voice that there was no danger, anyway, that all this could not possibly mean war, and that if it did, he, as a non-combatant, would keep well to the rear and safely out of harm's way; that partings made no difference, anyway, so long as he loved her and she loved him, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum.

The shock to the Sixteenth's credulity would not have been altogether that Swinnerton was trying to cut a serious figure; it would have sprung from the fact that the hands he was holding were those of Mary Smith—*the* Mary Smith, the regiment called her, because every youngster in the three-regiment post of Fort Robertson had vainly dreamed the dream that absurd little Swinnerton was here actually living, and which to him was no dream at all.

That night when the lights were on in the officers' Pullman, the Incorrigibles were sitting in the smoking-compartment over a last pipe, and Fredericks said:

"No use talking, war or no war, these sudden trapesings to the antipodes are bad for family life—blamed bad, and I 'm glad I 'm not in it. Go to it, Swinney; but for Heaven's sake don't be irreverent. It 's no time for it."

Swinnerton had puffed out his cheeks to abnormal rotundity. He did this near the point of a story or when he was excited. It served to heighten effects.

"I think I ought to tell you, fellows, first of all," he began bluntly, "that I—I 'm leaving my heart behind, too."

Gallipoli burst into raucous laughter, and Fredericks chuckled expectantly. Swinnerton's face contorted in puzzlement.

"Well," he said aggressively, "what 's funny about that?"

"*You* are, Swinney," said Merton; "that 's all."

"In the first place," began Gallipoli, didactically, "you have n't any heart in the ordinary romantic acceptation. One of your infernal explorative incisions would disclose a two-foot layer of healthy fat, and then"—he patted Swinnerton affectionately on the pudgy shoulder—"a core of pure gold, perhaps, and you would have to conclude that it was all heart; but that, unfortunately, is not the sort of anatomical monstrosity to offer a lady."

Swinnerton shook him off.

"Be serious, can't you?" he said. "I am."

"Manifestly absurd," grinned Merton. "Get your banjo and sing that song about the chap they hired to get into the cage with the lion. You know—the one with the beller in the chorus."

"That 's better than your fourth-dimension joke," urged Fredericks. "Go on."

Swinnerton was experiencing what was rare with him, anger.

"Do you people imagine," he asked, "that because a man goes about six days in the seven making a silly ass of himself for the happiness of humanity that he pines to be placed beyond the pale of all that is beautiful and wholesome in life? I *ask* you."

His round eyes snapped. His quirks of hair fairly trembled. Secretly the three were wary of Swinnerton. They feared some colossal hoax, some trap. The suspicion that he was serious did not come.

"Postulate one," growled Merton, guardedly. "Grind out the logic. We do *not* think this thing."

"If a good woman is blind enough to intrust her heart to me, is there any reason why I, of all men, should n't accept it?"

"I should say *not,*" chuckled Fredericks, pleased with the possibilities of his own idea, "not when you can offer her an existence which is a breathing enactment of all for which the Sunday supplements are read. 'My dear, allow me to present my esteemed confrère of the colored page, *Dippy Dick,* Mrs. Swinnerton. And *this* is *Little Nemo.*'"

The anger was leaving Swinnerton's red face. These men did not believe him, and only because he was he. His twinkling eyes dulled, his round mouth straightened. He rose, and something in his drooping attitude arrested Fredericks.

"I was only going to say," he began a little sadly, "that to you, of all the men I love to call my friends, I wished first to tell my great happiness. I am going to marry Mary Smith." Indignation tinged his later words and indignation straightened his shoulders as he turned and walked with an unintended burlesque of dignity from the room. For Gallipoli had laughed again.

"What 's he trying to put over?" asked Fredericks, puzzled.

"Well, I don't know," confessed Merton, "but I think that even Swinney should n't inject the names of ladies into his buffooneries."

In his own berth, Swinnerton, fully dressed, sat rigidly staring at his hands, his face hard and expressionless. He was considering a new need that had come to him.

"Only for her," he was saying, "I 'd only ask it for her." Then he added reflectively, "Only one person ever took me seriously; but she—" his face softened in a little smile—"will be my wife."

THE regiment, its twelve troops strung along the line like beads on a string, took station at Agua Caliente, on the Arizona border, and strove to prevent filibustering. Across the border the old Mexican city of Angeles lay steeped in the strong desert sunlight, a cascade of whitewashed cubicles glistening against a yellow hill, with the bell-shaped domes of the twin-towered cathedral sharply outlined against the turquoise sky above. The Mexican town was garrisoned by a battalion of half-starved, shoddily uniformed infantry, who eyed the big American troopers with envious wonder.

There were *bailes* and fiestas in the American town, but Swinnerton did not attend them. Every one admitted the change in him. His room at headquarters contained a field cot, a table, and two chairs. On the table were a writing-pad and a framed photograph of the face of Mary Smith. Here he spent much of his time. He carried on conversations with the girl in the picture, and his half of them he wrote down in bulky letters that sometimes had to be rolled because no envelop would hold them—pleasant fancies of a future in which he built a dream palace and furnished it from keep to turret with imaginings. He received letters done in the same spirit, and thus he strove to find refuge from the self that was daily becoming more and more intolerable to him.

Swinnerton could sing. He had an unusually facile and sympathetic baritone voice, which he accompanied well on a guitar, and it was part of his panacea to sing in Spanish, some queer, immemorial folk-lilts, passionate with the throbbing *tempo di bolero,* that sometimes ended with a plaintive little wail at the inconstancy of a *caballero* lover, and sometimes with an impudent staccato note, like a Sevillan dancer's final step in a whirling *jota.* It was perfectly possible to stand in the corridor and imagine the singer, who was inspired by a remembered face, to be the most gorgeous *Escamillo* that ever stepped gracefully toward an alluring *Carmen*—until the door opened. For there would stand Swinnerton, his fat face red and wet from exertion, his hair awry, his round rabbit's eyes inquiring, and his pudgy little body partly covered by a Japanese crape kimono, and this would bring a smile.

It was this very sort of smile that Swinnerton had been pleased to see on the faces of people for thirty years, but that irked him sorely now. It meant that he was not taken seriously, and he shrank from offering to the pride of Mary Smith in him a thing so lightly held. He desired dignity; he yearned for it more passionately than he had ever longed for anything in his whole life before. It did not come, and nothing that he could do would bring it nearer. Swinnerton's own smile became sad, and a little of this sadness seeped into his letters. Out of this grew something very like a misunderstanding, for it had been unconscious, and in far-away Fort Robertson Mary Smith sensed it and asked about it. It disappeared, but in its place came a strange, false little note of irrelevancy. There came to Swinnerton one day a vexed letter, and then for almost a week no letter at all.

The fire of insurrection was lapping up toward the border, and at Cananea, fifty miles away, Lopez was concentrating his ragamuffin battalions with ugly menace toward Angeles. Disquieting rumors were current on the American side, and one day the colonel, with his staff, was called to Huachuca, which left only Fredericks and Swinnerton to open the official mail. There were two bills and a wedding-invitation in Swinnerton's sack, and only the daily bulletin of conditions along the border generally for the commanding officer. Fredericks opened this, and Swinnerton, the bills placed in his pocket, the wedding-invitation still in his hand, read it over Fredericks's shoulder.

"Information from reports of secret agents of the State and Treasury depart-



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

"GAZING INTO HER TEAR-DIMMED EYES AND TELLING HER . . . THAT THERE WAS NO DANGER"

DRAWN BY H. T. DUNN

ments indicate a movement of Lopez forces toward Quebrantos smelter, five miles west of Agua Caliente—"

"Phew!" whistled Fredericks. "Getting warm. We 'll see a scrap yet, eh? Who 's getting married now, Swinney?"

The telegraph orderly had entered the corridor and stood saluting. Fredericks motioned him in and took the official despatch he proffered, while Swinnerton, with a swift insertion of his dexterous fingers, tore open the creamy envelop.

"Darned if I know. This thing came sandwiched between bills for other presents. I wish people would stop it."

Fredericks was reading the loose scrawl of his telegram, and he heard nothing Swinnerton said. He left his chair with a suddenness that overturned it, and began yelling orders.

"Orderly, sound *to horse!* Whoop! Hurroo! It 's come, Swinney. Old Lopez and his pack of thieves have crossed the border. Hurry up, orderly!"

The trumpeter at the door glued his brass bugle to his lips and sounded the jumble of staccato notes that is the oldest of alarm-calls. The men had been forewarned. They were already swarming from their tents to the lines and saddle-racks. Fredericks turned to Swinnerton.

Poor little Swinnerton, his chubby cheeks had suddenly become flabby, his mouth hung loosely open. The square envelop had fallen to the floor; its engraved contents drooped from his fingers. Fredericks gripped him by the shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, what is it, Swinney? Are you sick? What is it, boy?"

Swinnerton turned a pained face, drawn in some spasm of expression that was intended for a smile.

"Devil of a funny joke, Fredericks. Best one that 's been pulled off on old fat Swinney yet. Read that, will you?"

Fredericks read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith
request the honor of
your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Mary
to
Mr. Feldmar Brown."

Outside, the troopers were leading into line, and a trumpeter was holding Fredericks's impatient charger. Fredericks had only a moment. He seized his pistol and field-glasses, threw an affectionate arm across Swinnerton's slouching shoulders, and hugged him fiercely. There was not a word that he could say.

Lopez's raid across the border never occurred, but the false report of it accomplished its intended purpose. The town of Agua Caliente was stripped of its combatant garrison, and two hours after Fredericks had trotted away a lonely vaquero appeared at the crest of the hill back of Angeles, a Mexican picket fired, and was instantly answered by a sheet-like volley from the hidden rebel battle-line. It flashed through the wind-swept streets of Angeles, it knocked great sections from the adobe buildings, it ricochetted from the flagstones of the street, it shattered windows by the score; but most significant of all, it crossed the border-line, and every bullet found a resting-place in American soil. This was a contingency that no one had foreseen.

An American at the custom-house whirled, threw up his hands, and fell in an anguished heap. The halyards of the headquarters flag snapped, and the flag dropped loosely from its pulley to the ground. A bullet crashed through Swinnerton's window and thudded in the wall behind him. He scarcely looked up. He was sitting before the photograph in his room, and talking to it, as was his custom.

"No, I don't blame you. No one could, and least of all *I*. It was a fine thing I offered you. People may laugh at a fool, but to live with one! Tired—I 'm tired of it myself." After a full minute's silence, he added, "Dog-tired—*pitifully* tired."

He rose wearily and walked toward the open window, whence he could see the long, supple slope of the tawny hillside, with the Mexican federal trenches cutting it diagonally on one flank, and the white smoke-puffs of the attackers on the other.

The mayor of Caliente came storming into the outer office, roaring at the abashed headquarters orderly:

"Where 's the commanding officer? Where is he, I say? What are you soldiers good for, anyway?"

Swinnerton quietly opened the door, to the immense relief of the trooper.

"The colonel 's gone to Huachuca," he said, "and Captain Fredericks has taken the troop to Quebrantos under competent orders. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Do? Do? Why, those damned Greasers are firing *through this town.*" The mayor's fingers spread as though dropping from them something not to be entertained for a moment.

"I have no military function, you know," drawled Swinnerton; "I 'm just a surgeon. And if I had, the orders are plain. We must not cross that line, whatever happens."

"Drat your orders!" bellowed his Excellency, the mayor. A bullet came and smashed the door-lintel. It covered the mayor with a shower of dust and plaster. He ducked incontinently, and came up furious at Swinnerton's vapid smile.

"I know *you, Doctor* Swinnerton. You 're the regimental joker, the official fool. Gad! man, don't you get sick of yourself? Does n't the sight of suffering humanity"—he waved his hand in an excited gesture that included a hurrying group of frightened non-combatants who were rushing a wounded man to shelter —"stir a spark of anger in you? Ain't you weary of grinning and being grinned at? Ain't you tired of it, I say?"

"Yes," said Swinnerton, with unexpected decision, "I am tired. Get out of my way." He walked deliberately through the door and out into the street, hatless and unarmed. The orderly at the door, a mere boy, followed him in his journey toward the plaza, to the custom-house door, and then to the line. Spiteful little dust-spots kicked up here and there in the open square, and a bullet whined close to the boy's ear. Swinnerton turned and ordered him back.

"I ain't goin'," the soldier refused stolidly. "I 'm a-goin' to stay by you—an' I know what orders is."

Swinnerton seemed not disposed to argue the point. Perhaps he thought the hotter fire forward would drive the lad back. He walked unhesitatingly on. He did not stop at the federal trenches, though men and officers cheered him as he passed. But once he had clambered over the glacis, his and the boy's were the only upright figures in a wide stretch of sloping, gravelly hillside. There was a sense of awful loneliness there for a moment; yet he did not hesitate.

His calm decision seemed, without qualification, good to Swinnerton. He expected to be killed. No one could look out across the bullet-spattered front and hope for less. The air was filled with gruesome sounds—the screams and whines and whistles of deflected rifle-balls. He did not yearn for the shot that would be the end, and yet he did not shrink from it. The very proximity of death caused nervous little shivers along his spine and in the pit of his stomach, but no regret. He was tired of disappointment, and glad to end it. There was an unavoidable trifle of revengeful school-boy thought, "They 'll be sorry when I 'm gone," and another that brought real pleasure, "There can never be any joke about *this* thing I am doing."

A gentle breeze was sweeping down the hill with the fire; it ruffled in his hair and cooled his temples. Yes, it was all pleasant, all good, all desirable. He had forgotten the boy who had so faithfully followed him.

Swinnerton was just enough to see the terrible selfishness of what he had done. A cry came from behind. The lad was down, writhing and clawing at the gravelly soil, a bullet through his intestines. Calmness and self-satisfaction left Swinnerton between two pulse-throbs, and as he knelt beside the soldier and examined the wound, anger came to him—anger with himself at first, and then a bullet covered them with trash and another seared Swinnerton's forehead like a red-hot iron. The rebels were firing at them both. His blood flowed down into his eyes. Blinded with this and rage, he rose and ran forward. He was no doubt absurd, but he was not unterrifying, as with lumbering gait he stumbled and ran straight on to the very muzzles of the firing-line. If he was grotesque, it was with the grotesquery of the bizarre and sinister figures of the first French Empire, and he was standing where vehemence commanded respect.

"Stop that infernal firing!" he yelled, purple with rage, his arms pumping in frantic gesture. And then he broke into a perfect tirade of English and Spanish. "I 'll bring the American troops across and hunt every hound of you to his hole

and shoot him like the dog he is," he screamed.

Your Mexican is not at his best in the psychology of bluff. Half the rifles were already raised. Swinnerton directed his words at the evil-faced little firing-director, who had lived a replete life with the reformed bandits of the *Rurales,* but who had yet to hear or see a thing like this.

"Do you imagine that you may fire into American territory, kill American soldiers, and escape the troops?"

The self-commissioned officer blew his firing-whistle.

"Señor," he said, "igscouse. We do no know our fire offend. We will make attack from other quarters."

Swinnerton wasted neither words nor time. He hurried back, and knelt at the side of the wounded orderly. He threw one of the boy's arms about his own neck and lifted him, his voice running on like a mother's crooning.

"Never mind, Felker; it 's not a bad wound. If I 'm a surgeon at all, I 'll mend it. There, is that easy, boy? Then here we go."

A special train had hurried the general and the colonel and staff back from Huachuca. Fredericks, good soldier that he was, had marched to the sound of the guns. From the time he had trotted out at the head of his troop, an absurd suspicion had been troubling Fredericks, and the moment of his return he verified it. He found and examined the envelop in Swinnerton's room, and he was even ahead of the general in greeting Swinnerton when the latter came staggering under his heavy burden toward the custom-house steps. Despite the gravity of the occasion, the general smiled, the colonel chuckled, and Fredericks laughed aloud.

Swinnerton's hair was rumpled like the ruffled crest of a cockatoo. Dust had blackened the caking streaks on his face, which was red from exertion. He was wheezing and puffing like a donkey-engine, and at every expiration of breath his cheeks bulged prodigiously. And what is more than mere words of description can ever convey, he was simply Swinnerton, at whom and with whom people smiled. He did not smile this time. He set his burden down and glared murderously at Fredericks.

"Well, Fredericks," he gasped, with no thought of the deference due to the general's stars, "what is there about this so infernally *funny?*"

"This is, Swinney," said Fredericks, waving the wedding-card. "It is n't even postmarked Fort Robertson. The last census found twenty-three thousand four hundred and five Mary Smiths. This is just one of the others, my boy."

Swinnerton made a full confession to Fredericks before the week was over. He had received three delayed love-letters and a congratulatory telegram from the President of the United States, though it was significant that every admiring newspaper sensed the humor of a single fat surgeon waddling up to a firing-line and bluffing it into submission.

"I reckon," he smiled a little ruefully, "that it 's written in the books that I 'm to be a silly ass of sorts for all my mortal days. But I 'm cured of minding it, and I 'm a most uncommonly happy one, Freddie."





THE THAMES

AN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER IN LONDON

BY THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. J. GLACKENS

AFTER a few days I went to London for the first time,—I do not count the night of my arrival, for I saw nothing but the railway terminus,—and, I confess, I was not greatly impressed. I could not help thinking on this first morning, as we passed from Paddington, via Hyde Park, Grosvenor Square, Berkeley Square, Piccadilly, and other streets to Regent Street and the neighborhood of the Carlton Hotel, that it was beautiful, spacious, cleanly, dignified, and well ordered, but not astonishingly imposing. Fortunately, it was a bright and comfortable morning, and the air was soft. There was a faint, bluish haze over the city, which I took to be smoke; and certainly it smelled as though it were smoky. I had a sense of great life, but not of crowded life, if I manage to make myself clear by that. It seemed to me at first blush as if the city might be so vast that no part was important. At every turn, X. was my ever-present monitor. We must have passed through a long stretch of Piccadilly, for X. pointed out a line of clubs, naming them the St. James's Club, the Savile Club, the Lyceum Club, and then St. James's Palace.

I was duly impressed. I was seeing things which, after all, I thought, did not depend so much upon their exterior beauty or vast presence as upon the distinction of their lineage and connections. They were beautiful in a low, dark way, and certainly they were tinged with an atmosphere of age and respectability. After all, since life is a figment of the brain, such built-up notions of things are in many cases really far more impressive than the things them-

selves. London is a fanfare of great names; it is a clatter of vast reputations; it is a swirl of memories and celebrated beauties and orders and distinctions. It is almost impossible any more to disassociate the real from the fictitious or, better, the spiritual. There is something here which is not of brick and stone at all, but which is purely a matter of thought. It is disembodied poetry, noble ideas, delicious memories of great things; and these, after all, are better than brick and stone. The city is low, generally not more than five stories high, often not more than two, but it is beautiful. And it alternates great spaces with narrow crevices in such a way as to give a splendid variety. You can have at once a sense of being very crowded and of being very free. I can understand now Browning's desire to include "poor old Camberwell" with Italy in the confines of romance.

The thing that struck me most was that the buildings were largely a golden yellow in color, quite as if they had been white, and time had stained them. Many other buildings looked as though they had been black originally and had been daubed white in spots. The truth is that it was quite the other way about. They had been snow-white and had been sooted by the smoke until they were now nearly coal-black. Only here and there had the wind and rain whipped bare white places which looked like scars or the drippings of lime. At first I thought, "How wretched!" Later, "This effect is charming."



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

"X. WAS MY EVER-PRESENT MONITOR"

We are so used to the new and shiny and tall in America, particularly in our larger cities, that it is very hard at first to estimate a city of equal or greater rank, which is old and low and, to a certain extent, smoky. In places there was more beauty, more surety, more dignity, more space than most of our cities have to offer. The police had an air of dignity and intelligence such as I have never seen anywhere in America, and it was obvious at a glance. The streets were beautifully swept and clean, and I saw soldiers here and there in fine uniforms, standing outside palaces and walking in the public ways. That alone was sufficient to differentiate London from any American city. We rarely see our soldiers. They are too few. I think what I felt most of all was that I could not feel anything very definite about so great a city, and that there was no use trying.

The first thing that took my attention in the stores was the clerks, but I may say the stores and shops themselves, after New York, seemed small and old. New York is new; the space given to the more important shops is considerable. In London it struck me that the space was not much and that the woodwork and walls were dingy. One can tell by the feel of a place whether it is exceptional and profitable, and all of these were that; but they were dingy. The English clerk, too, had an air of civility, I had almost said servility, which was different. They looked to me like

persons born to a condition and a point of view, and I think they are. In America any clerk may subsequently be anything he chooses, ability guaranteed, but I 'm not so sure that this is true in England. Anyhow, the American clerk always looks his possibilities, his problematic future; the English clerk looks as though he were to be one indefinitely.

X. and I were through with our first impressive round of sight-seeing by one o'clock, and he explained that we would go to a popular, hotel grill. All my life, certainly all my literary life, I had been hearing of this hotel, its distinction, its air; and now I said to myself, "Here I am, and I shall be able to judge it for myself." We stopped at a barber's for a few minutes to be shaved, and, to my astonishment, I saw a barber-shop which anywhere in America would be considered ridiculous. It was not a dirty barber-shop; you could see plainly that it was clean, well-conditioned, and probably enjoyed a profitable patronage: but for smallness, meanness, the age of the woodwork and the chairs, commend me to America of, say, 1865. It was the poorest little threadbare thing I have yet seen in that line. X. spoke of it as "his barber's."

The hotel, after its fashion,—the grill,—was another blow. I had fancied that I was going to see something on the order of the new, luxurious hotels in New York; certainly as resplendent, let us say, as our hotels of the lower first class. Not so. It can be compared, and I think fairly so, only to our hotels of the second or third class. There is the same air of age here that there is about our old, but very excellent, hotels in New York. The woodwork is plain, simple (I am speaking of the grill); the coat-room commonplace; the carpets are red and a little worn in spots. Several of the stair-steps squeaked as we went down. "Just like our old and popular hotels," I said to myself over and over in descending; and the cuisine and the general appearance of the dining-room reminded me of the same type of room in these hotels.

While we were sipping coffee X. told me of a Mrs. W., a friend of his, whom I was to meet. She was, he said, a lion-hunter. She tried to make her somewhat interesting personality felt in so large a sea as London by taking up with promising talent before it was already a commonplace. I believe it was arranged over the telephone then that I should lunch there the following day at one, and be introduced to a certain Lady B., who was known as a patron of the arts, and to a certain Miss N., an interesting English type. I was pleased with the idea of going. I had never seen an English lady lion-hunter. I had never met English ladies of the types of Miss N. and Lady B. There might be others present, I was told. I was also informed that Mrs. W. was really not English, but French, though she and her husband, who was also French and a wealthy merchant, had resided in London so long that they were to all intents and purposes English, and besides they were in rather interesting standing socially.

I recall the next day, Sunday, with as much interest as any date, for on that day I encountered my first London drawing-room. When I reached the house of Mrs. W., which was in one of those lovely squares that constitute a striking feature of the West End, I was ushered up-stairs to the drawing-room, where I found my host, a rather practical, shrewd-looking Frenchman, and his less obviously French wife.

"Oh, Mr. Der*r*izer," exclaimed my hostess on sight, as she came forward to greet me, a decidedly engaging woman of something over forty, with bronze hair and ruddy complexion. Her gown of green silk, cut after the latest mode, stamped her in my mind as of a romantic, artistic, eager disposition.

"You must come and tell us at once what you think of the picture we are discussing. It is down-stairs. Lady B. is there, and Miss N. We are trying to see if we can get a better light on it. Mr. X. has told me of you. You are from America. You must tell us how you like London, after you see the Degas."

I think I liked this lady thoroughly at a glance and felt at home with her, for I know the type. It is the mobile, artistic type, with not much practical judgment in great matters, but bubbling with enthusiasm, temperament, life.

"Certainly; delighted. I know too little of London to talk of it. I shall be interested in your picture."



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

"'I LIKE IT,' HE PRONOUNCED. 'THE NOTE IS SOMBER, BUT IT IS EXCELLENT WORK'"

We had reached the main floor by this time.

"Mr. Derrizer, the Lady B.," said Mrs. W., as she brought me forward to meet the ladies.

A modern suggestion of the fair *Jehanne,* tall, astonishingly lissome, done, as to clothes, after the best manner of the romanticists, such was the Lady B. A more fascinating type, from the point of view of stagecraft, I never saw. And the languor and lofty elevation of her gestures and eyebrows defy description. She could say, "Oh, I am so weary of all this!" with a slight elevation of her eyebrows a hundred times more definitely and forcefully than if it had been shouted for her in stentorian tones through a megaphone.

She gave me the fingers of an archly poised hand.

"It is a pleasure."

"And Miss N., Mr. Derrizer." Again it was Mrs. W. who spoke.

"I am very pleased."

A pink, slim lily of a woman of twenty-eight or thirty, seemingly very fragile, very Dresden-china-like as to color, a dream of light and Tyrian blue with some white interwoven, very keen as to eye, the perfection of hauteur as to manner, so well-bred that her voice seemed subtly suggestive of it all—that was Miss N.

To say that I was interested in this company is putting it mildly. The three women were distinct, individual, characteristic each in a different way. The Lady B. was all peace and repose, statuesque, weary, dark. Miss N. was like a ray of sunshine, pure morning light, delicate, gay, mobile. Mrs. W. was of thicker texture, redder blood, more human fire. She had a vigor past the comprehension of either, if not their subtlety of intellect, which latter is often much better.

"Ah, yes, Degas. You like Degas, no doubt," interpolated Mrs. W., recalling

us. "A lovely pigture, don't you think? Such color, such depth, such sympathy of treatment! Oh!"

Mrs. W.'s hands were up in a pretty artistic gesture of delight.

"Oh, yes," continued the Lady B., taking up the rapture, "it is saw human—saw perfect in its harmony! The hair it

"It is impressive, I think. I do not know as much of his work as I might, I am sorry to say."

"Aw, he is marvelous, wonderful! I am transported by the beauty and the depth of it all." It was Mrs. W. talking, and I could not help rejoicing in the quality of her accent. Nothing is so pleasing



"LADY B. WAS EXTENDING HER HAND IN AN ALMOST PATHETIC FAREWELL"

is divine! And the poor man! He lives alone now in Paris, quite dreary, not seeing any one. Aw, the tragedy of it! The tragedy of it!" Her delicately carved vanity-box of some odd workmanship—blue-and-white enamel, with points of coral in it—was lifted in one hand as expressing her great distress. I confess I was not much moved, and I looked quickly at Miss N. Her eyes, it seemed to me, held a subtle, apprehending twinkle.

"And you?" It was Mrs. W. addressing me.

to me in a woman of culture and refinement as that additional tang of remoteness which a foreign accent lends. If only all the lovely, cultivated women of the world would speak with a foreign accent in their native tongue I should like it better. It lends a touch of piquancy not otherwise obtainable.

Our luncheon party was complete now, and we would probably have gone immediately into the dining-room except for another picture—by Picasso. Let me repeat here that before X. called my atten-

tion to Picasso's cubical uncertainty in the London exhibition, I had never heard of him. Here in a dark corner of the room was the nude torso of a consumptive girl, her ribs showing, her cheeks colorless and sunken, her nose a wasted point, her eyes as hungry and sharp and lustrous as those of a bird. Her hair was really no hair—strings; and her thin, bony arms and shoulders were pathetic, decidedly morbid in their quality. To add to the morgue-like aspect of the composition, the picture was painted in a pale bluish-green key.

I wish to state here that now, after a little lapse of time, this conception, the thought and execution of it, is growing upon me. I am not sure that this work, which has rather haunted me, is not much more than a protest, the expression and realization of a great temperament; but at the moment it struck me as dreary, gruesome, decadent, and I said as much when asked for my impression.

"Gloomy, morbid," Mrs. W. fired in her lovely accent, "what have they to do with art?"

"Luncheon is served, Madam."

The double doors of the dining-room were flung open.

I found myself sitting between Mrs. W. and Miss N.

"Ah was so glad to hear you say you did n't like it," Miss N. applauded, her eyes sparkling, her lip moving with a delicate little smile. "You know, I abhor those things. They *are* decadent, like the rest of France and England. We are going backward instead of forward, I am quite sure. We have not the force we once had. It is all a race after pleasure and living and an interest in subjects of that kind. I am sure it is n't healthy, normal art. I am sure life is better and brighter than that."

"I am inclined to think so at times myself," I replied.

We talked further, and I learned to my surprise that she suspected England to be decadent as a whole, falling behind in brain, brawn, and spirit, and that she thought America was much better.

"Do you know," she observed, "I really think it would be a very good thing for us if we were conquered by Germany."

I had found here, I fancied, some one who was really thinking for herself and a very charming young lady into the bargain. She was quick, apprehensive, all for a heartier point of view. I am not sure now that she was not merely being nice to me, and that, anyhow, she is not all wrong, and that the heartier point of view is the courage which can front life unashamed, which sees the divinity of fact and of beauty in the utmost seeming tragedy. Picasso's grim presentation of decay and degradation is beginning to teach me something—the marvelous perfection of the spirit which is concerned with neither perfection, nor decay, but with life. It haunts me.

The charming luncheon was quickly over, and I think I gathered a very clear impression of the status of my host and hostess from their surroundings. Mr. W. was evidently liberal in his understanding of what constitutes a satisfactory home. It was not exceptional in that it differed greatly from the prevailing standard of luxury. But assuredly it was all in sharp contrast to Picasso's grim representation of life and Degas's revolutionary opposition to conventional standards.

Another man now made his appearance —an artist. I shall not forget him soon, for you do not often meet people who have the courage to appear at Sunday afternoons in a shabby, workaday business suit, unpolished shoes, a green neckerchief in lieu of collar and tie, and cuffless sleeves. I admired the quality, the workmanship, of the silver-set scarab which held his green linen neckerchief together, but I was a little puzzled as to whether he was very poor and his presence insisted upon, or comfortably progressive and indifferent to conventional dress. His face and body were quite thin; his hands delicate. He had an apprehensive eye that rarely met one's direct gaze.

"Do you think art really needs that?" Miss N. asked me. She was referring to the green linen neckerchief.

"I admire the courage. It is at least individual."

"It is after George Bernard Shaw. It has been done before," replied Miss N.

"Then it requires almost more courage," I replied.

Here Mrs. W. moved the sad excerpt from the morgue to the center of the room that he of the green neckerchief might gaze at it.

"I like it," he pronounced. "The note is somber, but it is excellent work."

Then he took his departure with interesting abruptness. Almost immediately the Lady B. was extending her hand in an almost pathetic farewell. Her voice was lofty, sad, sustained. I wish I could describe it. There was just a suggestion

the other in art exclusively. I mention these two men and their labors because they were very interesting to me, representing, as they did, two fields of artistic livelihood in London, and both making moderate incomes, not large, but sufficient to live on in a simple way. They were men of mettle, as I discovered, urgent,



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

"HOPED FOR THE DAY WHEN THE ISSUE MIGHT BE TRIED OUT PHYSICALLY"

of *Lady Macbeth* in the sleep-walking scene. As she made her slow, graceful exit, I wanted to applaud loudly.

Mrs. W. turned to me as the nearest source of interest, and I realized with horror that she was going to fling her Picasso at my head again, and with as much haste as was decent I, too, took my leave.

Another evening I went with an American friend to call on two professional critics, one working in the field of literature,

thinking types of mind, quarreling to a certain extent with life and fate, and doing their best to read this very curious riddle of existence.

These two men lived in charming, though small, quarters not far from fashionable London, on the fringe of ultra-respectability, if not of it. Mr. F. was a conservative man, thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, pale, slender, remote, artistic. Mr. Lewis was in character not unlike Mr. F., I should have said, though

he was the older man, artistic, remote, ostensibly cultivated, living and doing all the refined things on principle more than anything else.

It amuses me now when I think of it, for of course neither of these gentlemen cared for me in the least, beyond my momentary vogue or repute in their small world. I must have appeared somewhat boorish and supercilious, but they were exceedingly pleasant. How did I like London? What did I think of the English? How did London contrast with New York? What had I seen?

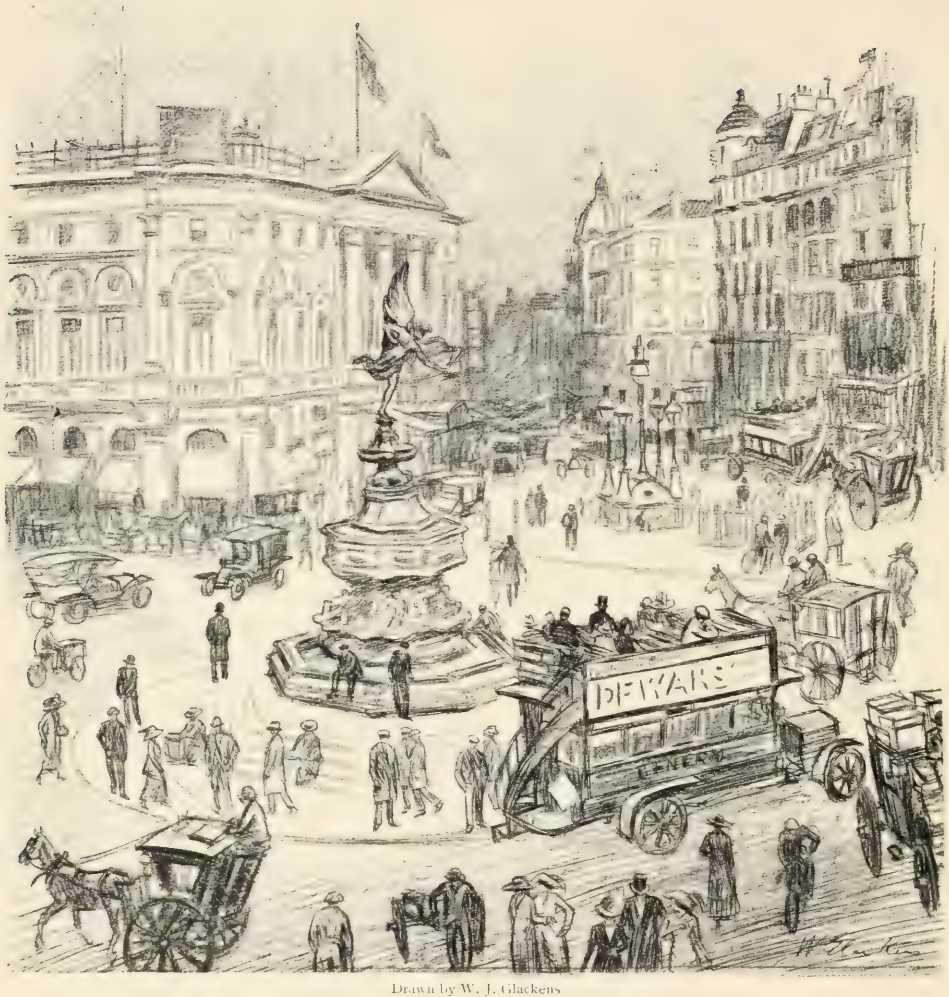
My head was ringing with what I had already seen. London was going around in a ring for me. Its vast reaches were ever in my mind. I stated as succinctly as I could that I was puzzled in my mind as to what I did think, as I am generally by this phantasmagoria called life, while Mr. Lewis served an opening glass of port, and I toasted my feet before a delicious grate-fire. Already, as I have indicated in a way, I had decided that England was deficient in the vitality which America now possesses, certainly deficient in the raw creative imagination which is producing many new things in America, but far superior in what, for want of a better phrase, I must call social organization as it relates to social and commercial interchange generally. Something has developed in the English social consciousness a sense of responsibility. I really think that the English climate has had a great deal to do with this. It is so uniformly damp and cold and raw that it has produced a sober-minded race. When subsequently I encountered the climates of Paris, Rome, and the Riviera, I realized clearly how impossible it would be to produce the English temperament there. One can see the dark, moody, passionate temperament of the Italian evolving to perfection under his brilliant skies. The wine-like atmosphere of Paris speaks for itself. London is what it is, and the Englishmen likewise, because of the climate in which they have been reared.

I said as much without much protest, but when I ventured that the English might possibly be falling behind in the world's race, and that other nations, such as the Germans and the Americans, might rapidly be displacing them, I evoked a storm of opposition. The sedate Mr. F. rose to this argument. It began at the dinner-table and was continued in the general living-room later. He sneered at the suggestion that the Germans could possibly conquer or displace England, and hoped for the day when the issue might be tried out physically. Mr. Lewis laughed as he spoke of the long way America had to go before it could achieve any social importance even within itself. It was a thrashing whirlpool of foreign elements. He had recently been to the United States, and in one of the British journals then on the stands was a long estimate by him of America's weaknesses and potentialities. He poked fun at the careless, insulting manners of the people, their love of show, their love of praise. No Englishman, having tasted the comforts of civilized life in England, could ever live happily in America. There was no such thing as a serving class. He objected to American business methods as he had encountered them, and I could see that he really disliked America. To a certain extent he disliked me for being an American, and possibly resented my literary actuality for obtruding itself upon England. I enjoyed these two men as exceedingly able combatants—men against whose wits I could sharpen my own.

I mention them because, in a measure, they suggested the literary and artistic atmosphere of London. They went about, I was informed, to one London drawing-room and another. Mr. F. was considered an excellent judge of art; Mr. Lewis an important critic. Their mode of living constituted a touch of the better Grub Street of to-day. It was not bad.

"London sings in my ears." I remember writing this somewhere about the fourth or fifth day of my stay. It was delicious, the sense of novelty and wonder it gave me. I am one of those who have been raised on Dickens and Thackeray and Lamb, but I must confess I found little to corroborate the world of vague impressions I had formed. Novels are a mere expression of temperament, anyhow.

New York and America are both so new, so lustful of change. Here, in these streets, when you walk out of a morning or an evening, you feel a pleasing stability. London is not going to change under your very eyes. You are not going to turn your



Drawn by W. J. Glackens

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

back to find, on looking again, a whole sky-line effaced. The city is restful, naïve, in a way tender and sweet, like an old song. London is more fatalistic, and therefore less hopeful than New York.

The first thing that impressed me was the grayish tinge of smoke that was over everything, a faint haze; and the next that, as a city, street for street and square for square, it was not so strident as New York, not nearly so harsh. The traffic was less noisy, the people were more thoughtful and considerate, the so-called rush, which characterizes New York, was less foolish. There is something rowdyish and ill-mannered about the street life of New York. This is not true of London. It struck me as simple, sedate, thoughtful, and I could only conclude that it sprang from a less-stirring atmosphere of opportunity. I fancy it is harder to get along in London. People do not change from one thing to another so much. The world there is more fixed in a pathetic routine, and people are more aware of their so-called "betters." I hope not, but I felt it to be true.

I do not believe that it is given to any

writer wholly to suggest a city. The mind is like a voracious fish: it would like to eat up all the experiences and characteristics of a city or a nation, but this, fortunately, is not possible. My own mind was busy pounding at the gates of fact, but during all the while I was there I got only a little way. I remember being struck with the nature of St. James's Park, which was near my hotel, the great column to the Duke of Marlborough, at the end of the street, the whirl of life in Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus, which were both very near. An office I visited in a narrow street interested me, and the storm of cabs which whirled by all the corners of this region. It was described to me as the center of London, and I am quite sure it was, for clubs, theaters, hotels, smart shops, and the like were all here. The heavy trading section was farther east, along the banks of the Thames, and between that and Regent Street, where my little hotel was located, lay the financial section, sprawling about St. Paul's Cathedral and the Bank of England. One could go out of this great central world easily enough, but it was only, apparently, to get into minor centers. It was all decidedly pleasing, because it was new and strange, and because there was a world of civility prevailing which does not exist in America.

The amazing metropolitan atmosphere in which I found myself satisfied me completely for the time being. Life here was so complex and so extended that during days and days that involved visits—breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, suppers—with one personage and another, political, social, artistic, I was still busy snatching glimpses of the great lake of life that spread on every hand. In so far as I could judge on so short a notice, London seemed to me to represent a mood—a uniform, aware, conservative state of being, neither brilliant nor gay anywhere, though interesting always. About Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Leicester Square, Charing Cross, and the Strand I suppose the average Londoner would insist that London is very gay; but I could not see it. Certainly it was not gay as similar sections in New York are gay. It is not in the Londoner himself to be so. He is solid, hard, phlegmatic, a little dreary, like a certain type of rain-bird or Northern loon, content to make the best of a rather dreary situation. On the other hand, I should not say that the city is depressing,—far from it,—though there are many who have told me they found it so. You have to represent a certain state of mind to be a Londoner, or a Britisher, even, a true one, and, on the whole, I think it is a more pleasant attitude than one finds in America, though not so brilliant. Creature comforts run high with this type of mind, and, after that, a certain happy acceptance of the commonplace. Nothing less than that could possibly explain the mile on mile of drab houses, of streets all alike, of doorways all alike, of chimneys all alike. That is what you feel all over England—a drab acceptance of the commonplace; and yet, when all is said and done, it works out into something so charming in its commonplaceness that it is almost irresistible. All the while I was in London I was never tired of looking at these dreary streets and congratulating myself that they composed so well. I do not wonder that Whistler found much to admire at Chelsea or that Turner could paint Thames water-scenes. I could, too, if I were an artist. As it was, I could see Goldsmith and Lamb and Gray and Dickens and much of Shakspere in all that I saw here. It must be the genius of the English people to be homy and simple, and yet charmingly idyllic in their very lack of imagination. It must be so.

One particular afternoon along the Thames it was raining. I saw the river in varying moods all the way from Blackfriars Bridge to Chelsea, and never once was it anything more than black-gray, varying at times from a pale or almost sunlit yellow to a solid leaden-black hue. It looked at times as though something remarkable were about to happen, so weirdly greenish yellow was the sky above the water; and the tall chimneys of Lambeth over the way, appearing and disappearing in the mist, were irresistible. There is a certain kind of barge which plies up and down the Thames with a collapsible mast and sail which looks for all the world like something off the Nile. They harmonize with the smoke and the gray, lowery skies. I was never weary of looking at them in the changing light and mist and rain. Gulls skimmed over the water here very freely all the way from Blackfriars to Bat-

tersea, and along the Embankment they sat in scores, solemnly cogitating the state of the weather, perhaps. I was delighted with the picture they made in places, greedy, wide-winged, artistic things.

I had a novel experience with these same gulls one Sunday afternoon, which I may as well relate here. I had been out all morning reconnoitering strange sections of London, and arrived near Blackfriars Bridge about one o'clock. I was attracted by what seemed to me at first glance as thousands of gulls, lovely clouds of them, swirling about the heads of several different men at various points along the wall. It was too beautiful to miss. It reminded me of the gulls about the steamer at Fishguard. I drew near. The first man I saw was feeding them minnows out of a small box he had purchased for a penny, throwing the tiny fish aloft in the air and letting the gulls dive for them. They ate from his hand, circled above and about his head, walked on the wall before him, their jade bills and salmon-pink feet showing delightfully.

I was delighted, and hurried to the second. It was the same. I found the vender of small minnows near by, a man who sold them for this purpose, and purchased a few boxes. Instantly I became the center of another swirling cloud, wheeling and squeaking in hungry anticipation. It was a great sight. Finally I threw out the last minnows, tossing them all high in the air, and seeing not one escape, while I meditated on the speed of these birds, which, while scarcely moving a wing, rise and fall with incredible swiftness. It is a matter of gliding up and down with them. I left, my head full of birds, the Thames forever fixed in mind.

It seems odd to make separate comment on something so thoroughly involved with everything else in a trip of this kind as the streets of London; but they contrasted so strangely with those of other cities I have seen that I am forced to comment on them. For one thing, they are seldom straight for any distance, and they change their names as frequently and as unexpectedly as a thief. Bond Street speedily becomes Old Bond Street or New Bond Street, according to the direction in which you are going, and I never could see why the Strand should turn into Fleet Street as it went along, and then into Ludgate Hill, and then into Cannon Street. Neither could I understand why Whitechapel Road should change to Mile End Road; but that is neither here nor there. The thing that interested me about London streets first was that there were no high buildings, nothing, as a rule, over four or five stories, though now and then you actually find an eight- or nine-story building. There are some near Victoria Street in the vicinity of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster. For another thing, the vast majority of these buildings are comparatively old, not new, like those in New York or Rome or Berlin or Paris or Milan. London is older in its seeming than almost any of these other cities, and yet this may be due to the fact that it is smokier than any of the others. I saw it always in gray weather or through, at best, a sunlit golden haze, when it looked more like burnished brass than anything else. Then it was lovely. The buildings in almost all cases were of a vintage which has passed in America. Outside of some of the old palaces and castles in London,—St. James's, Buckingham, the Tower, Windsor,—there are no fine buildings. The Houses of Parliament and the cathedrals are excluded, of course.

One evening I went with a friend of mine to visit the House of Parliament, that noble pile of buildings on the banks of the Thames. For days I had been skirting about them, interested in other things. The clock-tower, with its great round clock-face,—twenty-three feet in diameter, some one told me,—had been staring me in the face over a stretch of park space and intervening buildings on such evenings as Parliament was in session, and I frequently debated with myself whether I should trouble to go or not, even if some one invited me. I grow so weary of standard, completed things at times! However, I did go. It came about through the Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., an old admirer of "Sister Carrie," who, hearing that I was in London, invited me. He had just finished reading "Jennie Gerhardt" the night I met him, and I shall never forget the kindly glow of his face as, on meeting me in the dining-room of the House of Commons, he exclaimed:

"Ah, the biographer of that poor girl! And how charming she was, too! Ah me! Ah me!"

I can hear the soft brogue in his voice yet, and see the gay romance of his Irish eye. Are not the Irish all inborn cavaliers, anyhow?

I had been out in the East End all day, speculating on that shabby mass that have nothing, know nothing, dream nothing; or do they? I could have cried as dark fell, and I returned through long, humble streets alive with a home-hurrying mass of people—clouds of people not knowing whence they came or why. London always struck me as so vast and so pathetic, and now I was to return and go to dine where the laws are made for all England.

I was escorted by another friend, a Mr. M., since dead, who was, when I reached the hotel, quite disturbed lest we be late. I like the man who takes society and social forms seriously, though I would not be that man for all the world. M. was one such. He was, if you please, a stickler for law and order. The Houses of Parliament and the repute of the Hon. T. P. O'Connor meant much to him. I can see O'Connor's friendly, comprehensive eye understanding it all—understanding in his deep, literary way why it should be so.

As I hurried through Westminster Hall, the great general entrance, once itself the ancient Parliament of England, the scene of the deposition of Edward II, of the condemnation of Charles I, of the trial of Warren Hastings, and the poling of the exhumed head of Cromwell, I was thinking, thinking, thinking. What is a place like this, anyhow, but a fanfare of names? If you know history, the long, strange tangle of steps or actions by which life ambles crab-wise from nothing to nothing, you know that it is little more than this. The present places are the thing, the present forms, salaries, benefices, and that dream of the mind which makes it all into something. As I walked through into the Central Hall, where we had to wait until T. P. was found, I studied the high, groined arches, the Gothic walls, the graven figures of the general anteroom. It was all rich, gilded, dark, lovely. And about me was a room full of men all titillating with a sense of their own importance—commoners, lords possibly, callboys, ushers, and here and there persons crying of "Division! Division!" while a bell somewhere clanged raucously.

"There 's a vote on," observed Mr. M. "Perhaps they won't find him right away. Never mind; he 'll come back."

He did return finally, with, after his first greetings, a "Well, now we 'll ate, drink, and be merry," and then we went in.

At table, being an old member of Parliament, he explained many things swiftly and interestingly, how the buildings were arranged, the number of members, the procedure, and the like. He was, he told me, a member from Liverpool, which, by the way, returns some Irish members, which struck me as rather strange for an English city.

"Not at all, not at all. The English like the Irish—at times," he added softly.

"I have just been out in your East End," I said, "trying to find out how tragic London is, and I think my mood has made me a little color-blind. It 's rather a dreary world, I should say, and I often wonder whether law-making ever helps these people."

He smiled that genial, equivocal, sophisticated smile of the Irish that always bespeaks the bland acceptance of things as they are, and tries to make the best of a bad mess.

"Yes, it 's bad,"—and nothing could possibly suggest the aroma of a brogue that went with this,—"but it 's no worse than some of your American cities—Lawrence, Lowell, Fall River." (Trust the Irish to hand you an intellectual "Your another!") "Conditions in Pittsburgh are as bad as anywhere, I think; but it 's true the East End is pretty bad. You want to remember that it 's typical London winter weather we 're having, and London smoke makes those gray buildings look rather forlorn, it 's true. But there 's some comfort there, as there is everywhere. My old Irish father was one for thinking that we all have our rewards here or hereafter. Perhaps theirs is to be hereafter." And he rolled his eyes humorously and sanctimoniously heavenward.

An able man this, full, as I knew, from reading his weekly and his books, of a deep, kindly understanding of life, but one who, despite his knowledge of the tragedies of existence, refused to be cast down.

He was going up the Nile shortly in a house-boat with a party of wealthy friends, and he told me that Lloyd George, the champion of the poor, was just making off

for a winter outing on the Riviera, but that I might, if I would come some morning, have breakfast with him. He was sure that the great commoner would be glad to see me. He wanted me to call at his rooms, his London official offices, as it were, at 5 Morpeth Mansions, and have a pleasant talk with him, which latterly I did. He wanted me to meet a Madame N., a French litterateur of over fifty, then staying at the same country place with him near Maidenhead, and hear her very tragic history. He brought an ache to my heart by recounting this same,—a story to which only a Flaubert or a De Maupassant could do justice. It is much too long and too Gallic to relate here.

While he was in the midst of it, the call of "Division!" sounded once more through the halls, and he ran to take his place with his fellow-parliamentarians on some question of presumably vital importance. I can see him bustling away in his long frock-coat, his napkin in his hand, ready to be counted yea or nay, as the case might be.

Afterward, when he had outlined for me a tour in Ireland which I must sometime take, he took us up into the members' gallery of the Commons in order to see how wonderful it was, and we sat as solemn as owls, contemplating the rather interesting scene below. I cannot say that I was seriously impressed. The Hall of Commons, I thought, was small and stuffy, not so large as the House of Representatives at Washington, by any means.

In delicious Irish whispers he explained a little concerning the arrangement of the place. The seat of the speaker was at the north end of the chamber on a straight line with the sacred wool sack of the House of Lords in another part of the building, however important that may be. If I would look under the rather shadowy canopy at the north end of this extremely square chamber, I would see him, "smothering under an immense white wig," he explained. In front of the canopy was a table, the speaker's table, with presumably the speaker's official mace lying upon it. To the right of the speaker were the recognized seats of the government party, the ministers occupying the front bench. And then he pointed out to me Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Winston Churchill, all men creating a great stir at the time. They were whispering and smiling in genial concert, while opposite them, on the left hand of the speaker, where the opposition was gathered, some droning M.P. from the North, I understood, a noble lord who chose to sit in the Commons rather than in the House of Lords, was delivering one of those typically intellectual commentaries which the English are fond of delivering. I could not see him from where I sat, but I could see him just the same. I knew that he was standing very straight, in the most suitable clothes for the occasion, his linen immaculate, one hand poised gracefully, ready to emphasize some rather obscure point, while he stated in the best English why this and this must be done. Every now and then, at a suitable point in his argument, some friendly and equally intelligent member would give voice to a soothing "Hyah! hyah!" or "Rathah!" Of the four hundred and seventy-six provided seats, I fancy something like over four hundred were vacant, their occupants being out in the dining-rooms, or off in those adjoining chambers where parliamentarians confer during hours that are not pressing, and where they are sought at the call for a division. I do not presume, however, that they were all in any so safe or sane places. I mock-reproachfully asked Mr. O'Connor why he was not in his seat, and he said in good Irish:

"Me boy, there are thricks in every thrade. I 'll be there whin me vote is wanted."

We came away finally through long, floreated passages and towering rooms, where I paused to admire the intricate woodwork, the splendid gilding, and the tier upon tier of carven kings and queens in their respective niches. There was for me a flavor of great romance over it all. I could not help thinking that, pointless as it all might be, such joys and glories as we have are thus compounded. Out of the dull blatherings of half-articulate members, the maunderings of dreamers and schemers, come such laws and such policies as best express the moods of the time—of the British or any other empire. I have no great faith in laws, anyhow. They are ill-fitting garments at best, traps and mental catch-poles for the unwary only. But I thought as I came out into the swirling city again, "It is a strange world. These clock-towers and halls will

sometime fall into decay. The dome of our own capitol will be rent and broken, and through its ragged interstices will fall the pallor of the moon." But life does not depend upon parliaments or men. It can get along with windless spaces and such forms and spirits as have not yet been dreamed of in the mind of man.

The Thames from Blackfriars Bridge to the Tower Bridge, along Upper and Lower Thames Street, which is on the right bank of the river going up-stream, was my first excursion, though, in making it, I saw little of the river. It is a street that runs parallel with it, and is intersected every fifty or a hundred feet by narrow lanes which lead down to docks at the water's-edge. The Thames is a murky little stream above London Bridge, compared with such vast bodies as the Hudson and the Mississippi, but utterly delightful. I saw it on several occasions before and after, once in a driving rain off London Bridge, where twenty thousand vehicles were passing in the hour, it was said; once afterward at night when the boats below were faint, wind-driven lights and the crowd on the bridge black shadows. Once I walked along the Embankment from Blackfriars Bridge to Battersea Bridge and beyond to the giant plant of the General Electric Company, a very charming section of London.

But I was never more impressed than I was this day walking from Cleopatra's Needle to the Tower. The section lying between Blackfriars Bridge and Tower Bridge is very interesting from a human, to say nothing of a river, point of view; I question whether from some points of view it is not the most interesting in London, though it gives only occasional glimpses of the river. London is curious. It is very modern in spots. It is too much like New York and Chicago and Philadelphia and Boston; but here between Blackfriars Bridge and the Tower, along Upper and Lower Thomas Street, I found something that delighted me. It smacked of Dickens, of Charles II, of Old England, and of a great many forgotten, far-off things which I felt, but could not readily call to mind. It was delicious, this narrow, winding street, with high walls,—high because the street was so narrow,—and alive with people bobbing along under umbrellas or walking stodgily in the rain. Lights were burning in all the stores and warehouses, dark recesses running back to the restless tide of the Thames, and they were full of an industrious commercial life.

It was interesting to me to think that I was in the center of so much that was old, but for the exact details I confess I cared little. Here the Thames was especially delightful. It presented such odd vistas. I watched the tumbling tide of water, whipped by gusty wind where moderate-sized tugs and tows were going by in the mist and rain. It was delicious, artistic, far more significant than quiescence and sunlight could have made it. I took note of the houses, the doorways, the quaint, winding passages, but for significance and charm they did not compare with the nebulous, indescribable mass of working boys and girls and men and women which moved before my gaze. The mouths of many of them were weak, their noses snub, their eyes squint, their chins undershot, their ears stub, their chests flat. Most of them had a waxy, meaty look, but for interest they were incomparable. American working crowds may be much more chipper, but not more interesting. I could not weary of looking at them.

I followed the Thames in the rain to the giant plant of the General Electric Company, and thought of Sir Thomas More, and Henry VIII, who married Anne Boleyn at the Old Church near Battersea Bridge, and wondered what they would think of this modern power-house. What a change from Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More to vast, whirling electric dynamos and a London subway system! A little below this, coming once more into a dreary neighborhood of the cheapest houses,—mud-colored brick,—I turned into a street called Lots Road, drab and gray, and, weary of rain and gloom, took a bus to my hotel. What I know of the Thames I have described. It is beautiful.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN THE VENEZUELA DISPUTE

HOW THAT CONTROVERSY PAVED THE WAY FOR THE PANAMA CANAL

BY CHARLES R. MILLER

Editor of "The New York Times"

WITH A MAP, AND WITH TWO CARTOONS FROM "PUNCH" REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

FAR from being a subject of importance merely to historians, the Monroe Doctrine is likely, in the months and years to come, to hold the attention of American statesmen and citizens. Our relations to our neighbors in Central and South America, the new responsibilities brought upon us by the operation of the Panama Canal, are among the most important American problems of to-day and to-morrow. It would be impossible to find a writer better informed than Mr. Miller on current affairs, nor one who has more continuously studied the subject at first hand over a period of so many years.—THE EDITOR.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON was very testy and Sir Richard Webster unmistakably cross one cool afternoon in September, 1899, when I found a place among the spectators in the Hall of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris, where the Commission of Arbitration in the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela was in session. General Benjamin F. Tracy was drawn into the area of unpleasantness.

"That is not a way in which I am going to be addressed, General Tracy," said Sir Richard to the ex-Secretary of the Navy.

Sir Richard Webster was the chief counsel of Great Britain before the Arbitration Commission; ex-President Harrison was the leading counsel of Venezuela, and General Tracy was his associate. It was about the forty-fourth day of the proceedings. The ill temper of these great men arose from no national antagonism, no professional jealousy, for in that noble strife of minds each had come to hold in high respect the legal attainments of the others. But they had entered upon the eighth week of perhaps the most wearisome and uninteresting trial of an international cause of which the chronicles of diplomacy hold any record, and court and counsel were tired out and bored beyond expression.

Two years earlier I had sat in the President's room at the White House and heard Mr. Cleveland talk of the Venezuela boundary dispute and of his part in forwarding it to a settlement. It was in the month of February, 1897, two weeks before the expiration of President Cleveland's second term. A few days earlier, on February 2, 1897, Sir Julian Pauncefote, on behalf of Great Britain, and José Andradé, representing Venezuela, had signed at Washington a treaty of which this was the first article:

> An arbitral tribunal shall be immediately appointed to determine the boundary line between the colony of British Guiana and the United States of Venezuela.

The signing of that treaty, of which ratifications were exchanged on the following fourteenth of June, was a memorable triumph for President Cleveland,

for the Monroe Doctrine, and for the principle of arbitration between nations. For it was a message sent to Congress on December 17, 1895—a message which startled two worlds, that had brought about this agreement to arbitrate the questions in dispute.

In a two-hours' talk on that February day Mr. Cleveland had reviewed some of the chief acts of his administration, and I asked him to tell me, as far as he felt free to do so, the reasons that had called forth his Venezuela message. He spoke at length upon the subject, and with much freedom. Expressing in substance the impression his words made upon me, I wrote at the time as follows of the message and of Mr. Cleveland's part in bringing the dispute to a settlement:

These words sounded like war, but they insured peace. How can anybody who reads them with his eyes fully open fail to understand what had happened—or rather was about to happen? No gentle and ladylike remonstrance would have changed the course of proximate events. The ponderous Executive fist had to come down with a thump that made people leap to their feet, and it did. The blow was heard and heeded. First there was a British blue book showing a decent respect for the opinions of mankind. Then there were negotiations. Now Venezuela and her powerful co-disputant have honorably come together in a treaty, and the long controversy goes to arbitration.

"But we were in danger of war, there was a panic, and stock exchange values shrank four hundred millions." Let the Stock Exchange think on its mercies. A war averted does not shrink values a tenth part as much as a war fought.

It will be well to say in the beginning that the merits of the boundary dispute and the immediate results of the arbitration are not particularly under examination in this article. The finding of the Paris tribunal was a compromise. The extreme contentions of both disputants were denied, although those of Venezuela were abridged much more than the claims of Great Britain. But had England obtained at Paris every square mile of territory to which, in the ultimate stretch of her audacity, she had asserted right and title, the triumph of President Cleveland and of the Monroe Doctrine would have been in no wise dimmed.

The vital essence of that triumph lay in this, that under the constraint laid upon her by Mr. Cleveland's message of December 17, England submitted to a judicial determination of her title to territory which for more than half a century she had sought to wrest without due proof of ownership from a country too weak to resist her continuing encroachments.

"If a European Power by an extension of its boundaries takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring republics against its will, and in derogation of its rights," said Mr. Cleveland in his message, "it is difficult to see why, to that extent, such European Power does not thereby attempt to extend its system of government to that portion of this continent which is taken," and this, the message continued, "is the precise action which President Monroe declared to be 'dangerous to our peace and safety.'"

For Great Britain to take territory on this continent before proving title was an act of which the United States by its President complained as "a willful aggression upon its rights and interests." Great Britain heeded the protest, yielded to our demand for a judicial examination and finding, and Venezuela had her day in court, and that, not the actual and precise position of the boundary line as finally traced, was the whole point of the matter so far as the United States and the Monroe Doctrine were involved in it. That was our triumph.

Historically, the dispute over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela dates from the discovery of America and the Spanish occupation. Following in the track of Columbus, who in his third voyage, in 1498, had sailed along the Orinoco delta, his first sight of the mainland of America, the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century, had explored the country in search of gold. The El Dorado of fable was supposed to lie somewhere in the region between the upper waters of the Orinoco and Essequibo. By right of discovery, exploration, and settlement, for settlements were established later, the Spaniards gained the right to call Guayana their own, for that name was at first given to the South American shore of the Caribbean Sea.

There was in truth a store of gold in the land; the explorers carried stories of their new wealth back to Spain, and before the end of the sixteenth century Sir Walter Raleigh, with a body of English adventurers and certain Dutchmen, visited Guayana in quest of treasure. The Dutch West India Company planted a settlement near the mouth of the Essequibo about the year 1624, and was strong enough to hold it against the Spaniards, who up to that time had been in undisputed possession. The title of the Dutch to the territory upon which they had established themselves was confirmed by the treaty of Münster in 1648, in which Spain recognized the Netherlands as free and independent states. Early in the last



THE DISPUTED TERRITORY

On this map the Schomburgk Line is laid down in conformity with the claims of Great Britain as to its proper position. By the arbitration Great Britain lost the two strips of land within that line indicated on the map by shaded sections, one at the mouth of the Orinoco and the other between Yuruan and Mt. Roraima. Those shaded sections comprise about 5000 square miles, an area a trifle larger than the State of Connecticut, and represent what Venezuela gained in territory within the Schomburgk Line as defined by Great Britain. Venezuela's political gain consisted in the complete control of the mouth of the Orinoco, the natural outlet to nearly all of Venezuela and of a large part of Colombia.—EDITOR.

century England captured from the Dutch their settlements of Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo, and in the treaty of 1814 these were formally ceded to her. Thus British Guiana came into being. On the one hand, therefore, Venezuela, when she revolted from Spain in 1811, became vested with the title to all the territory which Spain had held by virtue of discovery and exploration save the districts she had ceded to the Dutch; while, on the other hand, England held British Guiana by cession from the Dutch, who had acquired it from Spain by the treaty of Münster.

In that treaty Spain and Holland had not been at pains to draw the boundary line between Guayana, now British Guiana, and the Captaincy General of Caracas, now Venezuela, and from that act of omission arose all the trouble. For many years after England entered into lawful possession of British Guiana by the treaty of 1814 no dispute over the undefined boundary arose. With the running of what is called the Schomburgk Line in 1849 begins the unbroken chain of events that led to the boundary controversy, brought it to a critical stage, called forth the message of December, 1895, and culminated in the finding and award of the Paris tribunal.

In 1841 the British engineer Sir Robert Schomburgk was commissioned by his Government to ascertain and fix by metes and bounds the line between British Guiana and Venezuela. Then began Venezuela's protest, and then, too, began the singular migrations of the Schomburgk Line. Lord Aberdeen abandoned it in 1844, but in 1886 it was laid down in British official publications as having made a wide detour to the west, the British maps presenting to the eyes of the Venezuelans a startling incursion upon territory they had supposed to be their own by undisputed title. "The Statesman's Year Book" of 1885 stated the area of British Guiana to be 76,000 square miles. In 1887, according to the "Year Book," the area of the colony had expanded to 109,000 square miles. Nor was this the limit of the westward sweep of British pretensions, for in 1890 England obligingly consented to arbitrate her title to a vast tract of territory embracing thousands of square miles wholly outside the Schomburgk Line, and, a circumstance that has oftener explained than excused England's land hunger, including within its boundaries some of Venezuela's richest gold mines.

The protests of Venezuela and her appeals for justice became insistent. She demanded an arbitration of the British claims, and her demands meeting with refusal, in 1887 she broke off diplomatic relations. Our aid was invoked by her, and Secretary Bayard tendered our good offices to promote a friendly settlement. Great Britain firmly refused to arbitrate the question except upon the basis of an antecedent concession to her of a very large part of the territory in dispute, including the mouth of the Orinoco and all territory within the extended Schomburgk Line. Meanwhile the Venezuelans grew more and more uneasy as they observed the behavior of British war-ships in and near the mouth of the Orinoco, and the acts of British subjects asserting and exercising rights of occupation and settlement upon territory they held, and rightly held, to be their own.

This was the situation when Secretary of State Richard Olney addressed to Ambassador Bayard in London, on July 20, 1895, that letter of instructions which the British ambassador at Washington described as a "fiery note." Another British authority called it "Olney's hectoring note." Lord Salisbury, very much at his ease, and taking his time about it, replied to this note on November 26. He explained that "it could not be answered until it had been carefully considered by the law officers of the Crown." It may be recalled that Earl Russell, before making reply to the vigorous protest of our minister, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, against the fitting out of the *Alabama* in a British shipyard, referred the matter to the "law officers of the Crown." One of these learned gentlemen having unfortunately lost his mind, there was a delay of some days, of which the *Alabama* took advantage to escape the jurisdiction by putting out to sea. As the decision of the law officers, when tardily rendered, was that the ship must be seized, it would appear that England should lay the responsibility for the *Alabama* award of $15,500,000 that she paid to us upon the too deliberate working of her legal machinery.

Secretary Olney in his letter, which of course Mr. Bayard was instructed to lay before Lord Salisbury, had embodied all the substantive declarations of the Monroe Doctrine, and in the very words of Mr. Monroe's message of 1823. The first fruit of the doctrine, he pointed out, was the independence of South America, for it was to the European Powers banded together in the Holy Alliance, and then preparing to assist Spain in the recapture of her revolted colonies, that Monroe addressed his warning message. Every administration since Monroe's had given its sanction and indorsement to the doctrine. It had been successfully invoked to put an end to the empire forced upon the Mexican people by Napoleon III, and now it was upon no general justification of interposing in a controversy between two other nations, but specifically upon the Monroe Doctrine, that we based our remonstrance against Great Britain's high-handed ways with Venezuela.

Great Britain's assertion of title to disputed territory, followed by her refusal to submit her title to investigation, was "a substantial appropriation of the territory to her own use," and we should ignore our established policy if we did not "give warning that the transaction will be regarded as injurious to the people of the United States, as well as oppressive in itself." "While the measures necessary or appropriate for the vindication of that policy are to be determined by another branch of the Government," continued Mr. Olney, "it is clearly for the Executive to leave nothing undone which may tend to render such determination unnecessary." This is the passage, doubtless, which provoked the epithets "fiery" and "hectoring." Those who ponder its meaning may feel that its words were at least ominous.

Lord Salisbury based his reply of November 26 in the main upon the familiar European contention that while the Monroe Doctrine is interesting, and may have had a salutary effect when first promulgated, it has never "been inscribed by competent authority in the code of international law," and that Mr. Olney's principle that "American questions are for American decision . . . cannot be sustained by any reasoning drawn from the law of nations." He reviewed the dispute with Venezuela, defended with many and plausible citations of authority Great Britain's procedure in the territory claimed by her, made a tart reference to "large tracts" of territory once Mexican but now a part of the United States, and firmly declined "to submit to the arbitration of another Power or of foreign jurists, however eminent, claims based on the extravagant pretensions of Spanish officials in the last century, and involving the transfer of British subjects who have for many years enjoyed the settled rule of a British colony to a nation of different race and language, whose political system is subject to frequent disturbances, and whose institutions as yet offer very inadequate protection to life and property."

The substance and meaning of Lord Salisbury's despatch, and the attitude which Great Britain assumed, were set forth with conspicuous moderation and fairness by Mr. Cleveland in his Princeton lectures:

> These dispatches exhibit a refusal to admit such an interest in the controversy on our part as entitled us to insist upon arbitration for the purpose of having a line between Great Britain and Venezuela established; a denial of such force or meaning to the Monroe Doctrine as made it worthy of the regard of Great Britain in the premises; a fixed and continued determination on the part of Her Majesty's Government to reject arbitration as to any territory included within the extended Schomburgk Line. They further indicate that the existence of gold within the disputed territory had not been overlooked; and, as was to be expected, they put forward the colonisation and settlement by English subjects in such territory during more than half a century of dispute as creating a claim to dominion and sovereignty, if not strong enough to override all question of right and title, at least so clear and indisputable as to be properly regarded as above and beyond the contingencies of arbitration.[1]

It was then that President Cleveland, patient, but knowing that patience has its bounds, loving peace, and willing to make the full measure of sacrifice to that high end, but with firm conviction that our

[1] The Century Magazine, July, 1901.

interposition in the controversy was necessary and could not longer be delayed, sent to Congress the special message of December 17, 1895. That message fixed the attention of the civilized world upon the Venezuela boundary dispute, a matter which had up to that time held only small place in the thoughts of men other than the immediate official participants; for President Cleveland's plain words brought clearly into view the possibility of war—war between the United States and Great Britain. Christmas was at hand. At that season nobody was thinking of war, and war between the English and ourselves had long been held to be at any and all seasons unthinkable. The civilized world was startled; it is not too much to say that some men of large affairs and international dealings were stunned. "The crime of the century," was the phrase applied to the message by some whose alarm at the possibility of war was equaled by their ignorance of the long series of disturbing events which led Mr. Cleveland to perpetrate that "crime."

It was no crime; it was a saving act, a step that made for peace, and removed a source of long-standing irritation that was a menace to peace. The pen of Richard Olney was the one to set forth the legal basis of our demand—the pen of a great lawyer, not too much cramped by the circumstance that it was also the pen of a diplomat. Mr. Cleveland's strong hand was the one to write the words that proclaimed the Nation's duty. The Monroe Doctrine has never had a sturdier defender or a sounder defense. Lord Salisbury's amusingly English and almost sneering references to the doctrine as one "to be mentioned with respect on account of the distinguished statesman to whom it is due," but having no relation to the affairs of the present day, evoked that memorable sentence in Mr. Cleveland's message, in which he said that the Monroe Doctrine "was intended to apply to every stage of our National life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures."

To the Salisbury argument that the doctrine must be ruled out because it has never been inscribed in the code of international law, and "cannot be sustained by any reasoning drawn from the law of nations," Mr. Cleveland replied that "the Monroe Doctrine finds its recognition in those principles of international law which are based on the theory that every nation shall have its rights protected and its just claims enforced." When we urged upon Great Britain the resort to arbitration, we were "without any convictions as to the final merits of the dispute"; we desired to be informed whether Great Britain sought under a claim of boundary "to extend her possessions on this continent without right, or whether she merely sought possession of territory fairly included within her lines of ownership."

Having been apprised of Great Britain's refusal of an impartial arbitration, "nothing remains," said the President, "but to accept the situation, to recognize its plain requirements, and to deal with it accordingly."

Mr. Cleveland, therefore, suggested to Congress an adequate appropriation for the expenses of a commission appointed by the Executive to "make the necessary investigation and report upon the matter with the least possible delay." Words of grave import followed this recommendation:

> When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.
>
> In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibilities incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.
>
> I am nevertheless firm in my conviction that, while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization, and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice, and the consequent loss of National self-respect and honor, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

The commission of inquiry was appointed. It promptly began and indus-

triously pursued its investigations for many months, the governments of Great Britain and Venezuela willingly contributing to the success of the commission's labors by placing at its disposal elaborate statements and all available evidence, while in the archives of Spain and Holland documents were made accessible that threw much light upon the remote origins of the controversy. But before the commission had finished its work, Great Britain and Venezuela, by the treaty of January 2, 1897, agreed to an arbitration. The labors of the commission were not in vain, however. It reached the conclusion that neither the extreme claims of Great Britain nor those of Venezuela were admissible, being unsupported by proofs of title, and the great mass of documentary evidence it had collected was of much use and value for the arbitral tribunal.

By the terms of the Pauncefote-Andradé Treaty, signed at Washington January 2, 1897, Great Britain and Venezuela agreed to the appointment of an arbitral tribunal "to determine the boundary line between the colony of British Guiana and the United States of Venezuela." The tribunal was to "ascertain the extent of the territories belonging to, or that might lawfully be claimed by, the United Netherlands, or by the Kingdom of Spain, respectively, at the time of the acquisition of the colony of British Guiana," in order to establish the chain of lawful title. Rules of procedure were prescribed in the treaty. Adverse holding for fifty years, or exclusive political control, as well as actual settlement of a district was to be considered as making a good title; recognition and effect were to be given to rights and claims resting on other grounds valid in international law; and such effect was to be given to the occupation, at the time of signing the treaty, of the territory of one of the parties by the citizens or subjects of the other, as the equities of the case and the principles of international law should be deemed to require. It was provided in article II that the tribunal should consist of five jurists. Those named on the part of Great Britain were Baron Herschel, and Sir Richard Collins of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Baron Herschel having died before the convening of the tribunal, Lord Chief-Justice Russell was named to fill the vacancy. On the part of Venezuela, Chief-Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, and Associate-Justice David Brewer of that court, were named. The fifth member of the tribunal named by these four was Frederic de Martens, the Russian jurist, who became president of the tribunal.

The tribunal assembled in Paris on January 25, 1899. After various and necessary adjournments, it began the formal consideration of the case on June 15. After seven weeks of painstaking toil, in which the story of Spain's earliest search for the gold of the West, the terms of the treaty of Münster, the law and practice of nations in respect to discovery, occupation, and settlement, and an intolerable mass and multitude of documentary and legal details pertaining to each and all of these matters, had been minutely examined and expounded for the information, but certainly not the edification, of the five learned jurists sitting in judgment in the case, the evidence of nervous strain and irritation to which I have referred in the beginning of this article was apparent. On the forty-seventh day Sir Richard Webster sarcastically invited the attention of ex-President Harrison to certain comments of Sir Travers Twiss on the Oregon case. "I had read Twiss on the Oregon case through long before I had the privilege of seeing you," replied Mr. Harrison. "This investigation has been long and wearisome," said General Tracy, but he reminded the tribunal that it involved the "investigation of four hundred years of history." And on the fiftieth day Mr. Harrison, in closing his argument, said: "Counsel who addresses this tribunal comes to his work in a frame of weariness of mind and body, and he addresses judges who are weary."

It was on the fifty-sixth day that the tribunal announced its award. The true divisional line, as determined by the unanimous decision of the five jurists, gave sanction, as has been said, to the extreme pretensions of neither party. A large area west of the Essequibo River, to which Venezuela, without warrant, had laid claim, was held to be British territory; but, on the other hand, valuable tracts within the Schomburgk Line were awarded to Venezuela, the most important being the region of which the coast-line



From London "Punch," for December 28, 1895

"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!!"

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND: "Waal, Salisbury, sir, whether you like it or not, we propose to arbitrate on this matter ourselves, and, in that event, we shall abide by our own decision."

"An inquiry [as to the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana] should, of course, be conducted carefully and judicially. . . . When report is made [by a Commission appointed by Congress] and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands, [etc., etc.] . . . which after investigation we have determined of right to belong to Venezuela."—*President Cleveland's message to Congress, vide "Time's, December 18.*

runs from Barima Point, at the mouth of the Orinoco, to Point Playa. The confirmation of the title to this territory, as to which Great Britain had firmly refused arbitration, gave Venezuela exclusive control of the mouth of her great river and of both its banks. The vast area, including the rich gold-mines, which Great Britain had belted about by the audacious westward extension of her claims, went altogether to Venezuela.

Of the whole territory in dispute, far the larger portion went to Great Britain, and some few persons who uttered cries of distress over the message of December 17 counted this as a rebuke and rebuff for President Cleveland. That was the very hardihood of perversity in taking a false view. Mr. Cleveland had declared that our Government was "without any convictions as to the final merits of the dispute." The supreme, the vital point is

that in the award of the Paris tribunal, accepted by both parties, law triumphed over force. The boundary line was traced, and titles with which Great Britain had vested herself by her own acts, heedless of the protests of Venezuela and rejecting her and our appeals for adjudication, were passed upon by an impartial arbitral tribunal according to evidence and the principles of public law. Whoever gained, whoever lost, that was quite immaterial from our point of view. The process of territorial expansion by stealthy encroachment, by unwarranted shifting of boundaries, and the alteration of maps and statistics, was at an end. The sovereignty of the lawful owner replaced that of the squatter. Venezuela was delivered from duress and from peril, no longer was her soil or her destiny under the menace of foreign control, and the situation created by the attempt of a power over the sea to extend the European system within this hemisphere, which Monroe declared to be dangerous to our peace and safety, and against which Mr. Cleveland had invoked the Monroe Doctrine, no longer existed. Mr. Cleveland had triumphed, the Monroe Doctrine had triumphed, peace had triumphed. General Harrison and Sir Richard Webster parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and the report of the proceedings of the Paris tribunal, in eleven folio parts, now on the shelves of the New York Public Library, was presented by the Marquis of Salisbury, while to Mr. Richard Olney was tendered not long ago the appointment as Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

The consequences of this successful and momentous assertion of the Monroe Doctrine may now be traced. Three times within the century of its declaration the doctrine was firmly asserted and maintained by the United States as the public system of the Western World, for it may with entire propriety be called our public system, as the concert of Europe is the public system of that continent. First, when President Monroe proclaimed it as a warning to the Holy Alliance, plotting the restoration to Spain of her revolted colonies in Latin America. Second, when Secretary Seward's repeated protests against the establishment of an empire and an emperor, the Austrian Maximilian, in Mexico against the will of the people by French arms, were ominously reinforced by the despatch of General Sheridan to the banks of the Rio Grande with 80,000 disciplined and experienced troops, freed from active service by the ending of the war between the States, the French evacuation of Mexico speedily following. The absence of any mention of the Monroe Doctrine in Secretary Seward's correspondence in respect to the French adventurer in Mexico is without significance. The spirit and the principle of Monroe's declaration were the declared motives of his action. Third, when President Cleveland, by virtue of the doctrine, "intended to apply to every stage of our National life," constrained England to submit her boundary dispute with Venezuela to a judicial settlement. The next application of the doctrine, the fourth in this series, all of primary importance, fell within the present century, when the substitution of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty for the Clayton-Bulwer convention of half a century earlier dissolved our partnership with Great Britain in an agreement to extend a joint protectorship over any transportation route across the isthmus, and so cleared the way for the building and exclusive control by ourselves of the Panama Canal.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was never popular in this country. It was entered into at a time, in 1850, when the discovery of gold in California, and the consequent tide of travel to the land of easily acquired riches, brought into view the need for facilities of transportation across the isthmus; and also, it should be said, when the responsible statesmen of the Nation were perhaps less mindful than at any other time since Monroe's administration of the import and the saving force of the doctrine that bears his name. Nevertheless, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty itself, after a fashion, a most illogical and inconsistent fashion, was on our part an attempt to apply the prohibitions of the doctrine against European colonization in this hemisphere. Great Britain was encroaching upon the territory of Central American States, and she stood in the way of the building of the canal. We negotiated the treaty to free ourselves from this embarrassment, and by that singular bargain, through the waiver of a right, we secured the recognition of a right; that is, we persuaded Great Britain to assent to Monroe

Doctrine principles in Central America at the price of taking her as a partner in any undertaking for a transportation route across the isthmus, which was in itself contrary to the spirit of the doctrine.

The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, ending our war with Mexico, was signed February 2, 1848. By its terms Mexico ceded to us the territory now included within the borders of the States of California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and parts of Colorado and New Mexico. Great Britain strenuously opposed the cession to us of any territory on the Pacific coast. Failing to control the acts of Mexico in that respect, she took measures in her own way to offset our great territorial gain. Six days after signing the treaty she despatched her fleet from Vera Cruz to the coast of Nicaragua, and forcibly took possession of San Juan at the mouth of the river of that name. She set up a governor, erected fortifications, and changed the name of the place to Greytown. This gave her command of the only canal route then under consideration, for it was at a much later time that the Panama route came to the fore as more practicable. The seizure of San Juan was a move so plainly hostile to our interests that our Government at once sent a diplomatic representative to Nicaragua, and a treaty known as the Hise Treaty was negotiated in June, 1849, by which Nicaragua granted to the United States "the exclusive right and privilege" of constructing a canal or railway between the two oceans across Nicaraguan territory. This treaty was not sent to the Senate and was never ratified by either country.

The occupation of San Juan, or Greytown, by the British, and their proceedings upon the Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua, where they had set up a trumpery Indian king, and by virtue of a "treaty" with him assumed a protectorate over the region, were a cause of growing uneasiness at Washington. In pursuance of her age-long policy of insuring her domination of the seas by occupying strategic points giving control of great routes of navigation, Great Britain had with a cool disregard of our rights and interests seized upon vantage-ground in Central America that would make her mistress of interoceanic communication. Holding Greytown, she was in complete control of any Nicaraguan canal, for the only practicable route was that which would make Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River a part of the canal. Thus, upon the one hand, our freedom of action in respect to a canal was hampered, and, upon the other, England, notwithstanding her many excuses and protestations to the contrary, was manifestly establishing a colony in Central America.

With a view to the removal of these sources of embarrassment and of difference between the two countries, Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State, pressed Great Britain to withdraw her pretensions to dominion over the Mosquito Coast. Her reply was a refusal, but an intimation was given that the British Government would be willing to enter into a treaty for a joint protectorate over the proposed canal. This was the germ of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, negotiated at Washington between Secretary of State Clayton and Sir Henry Bulwer, the British minister, and signed April 19, 1850. Article I of the treaty, here subjoined, is a declaratory and self-denying ordinance:

> The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any domain over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have to or with any State or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same; nor will the United States or Great Britain take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection, or influence that either may possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation

through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.

These stipulations applied only to a canal route across Nicaragua in Central America, not to Panama. But we carried our spirit of complacent self-denial to a further and extraordinary length in article VIII. The first clause of that article is here quoted:

The Governments of the United States and Great Britain having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama.

James Buchanan, then our Minister to England, in a memorandum for Lord Clarendon, written on January 6, 1854, referring to the relation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to the Monroe Doctrine, said that while that doctrine would be maintained whenever the peace and safety of the United States made it necessary, "yet to have acted upon it in Central America might have brought us into collision with Great Britain, an event always to be deplored, and if possible avoided"; therefore these "dangerous questions" were settled by a resort to friendly negotiations. In view of the flimsy nature of Great Britain's asserted rights in Central America, and of the manifest unfriendliness of the motives that had prompted her to plant her flag, her colonies, and her forts in the pathway of communication between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, it must be said that Mr. Buchanan's memorandum could not easily have been outdone in politeness. The sounder opinion, the opinion which the country has held and acted upon, is expressed by Francis Wharton in that edition of the "Digest of International Law of the United States" which he edited:

For Great Britain to assume in whole or in part a protectorate of the Isthmus or of an interoceanic canal, viewing the term protectorate in the sense in which she viewed it in respect to the Belise and the Mosquito country, would be to antagonize the Monroe Doctrine; and for the United States to unite with her in such a protectorship would be to connive at such antagonism. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, if it were to be construed so as to put the Isthmus under the joint protectorate of Great Britain and the United States, would not only conflict with the Monroe Doctrine, by introducing a European Power in the management of the affairs of this continent, but it would be a gross departure from those traditions, consecrated by the highest authorities to which we can appeal, by which we are forbidden to enter into "entangling alliances" with European Powers. No "alliance" could be more "entangling" than one with Great Britain to control not only the Isthmus, but the interoceanic trade of this continent. No introduction of a foreign Power could be more fatal to the policy of Mr. Monroe, by which America was to be prevented from being the theatre of new European domination, than that which would give to Great Britain a joint control of the continent in one of its most vital interests.

The appearance of Ferdinand de Lesseps upon the isthmus and the public discussion of his canal project brought the possibilities of foreign control plainly into view, and public opinion in this country ripened into form and expression. "The policy of this country," said President Hayes in his message to Congress on March 8, 1880, "is a canal under American control. The United States cannot consent to the surrender of this control to any European Power or to any combination of European Powers. If existing treaties between the United States and other nations, or if the rights of sovereignty or property of other nations stand in the way of this policy—a contingency which is not apprehended—suitable steps should be taken by just and liberal negotiations to promote and establish the American policy." And Secretary Blaine in 1881 instructed Minister Lowell to let it be known that in the opinion of the President our treaty of 1846 guaranteeing to New Granada, afterward the United



From London "Punch," 1 r October 11, 1899

PEACE AND PLENTY

LORD SALISBURY (chuckling): "I like arbitration—in the *proper place!*"

States of Colombia, the protection of the projected canal across the Isthmus of Panama, did not require reinforcement or assent from any other Power; and that any attempt to supersede it by an agreement between European Powers would "partake of the nature of an alliance against the United States, and would be regarded by this Government as an indication of an unfriendly feeling."

In a further instruction to Mr. Lowell, on November 19, 1881, Secretary Blaine stated at length the reasons for holding that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had become obsolete, or at least inapplicable to the conditions existing thirty years after its ratification, and he expressed the hope of the President that Great Britain would consent to such modifications as would remove every obstacle to our fortification and holding political control of the canal "in conjunction with the country in which it is located."

President Cleveland, in his first administration, did not approve the policy of exclusive American ownership, control, and guaranty, favoring rather a neutralized canal "open to all nations and subject to

the ambitions and warlike necessities of none." But Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's second term, expressed the "deep conviction" of our Government that the canal should be constructed "under distinctively American auspices." Secretary Olney, who succeeded Mr. Gresham, in a memorable communication rejected the argument frequently heard, that the treaty had been abrogated by Great Britain's persistent violation of the provision relating to her Mosquito Coast colony, and recorded the conclusion that if the treaty has now become inapplicable or injurious, the true remedy was "a direct and straightforward application to Great Britain for a reconsideration of the whole matter."

Thus, in the slow process of time public opinion was prepared and the way cleared for the ending of a joint protectorate agreement with Great Britain by the substitution of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty for the convention negotiated fifty years before between Mr. Clayton and Sir Henry Bulwer. The time for action had now come. The French company was bankrupt, the commercial demand for a canal had become more pressing, and the voyage of the *Oregon* from the Pacific coast around Cape Horn to take her place with the blockading squadron that encircled the harbor entrance at Santiago de Cuba brought vividly to the minds of the American people the vital need of a canal as a measure of national defense. Commissions were studying routes and making estimates of cost. There could no longer be any doubt that the two oceans were to be connected, and with all possible speed, by a navigable way. There was an obstacle—the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. If we built a Nicaragua canal, we must forego "any exclusive control," and we must submit to the engagements of article V, that the United States and Great Britain jointly will "protect it from interruption, seizure, or unjust confiscation, and that they will guarantee the neutrality thereof." We must observe the further stipulation of article VI, requiring us to join Great Britain in inviting other nations to enter into the arrangement for the construction, control, and guaranty of this American canal. If we chose to build at Panama, we were bound by article VIII to make a new treaty with Great Britain for a joint protectorate over that route.

Never for a day after President Cleveland's Venezuela message would the American people have been in a mood to sanction any canal undertaking under these vexatious and impossible conditions. We were quite done with the idea of a joint protectorate over an isthmian canal. The resolve had been taken to build a canal, and the conclusion reached that it must be a canal of our own construction and under our exclusive control.

Most fortunately, we found the Government of Great Britain in an assenting mood. Indeed, the contrast between the rasping quality of Lord Salisbury's notes declining arbitration of the Venezuela boundary dispute and the candid, placable tone of Lord Lansdowne's correspondence in the negotiations that led to the superseding of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty silenced, if it did not shame, those half-hearted Americans who had denounced Mr. Cleveland's memorable message of December 17 as "the crime of the century" and a menace to the friendly relations between ourselves and our kinsmen of England. Following President McKinley's message of December, 1898, in which he pointed out that the prospective expansion of American commerce and influence in the Pacific called more imperatively than ever for the control of the projected canal by the United States, Lord Pauncefote was instructed to acquaint himself with our attitude. He was informed that we desired at once to enter upon the necessary pourparlers, with a view to such modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as would remove all obstacles to our construction of the canal, which it was evident would not be undertaken by private capital. To this her Majesty's Government assented, and a draft of the proposed convention was handed to Lord Pauncefote by Secretary Hay on January 11, 1899. This convention her Majesty's Government, after due consideration, "accepted unconditionally as a signal proof," said Lord Lansdowne, "of their friendly disposition and of their desire not to impede the execution of a project declared to be of National importance to the people of the United States."

This was the first form of the Hay-

Pauncefote convention, signed at Washington in February, 1900. Consideration by the Senate followed, but it was not ratified until December 20 of that year, and then with three amendments which proved to be unacceptable to Great Britain. As to the first of these amendments, declaring the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty to be "hereby superseded," Lord Lansdowne, in his memorandum of August 3, 1901, objected that no attempt had been made to ascertain the views of his Government upon the entire abrogation of the former treaty, which dealt with several matters for which no provision had been made in the new instrument; and with rather startling frankness he pointed out that if the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty were wholly abrogated, "both Powers would, except in the vicinity of the canal, recover entire freedom of action in Central America, a change which might be of substantial importance." That was enough to make the Senate open its eyes, for it was not exactly the purpose of our Government to confer upon Great Britain entire freedom of action in Central America.

The statesmanship and the diplomacy of John Hay found a way to reconcile these divergences and bring the negotiations to a successful end. He submitted a new draft of the treaty, providing by a separate article that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty should be superseded, a method of accomplishing that important object more acceptable to Great Britain than procedure by Senate amendment. Lord Lansdowne's comment upon this article of the draft was that "the purpose to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer convention is not, I think, inadmissible if it can be shown that sufficient provision is made in the new treaty for such portions of the convention as ought, in the interests of this country, to remain in force." The victory for American control and for the Monroe Doctrine was won. From that point the negotiations proceeded smoothly. Lord Lansdowne suggested the article, accepted by Secretary Hay, providing that the general principle of the treaty should not be affected by any change of sovereignty over the territory traversed by the canal. The question of our right to take measures for the defense of the canal presented no great difficulty.

To the first of the rules for the neutralization of the canal, as it appeared in Mr. Hay's draft, Lord Lansdowne suggested an amendment which served to bring into the clear light of day both our purpose to secure exclusively American control over the canal, and Great Britain's willingness to consent thereto. After the words "the canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations," his lordship proposed to add, "which shall agree to observe these rules," and further on the words "so agreeing" after the clause declaring that there should be "no discrimination against any nation," and so forth. To this, Mr. Hay informed him, there would be opposition "because of the strong objection to inviting other Powers to become contract parties to a treaty affecting the canal"; and he suggested as a substitute for Lord Lansdowne's amendment "the canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules," and instead of "any nations so agreeing" the words "any such nation." The difference was vital, for all connotation of inviting formal agreements with other nations disappeared. Lord Lansdowne at once accepted this form of the amendment, which he wrote "seemed to us equally efficacious for the purpose which we had in view, namely, to insure that Great Britain should not be placed in a less advantageous position than other Powers, while they stopped short of conferring upon other nations a contractual right to the use of the canal."

The minds of the two governments had now met. The amendments proposed on each site, with the modifications noted, were agreed upon. The treaty was reduced to final form, engrossed for signature, and on November 19, 1901, Lord Pauncefote had the honor to inform the Marquis of Lansdowne that on the preceding day he had visited the State Department and had "signed the new treaty for the construction of an interoceanic canal." The Senate ratified the treaty on December 16 following.

Venezuela had opened the way for Panama. The hand withdrawn from broad areas east of the Orinoco had relinquished its lawful rights under the canal partnership, and in both cases at our instance. In the one, Lord Salisbury's noble British contempt of our demands and our doctrine

forced us into an unaccustomed attitude of firmness. In the other, the Marquis of Lansdowne's open-minded, amicable, and statesmanlike disposition favored our interest, and left us free to give to the commerce of the world a channel of communication that had been the dream of centuries. We had expressly set up the principle of the Monroe Doctrine as the warrant of our interference for the protection of Venezuela, and Great Britain gave heed by submitting to impartial examination titles she had insisted upon enforcing as though they were beyond dispute. Ill-judged concessions contrary to the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, made in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, we recalled by a substitute agreement with Great Britain which left us with a free hand for the construction and control of the canal as an exclusively American work. The vitality, the continuing and constant applicability, of the Monroe Doctrine at every stage of our National existence, as Mr. Cleveland put it, could hardly be more conclusively demonstrated than by the record of the American Government's part in bringing about the agreement to arbitrate the Venezuela boundary dispute, and in replacing the outworn Clayton-Bulwer convention by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

"THE OREGON MUDDLE"

A CURIOUS PHASE OF THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTROVERSY

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER

Editor of "The Omaha Daily Bee"

I HAVE been intensely interested in the articles appearing in THE CENTURY for May and June upon the Presidential election of 1876. While I could have no part in, nor recollection of, that controversy, acquaintance with two of the prominent figures in it some time ago led me to look into one phase of the question, and the facts concerning it brought out by the congressional investigation, which seem to me to bear vitally upon this discussion, though they have been entirely ignored. I refer to what was known as "the Oregon muddle," being the attempt of the Democrats to secure one of the electoral votes of Oregon for Tilden, who had plainly no moral right to it.

At the November election the lowest vote polled by a Republican Presidential elector in Oregon was 15,206, while the highest vote polled by a Democratic elector was only 14,157. After the returns were in, and it was discovered that the electoral college was to be so close that one or two votes might turn it one way or another, the Democrats ascertained that one of the Republican electors in Oregon was a deputy postmaster, and they at once set up the claim that he was ineligible, and that, as a consequence, the Democrat receiving the highest vote was entitled to serve.

At that time Oregon was under Democratic control, had a Democratic governor, Democratic state officers, and one of the United States senators was a Democrat high in the national councils. Before he realized what was at stake, E. A. Cronin, the high man on the Democratic ticket, had announced publicly that he admitted his defeat, and that he would not serve even if he were declared to be elected and offered a certificate, something to that effect having been rumored as coming from the Democratic state officials.

It was at this point that the managers of the Tilden campaign in New York came to the conclusion that something had to be done and done at once. A telegram was sent to Dr. George L. Miller at Omaha, then a member of the Democratic national committee and editor of the Omaha "Herald," requesting him to proceed at once to Portland and get in touch with the party representatives there. Dr. Miller, it seemed, had already acted on his

own account, and had despatched in his stead a close, personal friend, and active Democrat, J. N. H. Patrick, also of Omaha, who had mining interests in Utah, and who was acquainted in the far West.

According to the testimony adduced in the congressional investigation, which embodies as documentary evidence copies of all the telegraphic messages that passed to and fro in connection with the case, Patrick reached Portland in the latter part of November, and immediately called upon C. B. Bellinger, the chairman of the Democratic state committee for Oregon. According to Bellinger, Patrick informed him who he was and the object of his visit, and, as a result of the conference, promised to secure $10,000 to be placed at his disposal to pay the expenses of the contest. Cronin was sent for, and introduced to Patrick, who told him how important it was for him to serve, and intimated that if his vote should make Mr. Tilden President, he would be able to get about anything he wanted from Mr. Tilden. Three thousand dollars of the money transmitted to Oregon through Patrick's agency was used to retain a firm of Republican lawyers to argue before the governor the question of issuing the certificate to Cronin, the selection of the particular firm, however, being guided by the fact that the senior partner was also the editor of the Portland "Oregonian," with the hope that it would be induced "not to be too severe in criticizing" the Democratic machinations.

Mr. Patrick evidently communicated with the governor at some time, because he telegraphed to Mr. Tilden, under date of December 1, a cipher translation of the following message:

December 1, 1876.

To Hon. Sam. J. Tilden,

15 Gramercy Park, New York City.

I shall decide every point in the case of post-office elector in favor of the highest Democratic elector, and grant certificate accordingly on the morning of the sixth inst. Confidential.

GOVERNOR.

In the investigation Governor Grover denied having sent this telegram or ever having seen it, but the fact stared every one in the face that just six days later Governor Grover did exactly what the telegram said he would do. The telegram was in the handwriting of Mr. Patrick.

The other message upon which great stress was laid is reproduced in facsimile in the official report, and reads as follows:

Portland, November 28, 1876.

To W. T. Pelton,

15 Gramercy Park, New York City.

By Vizier association innocuous to negligence cunning minutely previously readmit doltish to purchase afar act with cunning afar sacristy unweighed afar pointer tigress cuttle superannuated syllabus dilatoriness misapprehension contraband Kountze bisulcous top usher spiniferous answer.

J. N. H. PATRICK.

I fully endorse this.

JAMES K. KELLY.

The explanation of this conglomeration of words is perhaps best had by quoting directly from the congressional report:

It appears from the testimony of Alfred B. Hinman of Detroit, Michigan, that in 1874, he, Hinman, made the acquaintance of J. N. H. Patrick at Salt Lake City; that he there entered into business relations with him in connection with mining interests in Utah; that at the time Mr. Patrick gave him a small dictionary entitled "The Household English Dictionary, London. T. Nelson & Sons, Pater Noster Row, Edinburgh and New York, 1872," to be used by them as cipher in their business dispatches. That this dictionary, which was produced by the witness, Hinman, had two columns of words on each page; that the key to this cipher as used by Patrick and the witness, Hinman, was as follows: In sending a dispatch the first word of which in translation would, for instance be "every," the word directly opposite this in the next column would be taken as the cipher; and so on through the whole dispatch.

It was, however, shown that the cipher-despatches in this case could not be translated from the dictionary by adopting the key of taking the corresponding word on the opposite column, but in every instance they could be translated from the dictionary by taking the corresponding word in the columns eight columns ahead. It further appeared from the testimony, and no attempt was made to impeach it, or the translation made in this way, or to con-

tradict the claim that all these cipher-despatches were sent by this dictionary or its duplicate in accordance with the key as above stated,—and, besides, Pelton, Kelly, Bellinger, and Miller all testified that the despatches were made up from a dictionary cipher,—that the translation of the despatch just quoted is as follows:

Portland, November 28, 1876.

To W. T. Pelton,

15 Gramercy Park, New York City.

Certificate will be issued to one democrat. Must purchase a republican elector to recognize and act with democrats and secure the vote and prevent trouble. Deposit $10,000 to my credit with Kountze Brothers, Wall street. Answer.

J. N. H. Patrick.

I fully endorse this.

James K. Kelly.

Mr. Patrick, after having concluded his arrangements with the local representatives of the party in Oregon, and having provided the money necessary for them to carry out the agreed plan, seems to have dropped out of the negotiations.

Governor Grover, as promised, decided the contest against the Republican elector, and in conjunction with the secretary of state had the certificate of election made out for the two uncontested Republicans and Cronin, the Democrat. These certificates were made out in triplicate, and were all delivered to Cronin, copies being refused the Republican electors. When the time came for the electoral college to meet and vote, the three Republicans got together, the contested member, Watts, having in the interval resigned his post-office position, and, after declaring the vacancy, reappointed Watts, who was then eligible to serve as elector, the three casting the vote for Rutherford B. Hayes.

Cronin and the crowd of Democrats who had assembled simultaneously moved over to the other end of the room, and under pretense that the Republicans refused to act with him, Cronin called in another Democrat, a man named Miller, and went through the form of appointing him to fill a vacancy, the two together following this up by appointing a third Democrat, Parker, to fill up the college, although neither of these two were candidates or were voted for at the election.

The three Democrats thereupon formally organized and proceeded to cast a ballot giving two votes to Rutherford B. Hayes, and one to Samuel J. Tilden. They made up the forms certifying to these facts, and appointed Cronin to carry the documents to Washington.

The disinterestedness of Cronin was further evinced by the fact that, although he was entitled to draw mileage and expenses as messenger, he refused to go until he was paid $3000 in gold by the Democratic campaign managers to reimburse him for his time and expenses, the money being part of that supplied from the national committee at New York under the arrangements made by Mr. Patrick.

"The Oregon muddle" furnished one of the disputed points passed upon by the electoral commission, and the three votes of Oregon were finally recorded for the Republican candidate who was later installed as President.

Mr. J. N. H. Patrick died here about eight years ago. Dr. George L. Miller is still alive, but his now failing mind will prevent him throwing further light on the subject. The point which, in my judgment, ought to be emphasized, is that if the Democrats in charge of Mr. Tilden's political fortunes at that time believed that he had carried, and was entitled to, the votes of Florida and Louisiana, they would not have set so high a value upon, or have gone to so questionable lengths to obtain, this lone electoral vote in Oregon; nor have they accused the Republicans of doing anything reprehensible on behalf of Hayes which by the record was not matched by their performance in Oregon.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

LOUISE

FROM THE TINTED MARBLE BUST BY EVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN



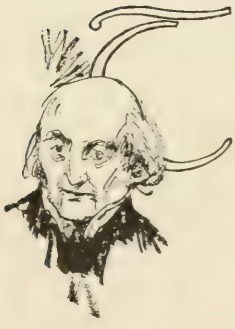
T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XXVI



THE neighborhood of Temple Barholm was not, upon the whole, a brilliant one. Indeed, it had been frankly designated by the casual guest as dull.

Most of the residents took their sober season in London, the men of the family returning gladly to the pheasants, the women not regretfully to their gardens and tennis, because their successes in town had not been particularly delirious. The guests who came to them were generally as respectable and law-abiding as themselves, and introduced no iconoclastic diversions. For the greater portion of the year, in fact, diners out were of the neighborhood and met the neighborhood, and were reduced to discussing neighborhood topics, which was not, on the whole, a fevered joy.

In such circumstances it cannot be found amazing that a situation such as Temple Barholm presented should provide rich food for conversation, supposition, argument, and humorous comment.

T. Tembarom himself, after the duke had established him, furnished an unlimited source of interest. His household became a perennial fount of quiet discussion. Lady Mallowe and her daughter were the members of it who met with the most attention. They appeared to have become members of it rather than visitors. Her ladyship had plainly elected to extend her stay even beyond the period to which a relative might feel entitled to hospitality. She was not going away, the neighborhood decided, until she had achieved that which she really had come to accomplish. Lady Joan would be obliged to stay also, if her mother intended that she should. But the poor American—What was he going to do in the end? What was she going to do? What was Lady Mallowe going to do if there was no end at all? He was not as unhappy-looking a lover as one might have expected, they said. He kept up his spirits wonderfully. Perhaps

she was not always as icily indifferent to him as she chose to appear in public.

So they talked it over as they looked on.

"How they gossip! How delightfully they gossip!" said the duke. "But it is such a perfect subject. They have never been so enthralled before. Dear young man! how grateful we ought to be for him!"

One of the most discussed features of the case was the duke's own cultivation of the central figure. There was an actual oddity about it. He drove from Stone Hover to Temple Barholm repeatedly. He invited Tembarom to the castle and had long talks with him—long, comfortable talks in secluded, delightful rooms or under great trees on the lawn. He wanted to hear anecdotes of his past, to draw him on to giving his points of view. When he spoke of him to his daughters, he called him "T. Tembarom," but the slight derision of his earlier tone modified itself.

"That delightful young man will shortly become my closest intimate," he said. "He not only keeps up my spirits, but he opens up vistas. Vistas after a man's seventy-second birthday!"

"I like him first rate," Tembarom said to Miss Alicia. "I liked him the minute he got up laughing like an old sport when he fell out of the pony carriage."

As he became more intimate with him, he liked him still better. Obscured though it was by airy, elderly persiflage, he began to come upon a background of stability and points of view wholly to be relied on in his new acquaintance. It had evolved itself out of long and varied experience with the aid of brilliant mentality. The old peer's reasons were always logical. He laughed at most things, but at a few he did not laugh at all. After several of the long conversations Tembarom began to say to himself that this seemed like a man you need not be afraid to talk things over with—things you did n't want to speak of to everybody.

"Seems to me," he said thoughtfully to Miss Alicia, "he 's an old fellow you could tie to. I 've got on to one thing when I 've listened to him: he talks all he wants to and laughs a lot, but he never gives himself away. He would n't give another fellow away either if he said he would n't. He knows how not to."

There was an afternoon on which, during a drive they took together, the duke was enlightened as to several points which had given him cause for reflection, among others the story beloved of Captain Palliser and his audiences.

"I guess you 've known a good many women," T. Tembarom remarked on this occasion after a few minutes of thought. "Living all over the world as you 've done, you 'd be likely to come across a whole raft of them one time and another."

"A whole raft of them, one time and another," agreed the duke. "Yes."

"You 've liked them, have n't you?"

"Immensely. Sometimes a trifle disastrously. Find me a more absolutely interesting object in the universe than a woman—any woman, and I will devote the remainder of my declining years to the study of it," answered his grace.

He said it with a decision which made T. Tembarom turn to look at him, and after his look decide to proceed.

"Have you ever known a bit of a slim thing"—he made an odd embracing gesture with his arm—"the size that you could pick up with one hand and set on your knee as if she was a child"—the duke remained still, knowing this was only the beginning, and pricking up his ears as he took a rapid kaleidoscopic view of all the "Ladies" in the neighborhood, and as hastily waved them aside—"a bit of a thing that some way seems to mean it *all* to you—and *moves* the world?" The conclusion was one which brought the incongruous touch of maturity into his face.

"Not one of the 'Ladies,'" the duke was mentally summing the matter up. "Certainly not Lady Joan, after all. Not, I think, even the young person in the department store."

He leaned back in his corner the better to inspect his companion directly.

"You have, I see," he replied quietly. "Once I myself did." He had cried out, "Ah! Heloïse!" though he had laughed at himself when he seemed facing his ridiculous tragedy.

"Yes," confessed T. Tembarom. "I met her at the boarding-house where I lived. Her father was a Lancashire man and an inventor. I guess you 've heard of him; his name is Joseph Hutchinson."

The whole country had heard of him; more countries, indeed, than one had

heard. He was the man who was going to make his fortune in America because T. Tembarom had stood by him in his extremity. He would make a fortune in America and another in England and possibly several others on the Continent. He had learned to read in the village school, and the girl was his daughter.

"Yes," replied the duke.

"I don't know whether the one you knew had that quiet little way of seeing right straight into a thing, and making you see it, too," said Tembarom.

"She had," answered the duke, and an odd expression wavered in his eyes because he was looking backward across forty years which seemed a hundred.

"That 's what I meant by moving the world," T. Tembarom went on. "You know she 's *right,* and you 've got to do what she says, if you love her."

"And you always do," said the duke—"always and forever. There are very few. They are the elect."

T. Tembarom took it gravely.

"I said to her once that there was n't more than one of her in the world because there could n't be enough to make two of that kind. I was n't joshing either; I meant it. It 's her quiet little voice and her quiet, babyfied eyes that get you where you can't move. And it 's something else you don't know anything about. It 's her never doing anything for herself, but just doing it because it 's the right thing for you."

The duke's chin had sunk a little on his breast, and looking back across the hundred years, he forgot for a moment where he was.

"Ah! Heloïse!" he sighed unconsciously.

"What did you say?" asked T. Tembarom. The duke came back.

"I was thinking of the time when I was nine and twenty," he answered. "It was not yesterday nor even the day before. The one I knew died when she was twenty-four."

"Died!" said Tembarom. "Good Lord!" He dropped his head and even changed color. "A fellow can't get on to a thing like that. It seems as if it could n't happen. Suppose—" he caught his breath hard and then pulled himself up—"Nothing could happen to her before she knew that I 've proved what I said—just proved it, and done every single thing she told me to do!"

"I am sure you have," the duke said.

"It 's because of that I began to say this." Tembarom spoke hurriedly that he might thrust away the sudden dark thought. "You 're a man, and I 'm a man; far away ahead of me as you are, you 're a man, too. I was crazy to get her to marry me and come here with me, and she would n't."

The duke's eyes lighted anew.

"She had her reasons," he said.

"She laid 'em out as if she 'd been my mother instead of a little red-headed angel. She did n't waste a word,—just told me what I was up against. She 'd lived in the village with her grandmother, and she knew. She said I 'd got to come and find out for myself what no one else could teach me. She told me about the kind of girls I 'd see—beauties that were different from anything I 'd ever seen before. And it was up to me to see all of them—the best of them."

"Ladies?" interjected the duke, gently.

"Yes. With titles like those in novels, she said, and clothes like the 'Woman's Pictorial.' The kind of girls, she said, that would make her look like a housemaid. Housemaid be darned!" he exclaimed, suddenly growing hot. "I 've seen the whole lot of them, I 've done my darndest to get next, and there 's not one—" he stopped short. "Why should any of them look at me, anyhow?" he added suddenly.

"That was not her point," remarked the duke. "She wanted you to look at them, and you have looked." T. Tembarom's eagerness was inspiring to behold.

"I have, have n't I?" he cried. "That was what I wanted to ask you. I 've done as she said. I have n't shirked a thing. I 've followed them around when I knew they had n't any use on earth for me. Some of them have handed me the lemon pretty straight. Why should n't they? But I don't believe she knew how tough it might be for a fellow sometimes."

"No, she did not," the duke said.

To his hearer Palliser's story became an amusing thing, read in the light of this most delicious frankness. It was Palliser himself who had played the fool, and not T. Tembarom, who had simply known what he wanted, and had, with business-

like directness, applied himself to finding a method of obtaining it. The young women he gave his time to must be "Ladies" because Miss Hutchinson had required it from him. The female flower of the noble houses had been passed in review before him to practise upon, so to speak. The handsomer they were, the more dangerously charming, the better Miss Hutchinson would be pleased. And he had been regarded as a presumptuous aspirant! It was a situation for a comedy. But the "Ladies" would not enjoy it if they were told. It was also not the Duke of Stone who would tell them.

In courts he had learned to wear a composed countenance when he was prompted to smile, and he wore one now. He enjoyed the society of T. Tembarom increasingly every hour. He provided him with every joy.

Their drive was a long one, and they talked a good deal. They talked of the Hutchinsons, of the invention, of the business "deals" Tembarom had entered into at the outset, and of their tremendously encouraging result. It was not mere rumor that Hutchinson would end by being a rich man. The girl would be an heiress. How complex her position would be! And being of the elect who unknowingly bear with them the power that "moves the world," how would she affect Temple Barholm and its surrounding neighborhood?

"I wish to God she was here now!" exclaimed Tembarom, suddenly. "There 's times when you want a little thing like that just to talk things over with, just to ask, because you—you 're dead sure she 'd never lose her head and give herself away without knowing she was doing it. It 's the keeping your mouth shut that 's so hard for most people, the not saying a darned thing, whatever happens, till just the right time."

"Women cannot often do it," said the duke. "Very few men can."

"You 're right," Tembarom answered, and there was a trifle of anxiety in his tone. "There 's women, just the best kind, that you dare n't tell a big thing to. Not that they 'd mean to give it away,—perhaps they would n't know when they did it,—but they 'd feel so anxious they 'd get —they 'd get—"

"Rattled," put in the duke, and knew of whom he was thinking. He saw Miss Alicia's delicate, timid face as he spoke.

T. Tembarom laughed.

"That 's just it," he answered. "They would n't go back on you for worlds, but —well, you have to be careful with them."

"He 's got something on his mind," mentally commented the duke. "He is wondering if he will tell it to me."

"And there 's times when you 'd give half you 've got to be able to talk a thing out and put it up to some one else for a while. I could do it with her. That 's why I said I wish to God that she was here."

"You have learned to know how to keep still," the duke said. "So have I. We learned it in different schools, but we have both learned."

As he was saying the words, he thought he was going to hear something when he had finished saying them; he knew that he would without a doubt. T. Tembarom made a quick move in his seat; he lost a shade of color and cleared his throat as he bent forward, casting a glance at the backs of the coachman and footman on the high seat above them.

"Can these fellows hear me?" he asked.

"No," the duke answered; "if you speak as you are speaking now."

"You are the biggest man about here," the young man went on. "You stand for everything that English people care for, and you were born knowing all the things I don't. I 've been carrying a big load for quite a while, and I guess I 'm not big enough to handle it alone, perhaps. Anyhow, I want to be sure I 'm not making fool mistakes. The worst of it is that I 've got to keep still if I 'm right, and I 've got to keep still if I 'm wrong. I 've got to keep still, anyhow."

"I learned to hold my tongue in places where, if I had not held it, I might have plunged nations into bloodshed," the duke said. "Tell me all you choose."

As a result of which, by the time their drive had ended and they returned to Stone Hover, he had told him, and the duke sat in his corner of the carriage with an unusual light in his eyes and a flush of somewhat excited color on his cheek.

"You 're a queer fellow, T. Tembarom," he said, when they parted in the drawing-room after taking tea. "You exhilarate me. You make me laugh. If

I were an emotional person, you would at moments make me cry. There 's an affecting uprightness about you. You 're rather a fine fellow too, 'pon my life." Putting a waxen, gout-knuckled old hand on his shoulder, and giving him a friendly push which was half a pat, he added, "You are, by God!"

After his guest had left him, the duke stood for some minutes gazing into the fire with a complicated smile and the air of a man who finds himself quaintly enriched.

"I have had ambitions in the course of my existence—several of them," he said, "but even in over-vaulting moments never have I aspired to such an altitude as this —to be, as it were, part of a melodrama. One feels that one scarcely deserves it."

CHAPTER XXVII



"MR. TEMPLE BARHOLM seems in better spirits," Lady Mallowe said to Captain Palliser as they walked on the terrace in the starlit dusk after dinner.

Captain Palliser took his cigar from his mouth and looked at the glowing end of it.

"He may n't exactly like all this, but he 's getting something out of it."

"He is not getting much of what he evidently wants most. I am out of all patience," said Lady Mallowe. "Joan treads him in the mire and sails about professing to be conducting herself flawlessly. She is too clever for me," she added with bitterness.

Palliser laughed softly and said:

"She has got something up her sleeve, and so has he."

"He!" Lady Mallowe quite ejaculated the word. "She always has. That 's her abominable secretive way. But he! T. Tembarom with something up his sleeve! One can't imagine it."

"Almost everybody has. I found that out long years ago," said Palliser, looking at his cigar end again as if consulting it. "Since I arrived at the conclusion, I always take it for granted, and look out for it. I 've become rather clever in following such things up, and I have taken an unusual interest in T. Tembarom from the first."

Lady Mallowe turned her handsome face, much softened by an enwreathing gauze scarf, toward him anxiously.

"Do you think his depression, or whatever it is, means Joan?" she asked.

"If he is depressed by her, you need not be discouraged," smiled Palliser. "The time to lose hope would be when, despite her ingenuities, he became entirely cheerful. But," he added after a pause, "I have an idea there is some other little thing."

"Do you suppose that some young woman he has left behind in New York is demanding her rights?" said Lady Mallowe, with annoyance. "That is exactly the kind of thing Joan would like to hear, and so entirely natural. Some shop-girl or other."

"Quite natural, as you say; but he would scarcely be running up to London and consulting Scotland Yard about her," Palliser answered.

"Scotland Yard!" ejaculated his companion.

"Scotland Yard has also come to him," he went on. "Did you chance to see a red-faced person who spent a morning with him last week?"

"He looked like a butcher, and I thought he might be one of his friends," Lady Mallowe said.

"I recognized the man. He is an extremely clever detective, much respected for his resources in the matter of following clues which are so attenuated as to be scarcely clues at all."

"Clues have no connection with Joan," said Lady Mallowe, still more annoyed. "All London knows her miserable story."

"Have you—" Captain Palliser's tone was thoughtful—"has any one ever seen Mr. Strangeways?"

"No. Can you imagine anything more absurdly romantic? A creature without a memory, shut up in a remote wing of a place like this, as if he were the Man with the Iron Mask. Romance is not quite compatible with T. Tembarom."

"He leaves everything to one's imagination," remarked Palliser. "All one knows is that he is n't a relative; that he is n't mad, but only too nervous to see or be seen.



Queer situation. I 've found there is always a reason for things; the queerer they are, the more sure it is that there 's a reason. What is the reason Strangeways is kept here, and where would a detective come in? Just on general principles I 'm rather going into the situation. There 's a reason, and it would be amusing to find it out. Don't you think so?"

He spoke casually, and Lady Mallowe's answer was casual, though she knew from experience that he was not as casual as he chose to seem. He was clever; and Temple Barholm as the estate of a distant relative and T. Tembarom as its owner were not assets to deal with indifferently.

"It 's quite natural that you should feel an interest," she answered. "But the romantic stranger is too romantic, though I will own Scotland Yard is a little odd."

"Yes, that is exactly what I thought," said Palliser.

He had in fact thought a good deal and followed the thing up a good deal in a quiet amateur way, though with annoyingly little result. Occasionally he had felt rather a fool for his pains, because he had been led to so few facts of importance and had found himself so often confronted by T. Tembarom's entirely frank grin. His own mental attitude was not a complex one. Lady Mallowe's summing up had been correct enough on the whole. Temple Barholm ought to be a substantial asset, regarded in its connection with its present owner. Little dealings in stocks—sometimes rather large ones when luck was with him—had brought desirable returns to Captain Palliser throughout a number of years. Just now he was taking an interest in a somewhat imposing scheme, or what might prove an imposing one if it were managed properly and presented to the right persons. If T. Tembarom had been sufficiently lured by the spirit of speculation to plunge into old Hutchinson's affair, as he evidently had done, he was plainly of the temperament attracted by the game of chance. There had been no reason but that of temperament which could have led him to invest. He had found himself suddenly a moneyed man and had liked the game. Never having so much as heard of Little Ann Hutchinson, Captain Palliser not unnaturally argued after this wise. There seemed no valid reason why, if a vague invention had allured, a less vague scheme, managed in a more businesslike manner, should not. This Mexican silver-and-copper-mine was a dazzling thing to talk about. He could go into details. He had, in fact, allowed a good deal of detail to trail through his conversation at times. It had not been difficult to accomplish this in his talks with Lady Mallowe in his host's presence. Lady Mallowe was always ready to talk of mines, gold, silver, or copper. It happened at times that one could manage to secure a few shares without the actual payment of money. There were little hospitalities or social amiabilities now and then which might be regarded as value received. So she had made it easy for Captain Palliser to talk.

T. Tembarom had at the outset seemed to present, so to speak, no surface. Palliser had soon ceased to be at all sure that his social ambitions were to be relied on as a lever. Besides which, when the old Duke of Stone took delighted possession of him, dined with him, drove with him, sat and gossiped with him by the hour, there was not much one could do for him. Strangeways had at first meant only eccentricity. The veriest chance had led Palliser to find himself regarding the opening up of possible vistas.

From a certain window in a certain wing of the house a much-praised view was to be seen. Nothing was more natural than that on the occasion of a curious sunset Palliser should, in coming from his room, decide to take a look at it. As he

passed through a corridor Pearson came out of a room near him.

"How is Mr. Strangeways to-day?" Palliser asked.

"Not quite so well, I am afraid, sir," was the answer.

"Sorry to hear it," replied Palliser, and passed on.

When returning, he walked somewhat slowly down the corridor. As he turned into it he thought he heard the murmur of voices. One was that of T. Tembarom, and he was evidently using argument. It sounded as if he were persuading some one to agree with him, and the persuasion was earnest. He was not arguing with Pearson or a housemaid. Why was he arguing with his pensioner? His voice was as low as it was eager, and the other man's replies were not to be heard. Only just after Palliser had passed the door there broke out an appeal which was a sort of cry.

"No! My God, no! Don't send me away! Don't send me away!"

One could not, even if so inclined, stand and listen near a door while servants might chance to be wandering about. Palliser went on his way with a sense of having been slightly startled.

"He wants to get rid of him, and the fellow is giving him trouble," he said to himself. "That voice is not American. Not in the least." It set him thinking and observing. When Tembarom wore the look which was not a look of depression, but of something more puzzling, he thought that he could guess at its reason. By the time he talked with Lady Mallowe he had gone much further than he chose to let her know.

CHAPTER XXVIII



THE popularity of Captain Palliser's story of the "Ladies" had been great at the outset, but with the passage of time it had oddly waned. That the Duke of Stone had immensely taken up Mr. Temple Barholm had of course resulted in his being accepted in such a manner as gave him many opportunities to encounter one and all. He appeared at dinners, teas, and garden parties. Miss Alicia, whom he had in some occult manner impressed upon people until they found themselves actually paying a sort of court to her, was always his companion.

"One realizes one cannot possibly leave her out of anything," had been said. "He has somehow established her as if she were his mother or his aunt—or his interpreter. And such clothes, my dear, one does n't often behold. Worth and Paquin and Doucet must go sleepless for weeks to invent them. They are without a flaw in shade or line or texture." Which was true, because Mrs. Mellish of the Bond Street shop had become quite obsessed by her idea and committed extravagances Miss Alicia offered up contrite prayers to atone for, while Tembarom, simply chortling in his glee, signed checks to pay for their exquisite embodiment. That he was not reluctant to avail himself of social opportunities was made manifest by the fact that he never refused an invitation. He appeared upon any spot to which hospitality bade him, and unashamedly placed himself on record as a neophyte upon almost all occasions In a brief period of time, however, every young woman who might have expected to find herself an object of such ambitions realized that his methods of approach and attack were not marked by the usual characteristics of aspirants of his class. He evidently desired to see and be seen. He presented himself, as it were, for inspection and consideration, but while he was attentive, he did not press attentions upon any one. He did not make advances in the ordinary sense of the word. He never essayed flattering or even admiring remarks. He said queer things at which one often could not help but laugh, but he somehow wore no air of saying them with the intention of offering them as witticisms which might be regarded as allurements. He did not ogle, he did not simper or shuffle about nervously and turn red or pale, as eager and awkward youths have a habit of doing under the stress of unrequited admiration. He conducted himself with a detached good nature which seemed to take but small account of attitudes less unoffending than his own.

"He is not in the least forward," Bea-



trice Talchester said, the time arriving when she and her sisters occasionally talked him over with their special friends, the Granthams, "and he is not forever under one's feet, as the pushing sort usually is."

"But he never declines an invitation. There is no doubt that he wants to see people," said Lady Honora, with the pretty little nose and the dimples. She had ceased to turn up the pretty little nose, and she showed a dimple as she added: "Gwynedd is tremendously taken with him. She is teaching him to play croquet. They spend hours together."

"He 's beginning to play a pretty good game," said Gwynedd. "He 's not stupid, at all events."

"I don't understand him, or I don't understand Captain Palliser's story," Amabel Grantham argued. "Lucy and I are quite out of the running, but I honestly believe that he takes as much notice of us as he does of any of you."

"He said, however, that the things that mattered were not only titles, but looks. He asked how many of us were 'lookers.' Don't be modest, Amabel. Neither you nor Lucy are out of the running," Beatrice amiably suggested.

"There may be a sort of explanation," Honora put the idea forward somewhat thoughtfully. "Captain Palliser insists that he is much shrewder than he seems. Perhaps he is cautious, and is looking us all over before he commits himself."

"He is a Temple Barholm, after all," said Gwynedd, with boldness. "He 's rather good-looking. He has the nicest white teeth and the most cheering grin I ever saw, and he 's as 'rich as grease is,' as I heard a housemaid say one day. I 'm getting quite resigned to his voice, or it is improving, I don't know which.

"But," added Lady Gwynedd, "he is not going to commit himself to any of us, incredible as it may seem. The one person he stares at sometimes is Joan Fayre, and he only looks at her as if he were curious and would n't object to finding out why she treats him so outrageously. He is n't annoyed; he 's only curious."

"He 's a likable thing," said Amabel Grantham. "He 's even rather a dear. I 've begun to like him myself."

"I hear you are learning to play croquet," the Duke of Stone remarked to him a day or so later. "How do you like it?"

"Lady Gwynedd Talchester is teaching me," Tembarom answered. "I 'd learn to iron shirt-waists if she would give me lessons. She 's one of the two that have dimples," he added, reflection in his tone. "I guess that 'll count. Should n't you think it would?"

"Miss Hutchinson?" queried the duke.

Tembarom nodded.

"Yes, it 's always her," he answered without a ray of humor. "I just want to stack 'em up."

"You are doing it," the duke replied with a slightly twisted mouth. There were, in fact, moments when he might have fallen into fits of laughter while Tembarom was seriousness itself. "I 'm doing my stunt, of course, but I like them," said he. "They 're mighty nice to me when you consider what they 're up against. And those two with the dimples, Lady Gwynedd and Lady Honora, are just peaches."

They were having one of their odd long talks under a particularly splendid copper beech which provided the sheltered out-of-door corner his grace liked best. When they took their seats together in this retreat, it was mysteriously understood that they were settling themselves down to en-

joyment of their own, and must not be disturbed.

"What dear papa talks to him about, and what he talks about to dear papa," Lady Celia had more than once murmured in her gently remote, high-nosed way, "I cannot possibly imagine. Sometimes when I have passed them on my way to the croquet lawn I have really seen them both look as absorbed as people in a play. Of course it is very good for papa. It has had quite a marked effect on his digestion. But is n't it odd!"

"I wish," Lady Edith remarked almost wistfully, "that I could get on better with him myself conversationally. But I don't know what to talk about, and it makes me nervous."

Their father, on the contrary, found in him unique resources, and this afternoon it occurred to him that he had never so far heard him express himself freely on the subject of Palliser. If led to do so, he would probably reveal that he had views of Captain Palliser of which he might not have been suspected, and the manner in which they would unfold themselves would more than probably be illuminating. The duke was, in fact, serenely sure that he required neither warning nor advice, and he had no intention of offering either. He wanted to hear the views.

"Do you know," he said as he stirred his tea, "I 've been thinking about Palliser, and it has occurred to me more than once that I should like to hear just how he strikes you?"

"What I got on to first was how I struck him," answered Tembarom, with a reasonable air. "That was dead easy."

There was no hint of any vaunt of superior shrewdness. His was merely the level-toned manner of an observer of facts in detail.

"He has given you an opportunity of seeing a good deal of him," the duke added. "What do you gather from him—unless he has made up his mind that you shall not gather anything at all?"

"A fellow like that could n't fix it that way, however much he wanted to," Tembarom answered again reasonably. "Just his trying to do it would give him away."

"You mean you have gathered things?"

"Oh, I 've gathered enough, though I did n't go after it. It hung on the bushes. Anyhow, it seemed to me that way. I guess you run up against that kind everywhere. There 's stacks of them in New York—different shapes and sizes."

"If you met a man of his particular shape and size in New York, how would you describe him?" the duke asked.

"I should never have met him when I was there. He would n't have come my way. He 'd have been on Wall Street, doing high-class bucket-shop business, or he 'd have had a swell office selling coppermines—any old kind of mine that 's going to make ten million a minute, the sort of deal he 's in now. But I don't believe you asked me because you thought I was n't on to him."

"Frankly speaking, no," answered the duke. "Does he talk to you about the mammoth mines and the rubber forests?"

"Say, that 's where he wins out with me," Tembarom replied admiringly. "He gets in such fine work that I switch him on to it whenever I want cheering up. It makes me sort o' forget things that worry me just to see a man act the part right up to the top notch the way he does it. The very way his clothes fit, the style he 's got his hair brushed, and that swell, careless lounge of his, are half of the make-up. You see, most of us could n't mistake him for anything else but just what he looks like—a gentleman visiting round among his friends and a million miles from wanting to butt in with business. The thing that first got me interested was watching how he slid in the sort of guff he wanted you to get worked up about and think over. Why, if I 'd been what I look like to him, he 'd have had my pile long ago, and he would n't be loafing round here any more."

"What do you think you look like to him?" his host inquired.

"I look as if I 'd eat out of his hand," Tembarom answered, quite unbiased by any touch of wounded vanity. "Why should n't I? And I 'm not trying to wake him up, either. I like to look that way to him and to his sort. It gives me a chance to watch and get wise to things. He 's a high-school education in himself. I like to hear him talk. I asked him to come and stay at the house so that I could hear him talk."

"Did he introduce the mammoth mines in his first call?" the duke inquired.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of talk. I

did n't know how much good I was going to get out of him at first. But he was the kind I had n't known, and it seemed like he was part of the whole thing—like the girls with title that Ann said I must get next to. And an easy way of getting next to the man kind was to let him come and stay. He wanted to, all right. I guess that 's the way he lives when he 's down on his luck, getting invited to stay at places. Like Lady Mallowe," he added, quite without prejudice.

"You do sum them up, don't you?" smiled the duke.

"Well, I don't see how I could help it," he said impartially. "They 're printed in sixty-four-point black-face, seems to me."

"What is that?" the duke inquired with interest. He thought it might be a new and desirable bit of slang. "I don't know that one."

"Biggest type there is," grinned Tembarom. "It 's the kind that 's used for head-lines. That 's newspaper-office talk."

"Ah, technical, I see. Well, you are not printed in sixty-four-point black-face so far as they are concerned. They don't find themselves able to sum you up. That fact is one of my recreations."

"I 'll tell you why," Tembarom explained with his clearly unprejudiced air. "There 's nothing much about me to sum up, anyhow. I 'm too sort of plain sailing and ordinary. I 'm not making for anywhere they 'd think I 'd want to go. I 'm not hiding anything they 'd be sure I 'd want to hide."

"By the Lord! you 're not!" exclaimed the duke.

"When I first came here, every one of them had a fool idea I 'd want to pretend I 'd never set eyes on a newsboy or a bootblack, and that I could n't find my way in New York when I got off Fifth Avenue. I used to see them thinking they 'd got to look as if they believed it, if they wanted to keep next. When I just let out and showed I did n't care a darn and had n't sense enough to know that it mattered, it nearly made them throw a fit. They had to turn round and fix their faces all over again and act like it was 'interesting.' That 's what Lady Mallowe calls it. She says it 's so 'interesting!' Now, Palliser—" he paused and grinned again.

"Yes, Palliser? Don't let us neglect Palliser," his host encouraged him.

"He 's in a worse mix-up than the rest because he 's got more to lose. If he could work this mammoth-mine song and dance with the right people, there 'd be money enough in it to put him on Easy Street. That 's where he 's aiming for. The company 's just where it has to have a boost. It 's just *got* to. If it does n't, there 'll be a bust up that may end in fitting out a high-toned promoter or so in a striped yellow-and-black Jersey suit and set him to breaking rocks or playing with oakum. I 'll tell you, poor old Palliser gets the Willies sometimes after he 's read his mail. He turns the color of écru baby Irish. That 's a kind of lace I got a dressmaker to tell me about when I wrote up receptions and dances for the Sunday 'Earth.' Ecru baby Irish—that 's Palliser's color after he 's read his letters."

"I dare say the fellow 's in a devil of a mess, if the truth were known," the duke said.

"And here 's 'T. T.,' hand-made and hand-painted for the part of the kind of sucker he wants." T. Tembarom's manner was almost sympathetic in its appreciation. "I can tell you I 'm having a real good time with Palliser. It looked like I 'd just dropped from heaven when he first saw me. If he 'd been the praying kind, I 'd have been just the sort he 'd have prayed for when he said his 'Now-I-lay-me's' before he went to bed. There was n't a chance in a hundred that I was n't a fool that had his head swelled so that he 'd swallow any darned thing if you handed it to him smooth enough. First time he called he asked me a lot of questions about New York business. That was pretty smart of him. He wanted to find out, sort of careless, how much I knew—or how little."

The duke was leaning back luxuriously in his chair and gazing at him as he might have gazed at the work of an old master of which each line and shade was of absorbing interest.

"I can see him," he said. "I see him."

"He found out I knew nothing," Tembarom continued. "And what was to hinder him trying to teach me something, by gee! Nothing on top of the green earth. I was there, waiting with my mouth open, it seemed like."

"And he has tried—in his best manner?" said his grace.

"What he has n't tried would n't be worth trying," Tembarom answered cheerfully. "Sometimes it seems like a shame to waste it. I 've got so I know how to start him when he does n't know I 'm doing it. I tell you, he 's fine. Gentlemanly—that 's his way, you know. High-toned friend that just happens to know of a good thing and thinks enough of you in a sort of reserved way to feel like it 's a pity not to give you a chance to come in on the ground floor, if you 've got the sense to see the favor he 's friendly enough to do you. It 's such a favor that it 'd just disgust a man if you could possibly turn it down. But of course you 're to take it or leave it. It 's not to his interest to push it. Lord, no! Whatever you did, his way is that he 'd not condescend to say a darned word. High-toned silence, that 's all."

The Duke of Stone was chuckling very softly. His chuckles rather broke his words when he spoke.

"By—by—Jove!" he said. "You—you do see it, don't you? You do see it."

"Why," he said, "it 's what keeps me up. You know a lot more about me than any one else does, but there 's a whole raft of things I think about that I could n't hang round any man's neck. If I tried to hang them round yours, you 'd know that I would be having a hell of a time here, if I 'd let myself think too much. If I did n't see it, as you call it, if I did n't see so many things, I might begin to get sorry for myself. There was a pause of a second. "Gee!" he said, "gee! this not hearing a thing about Ann! I 've got to keep going to stand it. Well, Strangeways gives me some work to do. And I 've got Palliser. He 's a little sunbeam."

A man-servant approaching to suggest a possible need of hot tea started at hearing his grace break into a sudden and plainly involuntary crow of glee. He had not heard that one before, either. Palliser as a little sunbeam brightening the pathway of T. Tembarom was, in the particular existing circumstances, all that could be desired of fine humor. It somewhat recalled the situation of the "Ladies" of the noble houses of Pevensy, Talchester, and Stone unconsciously passing in review for the satisfaction of little Miss Hutchinson. Tembarom laughed a little himself, but he went on with seriousness:

"There 's one thing sure enough. I 've got on to it by listening and working out what he would do by what he does n't know he says. If he could put the screws on me in any way, he would n't hold back. It 'd be all quite polite and gentlemanly, but he 'd do it all the samee. And he 's dead-sure that everybody 's got something they 'd like to hide—or get. That 's what he works things out from."

"Does he think you have something to hide—or get?" the duke inquired, quickly.

"He 's sure of it. But he does n't know yet whether it 's get or hide. He noses about. Pearson 's seen him. He asks questions and plays he ain't doing it and ain't interested, anyhow."

"He does n't like you, he does n't like you," the duke said rather thoughtfully. "He has a way of conveying that you are far more subtle than you choose to look. He says an air of entire frankness is one of the chief assets of American promoters."

Tembarom smiled the smile of recognition. "Yes," he said, "it looks like that 's a long way round, does n't it? But it 's not far to T. T. when you want to hitch on the connection. Anyhow, that 's the way he means it to look. If ever I was suspected of being in any mix-up, everybody would remember he 'd said that."

"It 's very amusin'," said the duke.

They had become even greater friends and intimates by this time than the already astonished neighborhood suspected them of being. That they spent much time together in an amazing degree of familiarity was the talk of the country, in fact, one of the most frequent resources of conversation. Everybody endeavored to find reason for the situation, but none had been presented which seemed of sufficiently logical convincingness. The duke was eccentric, of course. That was easy to hit upon. He was amiably perverse and good-humoredly cynical. He was of course immensely amused by the incongruity of the acquaintance. This being the case, why exactly he had never before chosen for himself a companion equally out of the picture it was not easy to explain. Palliser, it is true, suggested it was Tembarom's "cheek" which stood him in good stead, and his being so entirely a bounder that he did not know he was one, and was

ready to make an ass of himself to any extent. The frankest statement of the situation, if any one had so chosen to put it, would have been that he was regarded as a sort of court fool without cap or bells.

No one was aware of the odd confidences which passed between the weirdly dissimilar pair. No one guessed that the old peer sat and listened to stories of a red-headed, slim-bodied girl in a dingy New York boarding-house, that he liked them sufficiently to encourage their telling, that he had made a mental picture of a certain look in a pair of maternally yearning and fearfully convincing round young eyes, that he knew the burnished fullness and glow of the red hair until he could imagine the feeling of its texture and abundant warmth in the hand. And this subject was only one of many. And of others they talked with interest, doubt, argument, speculation, holding a living thrill.

The tap of croquet-mallets sounded hollow and clear from the sunken lawn below the mass of shrubs between them and the players as the duke repeated:

"It 's hugely amusin'," dropping his "g," which was not one of his usual affectations.

"Confound it!" he said next, wrinkling the thin, fine skin round his eyes in a speculative smile, "I wish I had had a son of my own just like you."

All of Tembarom's white teeth revealed themselves.

"I 'd have liked to be in it," he replied, "but I should n't have been like me."

"Yes, you would." The duke put the tips of his fingers delicately together. "You are of the kind which in all circumstances is like itself." He looked about him, taking in the turreted, majestic age and mass of the castle. "You would have been born here. You would have learned to ride your pony down the avenue. You would have gone to Eton and to Oxford. I don't think you would have learned much, but you would have been decidedly edifying and companionable. You would have had a sense of humor which would have made you popular in society and at court. A young fellow who makes those people laugh holds success in his hand. They want to be made to laugh as much as I do. Good God! how they are obliged to be bored and behave decently under it! You would have seen and known more things to be humorous about than you know now."

"Would I have been Lord Temple Temple Barholm or something of that sort?" Tembarom asked.

"You would have been the Marquis of Belcarey," the duke replied, looking him over thoughtfully, "and your name would probably have been Hugh Lawrence Gilbert Henry Charles Adelbert, or words to that effect."

"A regular six-shooter," grinned Tembarom. "I should have liked it all right if I had n't been born in Brooklyn. But that starts you out in a different way. Do you think, if I 'd been born the Marquis of Bel—what 's his name—I should have been on to Palliser's little song and dance, and had as much fun out of it?"

"On my soul, I believe you would," the duke answered. "Brooklyn or Stone Hover Castle, I 'm hanged if you would n't have been *you.*"

CHAPTER XXIX



AFTER this came a pause. Each man sat thinking his own thoughts, which, while marked with difference in form, were doubtless subtly alike in the line they followed. During the silence T. Tembarom looked out at the late afternoon shadows lengthening themselves in darkening velvet across the lawns.

At last he said:

"I never told you that I 've been reading some of the 'steen thousand books in the library. I started it about a month ago. And somehow they 've got me going."

"No, you have not mentioned it," his grace answered, and laughed a little. "You frequently fail to mention things. When first we knew each other I used to wonder if you were naturally a secretive fellow; but you are not. You always have a reason for your silences."

"It took about ten years to kick that into me—ten good years, I should say."

"I have often thought that if books attracted you the library would help you to get through a good many of the hundred and thirty-six hours a day you 've spoken



of, and get through them pretty decently," commented the duke.

"That 's what 's happened," Tembarom answered. "There 's not so many now. I can cut 'em off in chunks."

"How did it begin?"

He listened with much pleasure while Tembarom told him how it had begun and how it had gone on.

"I 'd been having a pretty bad time one day. Strangeways had been worse—a darned sight worse—just when I thought he was better. I 'd been trying to help him to think straight; and suddenly I made a break, somehow, and must have touched exactly the wrong spring. It seemed as if I set him nearly crazy. I had to leave him to Pearson right away. Then it poured rain steady for about eight hours, and I could n't get out and 'take a walk.' Then I went wandering into the picture-gallery and found Lady Joan there, looking at Miles Hugo. And she ordered me out, or blamed near it."

"You are standing a good deal," said the duke.

"Yes, I am—but so is she." He set his hard young jaw and stared once more at the velvet shadows.

"I tell you, for a fellow that knows nothing this novel-reading is an easy way of finding out a lot of things," he resumed. "You find out what different kinds of people there are, and what different kinds of ways. If you 've lived in one place, and been up against nothing but earning your living, you think that 's all there is of it—that it 's the whole thing. But it is n't, by gee!" His air became thoughtful. "I 've begun to kind of get on to what all this means"—glancing about him—"to you people; and how a fellow like T. T. must look to you. I 've always sort of guessed, but reading a few dozen novels has helped me to see *why* it 's that way. I 've yelled right out laughing over it many a time. That fellow called Thackeray—I can't read his things right straight through—but he 's an eye-opener."

"You have tried nothing *but* novels?" his enthralled hearer inquired.

"Not yet. I shall come to the others in time. I 'm sort of hungry for these things about *people*. It 's the ways they 're different that gets me going.

"Reading novels put me wise to things in a new way. Lady Joan's been wiping her feet on me *hard* for a good while, and I sort of made up my mind I 'd got to let her until I was sure where I was. I won't say I did n't mind it, but I could stand it. But once when she caught me looking at her, the way she looked back at me made me see all of a sudden that it would be easier for her if I told her straight that she was mistaken."

"That she is mistaken in thinking—?"

"What she does think. She would n't have thought it if the old lady had n't been driving her mad by hammering it in. She 'd have hated me all right, and I don't blame her when I think of how poor Jem was treated; but she would n't have thought that every time I tried to be decent and friendly to her I was butting in and making a sick fool of myself. She 's got to stay where her mother keeps her,

and she 's got to listen to her. Oh, hell! She 's got to be told!"

The duke set the tips of his fingers together. "How would you do it?" he asked.

"Just straight," replied T. Tembarom. "There 's no other way."

From the old worldling broke forth an involuntary low laugh, which was a sort of cackle. So this was what was coming.

"I cannot think of any devious method," he said, "which would make it less than a delicate thing to do. A beautiful young woman, whose host you are, has flouted you furiously for weeks, under the impression that you are offensively in love with her. You propose to tell her that her judgment has betrayed her, and that, as you say, 'There 's nothing doing.' "

"Not a darned thing, and never has been," said T. Tembarom. He looked quite grave and not at all embarrassed. He plainly did not see it as a situation to be regarded with humor.

"If she will listen—" the duke began.

"Oh, she 'll listen," put in Tembarom. "I 'll make her."

His was a self-contradicting countenance, the duke reflected, as he took him in with a somewhat long look. One did not usually see a face built up of boyishness and maturity, simpleness which was baffling, and a good nature which could be hard. At the moment, it was both of these last at one and the same time.

"I know something of Lady Joan and I know something of you," he said, "but I don't exactly foresee what will happen. I will not say that I should not like to be present."

"There 'll be nobody present but just me and her," Tembarom answered.

CHAPTER XXX



THE visits of Lady Mallowe and Captain Palliser had had their features. Neither of the pair had come to one of the most imposing "places" in Lancashire to live a life of hermit-like seclusion and dullness. They had arrived with the intention of availing themselves of all such opportunities for entertainment as could be guided in their direction by the deftness of experience. As a result, there had been hospitalities at Temple Barholm such as it had not beheld during the last generation at least. T. Tembarom had looked on, an interested spectator, as these festivities had been adroitly arranged and managed for him. He had not, however, in the least resented acting as a sort of figurehead in the position of sponsor and host.

"They think I don't know I 'm not doing it all myself," was his easy mental summing-up. "They 've got the idea that I 'm pleased because I believe I 'm It. But that 's all to the merry. It 's what I 've set my mind on having going on here, and I could n't have started it as well myself. I should n't have known how. They 're teaching me. All I hope is that Ann's grandmother is keeping tab."

"Do you and Rose happen to know old Mrs. Hutchinson?" he had inquired of Pearson the night before the talk with the duke.

"Well, not to say exactly *know* her, sir, but everybody knows *of* her," said Pearson. "She is a most remarkable old person, sir—most remarkable." Then, after watching his face for a moment or so, he added tentatively, "Would you perhaps *wish* us to make her acquaintance for—for any reason, sir?"

Tembarom thought the matter over speculatively. He had learned that his first liking for Pearson had been founded upon a rock. He was always to be trusted to understand, and also to apply a quite unusual intelligence to such matters as he became aware of without having been told about them.

"What I 'd like would be for her to hear that there 's plenty doing at Temple Barholm; that people are coming and going all the time; and that there 's ladies to burn—and most of them lookers, at that," was his answer.

How Pearson had discovered the exotic subtleties of his master's situation and mental attitude toward it, only those of his class and gifted with his occult powers could explain in detail. The fact exists that Pearson did know an immense number of things his employer had not mentioned to him, and held them locked in his bosom in honored security, like a little



gentleman. He made his reply with a polite conviction which carried weight.

"It would not be necessary for either Rose or me to make old Mrs. Hutchinson's acquaintance with a view to informing her of anything which occurs on the estate or in the village, sir," he remarked. "Mrs. Hutchinson knows more of things than any one ever tells her. She sits in her cottage there, and she just *knows* things and sees through people in a way that 'd be almost unearthly, if she was n't a good old person, and so respectable that there 's those that touches their hats to her as if she belonged to the gentry. She 's got a blue eye, sir."

"Has she?" exclaimed Tembarom.

"Yes, sir. As blue as a baby's, sir, and as clear, though she 's past eighty. Oh, sir! you can depend upon old Mrs. Hutchinson as to who 's been here, and even what they 've thought about it. The village just flocks to her to tell her the news and get advice about things. She 'd know."

It was as a result of this that on his return from Stone Hover he dismissed the carriage at the gates and walked through them to make a visit in the village. Old Mrs. Hutchinson, sitting knitting in her chair behind the abnormally flourishing fuchsias, geraniums, and campanula carpaticas in her cottage-window, looked between the banked-up flower-pots to see that Mr. Temple Barholm had opened her wicket-gate and was walking up the clean-brushed path to her front door. When he knocked she called out in the broad Lancashire she had always spoken, "Coom in!" When he entered he took off his hat and looked at her, friendly but hesitant, and with the expression of a young man who has not quite made up his mind as to what he is about to encounter.

"I 'm Temple Temple Barholm, Mrs. Hutchinson," he announced.

"I know that," she answered. "Not that tha looks loike the Temple Barholms, but I 've been watchin' thee walk an' drive past here ever since tha coom to the place."

She watched him steadily with an astonishingly limpid pair of old eyes. They were old and young at the same time; old because they held deeps of wisdom, young because they were so alive and full of question.

"I don't know whether I ought to have come to see you or not," he said.

"Well, tha 'st coom," she replied, going on with her knitting. "Sit thee doun and have a bit of a chat."

"Say!" he broke out. "Ain't you going to shake hands with me?" He held his hand out impetuously. He knew he was all right if she 'd shake hands.

"Theer 's nowt agen that, surely," she answered, with a shrewd bit of a smile. She gave him her hand. "If I was na stiff in my legs, it 's my place to get up an' mak' thee a curtsey, but th' rheumatics has no respect even for th' lord o' th' manor."

"If you got up and made me a curtsey," Tembarom said, "I should throw a fit. Say, Mrs. Hutchinson, I bet you know that as well as I do."

The shrewd bit of smile lighted her eyes as well as twinkled about her mouth.

"Sit thee doun," she said again.

So he sat down and looked at her as straight as she looked at him.

"Tha 'd give a good bit," she said presently, over her flashing needles, "to know how much Little Ann 's tow'd me about thee."

"I 'd give a lot to know how much it 'd be square to ask you to tell me about *her,*" he gave back to her, hesitating yet eager.

"What does tha mean by square?" she demanded.

"I mean 'fair.' Can I talk to you about her at all? I promised I 'd stick it out here and do as she said. She told me she was n't going to write to me or let her father write. I 've promised, and I 'm not going to fall down when I 've said a thing. I 'm going to be as good as I know how."

"So tha coom to see her grandmother?"

He reddened, but held his head up.

"I 'm not going to ask her grandmother a thing she does n't want me to be told. But I 've been up against it pretty hard lately. I read some things in the New York papers about her father and his invention, and about her traveling round with him and helping him with his business."

"In Germany they wur," she put in, forgetting herself. "They 're havin' big doin's over th' invention. What Joe 'd do wi'out th' lass I canna tell. She 's doin' every bit o' th' managin' an' contrivin' wi' them furriners—but he 'll never know it."

Her face flushed and she stopped herself sharply.

"I 'm talkin' about her to thee!" she said. "I would na ha' believed it o' mysen."

He got up from his chair.

"I guess I ought n't to have come," he said restlessly. "But you have n't told me more than I got here and there in the papers. That was what startled me. It was like watching her. I could hear her talking and see the way she was doing things till it drove me half crazy. All of a sudden I just got wild and made up my mind I 'd come here. I 've wanted to do it many a time, but I 've kept away."

"Tha showed sense i' doin' that," remarked Mrs. Hutchinson. "She 'd not ha' thowt well o' thee if tha 'd coom runnin' to her grandmother every day or so. What she likes about thee is as she thinks tha 's got a strong backbone o' thy own.

"Happen a look at a lass's grandmother —when tha canna get at th' lass hersen—is a bit o' comfort," she added. "But don't tha go walkin' by here to look in at th' window too often. She would na think well o' that either."

"Say! There 's one thing I 'm going to get off my chest before I go," he announced, "just one thing. She can go where she likes and do what she likes, but I 'm going to marry her when she 's done it—unless something knocks me on the head and finishes me. I 'm going to marry her."

"Tha art, art tha?" laconically.

"I 'm keeping up my end here, and it 's no slouch of a job, but I 'm not forgetting what she promised for one minute! And I 'm not forgetting what her promise means," he said, obstinately.

"Tha 'd like me to tell her that?" she said.

"If she does n't know it, you telling her would n't cut any ice," was his reply. "I 'm saying it because I want you to know it, and because it does me good to say it out loud. I 'm going to marry her."

"That 's for her and thee to settle," she commented impersonally.

"It *is* settled," he answered. "There 's no way out of it. Will you shake hands with me again before I go?"

"Aye," she consented, "I will."

When she took his hand she held it a minute. Her own was warm, and there was no limpness about it. The secret which had seemed to conceal itself behind her eyes had some difficulty in keeping itself wholly in the background.

"She knows aw' tha does," she said coolly, as if she were not suddenly revealing immensities. "She knows who cooms an' who goes, an' what they think o' thee, an' how tha gets on wi' 'em. Now get thee gone, lad, an' dunnot tha coom back till her or me sends for thee."

WITHIN an hour of this time the afternoon post brought to Lady Mallowe a letter which she read with an expression in which her daughter recognized relief. It was in fact a letter for which she had waited with anxiety, and the invitation it contained was a tribute to her social skill at its highest water-mark. In her less heroic moments, she had felt doubts of receiving it, which had caused shudders to run the entire length of her spine.

"I 'm going to Broome Haughton," she announced to Joan.

"When?" Joan inquired.

"At the end of the week. I am invited for a fortnight."

"Am I going?" Joan asked.

"No. You will go to London to meet some friends who are coming over from Paris."

Joan knew that comment was unnecessary. Both she and her mother were on intimate terms with these hypothetical friends who so frequently turned up from Paris or elsewhere when it was necessary that she should suddenly go back to London and live in squalid seclusion in the unopened house, with a charwoman to provide her with underdone or burnt chops, and eggs at eighteen a shilling, while the shutters of the front rooms were closed, and dusty desolation reigned.

"If you had conducted yourself sensibly you need not have gone," continued her mother. "I could have made an excuse and left you here. You would at least have been sure of good food and decent comforts."

"After your visit, are we to return here?" was Lady Joan's sole reply.

"I do not know what will happen when I leave Broome Haughton," her mother added, a note of rasped uncertainty in her voice.

In truth, the future was a hideous thing to contemplate if no rescue at all was in sight. It would be worse for her than for Joan, because Joan did not care what happened or did not happen, and she cared desperately. She knew perfectly well that the girl had somehow found out that Sir Moses Monaldini was to be at Broome Haughton, and that when he left there he was going abroad. She knew also that she had not been able to conceal that his indifference had of late given her some ghastly hours, and that her play for this lagging invitation had been a frantically bold one. That the most ingenious efforts and devices had ended in success only after such delay made it all the more necessary that no straw must remain unseized on.

"I can wear some of your things, with a little alteration," she said. "Rose will do it for me. Hats and gloves and ornaments do not require altering. I shall need things you will not need in London. Where are your keys?"

Lady Joan rose and got them for her. She even flushed slightly. They were often obliged to borrow each other's possessions, but for a moment she felt herself moved by a sort of hard pity.

"We are like rats in a trap," she remarked. "I hope you will get out."

"If I do, you will be left inside. Get out yourself! Get out yourself!" said Lady Mallowe in a fierce whisper.

Her regrets at the necessity of their leaving Temple Barholm were expressed with fluent touchingness at the dinner-table. The visit had been so delightful. Mr. Temple Barholm and Miss Alicia had been so kind. The loveliness of the whole dear place had so embraced them that they felt as if they were leaving a home instead of ending a delightful visit. It was extraordinary what an effect the house had on one. It was as if one had lived in it always—and always would. So few places gave one the same feeling. They should both look forward—greedy as it seemed—to being allowed some time to come again. She had decided from the first that it was not necessary to go to any extreme of caution or subtlety with her host and Miss Alicia. Her method of paving the way for future visits was perhaps more than a shade too elaborate. She felt, however, that it sufficed. For the most part, Lady Joan sat with lids dropped over her burning eyes. She tried to force herself not to listen. This was the kind of thing which made her sick with humiliation. Howsoever rudimentary these people were, they could not fail to comprehend that a foothold in the house was being bid for. They should at least see that she did not join in the bidding. Her own visit had been filled with feelings at war with one another. In the long-past three months of happiness, Jem—*her* Jem—had described the house to her—the rooms, gardens, pleached walks, pictures, the very furniture itself. She could enter no room, walk in no spot she did not seem to know, and passionately love in spite of herself. She loved them so much that there were times when she yearned to stay in the place at any cost, and others when she could not endure the misery it woke in her—the pure misery.

T. Tembarom thought he never had seen Lady Joan look as handsome as she looked to-night. The color on her cheek

burned, her eyes had a driven loneliness in them. She had a wonderfully beautiful mouth, and its curve drooped in a new way. He wished Ann could get her in a corner and sit down and talk sense to her. He remembered what he had said to the duke. Perhaps this was the time. If she was going away, and her mother meant to drag her back again when she was ready, it would make it easier for her to leave the place knowing she need not hate to come back. But the duke was n't making any miss hit when he said it would n't be easy. She was not like Ann, who would feel some pity for the biggest fool on earth if she had to throw him down hard. Lady Joan would feel neither compunctions nor relentings. He knew the way she could look at a fellow. If he could n't make her understand what he was aiming at, they would both be worse off than they would be if he left things as they were. But—the hard line showed itself about his mouth—he was n't going to leave things as they were.

As they passed through the hall after dinner, Lady Mallowe glanced at a side-table on which lay some letters arrived by the late post. An imposing envelop was on the top of the rest. Joan saw her face light as she took it up.

"I think this is from Broome Haughton," she said. "If you will excuse me, I will go into the library and read it. It may require answering at once."

She turned hot and cold, poor woman, and went away, so that she might be free from the disaster of an audience if anything had gone wrong. It would be better to be alone even if things had gone right. The letter was from Sir Moses Monaldini.

The men had come into the drawing-room when she returned. As she entered, Joan did not glance up from the book she was reading, but at the first sound of her voice she knew what the letter meant.

"I was obliged to dash off a note to Broome Haughton so that it would be ready for the early post," Lady Mallowe said. She was at her best. Palliser saw that some years had slipped from her shoulders. The moment which relieves or even promises to relieve fears does astonishing things. Tembarom wondered whether she had had good news. Her brilliant air of social ease returned to her, and she began to talk fluently of what was being done in London, and to touch lightly upon the possibility of taking part in great functions. Persons whose fortunate names had ceased to fall easily from her lips appeared again upon the horizon. Miss Alicia was impressed anew with the feeling that she had known every brilliant or important personage in the big world of social London; that she had taken part in every dazzling event. Tembarom somehow realized that she had been afraid of something or other, and was for some reason not afraid any more. Such a change, whatsoever the reason for it, ought to have had some effect on her daughter. Surely she would share her luck, if luck had come to her.

But Lady Joan sat apart and kept her eyes upon her book. This was one of the things she often chose to do, in spite of her mother's indignant protest.

"I came here because you brought me," she would answer. "I did not come to be entertaining or polite."

She was not reading this evening. She heard every word of Lady Mallowe's agreeable and slightly excited conversation. She did not know exactly what had happened; but she knew that it was something which had buoyed her up with a hopefulness which exhilarated her and before her own future Joan saw the blank wall of stone building itself higher and higher. If Sir Moses had capitulated, she would be counted out. A cruel little smile touched her lips, as she reviewed the number of things she could *not* do to earn her living. She could not take in sewing or washing, and there was nothing she could teach. Starvation or marriage. The wall built itself higher and yet higher. What a hideous thing it was for a penniless girl to be brought up merely to be a beauty, and in consequence supposably a great lady. And yet if she was born to a certain rank and had height and figure, a lovely mouth, a delicate nose, unusual eyes and lashes, to train her to be a dressmaker or a housemaid would be a stupid investment of capital. If nothing tragic interfered and the right man wanted such a girl, she had been trained to please him. But tragic things had happened, and before her grew the wall while she pretended to read her book.

T. Tembarom was coming toward her.

She had heard Palliser suggest a game of billiards.

"Will you come and play billiards with us?" Tembarom asked. "Palliser says you play splendidly."

"She plays brilliantly," put in Lady Mallowe. "Come, Joan."

"No, thank you," she answered. "Let me stay here and read."

Lady Mallowe protested. She tried an air of playful maternal reproach because she was in good spirits. Joan saw Palliser smiling quietly, and there was that in his smile which suggested to her that he was thinking her an obstinate fool.

"You had better show Temple Barholm what you can do," he remarked. "This will be your last chance, as you leave so soon. Never ought you let a last chance slip by. I never do."

Tembarom stood still and looked down at her from his good height. He did not know what Palliser's speech meant, but an instinct made him feel that it somehow held an ugly, quiet taunt.

"What I would like to do," was the unspoken crudity which passed through his mind, "would be to swat him on the mouth. He 's getting at her just when she ought to be let alone."

"Would you like it better to stay here and read?" he inquired.

"Much better, if you please," was her reply.

"Then that goes," he answered, and left her.

He swept the others out of the room with a good-natured promptness which put an end to argument. When he said of anything "Then that goes," it usually did so.

CHAPTER XXXI

When she was alone Joan sat and gazed not at her wall but at the pictures that came back to her out of a part of her life which seemed to have been lived centuries ago. They were the pictures that came back continually without being called, the clearness of which always startled her afresh. Sometimes she thought they sprang up to add to her torment, but sometimes it seemed as if they came to save her from herself—her mad, wicked self. After all, there were moments when to know that she *had* been the girl whose eighteen-year-old heart had leaped so when she turned and met Jem's eyes, as he stood gazing at her under the beech-tree, was something to cling to. She had been that girl and Jem had been—Jem. Her throat strained itself because sobs rose in it, and her eyes were hot with the swell of tears.

She could hear voices and laughter and the click of balls from the billiard-room. Her mother and Palliser laughed the most, but she knew the sound of her mother's voice would cease soon, because she would come back to her. She knew the kind of scene they would pass through together when she returned. The old things would be said, the old arguments used, but a new one would be added. It was at once horrible and ridiculous that she must sit and listen—and stare at the growing wall. It was as she caught her breath against the choking swell of tears that she heard Lady Mallowe returning. She came in with an actual sweep across the room. Her society air had fled, and she was unadornedly furious when she stopped before Joan's chair. For a few seconds she actually glared; then she broke forth in a suppressed undertone.

"Come into the billiard-room. I command it!"

Joan lifted her eyes from her book. Her voice was as low as her mother's, but steadier.

"No," she answered.

"Is this conduct to continue? Is it?" Lady Mallowe panted.

"Yes," said Joan, and laid her book on the table near her. There was nothing else to say. Words made things worse.

Lady Mallowe had lost her head, but she still spoke in the suppressed voice.

"You *shall* behave yourself!" she cried, under her breath, and actually made a passionate half-start toward her.

"Would n't it be wise to remember that you cannot make the kind of scene here that you can in your own house?" said Joan. "We are a bad-tempered pair. But when we are guests in other people's houses—"

"You think you can take advantage of that!" she said. "Don't trust yourself too far. Do you imagine that just when all might go well for me I will allow you to spoil everything?"

"How can I spoil everything?"

"By behaving as you have been behaving

since we came here—refusing to make a home for yourself; by hanging round my neck so that it will appear that any one who takes me must take you also. I came in here to tell you," she went on, "that this is your last chance. I shall never give you another."

Joan remained silent, and her silence added to her mother's helpless rage. She moved a step nearer to her and flung the javelin which she always knew would strike deep.

"You have made yourself a laughing-stock for all London for years. You are mad about a man who disgraced and ruined himself."

She saw the javelin quiver as it struck; but Joan's voice as it answered her had a quality of low and deadly steadiness.

"You have said that a thousand times, and you will say it another thousand—though you know the story was a lie and was proved to be one."

Lady Mallowe knew her way thoroughly.

"Who remembers the denials? What the world remembers is that Jem Temple Barholm was stamped as a cheat and a trickster. No one has time to remember the other thing. He is dead—*dead!* When a man 's dead it 's too late."

She was desperate enough to drive her javelin home deeper than she had ever chanced to drive it before. The truth—the awful truth she uttered shook Joan from head to foot. She sprang up and stood before her in heart-wrung fury.

"Oh! You are a hideously cruel woman!" she cried. "They say even tigers care for their young! But you—you can say that to *me*. 'When a man 's dead, it 's too late.' "

"It *is* too late—it *is* too late!" Lady Mallowe persisted. Why had not she struck this note before? It was breaking Joan's will: "I would say anything to bring you to your senses. I came here because it *is* your last chance. Palliser knew what he was saying when he made a joke of it just now. He knew it was n't a joke. You might have been the Duchess of Merthshire; you might have been Lady St. Maur, with a husband with millions. And here you are. You know what 's before you—when I am out of the trap."

Joan laughed. It was a wild little laugh, and she felt there was no sense in it.

"I might apply for a place in Miss Alicia's Home for Decayed Gentlewomen," she said.

Lady Mallowe nodded her head fiercely.

"Apply, then. There will be no place for you in the home I am going to live in," she retorted.

Joan ceased moving about. She was about to hear the one argument that was new.

"You may as well tell me," she said wearily.

"I have had a letter from Sir Moses Monaldini. He is to be at Broome Haughton. He is going there purposely to meet me. What he writes can mean only one thing. He means to ask me to marry him. I 'm your mother, and I 'm nearly twenty years older than you; but you see that I 'm out of the trap first."

"I knew you would be," answered Joan.

"He detests you," Lady Mallowe went on. "He will not hear of your living with us—or even near us. He says you are old enough to take care of yourself. Take my advice. I am doing you a good turn in giving it. This New York newsboy is mad over you. If he had n't been we should have been bundled out of the house before this. He never has spoken to a lady before in his life, and he feels as if you were a goddess. Go into the billiard-room this instant, and do all a woman can. Go!" And she actually stamped her foot on the carpet. "You might live in the very house you would have lived in with Jem Temple Barholm, on the income he could have given you."

She saw the crassness of her blunder the next moment. If she had had an advantage, she had lost it.

Wickedly, without a touch of mirth, Joan laughed in her face.

"Jem's house and Jem's money—and the New York newsboy in his shoes," she flung at her. "T. Tembarom to live with until one's death-bed. T. Tembarom!"

Suddenly, something *was* giving way in her, Lady Mallowe thought again. Joan slipped into a chair and dropped her head and hidden face on the table.

"Oh! Mother! Mother!" she ended. "Oh! Jem! Jem!"

Was she sobbing or trying to choke sobbing back? There was no time to be lost. Her mother had never known a scene to end in this way before.

"Crying!" There was absolute spite in her voice. "That shows you know what you are in for, at all events. But I 've said my last word. What does it matter to me, after all? You 're in the trap. I 'm not. Get out as best you can."

She turned her back and went out of the room—as she had come into it—with a sweep Joan would have smiled at as rather vulgar if she had seen it. As a child in the nursery, she had often seen that her ladyship was vulgar.

But she did not see the sweep because her face was hidden. Something in her had broken this time, as her mother had felt. That bitter, sordid truth, driven home as it had been, had done it. Who had time to remember denials, or lies proved to be lies? Nobody in the world. Who had time to give to the defense of a dead man? There was not time enough to give to living ones. It was true—true! When a man is dead, it is too late. The wall had built itself until it reached her sky; but it was not the wall she bent her head and sobbed over. It was that suddenly she had seen again Jem's face as he had stood with slow-growing pallor, and looked round at the ring of eyes which stared at him; Jem's face as he strode by her without a glance and went out of the room. She forgot everything else on earth. She forgot where she was. She was eighteen again, and she sobbed in her arms as eighteen sobs when its heart is torn from it.

"Oh, Jem! Jem!" she cried. "If you were only in the same *world* with me! If you were just in the same *world!*"

She had forgotten all else, indeed. She forgot too long. She did not know how long. It seemed that no more than a few minutes had passed before she was without warning struck with the shock of feeling that some one was in the room with her, standing near her, looking at her. She had been mad not to remember that exactly this thing would be sure to happen, by some abominable chance. Her movement as she rose was almost violent, she could not hold herself still, and her face was horribly wet with shameless, unconcealable tears. Shameless she felt them—indecent—a sort of nudity of the soul. If it had been a servant who had intruded, or if it had been Palliser it would have been intolerable enough. But it was T. Tembarom who confronted her with his common face, moved mysteriously by some feeling she resented even more than she resented his presence. He was too grossly ignorant to know that a man of breeding, having entered by chance, would have turned and gone away, professing not to have seen. He seemed to think—the dolt! —that he must make some apology.

"Say! Lady Joan!" he began. "I beg your pardon. I did n't mean to butt in."

"Then go away," she commanded. "Instantly—instantly!"

She knew he must see that she spoke almost through her teeth in her effort to control her sobbing breath. But he made no move toward leaving her. He even drew nearer, looking at her in a sort of meditative, obstinate way.

"N-no," he replied deliberately. "I guess—I won't."

"You won't?" Lady Joan repeated after him. "Then I will."

He made a stride forward and laid his hand on her arm.

"No. Not on your life. You won't, either—if I can help it. And you 're going to *let* me help it."

Almost any one but herself—any one, at least, who did not resent his very existence —would have felt the drop in his voice which suddenly struck the note of boyish, friendly appeal in the last sentence. "You 're going to *let* me," he repeated.

She stood looking down at the daring, unconscious hand on her arm.

"I suppose," she said, with cutting slowness, "that you do not even *know* that you are insolent. Take your hand away," in arrogant command.

He removed it with an unabashed half-smile.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did n't even know I 'd put it there. It was a break—but I wanted to keep you."

That he not only wanted to keep her, but intended to do so, was apparent. His air was neither rough nor brutal, but he had ingeniously placed himself in the outlet between the big table and the way to the door. He put his hands in his pockets in his vulgar, unconscious way, and watched her.

"Say, Lady Joan!" he broke forth, in the frank outburst of a man who wants to get something over. "I should be a fool if I did n't see that you 're up against it—hard! What 's the matter?" His voice dropped again.

There was something in the drop this time which—perhaps because of her recent emotion—sounded to her almost as if he were asking the question with the protecting sympathy of the tone one would use in speaking to a child. How dare he! But it came home to her that Jem had once said "What 's the matter?" to her in the same way.

"Do you think it likely that I should confide in you?" she said, and inwardly quaked at the memory as she said it.

"No," he answered, considering the matter gravely. "It 's not *likely*—the way things look to you now. But if you knew me better perhaps it would be likely."

"I once explained to you that I do not *intend* to know you better," she gave answer.

He nodded acquiescently.

"Yes. I got on to that. And it 's because it 's up to me that I came out here to tell you something I want you to know before you go away. I 'm going to confide in *you*."

"Cannot even *you* see that I am not in the mood to accept confidences?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I can. But you 're going to accept this one," steadily. "No," as she made a swift movement, "I 'm not going to clear the way till I 've done."

"I insist!" she cried. "If you were—"

He put out his hand, but not to touch her.

"I know what you 're going to say. If I were a gentleman— Well, I 'm not laying any claims to anything—but I 'm a sort of a man, anyhow, though you may n't think it. And you 're going to listen."

(To be continued)

RITUAL

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

LORD GOD, what may we think of Thee,
Save that in stars we drink of Thee,
Save that in the abundance of Thy sunlight we have seen
Thine excellent intention;
And Thy marvelous invention
In great and little living things and all the grades between?

Lord God, what may we say to Thee
Who know our hearts give way to Thee
Surely at last in secret depths, though protest long denies,
And that to live is wonder
With worlds above and under
Unreached of any mortal heart, blurred to all mortal eyes?

Lord God, the fitting praise to Thee
Rather would seem to raise to Thee
Only pure honesty of mind, waiting Thy stalwart will;
Like as the hills believe Thee,
Like as the seas receive Thee,
Like as the trees whose rustlings cease,—who hear Thee and are still!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE SPIRIT OF THE CENTURY

"THE magazine needs no other aim than to be worthy of the name it bears."

Thus wrote THE CENTURY'S first editor, Dr. J. G. Holland, in the first number of this magazine nearly forty-three years ago. He referred, of course, to the magazine's original title, which was "Scribner's Monthly"; but THE CENTURY'S earnest ambition to realize the full meaning of its present significant title can find no fitter expression. It continues to believe that success will be attained only as it becomes really the representative magazine of this new and spectacular century of American life.

For the information of many inquiring friends, it seems wise at this time to say that there will be no "new" CENTURY in the sense of a changed CENTURY. There can be none. In remaining the "old" CENTURY, merely growing with the times, merely holding fast to its historic place in the front of progress, this magazine, in these richer days of hard thinking and prompt acting and strenuous living, these tumultuous days of changing eras, remains by mere definition the organ of what is noblest and forwardest in American life. The first editor of this magazine stated editorially that it was conducted in "the free spirit of modern progress and the broadest literary catholicity." The fourth editor joyfully reaffirms this creed. There can be no simpler and more comprehensive statement of this magazine's present spirit and purposes.

In the twentieth-anniversary number, Richard Watson Gilder, who, on Dr. Holland's death in 1881, succeeded to the editorship, reaffirmed the creed in these words:

> If there is any one dominant sentiment which an unprejudiced reviewer would recognize as pervading these forty half-yearly volumes, it is, we think, a sane and earnest Americanism Along with and part of the American spirit has been the earnest endeavor to do all that such a publication might do to increase the sentiment of union throughout our diverse sisterhood of States —the sentiment of American nationality. It has always been the aim of THE CENTURY not only to be a force in literature and art, but to take a wholesome part in the discussion of great questions; not only to promote good literature and art, but good citizenship.

Allowing for different conditions, Mr. Gilder might have written this for to-day.

In the same editorial utterance Mr. Gilder dwelt strongly upon "the spirit of experiment" which, he said, had always inspired the magazine's policy. This we take to be merely another phrase for Dr. Holland's "free spirit of modern progress."

Five years later, on the occasion of our twenty-fifth anniversary, Mr. Gilder wrote in these pages:

> During the next ten years there should

be in America especially a revival of creative literature. If there is, or should be at any particular time, a lack of energy, or a lack of quantity or quality, in the American literary output, it can be merely temporary; for our condition is full of social, political, and industrial problems; life in the New World is replete with strenuous exertion of every kind, of picturesque contrasts, and of innumerable themes fit to inspire literary art. American life is rich in feeling and action and meaning.

American life is richer many times over in feeling and action, and especially in meaning, than when Mr. Gilder penned these words. The intervening years have brought to the surface a myriad of surging currents of human desire and necessity and passion, then concealed, almost unsuspected, below the surface.

It cannot have escaped any reader of THE CENTURY that we are living in a period of amazing achievement as well as of portentous social development. Yet any worker in the furrows of life may well be pardoned for failure to realize the detail and immensity of our achievement. Could one devote himself wholly to discovering the facts of modern accomplishment, it would take a busy life to get abreast of the mere news of it, and to keep there. Ours are times of such variety and complexity that none can be expected to grasp much more than the technicalities of his own work-bench.

Like most prophesies, Mr. Gilder's has been only partly fulfilled. Yet the eighteen years since he uttered it have proved at least that it was true, though its realization has been delayed by the extraordinary activity of these later years. The history of all human progress shows that the art of any period is, so to speak, the flowering of that period. The bloom appears only after stem and stalk have shot to their full growth, and leaves have expanded and darkened to their maturity. The bubbling sap of Mr. Gilder's time is showing now in new and surprising growth, and our problem to-day is not so much to enjoy the flowering literature which he promised as to study and to measure and to comprehend as nearly as possible the wealth of scientific and social and political and industrial achievement which has amazingly developed.

There is no escaping the fact that civilization, like the river tumbling and swirling between two lakes, is passing turbulently from the old convention of the last several generations to the unknown, almost unguessable convention of the not distant future. The feminist movement, the uprising of labor, the surging of innumerable socialistic currents, can mean nothing else than the certain readjustment of social levels. The demand of the people for the heritage of the bosses is not short of revolution. The rebellious din of frantic impressionistic groups is nothing if not strenuous protest against a frozen art. The changed Sabbath and the tempered sermon mark the coldly critical appraisement of religious creeds. And science, meantime, straining and sweating under the lash of progress, is passing from wonder unto wonder.

Perhaps Mr. Gilder's period of literary flowering, though surely coming, must be postponed another decade. The need of the moment is to discover where we are, what is accomplishing about us. Where

have all these struggling activities brought us? What have they really done? What do they mean? Whither do they tend?

It is time we look this question of the present squarely in the eye, in order, if for no other reason, that we may intelligently face the future. It is time that, in business phrase, we take account of stock. It is time that the chemist, for example, trembling over the revelations of his amazing combinations, know that the psychologist, too, is excited about the astonishing developments of his own laboratory; that the elated conquerors of the air realize the achievement of those who plod in the groaning shops of town; that the biologist, amazed at his artificial propagation of life, appreciate the telegraphic annihilation of space.

Thus only may we wisely choose our steps in these uncertain times, remembering that change is not always degeneration; oftener it is progress. There are periods when men live literature, not write it, and consequently literary barrenness may mean merely lying fallow, and still be progress. Especially must we not be too hasty of judgment, for while there are times to preach and times to act and times to pronounce judgment, there are at long intervals also times, between the passings out and the comings in, when it behooves all men to watch and to wait and to study the signs. There are abundant reasons to believe that such a time is at hand, and THE CENTURY, now, as in the past, stands by to help.

During the months, perhaps the years, to come, in Dr. Holland's "free spirit of modern progress," in Mr. Gilder's "spirit of experiment," and in Mr. Johnson's spirit of public helpfulness, THE CENTURY will offer to its readers a summing-up of the results of this wonderful period, and a fair presentation of the changes attendant upon the passing of our present order and the establishment of the new.

Not as an advocate shall we present these causes, nor again in protest; but in the fair, free, unbiased spirit of investigation. Facts must precede opinions. It is poor rowing against the rapids between the lakes. Let us study these manifestations fairly and sympathetically before we draw conclusions. It will be THE CENTURY'S pleasure and public duty to enlist the services of able authorities in every cause, and to present each justly from its own point of view.

Such a program will, we feel sure, help materially the cause of human progress, because it will help men and women to comprehend life as it passes.

As for the rest, we shall conserve the best that THE CENTURY has stood for in the past. We shall offer a larger proportion of fiction than formerly, and shall bring it as near to truth, and make it as interpretative of life, as conditions allow. We shall maintain illustration at the highest point modern method will permit. We shall cultivate history and poetry and the essay. We shall explore conditions at home and abroad. We shall make this magazine, fearlessly and in the white light of to-day, as nearly the magazine of the century as courage and devotion and eyes that see and minds that shrink not can do.



In Lighter Vein

WORLD REFORMERS—AND DUSTERS

THOUGH often entranced by that brilliant group of cosmic problem-solvers—Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, and others—I insist on my personal irresponsibility for the state of Mankind as a whole. These men are always nursing civilization. They regard it as a sort of potted plant which they fear to find frost-bitten of a morning. This is especially clear in the latest writings of Mr. H. G. Wells, who would tidy up the whole world at once. At one swoop he would remove the shirts from our clothes-lines and the errors from our minds. The world is too large for his feather duster; he had thought to find it a smaller planet that he might have kept at least half-way clean. Now see what he has on his hands—everything in a mess, Africa backward, China careless, the sex relation by no means straightened out, socialism, imperialism, industrialism, planless progressivism littering up things, and nobody caring a rap—at times it seems to the good housewifely soul almost too much for one person to manage. And then that infernal human diversity—slow minds, stupid minds, minds made up too soon, or not at all, closed minds, tough minds, tender minds—what 's to be done with them? He burns to do *something*. At least he says he does.



In one of his books he describes himself in fancy as going about the country and, with the keenest joy, spearing Anglican bishops. Though I am myself a stranger to the sport, I believe the pleasure of spearing bishops is exaggerated. For once begun it must lead logically to a daily drudgery of slaughter among the great crowds of folks who are not intellectually independent or morally daring—lead, in short, to the massacre of those who are not particularly exciting, a large task and tedious.

I wonder if we commonplace persons are not right after all in a certain instinct of distrust toward these gifted writers. We believe implicitly in their fancies and not at all in their facts. We believe in the world they have invented and not in the world they have observed; and we distrust them utterly as world-pushers. The signs are plain—terribly plain sometimes—that it is when they have the smallest notions that they say their largest things.

The Senior Wrangler.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE: *NEW STYLE*

(REFORMER, UPLIFTER, SOCIAL SERVICER AND BELIEVER IN BETTERMENT)

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

WITH A PICTURE BY J. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Though, 'neath the Tennysonian frown,
You 've ceased to play at hearts, what need
  For throwing *all* the graces down?
The quip, the wile, the wingèd smile,
  Must these in truth be quite retired,
Reformer of a thousand ills,
  O lady with a mission fired?

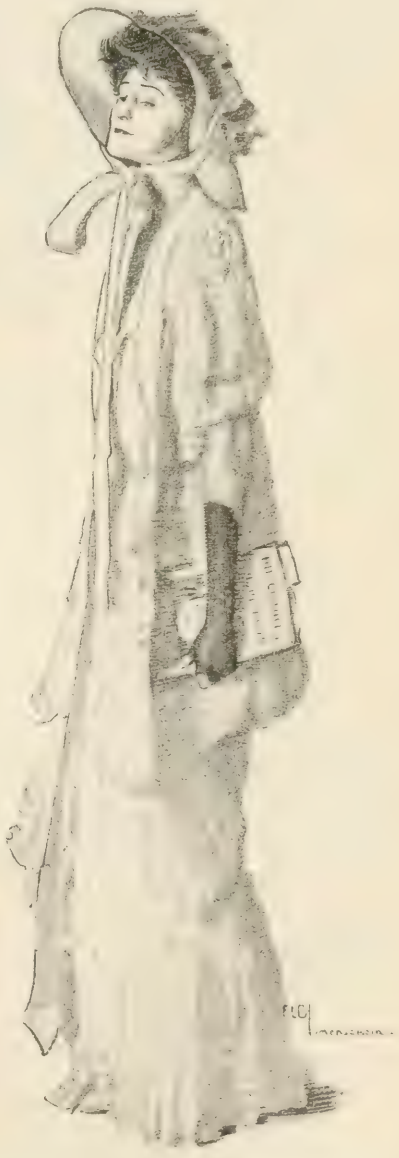
Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  You cause a tumult in my head.
I do not know how many quarts
  Of coal-tar every year are fed
In store-made pies, or what dread dyes
  Give that bright emerald to canned peas.
I do not know the cure for graft,
  Or juvenile delinquencies;
And, oh, my very soul is sick
  Of these and topics like to these!

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  On suffragism you 've a view.
You have one on the cost of war,
  And what the working-girl should do.
Your uplift crusade comprehends
  The stage, the mart, the funeral bier;
Your dinner-table talk has grown
  Statistical and very drear.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
  By yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
  Yawn at your plans for betterment.
We never see such sad ennui
  Among our hapless human brood
As when the ladies' motto runs:
  " 'T is fashionable to do good."

. . . . . .

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
  If time hangs heavy on your hands,
Are there no suitors at your gates,
  No squires of dames about your lands?
Go, play the game of hearts again,
  Coquette, and sparkle, languish, glow;
Ask pardon of the folk you 've bored,
  And let the thousand causes go!



LADY CLARA: *NEW STYLE*



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"THE PET HAS BECOME OF MATERIAL AID TO HIM IN HIS WALL STREET WORK"

THE NEWS IN WALL STREET

BY JAMES L. FORD

Author of "The Literary Shop"

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH AND MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALGY BOND is one of the brokers who is doing remarkably well in Wall Street now. He is widely known as a cotillion leader, as vice-president of the Westminster Kennel Club, and as a member of the MacDowell Musical Union. He has lately trained Grassmere Dolly—his intelligent French poodle—so that the pet has become of material aid to him in his Wall Street work.

MONEY has been easier in Wall Street since the sale of many gilt-edged mining and industrial securities brought a number of eager home-builders into the market. The new fashion of papering the walls of country homes with these beautiful and durable specimens of steel-engraving has created a lively demand for the stocks in question.

THE opening of the new station of the Herald Ice Fund at the corner of Wall and Broad streets created a profound sensation in the financial district. The Stock-Exchange closed during the distribution of the ice, and many pitiful scenes were enacted as the members of the great banking-houses crowded about the wagon and fought for the chilly cubes that were handed out to them. An office boy generously shared his piece with a bank president. The magnate burst into tears, and promised that he would make his benefactor rich by never giving him a tip on the stock-market.

YEGGMEN entered the office of Bilkheimer Brothers, Bankers and Brokers, last Saturday night, and blew open the safe with dynamite. When Mr. Abie Bilkheimer, the popular bond specialist, and the head of the firm, reached his office on Monday morning, he found a ten-dollar bill and a card on which were inscribed a few words of heartfelt sympathy from the yeggmen.

THAT a cat cannot live in a vacuum has been proved by a series of recent experiments carried on by the Wall Street Class for Scientific Study to which many of the younger brokers belong. It was found that the quickest method of killing a cat is to lock it in the vaults of that trust company which claims the largest capital and surplus.

MANY charitable persons have been in the habit of scattering pennies from the gallery of the Stock-Exchange, but this practice has been forbidden since Looey Pinchenstein (the organizer of the pool in Rio and Hernandez copper) fractured his nose in the scramble. Pennies will hereafter be left with the doorman to distribute at the close of the day.

THE Tribune Fresh Air Fund has received a touching letter from little Willie Noodle, inclosing thirty-eight cents—which he had saved in a toy bank from his candy money—and expressing the hope that it would help to send a poor ticker-tied broker on an outing to the sea-shore.



"A POOR TICKER-TIED BROKER"

THE other day a gentleman of provincial aspect was found wandering on Wall Street in a dazed and feeble condition. Upon being questioned as to the nature of his errand there, he announced his intention of opening an account with a Wall Street brokerage firm. . . . When the police finally rescued him from the surging mob of brokers, it was found that he had suffered severe contusions about the hips and breasts. He is at present confined in one of the private wards of the observation pavilion.

CONTINUED IN THE ADS

A DIRGE INSPIRED BY A REGRETTABLE TENDENCY IN THE PERIODICALS OF OUR DAY

BY SARAH REDINGTON

(With the usual apologies to Swinburne)

IF I wrote sonnets soulful
And you wrote ads for beans,
And I got in your section
'T would cause me deep dejection.
(My Muse would be so doleful
In such unwonted scenes.)
If I wrote sonnets soulful,
And you wrote ads for beans.

If you had sung the praises
Of soap or safety-pin,
And found some high-brow lyric
Beside your panegyric,
You 'd be as mad as blazes
To see bards butting in.
If you had sung the praises
Of soap or safety-pin.

When, on page eight, perusing
"The Baby and the Cop,"
Its dénouement I 'm bidden
To seek, 'mid ads half hidden,
I find it hanged confusing
And let the Baby drop.
When, on page eight perusing
"The Baby and the Cop."

When one is just deciding
To buy a fountain-pen,
And in the ads one 's seeking
For "Notablot Non-Leaking,"
Who wants to be colliding
With "Wives of Famous Men"?
When one is just deciding
To buy a fountain-pen.

Oh, magazines suggesting
A boarding-house ragout,
Why mix your tales and ballads
With ads of soups and salads?
It 's hard enough digesting
The awful stuff we do.
Oh, magazines suggesting
A boarding-house ragout.



THE RYMBEL FAMILY. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT BY OLIVER HERFORD

HOW THE RYMBELS BROKE INTO VERSE

THE above portrait is the first authentic likeness of the eccentric Rymbels. It portrays them rymbling, *chez eux*. It is, in particular, a speaking, not to say a *shouting*, likeness of Mr. Rymbel.

This interesting, demented, and extremely misunderstood verse family was first discovered and laid bare to the public by Mr. Herford in the August issue of THE CENTURY. As a result of his happy discovery, and because of his two remarkable rymbels in that issue, he has lately been appointed Rymbel Laureate of America. Since their successful début, public interest in the Rymbels has increased amazingly. In New York the fever is now at its height. Everybody 's rymbling it. Rude, ridiculous, and ribald rymbels are arriving by every post.

For those who are not already confirmed rymbelists it may be merciful to explain that, roughly speaking, a rymbel is any poem of two, four, or six stanzas, preferably of five lines each, in which the ultimate word in one verse must inevitably be a miscue for the subject-matter of the next. This miscue is due to three things: eccentricity, deafness, and dementia, all of them pronounced Rymbel family characteristics.

Whenever Mr. Rymbel embarks on the first verse, Mrs. Rymbel, because of her deafness and lightness of mind, seizes on the most unexpected meaning embodied in the last word of her husband's verse, and proceeds properly to mangle it in the second, after which the children take up the tangled skein, and do a little mangling on their own.

In the masterly canvas at the head of this page, Mr. R. is seen inflated with an afflatus and embarking on his first verse. Mrs. R., with a tight hold on the baby, is feverishly awaiting her all important cue. Symbol, their beautiful daughter, is the seated lady shown at the right of Mr. R. The astute reader will already have guessed, because of the prevalence of flowering hay in her hair, that, mentally, Symbol is, to put it charitably, only sparking on one cylinder. Ramble, the eldest son, has, it will be seen, just rebuked Rondeau and Rhyme, the twins, who, after hearing parts of their father's verse, have turned to their mother to mutter: "What 's the matter with his metre-motor, mater?"

Miss Carolyn Wells, who has for years been on the most intimate terms with the Rymbels, and who might almost be called a member of the family, has preserved, as souvenirs of a boy-and-girl affair with Master Ramble, two noteworthy examples of rymbelican verse. In the first of these the Rymbels have touchingly voiced their preferences for the nobler and loftier bards of our day. It is entitled:

A RYMBEL OF RHYMERS

DEAR Edith Thomas! Oft do I
  Feel in my heart the call of her.
Swift to my book-shelf then I fly,
And, hovering 'twixt a laugh and cry,
  I read and re-read all of her.

Oliver Herford! How can praise
  Add aught to his renown?
His comic kits, his fetching fays,
His books and works and healthful plays,
  Are known all over town.

Charles Hanson Towne! his lyrics flow
  Soft as the dews of Harmon;
His tastes are musical, and so
To please them he will often go
  To "Lohengrin" or "Carmen."

Bliss Carman all our hearts must win;
  To higher thought he 'd urge us;
Divinely tall, divinely thin,
Austere of mien, he should have been
  A beadle or a burgess.

G. Burgess, Super-Sulphide! yet
  Perhaps more saint than sinner.
His rhymes cavort and pirouette,
And as for that mad thing, Vivette,
  I almost wish I 'd been her.

Oh, Witter Bynner, oftener sound
  Your note of lyric joys!
Come, poets, let us gather round,
Lest our brave pipings yet be drowned
  By some strange foreign Noyes!

Mr. L. Frank Tooker of Callao, Peru, insists that the rymbel is didactic, and that its highest form is found in Spanish South America, where it is used to inculcate the prudence and self-restraint for which that region is preëminent. In illustration of this contention, he sends this from Callao:

THE PRUDENT LOVER

I think when I behold her face,
  It is so varee fair,
'T is best to get acquaint', you know,
And so I gaze *simpatico:*
  That 's how you call to stare.

Ah, she was pausing on that stair
  So timid like the fawn;
And fawn-like were her eyes, her lips
Were like the flowers the slow bee sips
  Upon the dewy lawn.

But, *hola! she* was not in lawn;
  For as she turned to go,
I saw the pearls glow at her throat,
The satin gown about her float,
  Though timid like the doe.

Caramba! I have not the dough
  For such expensiveness.
The eyes, the lips, the timid air,
That 's varee nice; but, oh, beware
  That C. O. D. express!

Again the low rymbling sound of Miss Carolyn Wells!! This time ART is her impassioned theme. She writes from Hansontown, Herfordshire.

ON A PORTRAIT OF NANCY

Full winsome was her bonny face,
  And eke her golden hair.
Her gown was weft of rarest lace;
And high aloft, with gentle grace,
  A sunshade pink she bare.

The She Bear from the forest came,
  Just why, I cannot state.
The creature seemed to be quite tame;
Methought, would I her favor claim,
  I must ingratiate.

In gray she ate! The lunch was fair,—
  We had a window-seat.
Her gray gown meek, yet debonair;—
Demure,—yet with a regal air,—
  She looked imperial,—sweet.

"Imperial suite? Yes,—I dare say
  'T would make our voyage gladder."
My wife is mad about display—
(But when I mentioned what we 'd pay,
  It only made Rose madder!)

Rose madder,—'t is the tint I 'd use
  To paint my brain's fair figment;
A shape, half goddess and half muse,
And all in misty, pinkish hues,
  The color scheme,—the pigment.

The color scheme the pig meant? Ma'am,
  That *was* a subtle fancy!
In tints of dawning gooseb'ry jam,
And those soft pinks of early ham,
  We painted little Nancy!



Drawing by Birch

THE "ELITE" BATHING DRESS
Vogue so much in vogue at Newport

We have been distressed to learn, from our great Metropolitan dailies, that the ladies of assured and ultramundane position at Newport have recently suffered severely from the unwarrantable intrusion on Bailey's Beach of certain Sunday Supplement sketch artists, society editors, female policemen, independent kodakers, and foreign noblemen. As an indirect result of these intrusions the "Elite" bathing dress has been designed to assuage the sensibilities of the more modest and fastidious among the hostesses of Newport. Our illustration shows Mrs. Reginald Ochrepoint and Wu, her clever pet, ready for their morning dip.



Drawn by C. F. Peters

FROM GRAVE TO GAY

THE FRESHMAN: "Oh—er—might I be excused from my lectures for a few days? The truth is—er—I want very much to attend the funeral of an old and trusted friend."

THE DEAN: "Well, really, Robinson,—I wonder if that is quite necessary? —Now, if it were your father or your mother, I should, of course, be only *too* delighted."

THE WISE SAINT

(A FABLE FOR ANYBODY)

BY HERMAN DA COSTA

PICTURE BY W. T. BENDA

De debble see St. Peter sneak into heaben's gate;
He holler: "What 's yo' hurry? Wait dar, Peter! Wait!"

De saint pull in de latch-string, an' holler: "Now, you go!
I 'll sic de houn' dawg on you de fustest t'ing you know."



"I speaks you like a ge'man," de debble up an' say,
"And yere you shets me out, sah! Fer shame! to ack dat way!"

"Don' argify," say Peter. "You leads fo'ks into sin.
Ain't shettin' you out, nohow; I 's shettin' mahse'f in."

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



THE CONSERVATIVE OWL

A CANARY, its woe to assuage,
Once invented a wireless cage.
The owl shook his head,
"It 's a Great Thought," he said,
"But it 's far in advance of the age."



THE OMNIVOROUS BOOK-WORM

Quoth the book-worm, "I don't care one bit
If writers have wisdom or wit;
A volume must be
Pretty dull to bore me
As completely as I can bore it."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



Better is a dinner of herbs where love is
than a stalled ox and hatred therewith

Proverbs XV. 17

From the painting in water color by Edmund Dulac

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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HOME

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

(TO BE COMPLETED IN FOUR LONG INSTALMENTS)

CHAPTER I

RED HILL drowses through the fleeting hours as though not only time, but mills, machinery, and railways were made for slaves. Hemmed in by the breathing silences of scattered woods, open fields, and the far reaches of misty space, it seems to forget that the traveler, studying New England at the opening of the nineteenth century through the windows of a hurrying train, might sigh for a vanished ideal, and concede the general triumph of a commercial age.

For such a one Red Hill held locked a message, and the key to the lock was the message itself: "Turn your back on the paralleled rivers and railroads, and plunge into the byways that lead into the eternal hills, and you will find the world that was and still is."

Let such a traveler but follow a lane that leads up through willow and elderberry, sassafras, laurel, wild cherry, and twining clematis—a lane alined with slender wood-maples, hickory, and mountain-ash, and flanked, where it gains the open, with scattered juniper and oak, and he will come out at last on the scenes of a country's childhood.

At right angles to the lane, a broad way cuts the length of the hill, and loses itself in a dip at each end toward the valleys and the new world. The broad way is shaded by one of two trees, the domed maple or the stately elm. At the summit of its rise stands an old church the green shutters of which blend with the caressing foliage of primeval trees. Its white walls and towering steeple dominate the scene. White, too, are the houses that gleam from behind the verdure of unbroken lawns and shrubbery—all but one, the time-stained brick of which glows blood-red against the black green of clinging ivy.

Not all these homes are alive. Here a charred beam tells the story of a fire, there a mound of trailing vines tenderly hides from view the shame of a ruin, and there again stands a tribute to the power of the new age—a house the shutters of which are closed and barred. White now only in patches, its scaling walls have taken on the dull gray of neglected pine.

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For generations the houses of Red Hill have sent out men, for generations they have taken them back. Their cupboards guard trophies from the seven seas, paid for with the Yankee nutmeg, swords wrought from plowshares and christened with the blood of the oppressor, a long line of collegiate sheepskins, and last, but by no means least, recipes the faded ink and brittle paper of which sum the essence of ages of culinary wisdom.

Some of these clustered homes live the year round at full swing, but the life of some is cut down to a minimum in the winter, only to spring up afresh in summer, like the new stalk from a treasured bulb. Of such was the little kingdom of Red Hill. Upon its long, level crest it bore only three centers of life and a symbol: Maple House, the Firs, and Elm House, half hidden from the road by their distinctive trees, but as alive as the warm eyes of a veiled woman; and the church.

The supper call had sounded, and the children's answering cries had ceased. Along the ribbon of the single road scurried an overladen donkey. Three lengths of legs bobbed at varying angles from her fat sides. Behind her hurried a nurse, aghast for the hundredth time at the donkey's agility, never demonstrated except at the evening hour.

Half-way between Maple House and the Firs stood two bare-legged boys, working their toes into the impalpable dust of the roadway and rubbing the grit into their ankles in a final orgy of dirt before the evening wash. They called derisively to the donkey-load of children, bound to bed with the setting sun.

CHAPTER II

On a day in early spring Alan Wayne was summoned to Red Hill. Snow still hung in the crevices of East Mountain. On the hill the ashes, after the total eclipse of winter, were meekly donning pale green. The elms of Elm House were faintly outlined in verdure, and stood like empty sherry-glasses waiting for warm wine. Farther down the road the maples stretched out bare, black limbs whose budding tufts of leaves served only to emphasize the nakedness of the trees. Only the firs, in a phalanx, scoffed at the general spring cleaning, and looked old and sullen in consequence.

The colts, driven by Alan Wayne, flashed over the brim of Red Hill to the level top. Coachman Joe's jaw was hanging in awe, and so had hung since Mr. Alan had taken the reins. For the first time in their five years of equal life the colts had felt the cut of a whip, not in anger, but as a reproof for breaking. Coachman Joe had braced himself for the bolt, his hands itching to snatch the reins. But there had been no bolting, only a sudden settling down to business.

"Could n't of got here quicker if he 'd let 'em bolt," said he in subsequent description to the stable-hand and the cook. He snatched up a pail of water and poured it steadily on the ground. "Jest like that. He knew what was in the colts the minute he laid hands on 'em, and when he pulls 'em up at the barn door there was n't a drop left in their buckets, was there, Arthur?"

"Nary a drop," said Arthur, stable-hand.

"And his face," continued the coachman. "Most times Mr. Alan has no eyes to speak of, but to-day and that time Miss Nance stuck him with the hat-pin—'member, cook?—his eyes spread like a fire and eat up his face. This is a black day for the Hill. Somethin' 's going to happen. You mark me."

In truth Mr. Alan Wayne had been summoned in no equivocal terms and, for all his haste, it was with nervous step he approached the house.

There was no den, no sanctuary beyond a bedroom, for any one at Maple House. No one brought work to Red Hill save such work as fitted into swinging hammocks and leafy bowers. Library opened into living-room and hall, hall into drawing-room, and drawing-room into the cool shadows and high lights of half-hidden mahogany and china closets. And here and there and everywhere doors opened out on to the Hill. It was a place where summer breezes entered freely and played, sure of a way out. Hence it was that Maple House as a whole became a tomb on that memorable spring morning when the colts first felt a master hand—a tomb where Wayne history was to be made and buried as it had been before.

Maple House sheltered a mixed brood. J. Y. Wayne, seconded by Mrs. J. Y., was the head of the family. Their daugh-



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"ALONG THE RIBBON OF THE SINGLE ROAD SCURRIED AN OVERLADEN DONKEY"

ter, Nance Sterling, and her babies represented the direct line, but the orphans, Alan Wayne and Clematis McAlpin, were on an equal footing as children of the house. Alan was the only child of J. Y.'s dead brother. Clematis was also of Wayne blood, but so intricately removed that her exact relation to the rest of the tribe was never figured out twice to the same conclusion. Old Captain Wayne, retired from the regular army, was an uncle in a different degree to every generation of Waynes. He was the only man on Red Hill who dared call for a whisky and soda when he wanted it.

When Alan reached the house, Mrs. J. Y. was in her garden across the road, surveying winter's ruin, and Nance with her children had borne the captain off to the farm to see that oft-repeated wonder and always welcome forerunner of plenty, the quite new calf.

Clematis McAlpin, shy and long-limbed, just at the awkward age when woman misses being either boy or girl, had disappeared. Where, nobody knew. She might be bird's-nesting in the swamp or crying over the "Idylls of the King" in the barn loft. Certainly she was not in the house. J. Y. Wayne had seen to that. Stern and rugged of face, he sat in the library alone and waited for Alan. He heard a distant screen-door open and slam. Steps echoed through the lonely house. Alan came and stood before him.

Alan was a man. Without being tall, he looked tall. His shoulders did not seem broad till you noticed the slimness of his hips. His neck looked too thin till you saw the strong set of his small head. In a word, he had the perfect proportion that looks frail and is strong. As he stood before his uncle, his eyes grew dull. They were slightly blood-shot in the corners, and with their dullness the clear-cut lines of his face seemed to take on a perceptible blur.

J. Y. began to speak. He spoke for a long quarter of an hour, and then summed up all he had said in a few words:

"I 've been no uncle to you, Alan; I 've been a father. I 've tried to win you, but you were not to be won. I 've tried to hold you, but it takes more than a Wayne

to hold a Wayne. You have taken the bit with a vengeance. You have left such a wreckage behind you that we can trace your life back to the cradle by your failures, all the greater for your many successes. You 're the first Wayne that ever missed his college degree. I never asked what they expelled you for, and I don't want to know. It must have been bad, bad, for the old school is lenient, and proud of men that stand as high as you stood in your classes and on the field. Money—I won't talk of money, for you thought it was your own."

For the first time Alan spoke.

"What do you mean, sir?" With the words his slight form straightened, his eyes blazed, there was a slight quivering of the thin nostrils, and his features came out clear and strong.

J. Y. dropped his eyes.

"I may have been wrong, Alan," he said slowly, "but I 've been your banker without telling you. Your father did n't leave much. It saw you through junior year."

Alan placed his hands on the desk between them and leaned forward.

"How much have I spent since then—in the last three years?"

J. Y. kept his eyes down.

"You know more or less, Alan. We won't talk about that. I was trying to hold you, but to-day I give it up. I 've got one more thing to tell you, though, and there are mighty few people that know it. The Hill's battles have never entered the field of gossip. Seven years before you were born, my father—your grandfather—turned me out. It was from this room. He said I had started the name of Wayne on the road to shame and that I could go with it. He gave me five hundred dollars. I took it and went. I sank low with the name, but in the end I brought it back, and to-day it stands high on both sides of the water. I 'm not a happy man, as you know, for all that. You see, though I brought the name back in the end, I never saw your grandfather again, and he never knew.

"Here are five hundred dollars. It 's the last money you 'll ever have from me; but whatever you do, whatever happens, remember this: Red Hill does not belong to a Lansing or to a Wayne or to an Elton. It is the eternal mother of us all. Broken or mended, Lansings and Waynes have come back to the Hill through generations. City of refuge or harbor of peace, it 's all one to the Hill. Remember that."

He laid the crisp notes on the desk. Alan half turned toward the door, but stepped back again. His eyes and face were dull once more. He picked up the bills and slowly counted them.

"I shall return the money, sir," he said and walked out.

He went to the stables and ordered the pony and cart for the afternoon train. As he came out he saw Nance, the children, and the captain coming slowly up Long Lane from the farm. He dodged back into the barn through the orchard and across the lawn. Mrs. J. Y. stood in the garden directing the relaying of flowerbeds. Alan made a circuit. As he stepped into the road, swift steps came toward him. He wheeled, and faced Clem coming at full run. He turned his back on her and started away. The swift steps stopped so suddenly that he looked around. Clem was standing stock-still, one awkward, lanky leg half crooked as though it were still running. Her skirts were absurdly short. Her little fists, brown and scratched, pressed her sides. Her dark hair hung in a tangled mat over a thin, pointed face. Her eyes were large and shadowy. Two tears had started from them, and were crawling down soiled cheeks. She was quivering all over like a woman struck.

Alan swung around, and strode up to her. He put one arm about her thin form and drew her to him.

"Don't cry, Clem," he said, "don't cry. I did n't mean to hurt you."

For one moment she clung to him and buried her face against his coat. Then she looked up and smiled through wet eyes.

"Alan, I 'm *so* glad you 've come!"

Alan caught her hand, and together they walked down the road to the old church. The great door was locked. Alan loosened the fastening of a shutter, sprang in through the window, and drew Clem after him. They climbed to the belfry. From the belfry one saw the whole world, with Red Hill as its center. Alan was disappointed. The Hill was still half naked, almost bleak. Maple House and



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"HER SKIRTS WERE ABSURDLY SHORT. HER LITTLE FISTS, BROWN AND SCRATCHED, PRESSED HER SIDES"

Elm House shone brazenly white through budding trees. They looked as though they had crawled closer to the road during the winter. The Firs, with its black border of last year's foliage, looked funereal. Alan turned from the scene, but Clem's little hand drew him back.

Clematis McAlpin had happened between generations. Alan, Nance, Gerry Lansing, and their friends had been too old for her, and Nance's children were too young. There were Elton children of about her age, but for years they had been abroad. Consequently, Clem had grown to fifteen in a sort of loneliness not uncommon with single children who can just remember the good times the half-generation before them used to have by reason of their numbers. This loneliness had given her in certain ways a precocious development while it left her subdued and shy even when among her familiars. But she was shy without fear, and her shyness itself had a flower-like sweetness that made a bold appeal.

"Is n't it wonderful, Alan?" she said. "Yesterday it was cold and it rained and the Hill was black—*black,* like the Firs. To-day all the trees are fuzzy with green, and it 's warm. Yesterday was so lonely, and to-day you are here."

Alan looked down at the child with glowing eyes.

"And, do you know, this summer Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry are coming. I 've never seen her since that day they were married. Do you think it 's all right for me to call her Mrs. Gerry, like everybody does?"

Alan considered the point gravely.

"Yes, I think that 's the best thing you could call her."

"Perhaps when I 'm really grown up I can call her Alix. I think Alix is such a *pretty* name, don't you?"

Clem flashed a look at Alan, and he nodded; then, with an impulsive movement she drew close to him in the half-wheedling way of woman about to ask a favor.

"Alan, they let me ride old Dubbs when he is n't plowing. The old donkey she 's so fat now she can hardly carry the babies. Some day when you 're not in a *great* hurry will you let me ride with you?"

Alan started down the ladder.

"Some day, perhaps, Clem," he muttered. "Not this summer. Come on." When they had left the church, he drew out his watch and started. "Run along and play, Clem." He left her and hurried to the barn.

Joe was waiting.

"Have we time for the long road, Joe?" asked Alan as he climbed into the cart.

"Oh, yes, sir, especially if you drive, Mr. Alan."

"I don't want to drive. Let him go and jump in."

The coachman gave the pony his head, climbed in, and took the reins. The cart swung out, and down the lane.

"Alan! Alan!"

Alan recognized Clem's voice and turned. She was racing across a corner of the pasture. Her short skirts flounced madly above her ungainly legs. She tried to take the low stone wall in her stride. Her foot caught in a vine, and she pitched headlong into the weeds and grass at the roadside.

Alan leaped from the cart and picked her up, quivering, sobbing, and breathless.

"Alan," she gasped, "you 're not going away?"

Alan half shook her as he drew her thin body close to him.

"Clem," he said, "you must n't. Do you hear? You must n't. Do you think I *want* to go away?"

Clem stifled her sobs and looked up at him with a sudden gravity in her elfish face. She threw her bare arms around his neck.

"Good-by, Alan."

He stooped and kissed her.

CHAPTER III

If Alix Deering had not barked her pretty shins against the center-board in Gerry Lansing's sailing-boat on West Lake, it is possible that she would in the end have married Alan Wayne instead of Gerry Lansing.

When two years before Alan's dismissal Nance had brought Alix, an old school friend, to Red Hill for a fortnight, everybody had thought what a splendid match Alix and Alan would make. But it happened that Alan was very much taken up at the time with memory and anticipation of a certain soubrette, and before he awoke

to Alix's wealth of charms the incident of the shins robbed him of opportunity.

Gerry, dressed only in a bathing-suit, his boat running free before a brisk breeze, had swerved to graze the Point, where half of Red Hill was encamped, when he caught sight of a figure lying on the outermost flat rock. He took it to be Nance.

"Jump!" he yelled as the boat neared the rock.

The figure started, scrambled to its feet, and sprang. It was Alix, still half asleep, who landed on the slightly canted floor of the boat. Her shins brought up with a thwack against the center-board, and she fell in a heap at Gerry's feet. Her face grew white and strained; for a second she bit her lip, and then, "I *must* cry," she gasped, and cried.

Gerry was big, strong, and placid. Action came slowly to him, but when it came it was sure. He threw one knee over the tiller, and gathered Alix into his arms. She lay like a hurt child, sobbing against his shoulder.

"Poor little girl," he said, "I know how it hurts. Cry now, because in a minute it will all be over. It will, dear. Shins are like that." And then before she could master her sobs and take in the unconscious humor of his comfort, the boat struck with a crash on Hidden Rock.

The nearest Gerry had ever come to drowning was when he had fallen asleep lying on his back in the middle of West Lake. Even with a frightened girl clinging to him, it gave him no shock to find himself in the water a quarter of a mile from shore. But with Alix it was different. She gasped, and in consequence gulped down a large mouthful of the lake. Then she broke into hysterical laughter and swallowed more. Gerry held her up, and deliberately slapped her across the mouth. In a flash anger sobered her. Her eyes blazed.

"You coward," she whispered.

Gerry's face was white and stern.

"Put one hand on my shoulder and kick with your feet," he said. "I 'll tow you to shore."

"Put me on Hidden Rock," said Alix; "I prefer to wait for a boat."

"It will take an hour for a boat to get here," answered Gerry. "I 'm going to tow you in. If you say another word I shall slap you again."

In a dead silence they plowed slowly to shore, and when Gerry found bottom, he stood up, took Alix in his arms, and strode well up the bank before he set her down.

During the long swim she had had time to think, but not to forgive. She stamped her sodden feet, shook out her skirts, and then looked Gerry up and down. With his crisp, light hair; blue eyes, wide apart and well open; and six feet of well-proportioned bulk, Gerry was good to look at, but Alix's angry eyes did not admit it. They measured him scornfully; but it was not the look that hurt him so much as the way she turned from him with a little shrug of dismissal and started along the shore for camp.

Gerry reached out and caught hold of her arm. She swung around, her face quite white.

"I see," she said in a low voice, "you want it now."

Gerry held her with his eyes.

"Yes," he answered, "I want it now."

"Why did you yell at me to jump into your horrible boat?"

"I took you for Nance."

"You took me for Nance," repeated Alix with a mimicry and in a tone that left no doubt as to the fact that she was in a nasty temper. "And *why,*" she went on, her eyes blazing and her slight figure trembling, "did you strike me—slap me across the face?"

"Because I love you," replied Gerry, steadily.

"Oh!" gasped Alix. Her slate-gray eyes went wide open in unfeigned amazement, and suddenly the tenseness that is the essence of attack went out of her body. Instead of a self-possessed and very angry young woman, she became her natural self —a girl fluttering before her first really thrilling situation.

There was something so childlike in her sudden transition that Gerry was moved out of himself. For once he was not slow. He caught hold of her and drew her toward him.

But Alix was not to be plucked like a ripe plum. She freed herself gently but firmly, and stood facing him. Then she smiled, and with the smile she gained the upper hand. Gerry suddenly became awkward and painfully aware of his bare arms and legs. He felt exceptionally naked.

"When did it begin?" murmured Alix.

"What?" said Gerry.

"It," said Alix. "When—how long have you loved me?"

Gerry's face turned a deep red, but he raised his eyes steadily to hers. "It began," he said simply, "when I took you in my arms and you laid your face against my shoulder and cried like—like a little kid."

"Oh!" said Alix again, and blushed in her turn. She had lost the upper hand and knew it. Gerry's arms went around her, and this time she raised her face and let him kiss her.

"Now," she said as they started for the camp, "I suppose I must call you Gerry."

"Yes," said Gerry, solemnly. "And I shall call you Little Miss Oh!"

So casual an engagement might easily have come to a casual end, but Gerry Lansing was quietly tenacious. Once moved, he stayed moved. No woman had ever stirred him before; he did not imagine that any other woman would stir him again.

To Alix, once the shock of finding herself engaged was passed, came full realization and a certain amount of level-headed calculation. She knew herself to be high-strung, nervous, and impulsive, a combination that led people to consider her lightly. On the day of the wreck Gerry had shown himself to be a man full grown. He had mastered her; she thought he could hold her.

Then came calculation. Alix was out of the West. All that money could do for her in the way of education and culture had been done, but no one knew better than she that her culture was a mere veneer in comparison with the ingrained flower of the Lansings' family oak. Here was a man she could love, and with him he brought her the old homestead on Red Hill and an older brownstone front in New York the position of which was as unassailable socially as it was inconvenient as regards the present center of the city's life. Alix reflected that if there was a fool to the bargain it was not she.



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'CLEM,' HE SAID, 'DO YOU THINK I *WANT* TO GO AWAY?'"

All Red Hill and a few Deerings gathered for the wedding, and many were the remarks passed on Gerry's handsome bulk and Alix's scintillating beauty; but the only saying that went down in history came from Alan Wayne when Nance, just a little troubled over the combination of Gerry and Alix, asked him what he thought of it.

Alan's eyes narrowed, and his thin lips curved into a smile as he gave his verdict:

"Andromeda, consenting, chained to the rock."

CHAPTER IV

To the surprise of his friends, Alan Wayne gave up debauch and found himself employment by the time the spring that saw his dismissal from Maple House had ripened into summer. He was full of preparation for his departure for Africa when a summons from old Captain Wayne reached him.

With equal horror of putting up at hotels or relatives' houses, the captain, upon his arrival in town, had gone straight to his club, and forthwith become the sensation of the club's windows. Old members felt young when they caught sight of him, as though they had come suddenly on a vanished landmark restored. Passing gamins gazed on his short-cropped gray hair, staring eyes, flaring collar, black string tie, and flowing broadcloth, and remarked:

"Gee! look at de old spoit in de winder!"

Alan heard the remark as he entered the club, and smiled.

"How do you do, sir?"

"Huh!" grunted the captain. "Sit down." He ordered a drink for his guest and another for himself. He glared at the waiter. He glared at a callow youth who had come up and was looking with speculative eye at a neighboring chair. The waiter retired almost precipitously. The youth followed.

"In my time," remarked the captain, "a club was for privacy. Now it 's a haven for bell-boys and a playground for whipper-snappers."

"They 've made me a member, sir."

"Have, eh!" growled the captain, and glared at his nephew. Alan took inspection coolly, a faint smile on his thin face. The captain turned away his bulging eyes, crossed and uncrossed his legs, and finally spoke. "I was just going to say when you interrupted," he began, "that engineering is a dirty job. Not, however," he continued after a pause, "dirtier than most. It 's a profession, but not a career."

"Oh, I don't know," said Alan. "They 've got a few in the army, and they seem to be doing pretty well."

"Huh, the army!" said the captain. He subsided, and made a new start. "What 's your appointment?"

"It does n't amount to an appointment. Just a job as assistant to Walton, the engineer the contractors are sending out. We 're going to put up a bridge somewhere in Africa."

"That 's it. I knew it," said the captain. "Going away. Want any money?"

The question came like solid shot out of a four-pounder. Alan started, colored, and smiled all at the same time.

"No, thanks, sir," he replied; "I 've got all I need."

The captain hitched his chair forward, and glared out on the avenue.

"The Lansings," he began, like a boy reciting a piece, "are devils for drink, the Waynes for women. Don't you ever let 'em worry you about drink. Nowadays the doctors call us non-alcoholic. In my time it was just plain strong heads for wine. I say, don't worry about drink. There 's a safety-valve in every Wayne's gullet. But women, Alan!" The captain slued around his bulging eyes. "You look out for them. As your great-grandfather used to say, 'To women, only perishable goods—sweets, flowers, and kisses.' And you take it from me, kisses are n't always the cheapest. They say God made everything down to little apples and Jersey lightning, but when He made women the devil helped." The captain's nervousness dropped from him as he deliberately drew out his watch and fob. "Good thing he did, too," he added as a pleasing afterthought. He leaned back in his chair. A complacent look came over his face.

Alan got up to say good-by. The captain rose, too, and clasped the hand Alan held out.

"One more thing," he said. "Don't forget there 's always a Wayne to back a Wayne for good or bad." There was a suspicion of moisture in his eye as he hurried his guest off.

Back in his rooms, Alan found letters awaiting him. He read them, and tore all up except one. It was from Clem. She wrote:

Dear Alan: Nance says you are going very far away. I am sorry. It has been raining here very much. In the hollows all the bridges are under water. I have invented a new game. It is called "steamboat." I play it on old Dubbs. We go down into the valley, and I make him go through the water around the bridges. He puffs just like a steamboat, and when he gets out, he smokes all over. He is *too* fat. I hope you will come back very soon.

CLEM.

That evening Clem was thrown into a transport by receiving her first telegram. It read:

You must not play steamboat again; it is dangerous.

ALAN.

She tucked it in her bosom and rushed over to the Firs to show it to Gerry.

Gerry and Alix were spending the summer at the Firs, where Mrs. Lansing, Gerry's widowed mother, was still nominally the hostess. They had been married two years, but people still spoke of Alix as Gerry's bride, and, in so doing, stamped her with her own seal. To strangers they carried the air of a couple about to be married at the rational close of a long engagement. No children or thought of children had come to turn the channel of life for Alix. On Gerry, marriage sat as an added habit. It was beginning to look as though he and Alix drifted together not because they were carried by the same currents, but because they were tied.

Where duller minds would have dubbed Gerry the Ox, Alan had named him the Rock, and Alan was right. Gerry had a dignity beyond mere bulk. He had all the powers of resistance, none of articulation. Where a pin-prick would start an ox, it took an upheaval to move Gerry. An upheaval was on the way, but Gerry did not know it. It was yet afar off.

To the Lansings marriage had always been one of the regular functions of a regulated life, part of the general scheme of things. Gerry was slowly realizing that his marriage with Alix was far from a mere function, had little to do with a regular life, and was foreign to what he had always considered the general scheme of things. Alix had developed quite naturally into a social butterfly. Gerry did not picture her as chain-lightning playing on a rock, as Alan would have done; but he did in a vague way feel that bits of his impassive self were being chipped away.

Red Hill bored Alix, and she showed it. The first summer after the marriage they had spent abroad. Now Alix's thoughts and talk turned constantly toward Europe. She even suggested a flying trip for the autumn, but Gerry refused to be dragged so far from golf and his club. He stuck doggedly to Red Hill till the leaves began to turn, and then consented to move back to town.

On their last night at the Firs, Mrs. Lansing, who was complimentary Aunt Jane to Waynes and Eltons, entertained Red Hill as a whole to dinner. With the arrival of dessert, to Alix's surprise, Nance said, "Port all around, please, Aunt Jane."

Lansings, Waynes, and Eltons were heavy drinkers in town, but it was a tradition, as Alix knew, that on Red Hill they dropped it—all but the old captain. It was as though, amid the scenes of their childhood, they became children, and just as a Frenchman of the old school will not light a cigarette in the presence of his father, so they would not take a drink for drink's sake on Red Hill.

So Alix looked on interestedly as the old butler set glasses and started the port. When it had gone the round, Nance stood up, and with her hands on the table's edge leaned toward them all. For a Wayne, she was very fair. As they looked at her, the color swept up over her bare neck. Its wave reached her temples, and seemed to stir the clustering tendrils of her hair. Her eyes were grave and bright with moisture. Her lips were tremulous.

"We drink to Alan," she said; "to-day is Alan's birthday."

She sat down. They all raised their glasses. Little Clem had no wine. She put a thin hand on Gerry's arm.

"Please, Gerry! Please!"

Gerry held down his glass. Clematis dipped in the tip of her little finger, and, as they all drank, gravely carried the drop of wine to her lips.

CHAPTER V

As Judge Healey, gray-haired, but erect, walked up the avenue his keen glance fell on Gerry Lansing standing across the street before an art dealer's window. Gerry's eyes were fastened on a picture that he had long had in mind for a certain nook in the library of the town house.

It was the second anniversary of his wedding, and though it was already late in the afternoon, Gerry had not yet chosen his gift for Alix. He turned from the picture with a last long look and a shrug, and passed on to a palatial jeweler's farther up the street.

For many years Judge Healey had been foster-father to Red Hill in general and to Gerry in particular. With almost womanly intuition he read what was in Gerry's mind before the picture, and acting on impulse, the judge crossed the street and bought it.

While the judge was still in the picture shop, Gerry came out of the jeweler's and started briskly for home. He had purchased a pendant of brilliants, extravagant for his purse, but yet saved to good taste by a simple originality in design.

He waited until the dinner-hour, and then slipped his gift into Alix's hand as they walked down the stairs together. She stopped beneath the hall light.

"I can't wait, dear; I simply can't," she said, and snapped open the case.

"Oh!" she gasped. "How dear! How perfectly dear! You old sweetheart!"

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him twice; then she flew away to the drawing-room in search of Mrs. Lansing and the judge, the sole guests at the little anniversary dinner. Gerry straightened his tie and followed.

Alix's tongue was rippling, her whole body was rippling, with excitement and pleasure. She dangled her treasure before their eyes. She laid it against her warm neck and ran to a mirror. The light in her eyes matched the light in the stones. The judge took the jewel and laid it in the palm of his strong hand. It looked in danger of being crushed.

"A beautiful thing, Gerry," he said, "and well chosen. Some poet jeweler dreamed that twining design, and set the stones while the dew was still on the grass."

After dinner the four gathered in the library, but they were hardly seated when Alix sprang up. Her glance had followed Gerry's startled gaze. He was staring at the coveted picture he had been looking at in the gallery that afternoon. It hung in the niche in which his thoughts had placed it. Alix took her stand before it. She glanced inquiringly at the others. Mrs. Lansing nodded at the judge. Alix turned back to the picture, and gravity stole into her face. Then she faced the judge with a smile.

"We live," she said, "in a Philistine age, don't we? But I 've never let my Philistinism drive pictures from their right place in the heart. Pictures in art galleries—" she shrugged her pretty shoulders—"I have not been trained up to them. To me they are mounted butterflies in a museum, cut flowers crowded at the florist's. But this picture and that nook—they have waited for each other. You see the picture nestling down for a long rest, and it seems a small thing, and then it catches your eye and holds it, and you see that it is a little door that opens on a wide world. It has slipped into the room and become a part of life."

A strange stillness followed Alix's words. To the judge and to Gerry it was as though the picture had opened a window to her mind. Then she closed the window.

"Come, Gerry," she said, turning, "make your bow to the judge and bark."

Gerry was excited, though he did not show it.

"You have dressed my thoughts in words I can't equal," he said, and strolled out to the little veranda at the back of the house. He wanted to be alone for a moment and think over this flash of light that had followed a dark day. For the first time in a long while Alix had revealed herself. He did not begrudge the judge his triumph. He knew instinctively that coming from him instead of from the judge the picture would not have struck that intimate spark.

The next day Gerry gave his consent to Alix's plan for a flying trip abroad, but with a reservation. The reservation was that she should leave him behind.

Judge Healey heard of this arrangement only when it was on the point of being put into effect. In fact, he was only just

in time at the steamer to wave good-by to Alix. Leaning over the rail, with her high color, moist red lips, and excited big eyes making play under a golden crown of hair and over a huge armful of roses, Alix presented a picture not easily forgotten.

The judge turned to Gerry.

"She ought not to be going without you, my boy."

"Oh, it 's all right," said Gerry, lightly. "She 's well chaperoned. It 's a big party, you know."

But during the weeks that followed the judge saw it was not all right. Gerry had less and less time for golf and more and more for whisky and soda. The judge was troubled, and felt a sort of relief when from far away Alan Wayne cropped into his affairs and gave him something else to think about.

When Angus McDale of McDale & McDale called without appointment, the judge knew at once that he was going to hear something about Alan.

"Lucky to find you in," puffed McDale. "It is n't business exactly or I 'd have 'phoned. I was just passing by."

"Well, what is it?" asked the judge, offering his visitor a fresh cigar.

"It 's this. That boy, Alan Wayne—sort of protégé of yours, is n't he?"

"Yes, in a way—yes," said the judge, slowly, frowning. "What has Alan done now?"

"It 's like this," said McDale. "Six months ago we sent Mr. Wayne out on contract as assistant to Walton. Walton no sooner got on the ground than he fell sick. He put Wayne in charge, and then he died. Now, this is the point. Mr. Wayne seems to have promoted himself to Walton's pay. He had the cheek to draw his own as well. He won't be here for weeks, but his accounts came in to-day. I want to know if you see any reason why we should n't have that money back, to say the least."

The judge's face cleared.

"Did n't he tell you why he drew Walton's pay?"

"Not a word. Said he 'd explain accounts when he got here, but that sort of thing takes a lot of explaining."

"Well," said the judge, "I can tell you. Walton's pay went to his widow, through me. I 've been doing some puzzling on this case already. Now will you tell me how Alan got the money without drawing on you?"

"Oh, there was plenty of money lying around. The job cost ten per cent. less than Walton's estimate. If he 'd come back, we 'd have hauled him over the coals for that blunder. There was the usual reserve for work in inaccessible regions, and then the people we did the job for paid ten days' bonus for finishing that much ahead of contract time."

The judge mused.

"Was the job satisfactory to the people out there?" he asked.

"Yes, it was," said McDale, bluntly; "most satisfactory. But there was a funny thing there, too. They wrote that while they did not approve of Mr. Wayne's time-saving methods, the finished work had their absolute acceptance."

The judge was silent for a moment.

"You want my advice?" he asked.

"Yes; not for our own sake, but for Wayne's."

"Well," said the judge, "I 'm going to give it to you for your sake. When you stumble across a boy that can cut ten per cent. off the working and time estimates of an old hand like Walton, you bind him to you with a long contract at any salary he wants. And just one thing more: when Alan Wayne steals a cent from you, or fifty thousand dollars, you come to me, and I 'll pay it."

McDale's eyes narrowed, and he puffed nervously at his cigar. He got up to take his leave.

"Judge," he said, "your head is on right, and your heart 's in the right place, as well. I begin to see that widow business. Wayne sized us up for a hard-headed firm when it comes to paying out what we don't have to, and we are. It was n't law, but he was right. Walton's work was done just as if he 'd been alive. Even a Scotchman can see that. You need n't worry. A man that you 'll back for fifty thousand is good enough for McDale & McDale."

CHAPTER VI

It was Alix who discovered Alan as the *Elenic* steamed slowly down the Solent. He was already comfortably established in his chair, with a small pile of fiction beside him.



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'IN MY TIME,' REMARKED THE CAPTAIN, 'A CLUB WAS FOR PRIVACY. NOW IT 'S A HAVEN FOR BELL-BOYS AND A PLAYGROUND FOR WHIPPER-SNAPPERS'"

She paused before she approached him. Alan had always interested her. Perhaps it was because he had kept himself at a distance; but, then, he had a way of keeping his distance from almost everybody. Alix had thought of him heretofore as a modern exquisite subject to atavic fits that, in times past, had led him into more than one barbarous escapade. It was the flare of daring in these shameful outbursts that had saved him from a suspicion of effeminacy. Now, in London she had by chance heard things of him that forced her to a readjustment of her estimate. In six months Alan had turned himself into a mystery.

"Well," she said, coming up behind him, "how are you?"

Alan turned his head slowly, and then threw off his rugs and sprang to his feet.

"The sky is clear," he said; "where did you drop from?" His eyes measured her. She was ravishing in a fur toque and coat which had yet to receive their baptism of import duty.

"Oh," said Alix, "my presence is humdrum. Just the usual returning from six weeks abroad. But you! You come from the haunts of wild beasts, and from all accounts you have been one."

"Been one! From all accounts!" exclaimed Alan, a puzzled frown on his face. "Just what do you mean?"

They started walking.

"I mean that even in Africa one can't hide from Piccadilly. In Piccadilly you are already known not as Mr. Alan Wayne, a New York social satellite, but as a whirlwind in shirt-sleeves. Ten Per Cent. Wayne, in short." She looked at him with teasing archness. She could see that he was worried.

"Satellite is rather rough," remarked Alan. "I never was that."

"All bachelors are satellites in the nature of things—satellites to other men's wives."

"Have you a vacancy?" said Alan.

The turn of the talk put Alix in her element. She had never been an ingénue. She had been born with an intuitive defense. Finesse was her motto, and artificiality was her foil. It had never been struck from her hands. On the other hand, Alan knew that every woman who accepts battle can be reached, even if not conquered. It is the approaches to her heart that a woman must defend. Once those are passed, the citadel turns traitor.

They both knew they were embarking upon a dangerous game, but Alix had played it often. No pretty woman takes her European degree without ample occasion for practice, and Alix had been through the European mill. She threw out her daintily shod feet as she walked. She was full of life. She felt like skipping. The light of battle danced merrily in her eyes. She made no other reply.

"I met lots of people we both know," she said at last.

"Which one of them passed on the news that I had taken to the ways of a wild beast?"

"Oh, that was the Honorable Percy. I caught only a few words. He was telling about a man known as Ten Per Cent. Wayne and the only time he 'd ever seen the shirt-sleeve policy work with natives. When I learned it was Africa, I linked up with you at once and screamed, and he turned to me and said, 'You know Mr. Wayne?' And I said I had thought I did, but I found I only knew him *tiré à quatre épingles,* and would n't he draw his picture over again. But just then Lady Merle signaled the retreat, and when the men came out, somebody else snaffled Collingeford before I got a chance."

"Oh, Collingeford," said Alan. "I remember." He frowned and was silent.

"Alan," said Alix after a moment, "let me warn you. I see a new tendency in you, but before it goes any further than a tendency, let me tell you that a thoughtful man is a most awful bore. When I caught sight of you I thought, 'What a delightful little party!' But if you 're going to be pensive, there are others—"

Alan glanced at her.

"Alix," he said, mimicking her tone, "I see in you the makings of an altogether charming woman. I 'm not speaking of the painstaking veneer,—I suppose you need that in your walk of life,—but what 's under it. There may be others, as you say,—pretty women have taken to wearing men for bangles,—but don't you make a mistake. I 'm not a bangle. I 've just come from the unclothed world of real things. To me a man is just a man, and, what 's more, a woman is just a woman."

"How un-American!" said Alix.

"It 's more than that," said Alan; "it 's pre-American."

Alix was thoughtful in her turn. Alan caught her by the arm and turned her toward the west. A yawl was just crossing the disk of the disappearing sun. Alix felt a thrill at his touch.

"It 's a sweet little picture, is n't it?" she said. "But you must n't touch me, Alan. It can't be good for us."

"So you feel it, too," said Alan, and took his hand from her arm.

During the voyage they were much together, not in dark corners, but waging their battle in the open—two swimmers that fought each other, forgetting to fight the tide that was bearing them out to sea. Alan was not a philanderer to snatch an unrequited kiss. To him a kiss was the seal on surrender. But to Alix the game was its own goal. As she had always played it, nobody had ever really won anything. However, it did not take her long to appreciate that in Alan she had an opponent who was constantly getting under her guard and making her feel things—things that were alarming in themselves, like the jump of one's heart into the throat or the intoxication that goes with hot, racing blood.

Alan's power over women was in voice and words. If he had been hideous, it would have been the same. With his tongue he carried Alix away, and gave her that sense of isolation which lulls a woman into laxity. One night as they sat side by side, a single great rug across their knees, Alan laid his hand under cover on hers. A quiver went through Alix's body. Her closed hand stirred nervously, but she did not really draw it away.

"Alan," she said, "I 've told you not to. Please don't! It 's common—this sort of thing."

Alan tightened his grip.

"You say it 's common," he said, "because you 've never thought it out. Lightning was common till somebody thought it out. I sit beside you without touching you, and we are in two worlds. I grip your hand like this, and the abyss between us is closed. While I hold you, nothing can come between."

Alix's hand opened and settled into his. Alan went on:

"Words talk to the mind, but through my hand my body talks to yours in a language that was old before words were born. If I am full of dreams of you and a desert island, I don't have to tell you about it, because you are with me. The things I want, you want. There are no other things in life; for while I hold you, our world is one and it is all ours. Nothing else can reach us."

For a while they sat silent, then Alix recovered herself.

"After all," she said, "we 're not on a desert island, but on a ship, with eyes in every corner."

Alan leaned toward her.

"But if we were, Alix! If we were on a desert island, you and I—"

For a moment Alix looked into his burning eyes. She felt that there was fire in her own eyes too—a fire she could not altogether control. She disengaged herself and sprang up. Alan rose slowly and stood beside her. He did not look at her parted lips and hot cheeks; he had suddenly become languid.

"That 's it," he drawled—"eyes in every corner. I wonder how many morals would stand without other people's eyes to prop them up?"

Alix left him. She felt baffled, as though she had tried desperately to get a grip on Alan, and her hand had slipped. She felt that it was essential to get a grip on him. She had never played the losing side before, and she was troubled.

Premonition does not come to a woman without cause. Toward the end of the voyage Alix faced, wide-eyed, the revelation that the stakes of the game she and Alan had played were body and soul.

"Alan," she said one night, with drooping head, "I 've had enough. I don't want to play any more. I want to quit." She lifted tear-filled eyes to him. The foil of artificiality had been knocked from her hand. She was all woman, and defenseless.

Alan felt a trembling in all his limbs.

"I want to quit, too, Alix," he said in his low, vibrating voice, "but I 'm afraid we can't. You see, I 'm beaten, too. While I was just in love with your body, we were safe enough; but now I 'm in love with you. It 's the kind of love a man can pray for in vain. No head in it; nothing but heart. Honor and dishonor become mere names. Nothing matters to me but you."



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'HE 'D SAIL FOR AFRICA TO-MORROW AND THINK FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE OF HIS ESCAPE FROM YOU AS A CLOSE SHAVE'"

Tears crawled slowly down Alix's cheeks. She stood with her elbows on the rail and faced the ocean, so no one might see. Her hands were locked. In her mind her own thoughts were running. Somehow she could understand Alan without listening. If only Gerry had done this thing to her, she was thinking, the pitiless, wracking misery would have been joy at white heat. She was unmasked at last; but Gerry had not unmasked her. Not once since the day of the wreck and their engagement had Gerry unmasked himself.

Alan was standing with his side to the rail, his eyes leaving her face only to keep track of the promenaders, so that no officious friend could take her by surprise. He went on talking.

"Our judgment is calling to us to quit, but it is calling from days ago," he said. "We would n't listen then, and it 's only the echo we hear now. We can try to quit if you like; but when I am alone, I shall call for you, and when you are alone, you will call for me. We shall always be alone except when we are near each other. We can't break the tension, Alix. It will break us in the end."

The slow tears were still crawling down Alix's cheeks. In all her life she had never suffered so before. She felt that each tear paid the price of all her levity.

"Alan," she said with a quick glance at him, "did you know when we began that it was going to be like this?"

"No," he answered. "I have trifled with many women, and I was ready to trifle with you. No one had ever driven you, and I wanted to drive you. I thought I had divorced passion and love. I thought perhaps you had, too. But love is here. I am not driving you. We are being driven."

CHAPTER VII

ALIX and Alan were in the grip of a fever that is hard to break save through satiety and ruin. They were still held apart by generations of sound tradition, but against this bulwark the full flood of modern life,

as they lived it, was directed. In Alan there was a counter-strain, a tradition of passion that predisposed him to accept the easy tenets of the growing sensual cult. As he found it more and more difficult to turn his thoughts away from Alix, he strove to regain the clear-headedness that only a year before had held him back from definite moral surrender.

With her things had not gone so far. From the security of the untempted she had watched her chosen world play with fire, and only now, when temptation assailed her, did she realize the weakness that lies in every woman once her outposts have fallen and her bare heart becomes engaged in the battle.

One early morning Nance sent for Alan. He found her alone. She had been crying. He came to her where she stood by the fire, and she turned and put her arms around his neck. She tried to smile, but her lips twitched.

"Alan," she said, "I want you to go away."

Alan was touched. He caught her wrists and took her arms from about his neck.

"You must n't do that sort of thing to me, Nance. I 'm not fit for it." He made her sit down on a great sofa before the fire and sat down beside her. "You remind me to-day of the most beautiful thing I ever heard said of you—by a spiteful friend."

"What was it?" said Nance, turning her troubled eyes to him.

"She said, 'She is only beautiful in her own home.' I never understood it before. It 's a great thing to be beautiful in one's own home."

"Oh, Alan," said Nance, catching his hand and holding it against her breast, "it *is* a great thing. It 's the greatest thing in life. That 's why I sent for you—because you are wrecking forever your chance of being beautiful in your own home. And worse than that, you are wrecking Alix's chance. Of course you are blind. Of course you are mad. I *understand,* Alan, but I want to hold you close to my heart until you see—until the fever is cooled. You and Alix cannot do this thing. It is n't as though her people and ours were of the froth of the nation. You and she started life with nothing but Puritan to build on. You may have built just play-houses of sand, but deep down the old rock foundation must endure. You must take your stand on that."

Her eyes had been fixed in the fire, but now she turned them to his face. Alan sat with head hanging forward, his gaze and thoughts far beyond the confines of the room. Then he shook himself and got up to go.

"I wish we could, Nance," he said gravely, and then added half to himself, half to her, "I 'll try."

For some days Alan had been prepared to go away and take Alix with him, should she consent. Upon his arrival he had had an interview with McDale & McDale, in the course of which that firm opened its eyes and its pocket wider than it ever had before.

"You are out for money, Mr. Wayne," had been the feeble remonstrance of the senior member.

"Just money," replied Alan. "If you owed as much as I do, you would be out for it, too. Of course you 're not. What do you want? You 've got my guaranty—ten per cent. under office estimates for work and time."

When Alan left McDale & McDale's offices he had contracted more or less on his own terms, and McDale, Jr., said to the senior:

"He 's only twenty-six—a boy. How did he beat us?"

"By beating Walton's record first," replied McDale, Sr. "And how he did that, time will show."

As he walked slowly back from Nance's, Alan was thinking that, after all, there was no reason why he should not cut and run—no reason except Alix.

He reached his rooms. As he crossed the threshold a premonition seized him. He felt as though some one were there. He glanced hurriedly about. The rooms were still in the disorder in which he had left them, and they were empty. Then he saw that he had stepped on a note that had been dropped through the letter-slip. He picked it up. A thrill went through him as he recognized Alix's handwriting. There was no stamp. It must have been delivered by hand. He tore it open and read: "You said that a moment's notice was all you asked. I will take the Montreal express with you to-day."

Alan's blood turned to liquid fire. The

note conjured before him a vision of Alix. He crushed it, and held it to his lips and laughed, not jeeringly, but in pure, uncontrolled excitement.

It was not a coincidence that Gerry had sought out Alix at the very hour that Nance was summoning Alan. Gerry and Nance were driven by the same forewarning of catastrophe. Gerry had felt it first, but he had been slow to believe, slower to act. He had no precedent for this sort of thing. His whole being was in revolt against the situation in which he found himself. It was after a sleepless night, a most unheard of thing with him, that he decided he could let things go no longer. He went to Alix's room, knocked, and entered.

Alix was up, though the hour was early for her. Fresh from her bath, she sat in a sheen of blue dressing-gown before the mirror doing her own hair. Gerry glanced about him and into the bath-room, looking for the maid.

"Good morning," said Alix. "She 's not here. Did you want to see her?"

Gerry winced at the levity. He wondered how Alix could play the game she was playing and be gay. Alix finished doing her hair.

"There," she said with a final pat, and turned to face Gerry.

He was standing beside an open window. He could feel the cold air on his hands. He felt like putting his head out into it. His head was hot.

"Alix," he said suddenly without looking at her, "I want you to drop Alan."

"But I don't want to drop Alan," replied Alix, lightly.

Gerry whirled around at her tone. His nostrils were quivering. To his amazement, his hands fairly itched to clutch her beautiful throat. He could hardly control his voice.

"Stop playing, Alix," he gulped. "There 's never been a divorcée among the Lansings nor a wife-beater, and one is as near this room as the other right now."

Gerry regretted the words as soon as he had said them, but Alix was not angry. She looked at him through narrowed eyes. She speculated on the sensation of being once again roughly handled by this rock of a man. Only once before had she seen Gerry angry and the sight had fascinated her then, as it did now. There was something tremendous and impressive in his anger and struggle for control—a great torrent held back by a great strong dam. She almost wished it would break through. She could almost find it in her to throw herself on the flood and let it carry her whither it would. She said nothing.

Gerry bit his lips and turned from her.

"And Alan, of all men!" he went on. At the words the current of her thoughts was changed. She found herself suddenly on the defensive. "Do you think you are the first woman he has played with and betrayed?" Gerry's lip was curved to a sneer. "A philanderer, a man who surrounds himself with tarnished reputations."

A dull glow came into Alix's cheeks.

"Philanderers are of many breeds," she said. "There are those who have the wit to philander with woman, and those who can rise only to a whisky or a golf-club. Whatever else Alan may be, he is not a time-server."

Once aroused, Alix had taken up the gantlet with no uncertain hand. Her first words carried the war into the enemy's camp, and they were barbed.

"What do you mean?" said Gerry, dully. He had not anticipated a defense.

"I mean what you might have deduced with an effort. What are you but a philanderer in little things where Alan is in great? What have you ever done to hold me or any other woman? I respected you once for what you were going to be. That has died. Did you think I was going to make you into a man?"

Gerry stood, breathing hard, a great despondency in his heart. Alix went on pitilessly:

"What have you become? A monumental time-server on the world, and you are surprised that a worker reaches the prize that you can not attain! 'All things come to him who waits.' That 's a trite saying; but how about this? There are lots of things that come to him who only waits that he could do without. The trouble with you is that you have built your life altogether on traditions. It is a tradition that your women are faithful; so you need not exert yourself to holding yours. It is a tradition that you can do no wrong; so you need not exert yourself to doing anything at all. You are playing

with ghosts, Gerry. Your party was over a generation ago."

Alix had calmed down. There was still time for Gerry to choke her to good effect. The hour could yet be his. But he did not know it. Smarting under the lash of Alix's tongue, he made a final and disastrous false step.

"You try to humiliate me by placing me back to back with Alan?" he said, with his new-born sneer. Alix appraised it with calm eyes, and found it rather attractive. "Well, let me tell you that Alan is so small a man that if I dropped out of the world to-day, he 'd sail for Africa to-morrow and think for the rest of his life of his escape from you as a close shave."

Alix sprang to her feet. She was trembling. Gerry felt a throb of exultation. It was his turn to wound.

"What do you mean?" said Alix, very quietly; but it was the quiet of suppressed passion at white heat.

"I mean that Alan is the kind of man who finds other men's wives an economy. He would take everything you have that 's worth taking, but not you."

Alix's eyes blazed at him from her white face. "Please go away," she said. He started to speak. "Please go away," she repeated. Her lips were quivering, and her face twitched in a way that was terrifying to Gerry. He hurried out, repeating to himself over and over: "You have made Alix cry. You have made Alix cry."

Alix toyed with the silver on her dressing-table until he had gone, and then she swept across the room to her little writing-desk and wrote the note that Alan had found half an hour later in his rooms.

CHAPTER VIII

Gerry stood in the hall outside Alix's room for a moment, hoping to hear a sob, a cry, anything for an excuse to go back. Instead he heard the scratch of a pen; but he was too troubled to deduce anything from that. He went slowly down the stairs and out into the street. The biting winter air braced him. He started to walk rapidly. At the end of an hour he found himself standing on a deserted pier. He took off his hat and let the wind cool his head.

"I have been a brute," he said to himself. "I have made a woman cry—Alix!" He turned and walked slowly back to the avenue and into his club, but he still felt uneasy. A waiter brought a whisky and soda and put it at his elbow. Gerry turned on him.

"Who told you to bring that?" Then he felt ashamed of his petulance. "It 's all right, George," he said more genially than he had spoken for many a day; "but I don't want it. Take it away."

He sat for a long time, and at last came to a resolution. Alix loved roses. He would send her enough to bank her room, and he would follow them home. He went up the avenue to his florist's, and stood outside trying to decide whether it should be one mass of blood red or a color scheme. Suddenly the plate glass caught a reflection and threw it in his face. Gerry turned. A four-wheeler was passing. He could not see the occupant, but on top was a large, familiar trunk marked with a yellow girdle. On the trunk was a familiar label. He stared at it, and the label stared back at him, and finally danced before his mazed eyes as the cab disappeared into the traffic.

Gerry stood for a long while, stunned. He saw a lady bow to him from a carriage, and afterward he remembered that he had not bowed back. Somebody ran into him. He looked back at the flowers massed in the window, remembered that he did not need them now, and drew slowly away. Two men hailed him from the other side of the street. Gerry braced himself, nodded to them, and hailed a passing hansom. From the direction Alix's cab had taken he knew the station for which she was bound. As he arrived on the platform they were giving the last call for the Montreal express. He caught sight of Alix hurrying through the gates, and followed. As she reached the first Pullman, somebody rapped on the window of the drawing-room. Gerry saw Alan's face pressed against the pane. He watched Alix stop, turn, and climb the steps of the car, and then he wheeled and hurried from the station.

Where could he go? Not to his club and Alan's. His face would betray the scandal with which the club would be buzzing to-morrow. Not to his big, comfortable house. It would be too gloomy. Even in disaccord, Alix had imparted to its somber oak and deep shadows the glow of

buoyant life. When she was there, one felt as though there were flowers in the house. Gerry was seized with a great desire to hide from his world, his mother, himself. He pictured the scare-heads in the papers. That the name of Lansing should be found in that galley! It was too much. He could not face it.

He bought a morning paper, full of shipping news, and, getting into a taxi, gave the address of his bank. On the way he studied the sailings' column. He found what he wanted—the *Gunter,* due to sail that afternoon for Brazil, Pernambuco the first stop.

At the bank Gerry drew out the balance of his current account. It amounted to something over two thousand dollars. He took most of it in Bank of England notes. Then he started home to pack, but before he reached the house a vision of the servants, flurried after helping their mistress off, commiserating him to one another, pitying him to his face perhaps, or, in the case of the old butler, suppressing a great emotion, was too much for him. He drove instead to a big department store, and in an hour had bought a complete outfit. He lunched at one of the quiet restaurants that divide down-town from up-town.

He had avoided buying a ticket. As the *Gunter* warped out, the purser came to him.

"I understand you have no ticket."

"No," said Gerry, drawing a roll of bills. "How much is the passage to Pernambuco?"

The purser fidgeted.

"This is irregular, sir," he said.

"Is it?" said Gerry, indifferently.

"I have no ticket-forms," said the purser, weakening.

"I don't want a ticket," said Gerry. "I want a good room and three square meals a day."

Long, quiet days on a quiet sea are a master sedative to a troubled mind. Gerry had a great deal to think through. He sat by the hour with hands loosely clasped, his eyes far out on the ocean, tracing the course of his married life, and measuring the grounds for Alix's arraignment. Gerry was just and generous to others' faults, but not to his own. He had forgotten the sting of Alix's words, and, to his growing amazement, saw in himself their justification. A time-server he certainly had been.

The landfall of Pernambuco awoke him from reveries and introspection. He did not look upon this palm-strewn coast as a land of new beginnings; he sought merely a Lethean shore.

The ship crawled in from an oily sea to the long strip of harbor behind the reef. Above, the sun blazed from a bowl of unbroken blue; on land, the multicolored houses spread like a rainbow under a dark cloud of brown-tiled roofs. Beyond the trees was a line of high, stuccoed houses, each painted a different color, all weather-stained, and some with rusted balconies that threatened to topple on to the passer-by. One bore the legend, "Hôtel d'Europe." There Gerry installed himself.

CHAPTER IX

Between the hour of writing her note to Alan and the moment when she stepped on the train Alix had had no time to think. She was still driven by the impulse of anger that Gerry's words had aroused. She did not reflect that the wound was only to her pride.

Alan held open the door of the drawing-room. She passed in, and he closed it. She did not feel as though she were in a train. On the little table stood a vase. It held a single perfect rose. Under the vase was a curious doily, strayed from Alan's collection of exotic things. A cushion lay tossed on the green sofa, not a new cushion, but one that had been broken in to comforting. Alix took in every detail of the arrangement of the tiny room with her first breath. What forethought, what a note of rest with which to meet a troubled and hurried heart! But how insidious to frame an ignoble flight in such a homelike setting! She felt a slight revolt at the travesty.

Alan was standing with blazing eyes and working face, like an eager hound in leash. Alix threw back her veil and looked at him. With a quick stride forward he caught her to him, and kissed her mouth until she gasped for breath. With a flash she remembered his own words, "If ever I kiss you, I shall bring your soul out between your lips." To Alix's amazement, she did not feel an answering fire. Her body was being lashed with a living flame, and her body was cold. In that instant this seemed a terrible thing. She

had sold her birthright for a price, and the price was turning to dead leaves. She made an effort to kiss Alan in return, but with the effort shame came over her. There was so much in Alan's kiss! The kiss had brought her soul out between her lips. Her soul stood naked before her, and one's naked soul is an ugly thing. The kiss disrobed her, too, and from that last bourn of shame Alix suddenly revolted.

Gasping, she pushed Alan from her. Their eyes met. His were burning, hers were frightened. She moved slowly backward to the door, and with her hand behind her opened the latch. Alan did not move. He knew that if he could not hold her with his eyes, he could not hold her at all. The train started. Alix passed through the door and rushed to the platform. The porter was about to drop the trap on the steps. Alix slipped by him. With all her force she pushed open the door and jumped. The train was moving very slowly, but Alix reeled, and would have fallen had it not been for a passing baggageman. He caught her, and still in his arms, Alix looked back. Alan's white face was at the window. He looked steadily at her.

"Ye almost wint with him, miss," said the baggageman, with a full brogue and a twinkling eye.

Alix was tired and hungry when she got back home, but excitement kept her up. She felt that she stood on the threshold of new effort and a new life. After all, she thought, it was she who had made her dear old Gerry into a time-server. She could have made him into anything else if she had tried. She longed to tell him so. Perhaps he would catch her and crush her in his arms as Alan had done. She laughed at herself for wanting him to. She rang for the butler.

"Where 's your master, John?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Mr. Gerry has n't come back since he went out this morning." To John, Mr. Lansing was a person who had been dead for some time. His present overlords were Mr. and Mrs. Gerry and Mrs. Lansing when she was in town.

"Telephone to the club, and if he is there, tell him I want to see him," said Alix, and turned to her welcome tea. The sandwiches seemed unusually small to her ravenous appetite.

Gerry was not at the club. Alix dressed resplendently for dinner. Never had she dressed for any other man with the care that she dressed for Gerry that night. But Gerry did not come. At half-past nine Alix ordered the table cleared.

"I 'll not dine to-night," she said to John. "When your master comes, show him in here." She sat on in the library, listening for Gerry's step in the hall.

From time to time John came into the room to replenish the fire. On one of these occasions Alix told him he might go to bed; but an hour later he returned and stood in the door. Alix looked very small, curled up in a great leathern chair by the fire.

"It 's after one o'clock, ma'am," said John. "Mr. Gerry won't be coming in to-night." Alix made no answer. John held his ground. "It 's time for you to go to bed, ma'am. Shall I call the maid?"

It was a long time since John had taken any apparent interest in his mistress. Alix had avoided him. She had felt that the old servant disapproved of her. More than once she had thought of discharging him, but he had never given her grounds that would justify her before Gerry. Now he was ordering her to bed, and instead of being angry, she was soothed. She wondered how she could ever have thought of discharging him. He seemed strong and restful, more like part of the old house than a servant. Alix got up.

"No, don't call the maid. I won't need her," she said. Then she added, "Good night, John," as she passed out.

John held wide the door, and bowed with a deference that was a touch more sincere than usual. "Good night," he answered, as though he meant it.

Alix was exhausted, but it was long before she fell asleep. She cried softly. She wanted to be comforted. She had dressed so beautifully, she had been so beautiful, and Gerry had not come home. As she cried, her disappointment grew into a great trouble.

She awoke early from a feverish sleep. Immediately a sense of weight assailed her. She rang, and learned that Gerry had not yet come home. Then his words of yesterday suddenly came to her, "If I dropped out of the world to-day—" Alix stared wide-eyed at the ceiling. Why had she remembered those words? She lay for a

long time, thinking. Her breakfast was brought to her, but she did not touch it. It was almost noon in the cloudy Sunday morning when she roused herself from apathy. She sprang from the bed. She summoned Judge Healey with a note and Mrs. Lansing with a telegram. The telegram was carefully worded:

Please come and stay for a while. Gerry is away.

The judge found Alix radiating the freshness of a beautiful woman careful of her person; but it was the freshness of a pale flower. Alix was grave, and her gravity had a sweetness that made the judge's heart bound. He felt an awakening in her that he had long watched for. She told him all the story of the day before in a steady monotone that omitted nothing and gave the facts only their own weight.

When she had finished, the judge patted her hand. "You would make a splendid witness, my dear," he said. "Now, what you want is for me to find Gerry and bring him back, is n't it?"

"Yes," said Alix, "if you can."

"Nonsense! Of course I can. Men don't drop out of the world so easily nowadays. But I still want to know a thing or two. Are you sure Gerry knew nothing of your—er—excursion to the station?"

Alix shook her head.

"From the time he left my room and the house he has not been back."

"Has he been to the club?"

Alix colored faintly. "I see," said the judge, quickly. "I 'll ask there. I 'll go now." He went off, and all that day he sought in vain for a trace of Gerry. He went to all his haunts in the city; he had telephoned to those outside. At night he returned to Alix, but it was Mrs. Lansing who received him in the library.

The judge was tired, and his buoyancy had deserted him. He told her of his failure. Mrs. Lansing was thoughtful, but not greatly troubled.

"Gerry," she said, "has a level head. He may have gone away, but that is all. He can take care of himself." She went to tell Alix that there was no news. When she came back, the judge turned to her.

"Well," he asked, "what did she say?"

"Nothing, except that she wanted to know if you had tried the bank."

The judge struck his fist into his left hand. "Never thought of it," he said. "That child has a head!" He went to the telephone. From the president of the bank he traced the manager, from the manager, the cashier. Yes, Gerry had been at the bank on Saturday. The cashier remembered it because Mr. Lansing had drawn a certain account in full. He would not say how much.

"There," said the judge, with a sigh of relief, "that 's something. It takes a steady nerve to draw a bank-account in full. You must take the news up-stairs. I 'm off. I 'll follow up the clue tomorrow."

There was a new look of content mingled with the worry in Mrs. Lansing's face that made the judge say, as he held out his hand in farewell, "Things better?"

Mrs. Lansing understood him.

"Yes," she answered, and added, "we have been crying together."

There had been strength in Mrs. Lansing's calm. She had been waiting, and now the waiting was over. Alix had given herself, tearful and almost wordless, into arms that were more than ready, and had then poured out her heart in a broken tale that would have confounded any court of justice, but which between women was clearer than logic.

At the end Mrs. Lansing said nothing. Instead, she petted Alix, carried her off to bed, and kept her there for three days. In her waking hours Alix added spasmodic bits to her confession—sage reflections after the event, dreamy "I wonders" that speculated in the past and in the measure of her emotions.

On the fourth day Alix got up, but on the fifth she stayed in bed. Mrs. Lansing found her pale and frightened. She had been crying.

"Alix," she whispered, kneeling beside the bed, "what is it?"

Alix told her amid sobs.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Lansing, throwing her arms about her, "don't cry. Don't worry. The strength will come with the need. In the end you 'll be glad. So will Gerry. So will all of us."

"It is n't that," said Alix, faintly. "Oh, it is n't that! I 'm just thinking

and thinking how terrible it would have been if I had run away—really run away! I keep imagining how awful it would have been. It is a nightmare."

"Call it a nightmare if you like, sweetheart, but just remember that you are awake."

"Yes," said Alix, softly, "I am awake now. Mother, I want to go to Red Hill.

Mrs. Lansing came over to her and kissed her.

"No, dear," she said.

CHAPTER X

In the squalid Hôtel d'Europe Gerry occupied a large room that overlooked the quay. Even if there had been a better



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'I USED TO THINK I COULD GO HOME, THAT IT WAS JUST A QUESTION OF BUYING A TICKET. BUT—'"

I know it 's early, but I want to go now. I want to watch the Hill come to life and dress up for the summer. It will amuse me. It 's long since I have watched for the first buds and the first swallows. I won't mind the melting snow and the mud. It 's so long since I 've seen clean country mud. I want to smell it."

"You don't know how bleak the Hill can be before spring," objected Mrs. Lansing.

"Will it be any bleaker with me there than when you were alone?" asked Alix.

hotel in town, he would not have moved. Here he looked out on a scene of never-ceasing movement and color. The setting changed with the varying light. The false rains of the midsummer season came up in black horses of cloud, driven by a furious wind. They passed with a whirl and a veritable clatter of heavy drops hurled against the earth in a splendid volley. The long strip of the quay emptied at the first wet shot. The tatterdemalion crowd invaded every doorway and nook of shelter

with screams and laughter. Then came the sun again, and back came the throng to the fresh-washed quay.

Gerry missed his club, but for that he found a substitute. Cluny's, next door to the hotel, was a strange hall of convivial pleasure. A massive square door, the masonry of which centuries had hardened and blackened to stone, gave on to a long hallway that ended in a wider dungeon. Here stood a bar and half a dozen teak tables. The floor was of stone flags.

The clientele had the cleavage of oil and water. One part stood to their drink at the bar, had it, and went out. The other sat to their glasses at the tables, and sat late. Among these was a pale, thin man of about Gerry's age, with a mouth slightly twisted to humor until toward evening drink loosened it to mere weakness. One afternoon he nodded to Gerry, and Gerry left the bar for the tables. After that they sat together. The man was an American—the American consul. Gerry liked him, pitied him, and forgot to pity himself. One night he invited the consul to his room. They sat in the balcony, a bottle of whisky and a siphon between them. Gerry started to put his glass on the rail.

"Don't do it," said the consul, with his twisted smile; "it might carry away." He went on more seriously. "It 's rotten. The whole place is rotten. There 's a blight on the men and the women and on the children. God!"

Gerry put down his glass untouched.

"Why don't you go home?"

The consul took a long drink, eyed the empty glass, and spoke into it.

"I used to think just like that. 'Why don't you go home?' I used to think I could go home, that it was just a question of buying a ticket and climbing aboard a liner. But—" he broke off, and glanced at Gerry as he refilled his glass.

"But what?" said Gerry.

"Well," said the consul, "I 'm just drunk enough to tell you. I 'm only proud in the mornings before I 'm thoroughly waked up. I used to drive a pen for a Western daily at twenty-five dollars a week. It was good pay, and I married on it. I and the girl lived like the corn-fed hogs of our native State. Life was one sunshine, and when the baby came, we joined hands, and said good-by to sorrow forever. Then her people got busy and landed me this job. The pay was three thousand, and if you want to see how big three thousand dollars a year can look, just go and stand behind any old kind of plow in Kansas. I jumped at it. We sold out our little outfit and raked up just enough to see me out here. The girl and the kid went to visit her people. I was to save up out of the first quarter's pay and send for them. That was three years ago."

"Do you see that steamer out there?" said Gerry. "Well, she 's bound for home. I want to give you the chance that comes after the last chance. I want you to let me send you home."

The consul looked around. His pendulous lip twisted into a smile.

"So you took all that talk for the preamble to a touch!" he said.

"No, I did n't," said Gerry, indignantly.

"Well, well, never mind," said the consul. "There 's nothing left to go back to, and there 's nothing left to go back. That little account in the bank, and what it may do for some poor devil, is the only monument I 'll ever build."

The whisky-bottle was almost empty, but Gerry's glass was still untouched. The consul pointed at it.

"You can still leave it alone? I don't know where you come from, or what you 're loafing in this haven of time-servers for, but I 'm going to give you a bit of advice: you take that steamer yourself."

Gerry colored.

"I can't," he stammered. "There 's nothing left for me either to go home to." He said nothing more. The consul had suddenly turned drowsy.

CHAPTER XI

ALMOST a month had passed since Gerry landed on his Lethean shore, and it had served him well. But that night on the balcony woke him up. The world seemed to have time-servers in small regard. First Alix and now this consul chap. Gerry began to think of his mother. He strolled over to the cable station. The offices were undergoing repairs. The ground floor was unfurnished save for a table and one chair. In the chair sat a chocolate-colored employee with a long bamboo on the floor beside him. Gerry's curiosity was aroused,



Loaned by George Inness, Jr. Geo. Lowe, engraver for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

SUNSET ON THE MARSHES

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS

He went in and wrote his message to his mother, just a few words telling her he was all right. The chocolate gentleman folded the message, slipped it into the split end of the bamboo, and stuck it up through a hole in the ceiling to the floor above.

Gerry went out and rambled over the city. Night came on. He was restless. He wished he had not sent the message. It was forming itself into a link. He dined badly at a restaurant, and then wandered back to the quay. Arriving steamers were posted on a blackboard under a street lamp. The mail from New York was due to-morrow. The consul's papers would be full of the latest New York society scandal—his scandal.

A long, raking craft was taking on its meager provisions. Gerry engaged its captain in a pantomime parley. The boat was bound for Penedo to take on cotton. Gerry decided to go to Penedo. Two of the crew went back with him to get his baggage. The hotel was closed. Gerry was the only guest, and he had his key. He had paid his weekly bill that day, so there was no need to wake any one up. In half an hour he and his belongings were stowed on the deck of the *Josephina,* and she was drifting slowly down to the bar.

Four days later they were off the mouth of the San Francisco. They doubled in, and tacked their way up to Penedo. There was no life in Penedo. It was desolate and lonely compared with the Hôtel d'Europe and the lively quay; so when a funny little stern-wheeler started up the river on its weekly trip to Piranhas, Gerry went with it.

Gerry chartered a ponderous canoe. At first he had a man to paddle him up and down and sometimes across the wide half-mile of water; but before long he learned to handle the thing himself. The heavy work soon trimmed his splendid muscles into shape. He supplied the hostelry with a variety of fish.

One morning he woke earlier than usual. The wave of life was running high in his veins. He sprang up and, still in his pajamas, hurried out for his morning swim. The break of day was gloriously chilly. A cool breeze, hurrying up from sea, was steadily banking up the mist that hung over the river. Gerry sprang into his canoe and pushed off. He drove its heavy length up-stream, not in the teeth of the current, for no man could do that, but skirting the shore, seizing on the help of every eddy, and keeping an eye out for the green, swirling mound that meant a pinnacle of rock just short of the surface. He went farther up the river than ever before. His muscles were keyed to the struggle. He passed the last jutting bend that the best boatmen on the river could master, and found himself in a bay protected by a spit of sand, rock-tipped and foam-tossed where it reached the river's channel.

Gerry ran the canoe upon the shore and stepped on to the spit of sand. In that moment just to live was enough. Then the sun broke out, and helped the wind clear the last bank of mist from the river. As he looked, a sharp cry broke on his astonished ears.

Almost at the end of the tongue of sand stood a girl. Her hair was blowing about her slim shoulders. Over one of them she gazed, startled, at Gerry. He drew back, mumbling apologies that she could not have understood even if she could have heard them. Then she plunged with a clean, long dive into the river. But before she plunged she laughed. Gerry heard the laugh. With an answering call he threw himself into the water, and swam as he never swam before.

(To be continued)

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY[1]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE National Progressive Party was born in Chicago, August 5, 1912, at a convention which nominated Roosevelt for the presidency. Since that time, though defeated in the national election, it has figured more and more in the legislative and political activities of State and Nation. In fact progressivism is the one altogether incalculable element in the political situation of this country at a time when all men are peering, puzzled and anxious, into the mists of the future. At THE CENTURY'S request Mr. Roosevelt prepared the following paper for the thoughtful attention of the people of this land. It is crowded with suggestion.—THE EDITOR.



FUNDAMENTALLY the reason for the existence of the Progressive party is found in two facts: first, the absence of real distinctions between the old parties which correspond to those parties; and, second, the determined refusal of the men in control of both parties to use the party organizations and their control of the Government for the purpose of dealing with the problems really vital to our people.

As to the first fact, it is hardly necessary to point out that the two old parties to-day no longer deal in any real sense with the issues of fifty and sixty years ago. At that time there was a very genuine division-line between the Republicans and the Democrats. The Republicans of those years stood for a combination of all that was best in the political philosophies of both Jefferson and Hamilton; and under Lincoln they represented the extreme democratic movement which was headed by Jefferson and also that insistence upon national union and governmental efficiency which were Hamilton's great contributions to our political life in the formative period of the republic. The Republicanism of that day was something real and vital, and the Republican party under Lincoln was the radical party of the country, abhorred and distrusted by the reactionaries and ultraconservatives, especially in the great financial centers, precisely as is now true of the Progressives. The Democratic party of that day, on the contrary, was no longer the party either of Jefferson or of Jackson, whose points of unlikeness were at least as striking as their points of likeness, and in the world of politics stood for slavery and for such development of the extreme particularistic doctrine euphoniously known as "States' rights," as to mean, when carried to its logical extreme, total paralysis of governmental functions and ultimately disunion.

The outbreak of the Civil War and its successful conclusion forced the majority of the conservative class of the North into

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the Republican ranks; for when national dissolution is an issue, or even when any serious disaster is threatened, all other issues sink out of sight when compared with the vital need of sustaining the National Government. There is no possibility of even approximating to social and industrial justice if the National Government shows itself impotent to deal with malice domestic and foreign levy.

On the other hand, after the Civil War, the Democratic party found its position one of mere negation or mere antagonism to the Republican party. The Democrats in the Northern States had very different principles in the East and the West, and both in the East and the West alike they had nothing in common with the Democrats of the South save the bond of hatred to Republicanism.

OLD PARTIES AND NEW ISSUES

UNDER such conditions it was inevitable that after the issues raised by the war were settled, and as year by year they tended more and more to become nebulous memories, the new issues which arose should divide the parties each within itself rather than serve as a basis for true party division. The bonds were those of name, custom, and tradition rather than of principle. Each party could pride itself on fervent fixity of opinion as regards the issues that were dead, but each party showed complete indecision of purpose in dealing with the problems that were living. A party which alternately nominated Mr. Bryan and Mr. Parker for President, and a party wherein Messrs. Penrose, La Follette, and Smoot stand as the three brothers of leadership, can by no possibility supply the need of this country for efficient and coherent governmental action as regards the really vital questions of the day. Each party contains within its leadership and membership men who are hopelessly sundered by whatever convictions they really hold and who act together simply for reasons of personal or party expediency. It is impossible to secure the highest service for the people from any party which, like the Democracy, is wedded to States' rights, as against those peoples' rights which can be obtained only by the exercise of the full power of the National Government. On the other hand it is utterly hopeless to expect any sincerity of devotion to any principle of concern to the people as a whole from a party the machinery of which is usurped and held by the powers that prey, in the political and business world; and this has been the case with the Republican party since the bosses in June, 1912, at Chicago stole from the rank and file their right to make their own platform and nominate their own candidates.

So much for the incongruous jumble of conflicting principles and policies within each party and the lack of real points of difference between them. Their showing on this point is so bad that by sheer force of habit our people have grown to accept as a matter of course and without surprise the situations to which it gives rise. For instance, in New York State there was very little genuine surprise among the people as a whole when in the legislature the Republican adherents of the Republican boss and the Democratic adherents of the Democratic boss, after deliberate caucus and conference, repudiated their preëlection pledges as to primary legislation, and joined with hearty good will to defeat the measure which both had promised to support. It would be difficult to imagine a better instance of the way in which our present party conditions insure the absolute powerlessness of the people when faced by a bipartizan combine of the two boss-ridden party machines, whose hostility each to the other is only nominal compared to the hostility of both to the people at large.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CHANGES

THE second fundamental fact of the situation partly depends upon this first fact. Where neither party ventures to have any real convictions upon the vital issues of the day it is normally impossible to use either as an instrument for meeting these vital issues. Most of these issues, at least in their present form, have become such during the lifetime of the present generation. There are, of course, issues of which this is not true. The need of fortifying the Panama Canal and of building and maintaining a thoroughly efficient navy of adequate size, find their justification in the policy of Washington, for instance, and neither policy can be antago-

nized save by those who are the heirs of Washington's bitterest and most insidious opponents. Again, the questions arising in connection with our international relations must to-day, as always, be settled exactly along the lines of general policy laid down by Washington, under penalty of risking grave national discredit and disgrace.

But most of the issues which nine times out of ten most concern the average man and average woman of our republic have reached their present form only within the lifetime of the men who are now of middle age. They are due to the profound social and economic changes of the last half-century, to the exhaustion of the soil and of our natural resources, to the rapid growth of manufacturing towns and great trading cities, and to the relative lowering of the level of life in many country districts, both from the standpoint of interest and the standpoint of profit. Whether we approach the problem having in view only the interests of the wage-worker or of the farmer or of the small business man, or having in view the interests of the public as a whole, we are obliged to face certain new facts. One is that in their actual workings the old doctrines of extreme individualism and of a purely competitive industrial system have completely broken down. Another is that if we are to grapple efficiently with the evils of to-day, it will be necessary to invoke the use of governmental power to a degree hitherto unknown in this country, and, in the interest of the democracy, to apply principles which the purely individualistic democracy of a century ago would not have recognized as democratic.

It is utterly useless to try to meet our needs by recreating the vanished conditions which rendered it possible for this vanished individualistic democracy to preach and practise what it did, and which preaching and practising of an extreme individualism, be it remembered, laid the corner of the very conditions against which we are in revolt to-day. The present-day need of our people is to achieve the purpose our predecessors in the democratic movement had at heart, even though it be necessary to abandon or reverse the methods by which they in their day sought to realize, and indeed often did realize, that purpose. The Progressive party is the only political instrumentality in existence to-day which recognizes the need of achieving this purpose by the new methods which under the changed industrial and social conditions are alone effective.

COLLECTIVE ACTION AND THE INDIVIDUAL

THIS means increased efficiency of governmental action. It does not mean in the slightest degree any impairment or weakening of individual character. The combination of efficient collective action and of individual ability and initiative is essential to the success of the modern state. It is in civil life as it is in military life. No amount of personal prowess will make soldiers collectively formidable unless they possess also the trained ability to act in common for a common end. On the other hand, no perfection of military organization will atone for the lack of the fighting edge in the man in the ranks. The same principle applies in civil life. We not merely recognize but insist upon the fact that in the life career of any man or any woman the prime factor as regards success or failure must be his or her possession of that bundle of qualities and attributes which in their aggregate we denominate as character; and yet that, in addition, there must be proper social conditions surrounding him or her.

Recognition of and insistence upon either fact must never be permitted to mean failure to recognize the other and complementary fact. The character of the individual is vital, and yet, in order to give it fair expression, it must be supplemented by collective action through the agencies of government. Our critics speak as if we were striving to weaken the strength of individual initiative. Yet these critics, who for the most part are either men of wealth who do not think deeply on subjects unconnected with the acquisition of wealth, or else men of a cloistered intellectualism, are themselves in practice the very men who are most ready to demand the exercise of collective power in its broadest manifestation; that is, through the police force, when there is danger of disorder or violence.

The growth in the complexity of community life means the partial substitution of collectivism for individualism, not to destroy, but to save individualism. A very



ROOSEVELT

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COLOR-TONE ENGRAVED FOR THE CENTURY BY H. DAVIDSON

primitive country community hardly needs a constable at all. As it changes into a village and then into a city, it becomes necessary to organize a police force, and this not because the average man has deteriorated in individual initiative and prowess, but because social conditions have so changed as to make collective action necessary. When New York was a little village, a watchman with a lantern and a stave was able to grapple with the only type of law-breaker that had yet been developed. Nowadays, in place of this baggy-breeched, stave-and-lantern carrier, we have the complex machinery of our police department, with a personnel ranging from a plain-clothes detective to a khaki-clad mounted officer with an automatic-repeating pistol. As the complexity of life has grown, as criminals have become more efficient and possessed of a greater power of combined action, it has been necessary for the government to keep the peace by the development of the efficient use of its own police powers. It is just the same with many matters wholly unconnected with criminality. The government has been forced to take the place of the individual in a hundred different ways; in, for instance, such matters as the prevention of fires, the construction of drainage systems, the supply of water, light, and transportation. In a primitive community every man or family looks after his or its interest in all these matters. In a city it would be an absurdity either to expect every man to continue to do this, or to say that he had lost the power of individual initiative because he relegated any or all of these matters to the province of those public officers whose usefulness consists in expressing the collective activities of all the people.

THE SOCIAL GOAL

In other words, the multiplication of activities in a highly civilized and complex community is such that the enormous increase in collective activity is really obtained not as a substitute for, but as an addition to, an almost similar increase in the sphere of individual initiative and activity. There are, of course, cases of substitution; but, speaking roughly and on the whole, the statement as above made is accurate. The increase of collective activity for social and industrial purposes does not mean in any shape or way a deadening of individual character and initiative such as would follow on the effort virtually to apply the doctrines of the Marxian socialists; for "socialist" is a term so vague, and includes so many men working wisely for justice, that it is necessary to qualify it in order to define it. We are striving in good faith to produce conditions in which there shall be a more general division of material well-being, to produce conditions under which it shall be difficult for the very rich to become so very rich, and easier for the men without capital, but with the right type of character, to lead a life of self-respecting and hard-working well-being. The goal is a long way off, but we are striving toward it; and the goal is not socialism, but so much of socialism as will best permit the building thereon of a sanely altruistic individualism, an individualism where self-respect is combined with a lively sense of consideration for and duty toward others, and where full recognition of the increased need of collective action goes hand in hand with a developed instead of an atrophied power of individual action.

Now, it is fairly easy to gain a more or less half-hearted acceptance of these views as right in the abstract. All that the Progressive party is endeavoring to do is to apply them in the concrete.

THE REPUBLICAN DIFFERENCE

We are sundered from the men who now control and manage the Republican party by the gulf of their actual practices and of the openly avowed or secretly held principles which rendered it necessary for them to resort to these practices. The rank and file of the Republicans, as was shown in the spring primaries of 1912, are with us; but they have no real power against the bosses, and the channels of information are so choked that they are kept in ignorance of what is really happening. The doctrines laid down by Mr. Taft as law professor at Yale give the theoretical justification for the practical action of Mr. Penrose and Mr. Smoot. The doctrines promulgated by Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, when he writes Mr. Barnes's platform, serve to salve the consciences of those who, although they object to boss-

ism on esthetic grounds, yet sincerely feel that governmental corruption is preferable to the genuine exercise of popular power. This acquiescence in wrong-doing as the necessary means of preventing popular action is not a new position. It was the position of many upright and well-meaning Tories who antagonized the Declaration of Independence and the movement which made us a nation. It was the position of a portion of the very useful Federalist party, which at the close of the eighteenth century insisted upon the vital need of national union and governmental efficiency, but which was exceedingly anxious to devise methods for making believe to give the people full power while really putting them under the control of a propertied political oligarchy.

The control of the Republican National Convention in June, 1912, in the interest of Mr. Taft was achieved by methods full of as corrupt menace to popular government as ballot-box stuffing or any species of fraud or violence at the polls. Yet it was condoned by multitudes of respectable men of wealth and respectable men of cultivation because in their hearts they regarded genuine control by what they called "the mob"—that is, the people—as an evil so great that compared with it corruption and fraud became meritorious. The Republican party of to-day has given absolute control of its destinies into the hands of a National Committee composed of fifty-three irresponsible and on the whole obscure politicians. It has specifically provided that these men, who have no responsibility whatever to the public, can override the lawfully expressed will of the majority in any state primary. It has perpetuated a system of representation at national conventions which gives a third of the delegates to communities where there is no real Republican vote, where no delegation for or against any man really represents anything, and where, in consequence, the National Committee can plausibly seat any delegates it chooses without exciting popular indignation. In sum, these fifty-three politicians have the absolute and unchallenged control of the National Convention. They do not have to allow the rank and file of the party any representation in that convention whatever, and, as has been shown in actual practice, they surrender to them any control whatever, on the occasion when they deem it imperatively necessary, merely as a matter of expediency and favor, and not as a matter of right or principle.

It is difficult to understand how under these conditions self-respecting men who in good faith uphold popular government can continue in the party. But it is entirely obvious why those in control of the party and its main supporters in the political, financial, and newspaper worlds advocate the system. They do it from precisely the same motives that actuate them in opposing direct primaries, in opposing the initiative and the referendum, in opposing the right of the people to control their own officials, in opposing the right of the people as against the right of the judges to determine what the Constitution, the fundamental law of the land, shall permit in the way of legislation for social and industrial justice. All persons who sincerely disbelieve in the right and the capacity of the people for self-rule naturally, and from their point of view properly, uphold a system of party government like that which obtains under the Republican National Committee. For precisely similar reasons they antagonize every proposal to give the people command of their own governmental machinery. For precisely similar reasons they uphold the divine right of the judiciary to determine what the people shall be permitted to do with their own government in the way of helping the multitudes of hard-working men and women of whose vital needs these well-meaning judges are entirely ignorant.

THE DEMOCRATIC DIFFERENCE

From the Democratic party as at present constituted we are radically divided both because of the utter incoherence within that party itself, and because the doctrines to which it is at present committed are either fundamentally false or else set forth with a rhetorical vagueness which makes it utterly futile to attempt to reduce them to practice. The Democratic party can accomplish nothing of good unless it deliberately repudiates its campaign pledges—unless it deliberately breaks the promises it solemnly made in order to acquire power. Such repudiation necessarily means an intellectual dishonesty so great that no skill in rhetorical

dialectics can cover or atone for it. To win power by definite promises, and then seek to retain it by the repudiation of those promises, would show a moral unfitness such as not to warrant further trust of any kind. Therefore we must proceed upon the assumption that the leaders of the Democracy meant what they said when they were seeking to obtain office. Their only performance so far, at the time that this article is written, is in connection with the tariff and with a discreditable impotence in foreign affairs. As a means of helping to solve great industrial and social problems, the tariff is merely a red herring dragged across the trail to divert our people from the real issues. The present tariff bill has been handled by precisely the same improper methods by which the Payne-Aldrich law was enacted. The only safe way of treating the tariff, that of a permanent non-partizan, expert tariff commission, providing for a schedule by schedule reunion, was deliberately repudiated. The Payne-Aldrich tariff was a thoroughly bad bill; and therefore I am all the more sorry to see the principles of evil tariff-making which it crystallized repeated in the Underwood-Wilson bill.

The Democratic party specifically asserted that by correcting the evils of the tariff they would reduce the cost of living, help the wage-worker and farmer, and take the most important step necessary to the solution of the trust problem. So far, there has not been the smallest evidence that these results will follow their action; and unless such results do follow from it, the Democratic tariff policy will be proved an empty sham.

I have read with care Mr. Wilson's chapter in the "New Freedom" in which he professes to set forth his attitude as regards the trusts. The chapter does not contain, as far as I can find, one specific proposal for affirmative action. It does contain repeated, detailed, and specific misrepresentations of the Progressive position—misrepresentations so gross that all that is necessary in order to refute them is to challenge Mr. Wilson to produce a single line from the Progressive National platform, or from the speeches of the men who stood on that platform, which will bear out his assertions. Aside from these specific misrepresentations, there are various well-phrased general statements implying approval of morality in the abstract, but no concrete proposal for affirmative action. A patient and sincere effort to find out what Mr. Wilson means by the "New Freedom" leaves me in some doubt whether it has any meaning at all. But if there is any meaning, the phrase means and can mean only freedom for the big man to prey unchecked on the little man, freedom for unscrupulous exploiters of the public and of labor to continue unchecked in a career of cutthroat commercialism, wringing their profits out of the laborers whom they oppress and the business rivals and the public whom they outwit. This is the only possible meaning that the phrase can have if reduced to action. It is, however, not probable that it has any meaning at all. It certainly can have no meaning of practical value if its coiner will not translate it out of the realm of magniloquent rhetoric into specific propositions affecting the intimate concerns of our social and industrial life to-day. To discriminate against a very few big men because of their efficiency, without regard to whether their efficiency is used in a social or anti-social manner, may perhaps be included in Mr. Wilson's meaning; but this would be absolutely useless from every aspect, and harmful from many aspects, while all the other big unscrupulous men were left free to work their wicked will. The line should be drawn on conduct, not on size. The man who behaves badly should be brought to book, whether he is big or little; but there should be no discrimination against efficiency, if the results of the efficiency are beneficial to the wage-earners and the public.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS

We have waited for a year to see such propositions made, and until they are made and put into actual practice, and until we see how they work, the phrase "New Freedom" must stand as any empty flourish of rhetoric, having no greater and no smaller value than all the similar flourishes invented by clever phrase-makers whose concern is with diction and not action. The problems connected with the trusts, the problems connected with child labor, and all similar matters, can be solved only by affirmative national action.

No party is progressive which does not set the authority of the National Government as supreme in these matters. No party is progressive which does not give to the people the right to determine for themselves, after due opportunity for deliberation, but without endless difficulty and delay, what the standards of social and industrial justice shall be; and, furthermore, the right to insist upon the servants of the people, legislative and judicial alike, paying heed to the wishes of the people as to what the law of the land shall be. The Progressive party believes with Thomas Jefferson, with Andrew Jackson, with Abraham Lincoln, that this is a government of the people, to be used for the people so as to better the condition of the average man and average woman of the nation in the intimate and homely concerns of their daily lives; and thus to use the government means that it must be used after the manner of Hamilton and Lincoln to serve the purposes of Jefferson and Lincoln.

We are for the people's rights. Where these rights can best be obtained by exercise of the powers of the State, there we are for States' rights. Where they can best be obtained by the exercise of the powers of the National Government, there we are for national rights. We are not interested in this as an abstract doctrine; we are interested in it concretely. Wisconsin possesses advanced laws in the interest of labor. There are other States in this respect more backward, where wage-workers, and especially women and child wage-workers, are left at the mercy of greedy and unscrupulous capitalists. Wherever this operates unjustly to favor the capitalists of other less advanced States at the expense of Wisconsin, and therefore for business reasons to make state legislatures fearful of passing laws for the proper safeguarding of the life, health, and liberty of the wage-workers, then we believe that the National Government should step in and by national action secure in the interest of the wage-workers uniform conditions throughout the Union. We hold it to be the duty of the National Government to put all the governmental resources of our people, national and state, behind the movement for the wise and sane uplifting of the men and women whose lives are hardest.

We believe in the principle of a living wage. We hold that it is ruinous for all our people, if some of our people are forced to subsist on a wage such that body and soul alike are stunted. We believe in safeguarding the body of the wage-worker, and in providing for his widow and children if he falls a victim to industrial accident. We believe in shortening the labor day to the point that will tell most for the laborer's efficiency both as wage-worker and as citizen. In the Progressive National platform we inserted the following plank:

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE

The supreme duty of the nation is the conservation of human resources through an enlightened measure of social and industrial justice. We pledge ourselves to work unceasingly in state and nation for:—

Effective legislation looking to the prevention of industrial accidents, occupational diseases, overwork, involuntary unemployment, and other injurious effects incident to modern industry;

The fixing of minimum safety and health standards for the various occupations, and the exercise of the public authority of state and nation, including the federal control over interstate commerce and the taxing power, to maintain such standards;

The prohibition of child labor;

Minimum wage standards for working women, to provide a living scale in all industrial occupations;

The prohibition of night work for women and the establishment of an eight-hour day for women and young persons;

One day's rest in seven for all wage workers;

The eight-hour day in continuous twenty-four-hour industries.

The abolition of the convict contract labor system; substituting a system of prison production for governmental consumption only; and the application of prisoners' earnings to the support of their dependent families;

Publicity as to wages, hours and conditions of labor; full reports upon industrial accidents and diseases, and the opening to public inspection of all tallies, weights, measures and check systems on labor products;

Standards of compensation for death by

industrial accident and injury and trade diseases which will transfer the burden of lost earnings from the families of working people to the industry, and thus to the community;

The protection of home life against the hazards of sickness, irregular employment and old age through the adoption of a system of social insurance adapted to American use;

The development of the creative labor power of America by lifting the last load of illiteracy from American youth and establishing continuation schools for industrial education under public control and encouraging agricultural education and demonstration in rural schools;

The establishment of industrial research laboratories to put the methods and discoveries of science at the service of American producers.

We favor the organization of the workers, men and women, as a means of protecting their interests and of promoting their progress.

These propositions are definite and concrete. They represent for the first time in our political history the specific and reasoned purpose of a great party to use the resources of the government in sane fashion for industrial betterment.

COUNTRY PROBLEMS

We do not believe in confining governmental activity to the city. We believe that the problem of life in the open country is well nigh the gravest problem before this nation. The eyes and thoughts of those working for social and industrial reform have been turned almost exclusively toward the great cities, and toward the solution of the questions presented by their teeming myriads of people and by the immense complexity of their life. Yet nothing is more certain than that there can be no permanent prosperity unless the men and women who live in the open country prosper. The problems of the farm, of the village, of the country church, and the country school, the problems of getting most value out of and keeping most value in the soil, and of securing healthy and happy and well-rounded lives for those who live upon it, are fundamental to our national welfare. The first step ever taken toward the solution of these problems was taken by the Country Life Commission appointed by me, opposed with venomous hostility by the foolish reactionaries in Congress, and abandoned by my successor. Congress would not even print the report of this commission, and it was the public-spirited, farsighted action of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce which alone secured the publication of the report. The farmers must organize as business men and wage-workers have organized, and the Government must help them organize.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

In dealing with business, the Progressive party is the only party which has put forth a rational and comprehensive plan. We believe that the business world must change from a competitive to a coöperate basis. We absolutely repudiate the theory that any good whatever can come from confining ourselves solely to the effort to reproduce the dead-and-gone conditions of sixty years ago—conditions of uncontrolled competition between competitors most of whom were small and weak. The reason that the trusts have grown to such enormous size is to be found primarily in the fact that we relied upon the competitive principle and the absence of governmental interference to solve the problems of industry. Their growth is specifically and precisely due to the practice of the archaic doctrines advocated by President Wilson under the pleasingly delusive title of the "New Freedom."

We hold that all such efforts to reproduce dead-and-gone conditions are bound to result in failure or worse than failure. The breaking-up of the Standard Oil Trust, for example, has not produced the very smallest benefit. It has merely resulted in enormously increasing the already excessive profits of a small number of persons. Not the smallest benefit would accrue—on the contrary, harm would result—if in dealing with the Steel Corporation we merely substituted for one such big corporation four or five smaller corporations of the stamp of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. The "Survey" published a study of the conditions of life and labor among the wage-workers of this company which it is not too much to de-

scribe as appalling. The effort to remedy conditions in connection with the trusts by the establishment, instead of one big company, of four such companies engaged in cutthroat competition, cannot work the smallest betterment, and would probably work appreciable harm. That kind of "new" freedom is nothing whatever but the old, old license for the powerful to prey on the feeble.

COMPETITION AND CORPORATIONS

THERE is a very real need of governmental action, but it should be action along a totally different line. The result of the unlimited action of the competition system is seen at this moment in the bituminous coal-mines of West Virginia, where the independent operators, in the ferocity of their unregulated competition, and partly because they are forbidden to combine even for useful purposes, seek their profit in the merciless exploitation of the wage-workers who toil for them. The law, in the strict spirit of the "new freedom," forbids them to combine for a useful purpose, and yet offers no check upon their dealing with their employees in a spirit of brutal greed. What is needed is thoroughgoing, efficient, and, if necessary, drastic supervision and control of the great corporations doing an interstate business, by means of a Federal administrative body akin in its functions to the Interstate Commerce Commission. This body should have power not only to enforce publicity, but to secure justice and fair treatment to investors, wage-workers, business rivals, consumers, and the general public alike.

Such an industrial commission should do as the Interstate Commerce Commission should do, that is, remember always its dual duty, the duty to the corporation and individual controlled no less than to the public. It is an absolute necessity that the investors, the owners, of an honest, useful, and decently managed concern, should have reasonable profit. It is impossible to run business unless this is done. Unless the business man prospers, there will be no prosperity for the rest of the community to share. He must have certainty of law and opportunity for honest and reasonable profit under the law.

Experience has proved that we cannot afford to leave the great corporations to determine for themselves without governmental supervision how they shall treat their employees, their rivals, their customers, and the general public. But experience has no less shown that it is as fatal for the agents of government to be unjust to the corporation as to fail to secure justice from them. In dealing with railways, for example, it is just as important that rates should not be too low as that they should not be too high. The living wage and the living rate are interdependent. In dealing with useful, honestly organized, and honestly managed railways, rates must be kept high enough to permit of proper wages and proper hours of labor for the men on the railroad, and to permit the company to pay compensation for the lives and limbs of those employees who suffer in doing its business; and at the same time to secure a reasonable reward to the investors—a reward sufficient to make them desirous to continue in this type of investment. Precisely the same course of action which should be followed in dealing with the railroads should also be followed by the Interstate Industrial Commission in dealing with the great industrial corporations engaged in interstate business.

TAXATION

WE believe that great fortunes, even when accumulated by the man himself, are of limited benefit to the country, and that they are detrimental rather than beneficial when secured through inheritance. We therefore believe in a heavily progressive inheritance tax—a tax which shall bear very lightly on small or ordinary inheritances, but which shall bear very heavily upon all inheritances of colossal size. We believe in a heavily graded income tax, along the same lines, but discriminating sharply in favor of earned, as compared with unearned, incomes.

It would be needless and burdensome to set forth in detail all the matters, national, state, and municipal, to which we would apply our principles. We believe that municipalities should have complete self-government as regards all the affairs that are exclusively their own, including the important matter of taxation, and that the burden of municipal taxation should be so shifted as to put the weight of land

taxation upon the unearned rise in value of the land itself rather than upon the improvements, the buildings; the effort being to prevent the undue rise of rent. We regard it as peculiarly the province of the government to supervise tenement-houses, to secure proper living conditions, and to erect parks and playgrounds in the congested districts, and to use the schools as social centers.

THE PEOPLE AND THE LAWS

We hold that all the agencies of government belong to the people, that the Constitution is theirs, and that the courts are theirs. The people should exercise their power, not to overthrow either the Constitution or the courts, but to overthrow those who would pervert them into agents against the popular welfare. We believe that where a public servant misrepresents the people, the people should have the right to remove him from office, and that where the legislature enacts a law which it should not enact or fails to enact a law which it should enact, the people should have the right on their own initiative to supply the omission. We do not believe that either power should be loosely or wantonly used, and we would provide for its exercise in a way which would make its exercise safe; but the power is necessary, and it should be provided.

We hold, moreover, with the utmost emphasis, that the people themselves should have the right to decide for themselves after due deliberation what laws are to be placed upon the statute-books and what construction is to be placed upon the constitutions, national and state, by the courts, so far as concerns all laws for social and industrial justice. This proposal has nothing whatever to do with any ordinary case at law. It has nothing to do with the exercise by the judge of judicial functions, or with his decision in any issue merely between man and man. It has to do only with the exercise by the court of political and legislative functions. We believe that it is wise to continue the American practice of using the courts as a check upon the legislature in this manner, but only so long as it is possible, in the event of conflict between the legislature and the court, to call in as arbiter the people who are the masters of both legislature and court, and whose own vital interests are at issue. The court and the legislature alike are the servants of the people, and they are dealing with the interests of the people; and the people, the masters of both, have the right to decide between them when their own most intimate concerns are at stake.

The present process of constitutional amendment is too long, too cumbrous, and too uncertain to afford an adequate remedy, and, moreover, after the amendment has been carried, the law must once more be submitted to the same court which was, perhaps, originally at fault, in order to decide whether the new law comes within the amendment. Provision should be made by which, after due deliberation, the people should be given the right themselves to decide whether or not a given law passed in the exercise of the police power for social or industrial betterment and declared by the court to be unconstitutional, shall, notwithstanding this, become part of the law of the land. This proposal has caused genuine alarm and been treated as revolutionary; but opposition to it can proceed only from complete misunderstanding both of the proposal and of the needs of the situation. Of course, however, the selfish opposition of the great corporation lawyers and of their clients is entirely intelligent; for these men alone are the beneficiaries of the present reign of hidden, of invisible, government, and they rely primarily on well-meaning but reactionary courts to thwart the forward movement.

NO DIVINE RIGHT OF JUDGES

Concretely to illustrate just what we mean, our assertion is that the people have the right to decide for themselves whether or not they desire a workmen's compensation law, or a law limiting the number of hours of women in industry, or deciding whether in unhealthy bakeshops wage-workers shall be employed more than a certain length of time per day, or providing for the safeguarding of dangerous machinery, or insisting upon the payment of wages in cash, or assuming and exercising full power over the conduct of corporations—the power denied by the court in connection with the Knight Sugar Case, but finally secured to the people by the

decision in the Northern securities case. Every one of these laws has been denied to the people, again and again, both by national and by state judges in various parts of the Union.

We hold emphatically that these matters are not properly matters for final judicial decision. The judges have no special opportunity and no special ability to determine the justice or injustice, the desirability or undesirability, of legislation of such a character. Indeed, in most cases, although not in all, the judges in the higher courts are so out of touch with the conditions of life affected by social and industrial legislation on behalf of the humble that they are peculiarly unfit to say whether the legislation is wise or the reverse. Moreover, whether they are fit or unfit, it is not their province to decide what the people ought or ought not to desire in matters of this kind. They are not law-makers; they were not elected or appointed for such purpose. They are not censors of the public in this matter. We do not purpose to exalt the legislature at their expense. We do not accept the view so common in other countries that the legislature should be the supreme source of power. On the contrary, our experience has been that the legislature is quite as apt to act unwisely as any other governmental body; and it is because of this fact that the experiment of so-called commission government in cities is being so widely tried. We respect the judges, we think that they are more apt on the whole to be good public servants than any other men in office; but we as emphatically refuse to subscribe to the doctrine of the divine right of judges as to the doctrine of the divine right of kings. We are not specially concerned with the question as to which of two public servants, the court or the legislature, shall have the upper hand of the other; but we are vitally concerned in seeing that the people have the upper hand over both. Any argument against our position on this point is merely an argument against democracy.

THE KEYSTONE OF PROGRESSIVISM

Moreover, any professed adherence to our other doctrines, while at the same time this doctrine is repudiated, means nothing. During the last forty years the beneficiaries of reaction have found in the courts their main allies; and this condition, so unfortunate for the courts, no less than for the people, has been due to our governmental failure to furnish methods by which an appeal can be taken directly to the people when, in any such case as the cases I have above enumerated, there is an issue between the court and the legislature. It is idle to profess devotion to our Progressive proposals for social and industrial betterment if at the same time there is opposition to the one additional proposal by which they can be made effective. It is useless to advocate the passing of laws for social justice if we permit these laws to be annulled with impunity by the courts, or by any one else, after they have been passed. This proposition is a vital point in the Progressive program.

To sum up, then, our position is, after all, simple. We believe that the government should concern itself chiefly with the matters that are of most importance to the average man and average woman, and that it should be its special province to aid in making the conditions of life easier for these ordinary men and ordinary women, who compose the great bulk of our people. To this end we believe that the people should have direct control over their own governmental agencies; and that when this control has been secured, it should be used with resolution, but with sanity and self-restraint, in the effort to make conditions of life and labor a little easier, a little fairer and better for the men and women of the nation.



Halftone reproduction of a C. W. Chadwick

ALPHONSE DAUDET

A PORTRAIT SKETCH, DRAWN FROM THE LIFE, BY JOHN ALEXANDER

"DEY AIN'T NO GHOSTS"

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "Long Sam 'Takes Out,'" etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES SARKA

ONCE 'pon a time dey was a li'l' black boy whut he name was Mose. An' whin he come erlong to be 'bout knee-high to a mewel, he 'gin to git powerful 'fraid ob ghosts, 'ca'se dat am sure a mighty ghostly location whut he lib' in, 'ca'se dey 's a grabeyard in de hollow, an' a bury-in'-ground on de hill, an' a cemuntary in betwixt an' between, an' dey ain't nuffin' but trees nowhar excipt in de clearin' by de shanty an' down de hollow whar de pumpkin-patch am.

An' whin de night come' erlong, dey ain't no sounds *at* all whut kin be heard in dat locality but de rain-doves, whut mourn out, "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!" jes dat trembulous *an'* scary, an' de owls, whut mourn out, "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!" more trembulous an' scary dan dat, an' de wind, whut mourn out, "You-*you*-o-o-o!" mos' scandalous' trembulous an' scary ob all. Dat a powerful onpleasant locality for a li'l' black boy whut he name was Mose.

'Ca'se dat li'l' black boy he so specially black he can't be seen in de dark *at* all 'cept by de whites ob he eyes. So whin he go' outen de house *at* night, he ain't dast shut he eyes, 'ca'se den ain't nobody can see him in de least. He jes as invidsible as nuffin'. An' who know' but whut a great, big ghost bump right into him 'ca'se it can't see him? An' dat shore w'u'd scare dat li'l' black boy powerful' bad, 'ca'se yever'body knows whut a cold, damp pussonality a ghost is.

So whin dat li'l' black Mose go' outen de shanty at night, he keep' he eyes wide open, you may be shore. By day he eyes 'bout de size ob butter-pats, an' come sundown he eyes 'bout de size ob saucers; but whin he go' outen de shanty at night, he eyes am de size ob de white chiny plate whut set on de mantel; an' it powerful' hard to keep eyes whut am de size ob dat from a-winkin' an' a-blinkin'.

So whin Hallowe'en come' erlong, dat li'l' black Mose he jes mek' up he mind he ain't gwine outen he shack *at* all. He cogitate' he gwine stay right snug in de shack wid he pa an' he ma, 'ca'se de rain-doves tek notice dat de ghosts are philanderin' roun' de country, 'ca'se dey mourn out, "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!" an' de owls dey mourn out, "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!" an' de wind mourn out, "You-*you*-o-o-o!" De eyes ob dat li'l' black Mose dey as big as de white chiny plate whut set on de mantel by side de clock, an' de sun jes a-settin'.

So dat all right. Li'l' black Mose he scrooge' back in de corner by de fireplace, an' he 'low' he gwine stay dere till he gwine *to* bed. But byme-by Sally Ann, whut live' up de road, draps in, an' Mistah Sally Ann, whut is her husban', he draps in, an' Zack Badget an' de school-teacher whut board' at Unc' Silas Diggs's house drap in, an' a powerful lot ob folks drap in. An' li'l' black Mose he seen dat gwine be one s'prise-party, an' he right down cheerful 'bout dat.

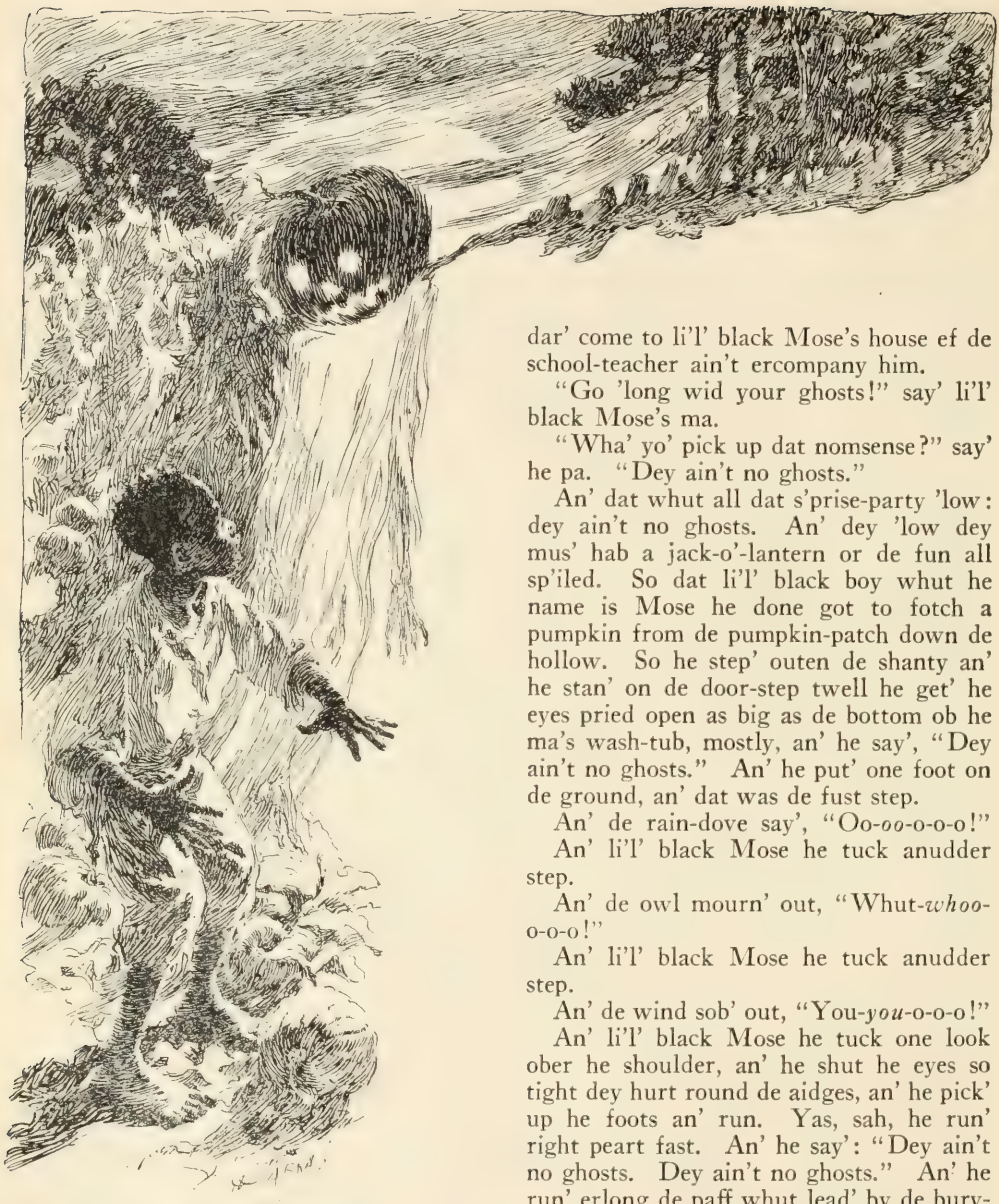
So all dem folks shake dere hands an' 'low "Howdy," an' some ob dem say: "Why, dere 's li'l' Mose! Howdy, li'l' Mose?" An' he so please' he jes grin' an' grin', 'ca'se he ain't reckon whut gwine happen. So byme-by Sally Ann, whut live up de road, she say', "Ain't no sort o' Hallowe'en lest we got a jack-o'-lantern." An' de school-teacher, whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, she 'low', "Hallowe'en jes no Hallowe'en *at* all 'thout we got a jack-o'-lantern." An' li'l' black Mose he stop' a-grinnin', an' he scrooge' so far back in de corner he 'mos' scrooge frough de wall. But dat ain't no use, 'ca'se he ma say', "Mose, go on down to de pump-kin-patch an' fotch a pumpkin."

"I ain't want to go," say' li'l' black Mose.

"Go on erlong wid yo'," say' he ma, right commandin'.

"I ain't want to go," say' Mose ag'in.

"Why ain't yo' want to go?" he ma ask'.



Drawn by Charles Sarka

"'WHUT YO' WANT TO SAY UNTO ME?' *INQUIRE'* LI'L' BLACK MOSE"

" 'Ca'se I 's afraid ob de ghosts," say' li'l' black Mose, an' dat de particular truth an' no mistake.

"Dey ain't no ghosts," say' de school-teacher, whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, right peart.

" 'Co'se dey ain't no ghosts," say' Zack Badget, whut dat 'fear'd ob ghosts he ain't dar' come to li'l' black Mose's house ef de school-teacher ain't ercompany him.

"Go 'long wid your ghosts!" say' li'l' black Mose's ma.

"Wha' yo' pick up dat nomsense?" say' he pa. "Dey ain't no ghosts."

An' dat whut all dat s'prise-party 'low: dey ain't no ghosts. An' dey 'low dey mus' hab a jack-o'-lantern or de fun all sp'iled. So dat li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose he done got to fotch a pumpkin from de pumpkin-patch down de hollow. So he step' outen de shanty an' he stan' on de door-step twell he get' he eyes pried open as big as de bottom ob he ma's wash-tub, mostly, an' he say', "Dey ain't no ghosts." An' he put' one foot on de ground, an' dat was de fust step.

An' de rain-dove say', "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!"

An' li'l' black Mose he tuck anudder step.

An' de owl mourn' out, "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!"

An' li'l' black Mose he tuck anudder step.

An' de wind sob' out, "You-*you*-o-o-o!"

An' li'l' black Mose he tuck one look ober he shoulder, an' he shut he eyes so tight dey hurt round de aidges, an' he pick' up he foots an' run. Yas, sah, he run' right peart fast. An' he say': "Dey ain't no ghosts. Dey ain't no ghosts." An' he run' erlong de paff whut lead' by de buryin'-ground on de hill, 'ca'se dey ain't no fince eround dat buryin'-ground *at* all.

No fince; jes de big trees whut de owls an' de rain-doves sot in an' mourn an' sob, an' whut de wind sigh an' cry frough. An' byme-by somefin' jes *brush'* li'l' Mose on de arm, which mek' him run jes a bit more faster. An' byme-by somefin' jes *brush'* li'l' Mose on de cheek, which mek' him run erbout as fast as he can. An' byme-by somefin' *grab'* li'l' Mose by de aidge of he coat, an' he fight' an' struggle'

an' cry' out: "Dey ain't no ghosts. Dey ain't no ghosts." An' dat ain't nuffin' but de wild brier whut grab' him, an' dat ain't nuffin' but de leaf ob a tree whut brush' he cheek, an' dat ain't nuffin' but de branch ob a hazel-bush whut brush' he arm. But he downright scared jes de same, an' he ain't lose no time, 'ca'se de wind an' de owls an' de rain-doves dey signerfy whut ain't no good. So he scoot' past dat buryin'-ground whut on de hill, an' dat cemuntary whut betwixt an' between, an' dat grabeyard in de hollow, twell he come' to de pumpkin-patch, an' he rotch' down an' tek' erhold ob de bestest pumpkin whut in de patch. An' he right smart scared. He jes de mostest scared li'l' black boy whut yever was. He ain't gwine open he eyes fo' nuffin', 'ca'se de wind go, "You-*you*-o-o-o!" an' de owls go, "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!" an' de rain-doves go, "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!"

He jes speculate', "Dey ain't no ghosts," an' wish' he hair don't stand on ind dat way. An' he jes cogitate', "Dey ain't no ghosts," an' wish' he goose-pimples don't rise up dat way. An' he jes 'low', "Dey ain't no ghosts," an' wish' he backbone ain't all trembulous wid chills dat way. So he rotch' down, an' he rotch' down, twell he git' a good hold on dat pricklesome stem of dat bestest pumpkin whut in de patch, an' he jes yank' dat stem wid all he might.

"Let loosen my head!" say' a big voice all on a suddent.

Dat li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose he jump' 'most outen he skin. He open' he eyes, an' he 'gin' to shake like de aspen-tree, 'ca'se whut dat a-standin' right dar behint him but a 'mendjous big ghost! Yas, sah, dat de bigges', whites' ghost whut yever was. An' it ain't got no head. Ain't got no head *at* all! Li'l' black Mose he jes drap' on he knees an' he beg' an' pray':

"Oh, 'scuse me! 'Scuse me, Mistah Ghost!" he beg'. "Ah ain't mean no harm *at* all."

"Whut for you try to take my head?" ask' de ghost in dat fearsome voice whut like de damp wind outen de cellar.

" 'Scuse me! 'Scuse me!" beg' li'l' Mose. "Ah ain't know dat was yo' head, an' I ain't know you was dar *at* all. 'Scuse me!"

"Ah 'scuse you ef you do me dis favor," say' de ghost. "Ah got somefin' powerful *im*portant to say unto you, an' Ah can't say hit 'ca'se Ah ain't got no head; an' whin Ah ain't got no head, Ah ain't got no mouf, an' whin Ah ain't got no mouf, Ah can't talk *at* all."

An' dat right logical fo' shore. Can't nobody talk whin he ain't got no mouf, an' can't nobody have no mouf whin he ain't got no head, an' whin li'l' black Mose he look', he see' dat ghost ain't got no head *at* all. Nary head.

So de ghost say':

"Ah come on down yere fo' to git a pumpkin fo' a head, an' Ah pick' dat *ix*act pumpkin whut yo' gwine tek, an' Ah don't like dat one bit. No, sah. Ah feel like Ah pick yo' up an' carry yo' away, an' nobody see you no more for yever. But Ah got somefin' powerful *im*portant to say unto yo', an' if yo' pick up dat pumpkin an' sot it on de place whar my head ought to be, Ah let you off dis time, 'ca'se Ah ain't been able to talk fo' so long Ah right hongry to say somefin'."

So li'l' black Mose he heft up dat pumpkin, an' de ghost he bend' down, an' li'l' black Mose he sot dat pumpkin on dat ghostses neck. An' right off dat pumpkin head 'gin' to wink an' blink like a jack-o'-lantern, an' right off dat pumpkin head 'gin' to glimmer an' glow frough de mouf like a jack-o'-lantern, an' right off dat ghost start' to speak. Yas, sah, dass so.

"Whut yo' want to say unto me?" *in*quire' li'l' black Mose.

"Ah want to tell yo'," say' de ghost, "dat yo' ain't need yever be skeered of ghosts, 'ca'se dey ain't no ghosts."

An' whin he say dat, de ghost jes vanish' away like de smoke in July. He ain't even linger round dat locality like de smoke in Yoctober. He jes dissipate' outen de air, an' he gone *in*tirely.

So li'l' Mose he grab' up de nex' bestest pumpkin an' he scoot'. An' whin he come' to de grabeyard in de hollow, he goin' erlong same as yever, on'y faster, whin he reckon' he 'll pick up a club *in* case he gwine have trouble. An' he rotch' down an' rotch' down an' tek' hold of a likely appearin' hunk o' wood whut right dar. An' whin he grab' dat hunk of wood—

"Let loosen my leg!" say' a big voice all on a suddent.

Dat li'l' black boy 'most jump' outen he skin, 'ca'se right dar in de paff is six

'mendjus big ghostes, an' de bigges' ain't got but one leg. So li'l' black Mose jes natchully handed dat hunk of wood to dat bigges' ghost, an' he say':

" 'Scuse me, Mistah Ghost; Ah ain't know dis your leg."

An' whut dem six ghostes do but stand round an' confabulate? Yas, sah, dass so. An' whin dey do so, one say':

" 'Pears like dis a mighty likely li'l' black boy. Whut we gwine do fo' to *re*ward him fo' politeness?"

An' anudder say':

"Tell him whut de truth is 'bout ghostes."

So de bigges' ghost he say':

"Ah gwine tell yo' somefin' *im*portant whut yever'body don't know: Dey *ain't* no ghosts."

An' whin he say' dat, de ghostes jes natchully vanish away, an' li'l' black Mose he proceed' up de paff. He so scared he hair jes yank' at de roots, an' whin de wind go', "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!" an' de owl go', "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!" an' de rain-doves go, "You-*you*-o-o-o!" he jes tremble' an' shake'. An' byme-by he come' to de cemuntary whut betwixt an' between, an' he shore is mighty skeered, 'ca'se dey is a whole comp'ny of ghostes lined up along de road, an' he 'low' he ain't gwine spind no more time palaverin' wid ghostes. So he step' offen de road fo' to go round erbout, an' he step' on a pine-stump whut lay right dar.

"Git offen my chest!" say' a big voice all on a suddent, 'ca'se dat stump am been selected by de captain ob de ghostes for to be he chest, 'ca'se he ain't got no chest betwixt he shoulders an' he legs. An' li'l' black Mose he hop' offen dat stump right peart. Yes, *sah;* right peart.

" 'Scuse me! 'Scuse me!" dat li'l' black Mose beg' an' plead', an' de ghostes ain't know whuther to eat him all up or not, 'ca'se he step' on de boss ghostes's chest dat a-way. But byme-by they 'low they let him go 'ca'se dat was an accident, an' de captain ghost he say', "Mose, you Mose, Ah gwine let you off dis time, 'ca'se you ain't nuffin' but a misabul li'l' tremblin' nigger; but Ah want you should *re*mimimber one thing mos' particular'."

"Ya-yas, sah," say' dat li'l' black boy; "Ah, 'll remimber. Whut is dat Ah got to remimber?"

De captain ghost he swell' up, an' he swell' up, twell he as big as a house, an' he say' in a voice whut shake' de ground:

"Dey ain't no ghosts."

So li'l' black Mose he bound to remimber dat, an' he rise' up an' mek' a bow, an' he proceed' toward home right libely. He do, indeed.

An' he gwine along jes as fast as he kin, whin he come' to de aidge ob de buryin'-ground whut on de hill, an' right dar he bound to stop, 'ca'se de kentry round about am so populate' he ain't able to go frough. Yas, sah, seem' like all de ghostes in de world habin' a conferince right dar. Seem' like all de ghosteses whut yever was am havin' a convintion on dat spot. An' dat li'l' black Mose so skeered he jes fall' down on a' old log whut dar an' screech' an' moan'. An' all on a suddent de log up and spoke:

"Get offen me! Get offen me!" yell' dat log.

So li'l' black Mose he git' offen dat log, an' no mistake.

An' soon as he git' offen de log, de log uprise, an' li'l' black Mose he see' dat dat log am de king ob all de ghostes. An' whin de king uprise, all de congergation crowd round li'l' black Mose, an' dey am about leben millium an' a few lift over. Yas, sah; dat de reg'lar annyul Hallowe'en convintion whut li'l' black Mose interrup'. Right dar am all de sperits in de world, an' all de ha'nts in de world, an' all de hobgoblins in de world, an' all de ghouls in de world, an' all de spicters in de world, an' all de ghostes in de world. An' whin dey see li'l' black Mose, dey all gnash dey teef an' grin' 'ca'se it gettin' erlong toward dey-all's lunch-time. So de king, whut he name old Skull-an'-Bones, he step' on top ob li'l' Mose's head, an' he say':

"Gin'l'min, de convintion will come to order. De sicretary please note who is prisint. De firs' business whut come' before de convintion am: whut we gwine do to a li'l' black boy whut stip' on de king an' maul' all ober de king an' treat' de king dat disrespictful'."

An' li'l' black Mose jes moan' an' sob':

" 'Scuse me! 'Scuse me, Mistah King! Ah ain't mean no harm *at* all."

But nobody ain't pay no *at*tintion to him *at* all, 'ca'se yevery one lookin' at a monstrous big ha'nt whut name Bloody Bones, whut rose up an' spoke.



Drawn by Charles Sarka

"'VERE 'S DE PUMPKIN'"

"Your Honor, Mistah King, an' gin'l'-min *an'* ladies," he say', "dis am a right bad case ob *lazy majesty,* 'ca'se de king been step on. Whin yivery li'l' black boy whut choose' gwine wander round *at* night an' stip on de king ob ghostes, it ain't no time for to palaver, it ain't no time for to prevaricate, it ain't no time for to cogitate, it ain't no time do nuffin' but tell de truth, an' de whole truth, an' nuffin' but de truth."

An' all dem ghostes sicond de motion, an' dey confabulate out loud erbout dat, an' de noise soun' like de rain-doves goin', "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!" an' de owls goin', "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!" an' de wind goin', "You-*you*-o-o-o!" So dat risolution am passed unanermous, an' no mistake.

So de king ob de ghostes, whut name old Skull-an'-Bones, he place' he hand on de head ob li'l' black Mose, an' he hand feel like a wet rag, an' he say':

"Dey ain't no ghosts."

An' one ob de hairs whut on de head ob li'l' black Mose turn' white.

An' de monstrous big ha'nt whut he name Bloody Bones he lay he hand on de head ob li'l' black Mose, an' he hand feel like a toadstool in de cool ob de day, an' he say':

"Dey ain't no ghosts."

An' anudder ob de hairs whut on de head ob li'l' black Mose turn' white.

An' a heejus sperit whut he name Moldy Pa'm place' he hand on de head ob li'l' black Mose, an' he hand feel like de yunner side ob a lizard, an' he say':

"Dey ain't no ghosts."

An' anudder ob de hairs whut on de head ob li'l' black Mose turn' white *as* snow.

An' a perticklar bend-up hobgoblin he put' he hand on de head ob li'l' black Mose, an' he mek' dat same *re*mark, an' dat whole convintion ob ghostes an' spic-ters an' ha'nts an' yiver'thing, which am more 'n a millium, pass by so quick dey-all's hands feel lak de wind whut blow outen de cellar whin de day am hot, an' dey-all say, "Dey ain't no ghosts." Yas, sah, dey-all say dem wo'ds so fas' it soun' like de wind whin it moan frough de tur-kentine-trees whut behind de cider-priss. An' yivery hair whut on li'l' black Mose's head turn' white. Dat whut happen' whin a li'l' black boy gwine meet a ghost convintion dat-a-way. Dat 's so he ain' gwine forgit to remimber dey ain't no ghostes. 'Ca'se ef a li'l' black boy gwine imaginate dey *is* ghostes, he gwine be skeered in de dark. An' dat a foolish thing for to imaginate.

So prisintly all de ghostes am whiff away, like de fog outen de holler whin de wind blow' on it, an' li'l' black Mose he ain' see no ca'se for to remain in dat local-ity no longer. He rotch' down, an' he raise' up de pumpkin, an' he perambulate' right quick to he ma's shack, an' he lift' up de latch, an' he open' de do', an' he yenter' in. An' he say':

"Yere 's de pumpkin."

An' he ma an' he pa, an' Sally Ann, whut live up de road, an' Mistah Sally Ann, whut her husban', an' Zack Badget, an' de school-teacher whut board at Unc'-Silas Diggs's house, an' all de powerful lot of folks whut come to de doin's, dey all scrooged back in de cornder ob de shack, 'ca'se Zack Badget he been done tell a ghost-tale, an' de rain-doves gwine, "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!" an' de owls am gwine, "Whut-*whoo*-o-o-o!" and de wind it gwine, "You-*you*-o-o-o!" an' yiver'body powerful skeered. 'Ca'se li'l' black Mose he come' a-fumblin' an' a-rattlin' at de do' jes whin dat ghost-tale mos' skeery, an' yiver'body gwine imaginate dat he a ghost a-fumblin' an' a-rattlin' at de do'. Yas, sah. So li'l' black Mose he turn' he white head, an' he look' roun' an' peer' roun', an' he say':

"Whut you all skeered fo'?"

'Ca'se ef anybody skeered, he want' to be skeered, too. Dat 's natural. But de school-teacher, whut live at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, she say':

"Fo' de lan's sake, we fought you was a ghost!"

So li'l' black Mose he sort ob sniff an' he sort ob sneer, an' he 'low':

"Huh! dey ain't no ghosts."

Den he ma she powerful took back dat li'l' black Mose he gwine be so uppetish an' contrydict folks whut know 'rifme-ticks an' algebricks an' gin'ral countin' widout fingers, like de school-teacher whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house knows, an' she say':

"Huh! whut you know 'bout ghosts, anner ways?"

An' li'l' black Mose he jes kinder stan' on one foot, an' he jes kinder suck' he thumb, an' he jes kinder 'low':

"I don' know nuffin' erbout ghosts, 'ca'se dey ain't no ghosts."

So he pa gwine whop him fo' tellin' a fib 'bout dey ain' no ghosts whin yiver'-body know' dey is ghosts; but de school-teacher, whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, she tek' note de hair ob li'l' black Mose's head am plumb white, an' she tek' note li'l' black Mose's face am de color ob wood-ash, so she jes retch' one arm round dat li'l' black boy, an' she jes snuggle' him up, an' she say':

"Honey lamb, don't you be skeered; ain' nobody gwine hurt you. How you know dey ain't no ghosts?"

An' li'l' black Mose he kinder lean' up 'g'inst de school-teacher whut board at Unc' Silas Diggs's house, an' he 'low':

" 'Ca'se—'ca'se—'ca'se I met de cap'n ghost, an' I met de gin'ral ghost, an' I met de king ghost, an' I met all de ghostes whut yiver was in de whole worl', an' yivery ghost say' de same thing: 'Dey ain't no ghosts.' An' if de cap'n ghost an' de gin'ral ghost an' de king ghost an' all de ghostes in de whole worl' don' know ef dar am ghostes, who does?"

"Das right; das right, honey lamb," say' de school-teacher. And she say': "I been s'picious dey ain' no ghostes dis long whiles, an' now I know. Ef all de ghostes say dey ain' no ghosts, dey *ain'* no ghosts."

So yiver'body 'low' dat so 'cep' Zack Badget, whut been tellin' de ghost-tale, an' he ain' gwine say "Yis" an' he ain' gwine say "No," 'ca'se he right sweet on de school-teacher; but he know right well he done seen plinty ghostes in he day. So he boun' to be sure fust. So he say' to li'l' black Mose:

" 'T ain' likely you met up wid a monstrous big ha'nt whut live' down de lane whut he name Bloody Bones?"

"Yas," say' li'l' black Mose; "I done met up wid him."

"An' did old Bloody Bones done tol' you dey ain' no ghosts?" say Zack Badget.

"Yas," say' li'l' black Mose, "he done tell me perzackly dat."

"Well, if *he* tol' you dey ain't no ghosts," say' Zack Badget, "I got to 'low dey ain't no ghosts, 'ca'se he ain' gwine tell no lie erbout it. I know dat Bloody Bones ghost sence I was a piccaninny, an' I done met up wif him a powerful lot o' times, an' he ain' gwine tell no lie erbout it. Ef dat perticklar ghost say' dey ain't no ghosts, dey *ain't* no ghosts."

So yiver'body say':

"Das right; dey ain' no ghosts."

An' dat mek' li'l' black Mose feel mighty good, 'ca'se he ain' lak ghostes. He reckon' he gwine be a heap mo' comfortable in he mind sence he know' dey ain' no ghosts, an' he reckon' he ain' gwine be skeered of nuffin' never no more. He ain' gwine min' de dark, an' he ain' gwine min' de rain-doves whut go', "Oo-*oo*-o-o-o!" an' he ain' gwine min' de owls whut go', "Who-*whoo*-o-o-o!" an' he ain' gwine min' de wind whut go', "You-*you*-o-o-o!" nor nuffin', nohow. He gwine be brave as a lion, sence he know' fo' sure dey ain' no ghosts. So prisintly he ma say':

"Well, time fo' a li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose to be gwine up de ladder to de loft to bed."

An' li'l' black Mose he 'low' he gwine wait a bit. He 'low' he gwine jes wait a li'l' bit. He 'low' he gwine be no trouble *at* all ef he jes been let wait twell he ma she gwine up de ladder to de loft to bed, too. So he ma she say':

"Git erlong wid yo'! Whut yo' skeered ob whin dey ain't no ghosts?"

An' li'l' black Mose he scrooge', and he twist', an' he pucker' up de mouf, an' he rub' he eyes, an' prisintly he say' right low:

"I ain' skeered ob ghosts whut am, 'ca'se dey ain' no ghosts."

"Den whut *am* yo' skeered ob?" ask he ma.

"Nuffin'," say' de li'l' black boy whut he name is Mose; "but I jes feel kinder oneasy 'bout de ghosts whut ain't."

Jes lak white folks! Jes lak white folks!



A GLIMPSE OF THE GABLED HOUSETOPS OF NEMOURS

NEMOURS: A TYPICAL FRENCH PROVINCIAL TOWN

BY ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

WITH PICTURES BY BERNARD B. DE MONVEL

IT is only a little provincial town, like many others in France. It has no famous monument, and the immediate neighborhood is neither imposing nor celebrated. And yet this little town, with its quiet streets, its modest houses, its limpid river, and its Champs de Mars, where in fine weather the prominent citizens come to discuss the events of the day, has a tranquil and intimate charm of its own, and the country thereabouts is so rich in smiling, changing views,—moist fields along the water's-edge, wild heaths, and villages bathed in sunlight,—that the whole makes a picture that wins one's heart at first sight.

Nemours lies in the department of Seine-et-Marne, that old part of France which used to be called La Brie, on the road leading from Fontainebleau to Montargis. As you approach the outlying houses, you come upon the first bridge that crosses the canal, on the sluggish waters of which glide unwieldy boats, heavily laden with wood, blocks of stone, or fine sand, and towed by mules or donkeys. Once over the bridge, to the right lies the main street, the Rue de Paris—naturally,

for what town of the provinces is without its Rue de Paris? And what Rue de Paris has not, on one side, a window with a tempting display of delicacies, and on the other, the shops of the haberdasher, the grain-seller, the ironmonger, the harness-maker, and the barber, who, in his shirt-sleeves, stands at his door waiting for customers; and last, the Café du Progrès, where, gathered about little tables, the men drink, and hold forth on the future of France. Then you cross a second stream, bordered with old lime-trees and overshadowed by the high walls of the convent. Here is the Hôtel de l'Ecu, which still has the royal arms on its worn façade, and in front of which the mail-coaches used to stop; here is the market-place; the church, which dates from the thirteenth century; and, before the church, the statue of the great man of the neighborhood, Etienne Bezout, the distinguished mathematician.

If the truth must be told, Etienne Bezout's fame is hardly world-wide; but since, in the matter of celebrities, one takes what one can get, for many long years the townspeople have been glad to have this old worthy—with his eighteenth-century wig, and his finger pointing heavenward in an attitude of wisdom and abstraction—preside over their weekly markets and the meetings of their fire-company, as well as at their outpourings from mass, from funerals, weddings, and christenings.

Beyond the market-place there is yet a third bridge, the great bridge overlooking the river Loing. A few steps farther, and you are amused by the droll sight of the washerwomen as they beat out their linen, gossiping and shrieking on the bank, like so many frogs at the edge of a marsh. Over there is the old pond, where the cows linger, and farther still stands the feudal castle, with its square tower. Beyond this we look down on the garden of M. le Curé, the tanneries, the convent, the town mill, and, last of all, on the river, which, though choked with weeds, is charmingly picturesque by reason of its tiny islands, its bubbling waterfalls, and its Normandy poplars. Just across the bridge lie the suburbs of the little town, with its working-men's houses, quaint roofs, and farm-yards; and then again the open country and the green fields.



THE CANAL AT NEMOURS WITH ITS BORDER OF NORMANDY POPLARS



"AFTER ALL, EACH MAN ENJOYS LIFE IN HIS OWN WAY"

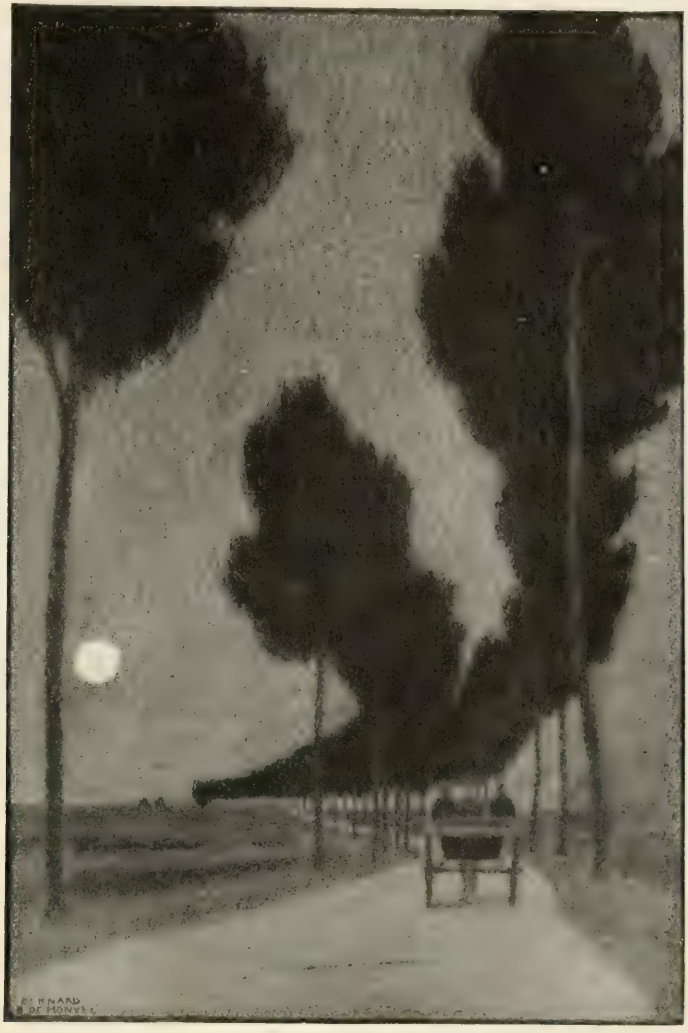
But to see Nemours as it should be seen, to catch the peculiar charm of this little corner of the provinces which Balzac has made famous in his "Ursule Mirouet," we must retrace our steps. We must wander through certain fascinating old streets, with rough cobblestones and irregular sidewalks; the Rue du Prieuré, for instance, where the booths of the sabot-makers stand side by side with the tiny shops of the chair-caners; the Rue de l'Hospice, where old women in caps sit in their doorways knitting, and where the little orphan children march, two by two, under the guidance of the sisters of charity. We must glance at the gabled houses in the Place au Blé and the Place St.-Jean, or follow the Quai des Fosses, with its rows of flower-beds, where the trees make green arches along the edge of the river. Now we will steal into the courtyard of the old castle, which during the crusades was the fortress of the "great and mighty lords" of that part of the country, afterward the dwelling-place of the dukes of Nemours. Later, it was the bailiff's court down to the time of the Revolution; since when it has gradually been transformed into a theater and dancing-hall, where nowadays traveling companies of actors stop to play "The Two Orphans" or "A Woman's Punishment." To-day the castle has a museum, for, just as any self-respecting town must have a "great man," it must also have a museum, whether there is anything to put in it or not. Hence, it was an important day when the mayor of Nemours, adorned with his tricolored scarf, surrounded by the town councilors, and preceded by a flourish of trumpets, instituted this indispensable glory.

As we said before, the little town of Nemours has not been the scene of any startling event, but, like most of our provincial towns, it belongs to our past and is a part of our history. Its old walls have looked on some imposing ceremonies and have witnessed the arrival and departure of some celebrated personages. Did not Louis XIV himself condescend to enter Nemours in November, 1696? Later, in 1773, did not the Comtesse d'Artois choose it as a meeting-place with her sister, the Comtesse de Provence? One can imagine the militia of Nemours forming in line in the streets, the windows ablaze with lights, the thundering of cannon, the waving of flags, the sheriffs in their uni-

forms of state, and the townspeople, on bended knees, offering to these great personages their homage and the freedom of the city.

Indeed, this meeting between the sisters must still stand as the most memorable incident in the annals of Nemours, for although in our day politics play a more important part than formerly, we must yet admit that official ceremonies have lost much of their old-time grandeur.

If we wish to understand the charm of the tranquil life of the provinces, we must visit some of the townspeople of Nemours, and see them at their daily tasks in the privacy of their own homes. In common with the most important world capitals, this tiny town has its own manner of living, its own customs and traditions. We should follow yonder stout gentleman as, umbrella in hand, he takes his daily walk with deliberate steps along the quay; we should say "Good afternoon" to M. le Curé, whose cassock we see among the trees of his quiet garden; we should also have a chat with the shoemaker at the corner; and, above all, we should not fail to have our beard trimmed by the barber in



A FRENCH COUNTRY CART RETURNING HOME ON MARKET-DAY FROM MARKET

the Rue Neuve. He is such a kindly fellow, this barber.

Just beyond the barber's shop is the hatter's, and he too seems well content with his lot. Not that his shop is spacious or his customers abundant. One wonders how many hats he sells in a week, for, in the memory of man, no one has ever seen two customers at the same time in his shop. Nevertheless, whenever you go into the Chappellerie des Elégants, you are certain to find M. Baudoin at his post behind the counter, alert and smiling, eager to show you all the novelties of the season. Above all things, do not venture to hint that his hats are not the very latest creations as to shape and style, as you would only surprise him, and inflict pain without standing a chance of convincing him. M. Baudoin is confident that he can compete with the most fashionable hatters in Paris, for has he not the best hats that are made? Besides, can Paris compare with Nemours? You would never make him believe it. He is proud of his native town, and despite his varied experience with men and things, he has never seen a finer city. This is the true provincial spirit.

M. Baudoin is no longer young. A few years more, and he will sell out his business, and with the proceeds of that sale, combined with his savings (for, like all good Frenchmen, he has been thrifty), will be able to end his peaceful life in ease and comfort. A little house in the suburbs, very new and very white; a tiny garden, with three or four fruit-trees, flower-beds with trim borders, and the inevitable fountain—this is M. Baudoin's dream of an ideal old age.



"THE ONE NOISY TIME IN THE WEEK IS MARKET-DAY"

This is, likewise, the dream of M. Robichon, the clock-maker; of M. Troufleau, the tailor; and of M. Camus, the grain-merchant, all of whom have spent their lives quietly in their little shops, selling from time to time a hat, a watch, or a bag of grain. For the most part, they have been happy. Their sons will have a modest inheritance, and will carry on



Colors Lowe, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

"THE LITTLE ORPHAN CHILDREN MARCH TWO BY TWO"

DRAWN BY BERNARD B. DE MONVEL

the trade of their fathers, unless one, fired with unusual ambition, should some day become a country doctor or lawyer's clerk.

Such are the people, born in the little town or its immediate vicinity. In addition to this native population, there is a colony of residents who have come from Paris or elsewhere and, attracted by the charm of the place, have bought country houses in the neighborhood.

Although only two hours' distance by rail from Paris, Nemours is a typical corner of the provinces, where members of the lower middle class, and even persons of independent means, come in search of rest and quiet; merchants who have retired from business, army officers on half-pay, professors grown gray in service, and, oddly enough, a large number of artists, painters, sculptors, and actors. Some come for the summer only; others live in or near Nemours all the year round.

It is not every French provincial town that can rival Nemours in one respect: beside one of the new and dreadful houses its owner has seen fit to erect a kind of ruin, an imitation in miniature of an old fortified castle, with simulated remains of battlements, sham doors of the middle ages, barred windows, etc. He has even taken the trouble to have a real bullet embedded in the wall of his precious ruin—a bullet fired, it is said, by the Prussians during their campaign in France! Above the bullet, the date of the memorable event is placed in large letters—1814! The bullet looks not unlike a tennis-ball; the ruin itself seems to be made of papier-mâché; and, with the new house by the side of the sham ruin, the *tout ensemble* of this delightful little property is a triumph of the grotesque. It is certain that it is not this new and expensive quarter which lends to Nemours its strange charm, any more than in other French towns, or in Paris itself, where the modern attempts at architecture are veritable eyesores.

After all, each man enjoys life in his own way; and so M. Chevillard, a retired lawyer, who does not own any ruins, and who, strange to say, does not desire any, has a passion of an entirely different kind. M. Chevillard's passion is fishing. He has chosen Nemours as his abiding-place simply because its three watercourses abound in pike and roach; but that fact does not imply that M. Chevillard catches many of them. Nevertheless, every day we may see him seated placidly on his camp-stool, on the bank of the river, near the bridge, wearing an enormous straw hat, which the suns of many summers have tanned a rich golden-brown, the shade of well-toasted bread. He holds a fishing-rod in his hand; the line falls into the water, and its tiny red cork moves gently to and fro with the current. When this red cork drifts toward the dark shadows under the bridge, M. Chevillard jerks his rod up quickly, and we hear the line whistle in the air; then, in the twinkling of an eye, the cork falls back on the surface of the water, and the game begins again; and so it goes on all day and every day.

The strange thing is, however, that nearly every one in Nemours has this same passion for fishing. All along the river, the canal, and the smaller stream, we see rows of yellow hats, and, under them, any number of kindly men and women of all ages, who sit calmly from morning till night, watching their lines.

In addition to this large body of fishermen, there are sportsmen; but do not imagine that they are any more successful. Formerly, this part of the country abounded in game; but of late years, owing to the increasing number of these sportsmen, the pheasants have rapidly diminished. As the cost of a hunting license in France is moderate, the humblest grocer may have the privilege of stringing a cartridge-case across his chest, and, attired in brown linen, with his grandfather's old gun on his shoulder, may revel in the joys of the chase. It is not the humble grocer alone, however, who is responsible for the terrible slaughter of birds. All the other grocers, his friends and neighbors, would feel themselves disgraced if they did not follow his example; so, along with the grocers come the ironmongers, the harness-makers, and the innkeepers, in such overwhelming numbers that within a week after the opening of the shooting season not a hair or a feather is left to tell the tale.

Greatly disturbed by this state of affairs, the sportsmen of Nemours decided to found a society for the protection of game. Alas! within a few months serious differences arose in the society, which was promptly divided into two rival factions. Each faction had its own territory;

and from that moment bird-shooting was forgotten by both parties in their eagerness to chase each other. The chief idea of each faction was to guard jealously its own territory; and fierce injunctions were sent to those imprudent sportsmen who ventured to trespass on forbidden ground. As the respective shooting territories grow smaller each year, and the two societies show no signs of being reconciled, there is grave reason to fear that some fine day, not knowing how else to utilize their powder and shot, the sportsmen of Nemours may be forced to fire at one another!

For my own part, I do not imagine that these gentlemen have as yet any idea of resorting to such extreme measures; but, peaceful and serene as the little town is, it has its own private quarrels. Just as there are two sportsmen's societies, so there are two clubs—two rival clubs, known, quite properly, as the Union Club and the Peace Club, where every evening, before dinner, the half-pay captains and the retired merchants come to play whist at a penny a point. The members are kindly men, honest and peaceful; but there is not one of them who is not firmly convinced that any other club but his own is the resort of ill-bred fellows, not fit associates for himself or his friends. There is an abundance of gossip in this little town, and gossip travels fast at card-tables as well as tea-tables. However, only a certain set among the residents care to lend an ear to the local small-talk.

During the summer, many artists come in quest of rest or an industrious solitude. They are the ones who really enjoy and appreciate more than any one else the strange, sweet charm of this little provincial town, where every house has its garden, and every garden its flowers; where the peaceful days go by with a slow and regular rhythm, and the silence is broken only by the sound of the angelus or the ring of the blacksmith's anvil.

The one noisy time in the week is market-day, when the throngs of covered wagons, drawn by strong cart-horses, the peasant women in their white caps and the men in their blue blouses bringing in cattle, poultry, fruit, and vegetables, make a lively and attractive scene; when the air is full of the crack of whips and the tinkle of bells, and gay with songs, cries, and laughter. But it may not be long before the country carts will give way to automobiles, the white caps to beflowered hats, and the blouses to jackets of the latest cut.

THE AUTO-COMRADE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "Romantic Germany," "Romantic America," etc.



HUMAN nature abhors a vacuum, especially a vacuum inside itself. Offer the ordinary man a week's vacation all alone, and he will look as though you were offering him a cell in Sing Sing.

"There are a great many people," says that wise and popular oracle, Ruth Cameron, "to whom there is no prospect more terrifying than that of a few hours with only their own selves for company. To escape that terrible catastrophe, they will make friends with the most fearful bore or read the most stupid story. . . . If such people are marooned a few hours, not only without human companionship, but even without a book or magazine with which to screen their own stupidity from themselves, they are fairly frantic."

If any one hates to be alone with himself, the chances are that he has not much of any self to be alone with. He is in as desolate a condition as a certain Mr. Pease of Oberlin, who, having lost his wife and children, set up his own tombstone and chiseled upon it this epitaph:

"Here lies the pod.
The Pease are shelled and gone to God."

Now, pod-like people are always solitary wherever other people are not; and there is, of course, nothing much more distressing than solitariness. These people, however, through sheer ignorance, fall into a confusion of thought. They suppose that solitude and solitariness are the same thing. To the artist in life there is just one difference between these two: it is the difference between heaven and its antipodes. For, to the artist in life, solitude is solitariness plus the Auto-comrade.

As it is the Auto-comrade who makes all the difference, I shall try to describe his appearance. His eyes are the most arresting part of him. They never peer stupidly through great, thick spectacles of others' making. They are scarcely ever closed in sleep, and sometimes make their happiest discoveries during the small hours. Indeed, these hours are probably called small because the Auto-comrade often turns his eyes into the lenses of a moving-picture machine that is so entertaining that it compresses the hours to seconds. These eyes, through constant, alert use, have become sharp. They can pierce through the rinds of the toughest personalities, and even penetrate on occasion into the future. They can also take in whole panoramas of the past in one sweeping look. For they are of that "inner" variety through which Wordsworth, winter after winter, used to survey his daffodil-fields. "The bliss of solitude," he called them.

The Auto-comrade has an adjustable brow. It can be raised high enough to hold and reverberate and add rich overtones to the grandest chords of thought ever struck by a Plato, a Buddha, or a Kant. The next instant it may easily be lowered to the point where Hy Mayer's latest cartoon or the tiny cachinnation of a machine-made Chesterton paradox will not ring entirely hollow. As for his voice, it can at times be more musical than Melba's or Caruso's. Without being raised above a whisper, it can girdle the globe. It can barely breathe some delicious new melody; yet the thing will float forth not only undiminished, but gathering beauty, significance, and incisiveness in every land it passes through.

The Auto-comrade is an erect, wiry young figure of an athlete. As he trades at the Seven-League Boot and Shoe Concern, it never bothers him to accompany you on the longest tramps. His feet simply cannot be tired out. As for his hands, they are always alert to give you a lift up the rough places on the mountain-side. He has remarkable presence of body. In any emergency he is usually the best man on the spot.

A popular saw asserts that "looks do not count." But in this case they do count. For the Auto-comrade looks exactly like himself. He is at once seer, creator, accomplisher, and present help in time of trouble. But his every-day occupation is that of entertainer. He is the joy-bringer—the Prometheus of pleasure. In his vicinity there is no such thing as ennui or lonesomeness. Emerson wrote:

"When I would spend a lonely day
Sun and moon are in my way."

But for pals of the Auto-comrade, not only sun, moon, etc., are in the way, but all of his own unlimited resources. For every time and season he has a fittingly varied repertory of entertainment.

Now and again he startles you with the legerdemain feat of snatching brand-new ideas out of the blue, like rabbits out of a hat. While you stand at the port-hole of your cabin and watch the rollers rushing back to the beloved home-land you are quitting, he marshals your friends and acquaintances into a long line for a word of greeting or a rapid-fire chat, just as though you were some idol of the people, and were steaming past the Statue of Liberty on your way home from lion-slaughter in Africa, and the Auto-comrade were the factotum at your elbow who asks, "What name, please?"

After the friends and acquaintances, he even brings up your *bêtes noires* and dearest enemies for inspection and comment. Strangely enough, viewed in this way, these persons no longer seem so contemptible or pernicious or devilish as they once did. At this point your factotum rubs your eye-glasses bright with the handkerchief he always carries about for slate-cleaning purposes, and, lo! you even begin to discover hitherto unsuspected good points about the chaps.

Then there are always your million and one favorite melodies which nobody but that all-around musical amateur, the Auto-comrade, can so exquisitely whistle, hum, strum, fiddle, blat, or roar. There is also a universeful of new ones for him to improvise. And he is the jolliest sort of fellow-musician, because, when you play or sing a duet with him, you can combine with the exciting give-and-take and reciprocal stimulation of the duet the godlike autocracy of the solo, with its opportunity for uninterrupted, uncoerced, wide self-expression. Sometimes, however, in the first flush of escape with him to the wilds, you are fain to clap your hand over his mouth in order the better to taste the essentially folkless savor of solitude. For music is a curiously social art, and Browning was right when he said, "Who hears music, feels his solitude peopled at once."

Perhaps you can find your entertainer a small lump of clay or modeling-wax to thumb into bad caricatures of those you love and good ones of those you hate, until increasing facility impels him to try and model not a Tanagra figurine, for that would be unlike his original fancy, but a Hoboken figurine, say, or a sketch for some Elgin (Illinois) marbles.

If you care anything for poetry and can find him a stub of pencil and an unoccupied cuff, he will be most completely in his element; for if there is any one occupation more closely identified with him than another, it is that of poet. And though all Auto-comrades are not poets, all poets are Auto-comrades. Every poem which has ever thrilled this world or another has been written by the Auto-comrade of some so-called poet. This is one reason why the so-called poets think so much of their great companions. "Allons! after the great companions!" cried old Walt to his fellow-poets. If he had not overtaken, and held fast to, his, we should never have heard the "Leaves of Grass" whispering "one or two indicative words for the future." The bards have always obeyed this call. And they have known how to value their Auto-comrades, too. See, for example, what Keats thought of his:

> Though the most beautiful Creature were waiting for me at the end of a Journey or a Walk; though the Carpet were of Silk, the Curtains of the morning Clouds; the chairs and Sofa stuffed with Cygnet's down; the food Manna, the Wine beyond Claret, the Window opening on Winander mere, I should not feel—or rather my Happiness would not be so fine, as my Solitude is sublime. Then instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home— The roaring of the wind is my wife and the Stars through the window pane are my Children. . . . I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone but in a thousand worlds— No sooner am I alone than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my Spirit the office which is equivalent to a King's body-guard. . . . I live more out of England than in it. The Mountains of Tartary are a favorite lounge, if I happen to miss the Alleghany ridge, or have no whim for Savoy.

This last sentence not only reveals the fact that the Auto-comrade, equipped as he is with a wishing-mat, is the very best cicerone in the world, but also that he is the ideal tramping companion. Suppose you are mountain-climbing. As you start up into "nature's observatory," he kneels in the dust and fastens wings upon your feet. He conveniently adjusts a microscope to your hat-brim, and hangs about your neck an excellent telescope. He has enough sense, as well, to keep his mouth shut. For, like Hazlitt, he "can see no wit in walking and talking." The joy of existence, you find, rarely tastes more cool and sweet and sparkling than when you and your Auto-comrade make a picnic thus, swinging in a basket between you a real, live thought for lunch. On such an occasion you come to believe that Keats, on another occasion, must have had his Auto-comrade in mind when he remarked to his friend Solitude that

> ". . . it sure must be
> Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
> When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee."

The Auto-comrade can sit down with you in thick weather on a barren lighthouse rock and give you a breathless day by hanging upon the walls of fog the mellow screeds of old philosophies, and causing to march and countermarch over

against them the scarlet and purple pageants of history. Hour by hour, too, he will linger with you in the metropolis, that breeder of the densest solitudes,—in market or morgue, subway, library, or lobby,—and hour by hour unlock you those chained books of the soul to which the human countenance offers the master key.

Something of a sportsman, too, is the Auto-comrade. He it is who makes the fabulously low score at golf—the kind of score, by the way, that is almost invariably born to blush unseen. And he will uncomplainingly, even zestfully, fish from dawn to dusk in a solitude so complete that there is not even a fin to break it. But if there are fish, he finds them. He knows how to make the flies float indefinitely forward through yonder narrow opening, and drop, as light as thistledown, in the center of the temptingly inaccessible pool. He knows without looking exactly how thick and prehensile are the bushes and branches that lie in wait for the back cast, and he can calculate to a grain how much urging the sulky four-pounder and the blest tie that binds him to the four-ounce rod will stand.

He is one of the handiest possible persons to have along in the woods. When you take him on a canoe-trip with others, and the party comes to "white water," he turns out to be a dead shot at rapid-shooting. He is sure to know what to do at the supreme moment when you jam your setting-pole immutably between two rocks and, with the alternative of making a hole in the water, are forced to let it go and grab your paddle. And before you have time to reflect that the pale-face in the bow can be depended upon to do just one thing at such a time, and that is the exact opposite of what you are urging him to do, you are hung up on a slightly submerged rock at the head of the chief rapid just in time to see the rest of the party disappear around the lower bend. At such a time, simply look to the Auto-comrade. He will carry you through. Also there is no one like him at the moment when, having felled your moose, leaned your rifle against a tree, and bent down the better to examine him, the creature suddenly comes back to life.

In tennis, when you wake up to find that your racket has just smashed a lob on the bounce from behind the court, making a clean ace between your paralyzed opponents, you ought to know that the racket was guided by that superior sportsman; and if you are truly modest, you will admit that the miraculous triple play wherewith your team whisked the base-ball championship out of the fire in the fourteenth inning was pulled off by the unaided efforts of a certain Young Men's Christian Association of Auto-comrades.

There are other games about which he is not so keen: solitaire, for instance. For solitaire is a social game that soon loses its zest if there be not some devoted friend or relative sitting by and simulating that pleasurable absorption in the performance which you yourself only wish that you could feel.

This great companion can keep you from being lonely even in a crowd. But there is a certain kind of crowd that he cannot abide. Beware how you try to keep him in a crowd of unadulterated human porcupines! You know how the philosopher Schopenhauer once likened average humanity to a herd of porcupines on a cold day, who crowd stupidly together for warmth, prick one another with their quills, are mutually repelled, forget the incident, grow cold again, and repeat the whole thing ad infinitum.

In other words, the human porcupine is the person considered at the beginning of this one-sided discussion who, to escape the terrible catastrophe of confronting his own inner vacuum, will make friends with the most hideous bore. This creature, however, is much more rare than the misanthropic Schopenhauer imagined. It takes a long time to find one among such folk as lumbermen, Gipsies, shirt-waist operatives, fishermen, masons, trappers, sailors, tramps, and teamsters. If the philosopher had only had the pleasure of knowing those teamsters who sent him into paroxysms of rage by cracking their whips in the alley, I am sure that he would never have spoken so harshly of their minds as he did. The fact is that porcupines are not extremely common among the very "common" people. It may be that there is something stupefying about the airs which the upper classes, the best people, breathe and put on, but the social climber is apt to find the human porcupine in increasing herds as he scales the

heights. This curious fact would seem incidentally to show that our misanthropic philosopher must have moved exclusively in some of the best circles.

Now, if there is one thing above all others that the Auto-comrade cannot away with, it is the flaccid, indolent, stodgy brain of the porcupine. If people have let their minds slump down into porcupinishness, or have never taken the trouble to rescue them from that ignominious condition—well, the Auto-comrade is no snob; when all 's said, he is a rather democratic sort of chap, though he has to draw the line somewhere, you know, and he really must beg to be excused from rubbing shoulders with such intellectual rabble, for instance, as blocks upper Fifth Avenue on Sunday noons. He prefers instead the rabble which, on all other noons of the week, blocks the lower end of that variegated thoroughfare.

Such exclusiveness lays the Auto-comrade open, of course, to the charge of inhospitality. But "is not he hospitable," asks Thoreau, "who entertains good thoughts?" Personally, I think he is. And I believe that this sort of hospitality does more to make the world worth living in than much conventional hugging to your bosom of porcupines whose language you do not speak, yet with whom it is embarrassing to keep silence.

If the Auto-comrade mislikes the porcupine, however, the feeling is returned with exorbitant interest. The alleged failings of auto-comradeship have always drawn grins, fleers, nudges, and jokes from the auto-comradeless. It is time the latter should know that the joke is really on him; for he is the most forlorn of mankind. The other is never at a loss. He is invulnerable, being one whom "destiny may not surprise nor death dismay." But the porcupine is liable at any moment to be deserted by associates who are bored by his sharp, hollow quills. He finds himself the victim of a paradox which decrees that the hermit shall "find his crowds in solitude" and never be alone; but that the flocker shall every now and then be cast into inner darkness, where "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The laugh is on the porcupine; but the laugh turns almost into a tear when one stops to realize the nature of his plight. Why, the poor wretch is actually obliged to be near some one else in order to enjoy a sense of vitality! In other words, he needs somebody else to do his living for him. He is a vicarious citizen of the world, holding his franchise only by courtesy of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

All the same, it is rather hard to pity him very profoundly while he continues to feel quite so contemptuously superior as he usually does. Why, the contempt of the average porcupine for pals of the Auto-comrade is akin to the contempt which the knights of chivalry felt for those paltry beings who were called clerks because they possessed the queer, unfashionable accomplishment of being able to read and write.

I remember that the loudest laugh achieved by a certain class-day orator at college came when he related how the literary guy and the tennis-player were walking one day in the woods, and the literary guy suddenly exclaimed: "Ah, leave me, Louis! I would be alone." Even apart from the stilted language in which the orator clothed the thought of the literary guy, there is, to the porcupine, something irresistibly comic in such a situation. It is to him as though the literary guy had stepped up to the nearest policeman and begged for the room at Sing Sing already referred to.

Indeed, the modern porcupine is as suspicious of pals of the Auto-comrade as the porcupines of the past were of sorcerers and witches-folk, by the way, who probably consorted with spirits no more malign than Auto-comrades. "What," asked the porcupines of one another, "can they be up to, all alone there in those solitary huts? What honest man would live like that? Ah, they must be up to no good. They must be consorting with the Evil One. Well, then, away with them to the stake and the river!"

As a matter of fact, it probably was not the Evil One that these poor folk were consorting with, but the Good One. For what is a man's Auto-comrade, anyway, but his own soul, or the same thing by what other name soever he likes to call it with which he divides the practical, conscious part of his brain, turn and turn about, share and share alike? And what is a man's own soul but a small stream of the infinite, eternal water of life? And what is heaven but a vast harbor where myriad

streams of soul flow down, returning at last to their Source in the bliss of perfect reunion? I believe that many a Salem witch was dragged to her death from sanctuary; for church is not exclusively connected with stained glass and collection-baskets. Church is also wherever you and your Auto-comrade can elude the starched throng and fall together, if only for a moment, on your knees.

Like the girl you left behind you, your Auto-comrade has much to gain by contrast with your flesh-and-blood associates, especially if this contrast is suddenly brought home to you after a too long separation from him. I shall never forget the thrill that was mine early one morning after two months of close, uninterrupted communion with one of my best and dearest friends. At the very instant when the turn of the road cut off that friend's departing hand-wave, I was aware of a welcoming, almost boisterous shout from the hills of dream, and, turning quickly, beheld my long-lost Auto-comrade rushing eagerly down the slopes toward me.

Few joys may compare with the joy of such a sudden, unexpected reunion. It is like "the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land." No, this simile is too disloyal to my friend. Well, then, it is like a beaker full of the warm South when you are leaving a good beer country and are trying to reconcile yourself to ditch-water for the next few weeks. At any rate, similes or not, there were we two together again at last. What a week of weeks we spent, pacing back and forth on the veranda of our log cabin, where we overlooked the pleasant sinuosities of the Sebois and gazed out together over golden beech and ghostly birch and blood-red maple banners to the purple mountains of the Aroostook. And how we did take stock of the immediate past, chuckling to find that it had not been a quarter so bad as I had stupidly supposed. What gilded forest trails were those which we blazed into the glamourous land of to-morrow! And every other moment these recreative labors would be interrupted while I pressed between the pages of a note-book some butterfly or sunset leaf or quadruply fortunate clover which my Auto-comrade found and turned over to me. Between two of those pages, by the way, I afterward found the argument of this paper.

Then, when the first effervescence of our meeting had lost a little of its first, fine, carbonated sting, what Elysian hours we spent over the correspondence of those other two friends, Goethe and Schiller! Passage after passage we would turn back to re-read and muse over. These we would discuss without any of the rancor or dogmatic insistence or one-eyed stubbornness that usually accompany the clash of mental steel on mental steel from a different mill. And without making any one else lose the thread or grow short-breathed or accuse us passionately of reading ahead, we would, on the slightest provocation, out-Fletcher Fletcher chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. And we would underline and bracket and side-line and overline the ragged little paper volume, and scribble up and down its margins, and dream over its foot-notes, to our hearts' content.

Such experiences, though, are all too rare with me. Why? Because my Auto-comrade is a rather particular person and will not associate with me unless I toe his mark.

"Come," I propose to him, "let us go a journey."

"Hold hard," says he, and looks me over appraisingly. "You know the rule of the Auto-comrades' Union. We are supposed to associate with none but fairly able persons. Are you a fairly able person?"

If it turns out that I am not, he goes on a rampage, and begins to talk like an athletic trainer. The first thing he demands is that his would-be associate shall keep on hand a jolly good store of surplus vitality. You are expected to supply him exuberance somewhat as you supply gasolene to your motor.

Now, of course, there are in the world not a few invalids and other persons of low physical vitality whose Auto-comrades happen to have sufficient gasolene to keep them both running, if only on short rations. Most of these cases, however, are pathological. They have hot boxes at both ends of the machine, and their progress is destined all too soon to cease and determine. The rest of these cases are the rare exceptions which prove the rule. For unexuberant yet unpathological pals of the Auto-comrade are as rare as harmonious households in which the efforts of a

devoted and blissful wife support an able-bodied husband.

The rule is that you have got to earn exuberance for two. "Learn to eat balanced rations right," thunders the Auto-comrade, laying down the law; "exercise, perspire, breathe, bathe, sleep out of doors, and sleep enough, rule your liver with a rod of iron, don't take drugs or nervines, cure sickness beforehand, do an adult's work in the world, have at least as much fun as you ought to have."

"That," he goes on, "is the way to develop enough physical exuberance so that you will be enabled to overcome your present sad addiction to mob intoxication. And, provided your mind is not in as bad condition as your body, this physical overplus will transmute some of itself into a spiritual exuberance. This will enable you to have more fun with your mind than an enthusiastic kitten has with its tail. It will enable you to look before and after, and purr over what is, as well as to discern, with pleasurable longing, what is not, and set forth confidently to capture it."

But if, by any chance, you have allowed your mind to get into the sort of condition which the old-fashioned German scholar used to allow his body to get into, it develops that the Auto-comrade hates a flabby brain almost as much as he hates a flabby body. He soon makes it clear that he will not have much to do with any one who has not yet mastered the vigorous and highly complex art of not worrying. Also, he demands of his companion the knack of calm, consecutive thought. This is one reason why so many more Auto-comrades are to be found in crow's-nests, Gipsy-vans, and shirt-waist factories than on upper Fifth Avenue. For, watching the stars and the sea from a swaying masthead, taking light-heartedly to the open road, or even operating a rather unwholesome sewing-machine all day in silence, is better for consecutiveness of mind than a never-ending round of offices, clubs, servants, committee meetings, teas, dinners, and receptions, to each of which one is a little late.

No matter what the ignorant or the envious may say, there is nothing really unsocial in a moderate indulgence in the art of auto-comradeship. A few weeks of it bring you back a fresher, keener appreciator of your other friends and of humanity in general than you were before setting forth. In the continuous performance of the psalm of life such contrasts as this of solos and choruses have a reciprocal advantage.

But auto-comradeship must not be overdone, as it was overdone by the medieval monks. Its delights are too delicious, its particular vintage of the wine of experience too rich, for long-continued consumption. Consecutive thought, though it is one of man's greatest pleasures, is at the same time almost the most arduous labor that he can perform. And after a long spell of it, both the Auto-comrade and his companion become exhausted and, perforce, less comradely.

Besides the incidental exhaustion, there is another reason why this beatific association must have its time-limit; for, unfortunately, one's Auto-comrade is always of the same sex as oneself, and in youth, at least, if the presence of the complementary part of creation is long denied, there comes a time when this denial surges higher and higher in subconsciousness, then breaks into consciousness, and keeps on surging until it deluges all the tranquillities, zests, surprises, and excitements of auto-comradeship, and makes them of no effect.

This is, perhaps, a wise provision for the salvation of the human digestion. For, otherwise, many a man, having tasted of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of auto-comradeship, might thereupon be tempted to retire to his hermit's den hard by and endeavor to sustain himself for life on apple-sauce.

Most of us, however, long before such extremes have been reached, are sure to rush back to our kind for the simple reason that we are enjoying auto-comradeship so much that we want some one else to enjoy it with.

THE WHITE LINEN NURSE

HOW RAE MALGREGOR UNDERTOOK GENERAL HEARTWORK FOR A FAMILY OF TWO

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Author of "Molly Make-Believe," etc.

IN THREE PARTS: PART THREE

WITH PICTURES BY HERMAN PFEIFER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

On the day of her graduation from the training-school, the White Linen Nurse was overcome by hysteria. For weeks she had been working too hard, and two or three cases with which she had been connected having gone wrong, she had racked herself with an absurd sense of responsibility. Now, in her distracted state, the visible sign of her self-contempt was the perfectly controlled expression of her trained-nurse face.

From a scene in her room with her two room-mates, in which confidences are exchanged, she rushed to the office of the Superintendent of Nurses, and hysterically demanded her own face. The Senior Surgeon was sent for, and after tartly telling the girl she was a fool, finally took her with him and his little crippled daughter for a thirty-mile trip into the country, where he had been summoned on a difficult case.

On their return, the Senior Surgeon lost control of the machine on a steep hill, and the three were thrown out.

On recovering consciousness, the White Linen Nurse and the Child find the Senior Surgeon pinned under their motor-car, and after receiving instructions as to its management, the Nurse runs the car into a brook, and the Senior Surgeon becomes aware for the first time that the car is afire. Momentarily unnerved by the thought of the peril in which he has been, the Senior Surgeon clings to the White Linen Nurse, and finally proposes that, since she has decided to give up professional nursing, she take up General Heartwork for him and his daughter. The proposal is in fact a proposal of marriage, and after a frank discussion of the situation (which is one of the most significant and powerful pieces of work of the author), the White Linen Nurse accepts.

In the course of the discussion the Senior Surgeon confesses an inherited tendency for drink, and adds that he leaves liquor alone for eleven months in the year, but always goes off to Canada every June for a hunting-trip, on which he drinks heavily. She insists that he go this year and that they marry before his departure, and not on his return, as he wishes. She wins her way, and the Senior Surgeon goes alone. Disquieting letters from her recall him before the end of the month.

NOBODY looks very well in the dawn. Certainly the Senior Surgeon did n't. Heavily, as a man wading through a bog of dreams, he stumbled out of his cabin into the morning. Under his drowsy, brooding eyes appalling shadows circled. Behind his sunburn, deeper than his tan, something sinister and uncanny lurked wanly like the pallor of a soul. Yet the Senior Surgeon had been most blamelessly abed and asleep since griddle-cake-time the previous evening.

Only the mountains and the forest and the lake had been out all night. For seventy miles of Canadian wilderness only the mountains and the forest and the lake stood actually convicted of having been out all night. Dank and white with its vaporous vigil, the listless lake kindled wanly to the new day's breeze. Blue with cold, a precipitous mountain peak lurched craggedly home through a rift in the fog. Drenched with mist, bedraggled with dew, a green-feathered pine-tree lay guzzling insatiably at a leaf-brown pool. As monotonous as a sob, the waiting birch canoe *slosh-sloshed* against the beach.

There was no romantic smell of red

roses in this June landscape; just tobacco smoke, and the faint reminiscent fragrance of fried trout, and the mournful, sizzling, pungent consciousness of a camp-fire quenched for a whole year with a tinful of wet coffee-grounds.

Gliding out cautiously into the lake as though the mere splash of a paddle might shatter the whole glassy surface, the Indian guide propounded the question that was uppermost in his mind.

"Cutting your trip a bit short this year, ain't you, Boss?" he quizzed tersely.

Out from his muffling Mackinaw collar the Senior Surgeon parried the question with an amazingly novel sense of embarrassment.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered with studied lightness. "There are one or two things at home that are bothering me a little."

"A woman, eh?" said the Indian guide, laconically.

"A *woman?*" thundered the Senior Surgeon. "A—woman? Oh, ye gods, no! It 's wall-paper."

Then suddenly and unexpectedly in the midst of his passionate refutation the Senior Surgeon burst out laughing, boisterously, hilariously, like a crazy school-boy. Bluntly from an overhanging ledge of rock the echo of his laugh came mocking back at him. Down from some unvisioned mountain fastness the echo of that echo came wafting faintly to him.

The Senior Surgeon's laugh was made of teeth and tongue and palate and a purely convulsive physical impulse; but the echo's laugh was a fantasy of mist and dawn and inestimable balsam-scented spaces, where little green ferns and little brown beasties and soft-breasted birdlings frolicked eternally in pristine sweetness.

Seven miles farther down the lake, at the beginning of the rapids, the Indian guide spoke again. Racking the canoe between two rocks, paddling, panting, pushing, sweating, the Indian guide lifted his voice high, piercing, above the swirling roar of waters.

"Eh, Boss," he shouted, "I ain't never heard you laugh before!"

Neither man spoke again more than once or twice during the long, strenuous hours that were left to them. The Indian guide was very busy in his stolid mind trying to figure out just how many rows of potatoes could be planted fruitfully between his front door and his cow-shed. I don't know what the Senior Surgeon was trying to figure out.

It was just four days later, from a rolling, musty-cushioned hack, that the Senior Surgeon disembarked at his own front gate.

Even though a man likes home no better than he likes—tea, few men would deny the soothing effect of home at the end of a long, fussy railroad journey. Five o'clock, also, of a late June afternoon is a peculiarly wonderful time to be arriving home, especially if that home has a garden about it, so that you are thereby not rushed precipitously upon the house itself, as upon a cup without a saucer, but can toy visually with the whole effect before you quench your thirst with the actual draft.

Very, very deliberately, with his clumsy rod-case in one hand, and his heavy grip in the other, the Senior Surgeon started up the long, broad gravel path to the house. For a man walking as slow as he was, his heart was beating most extraordinarily fast. He was not accustomed to heart-palpitation. The symptom worried him a trifle. Incidentally, also, his lungs felt strangely stifled with the scent of June. Close at his right, an effulgent white-and-gold syringa-bush flaunted its cloying sweetness into his senses. Close at his left, a riotous bloom of phlox clamored red-blue-purple-lavender-pink into his dazzled vision. Multicolored pansies tiptoed velvet-footed across the grass. In soft, murky mystery a flame-tinted smoke-tree loomed up here and there like a faintly rouged ghost. Over everything, under everything, through everything, lurked a certain strange, novel, vibrating consciousness of occupancy—bees in the rose-bushes, bobolinks in the trees, a woman's work-basket in the curve of the hammock, a doll's tea-set sprawling cheerfully in the middle of the broad gravel path.

It was not until the Senior Surgeon had actually stepped into the tiny cream-pitcher that he noticed the presence of the doll's tea-set. It was what the Senior Surgeon said as he stepped out of the cream-pitcher that summoned the amazing apparition from a ragged, green hole in the privet hedge. Startlingly white, startlingly professional,—dress, cap, apron,

and all,—a miniature white linen nurse sprang suddenly out at him like a tricky dwarf in a moving-picture show. Just at that particular moment the Senior Surgeon's nerves were in no condition to wrestle with apparitions. Simultaneously, as the clumsy rod-case dropped from his hand, the expression of enthusiasm dropped from the face of the miniature white linen nurse.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! have *you* come home!" wailed the familiar, shrill little voice.

Sheepishly the Senior Surgeon picked up his rod-case. The noises in his head were crashing like cracked bells. Desperately, with a boisterous irritability, he sought to cover also the lurching *pound, pound, pound* of his heart.

"What in hell are you rigged out like that for?" he demanded stormily.

With equal storminess the Little Girl protested the question.

"Peach said I could," she attested passionately. "Peach said I could, she did! She did! I tell you, I did n't want her to marry us that day. I was afraid, I was. I cried, I did. I had a convulsion; they thought it was stockings. So Peach said, if it would make me feel any gooderer, I could be the cruel new stepmother, and *she 'd* be the unloved offspring, with her hair braided all yellow fluffikins down her back."

"Where *is*—Miss Malgregor?" asked the Senior Surgeon, sharply.

Irrelevantly the Little Girl sank down on the gravel walk and began to gather up her scattered dishes.

"And it 's fun to go to bed now," she confided amiably, " 'cause every night I put Peach to bed at eight o'clock, and she 's so naughty always I have to stay with her. And then all of a sudden it 's morning—like going through a black room without knowing it."

"I said, where *is* Miss Malgregor?" repeated the Senior Surgeon, with increasing sharpness.

Thriftily the Little Girl bent down to lap a bubble of cream from the broken pitcher.

"Oh, she 's out in the summer-house with the Wall-Paper Man," she mumbled indifferently.

Altogether jerkily the Senior Surgeon started up the walk for his own perfectly formal and respectable brownstone mansion. Deep down in his lurching heart he felt a sudden most inordinate desire to reach that brownstone mansion just as quickly as possible, but abruptly even to himself he swerved off instead at the yellow sassafras-tree and plunged quite wildly through a mass of broken sods toward the rickety, no-account, cedar summer-house.

Startled by the crackle and thud of his approach, the two young figures in the summer-house jumped precipitously to their feet, and, limply untwining their arms from each other's necks, stood surveying the Senior Surgeon in unspeakable consternation,—the White Linen Nurse and a blue-overalled lad most unconscionably mated in radiant youth and agonized confusion.

"Oh, my Lord, sir!" gasped the White Linen Nurse—"oh, my Lord, sir! I was n't looking for *you* for another week!"

"Evidently not," said the Senior Surgeon, incisively. "This is the second time this evening that I 've been led to infer that my home-coming was distinctly inopportune."

Very slowly, very methodically, he put down first his precious rod-case and then his grip. His brain seemed fairly foaming with blood and confusion. Along the swelling veins of his arms a dozen primitive instincts went surging to his fists.

Then quite brazenly before his eyes the White Linen Nurse reached out and took the lad's hand again.

"Oh, forgive me, Dr. Faber!" she faltered. "This is my brother."

"Your *brother?* What? Eh?" choked the Senior Surgeon. Bluntly he reached out and crushed the young fellow's fingers in his own. "Glad to see you, son," he muttered, with a sickish sort of grin, and, turning abruptly, picked up his baggage again and started for the big house.

Half a step behind him his bride followed softly.

At the edge of the piazza he turned for an instant and eyed her a bit quizzically. With her big credulous, blue eyes, and her great mop of yellow hair braided childishly down her back, she looked inestimably more juvenile and innocent than his own little shrewd-faced six-year-old, whom he had just left domestically ensconced in the middle of the broad gravel path.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Malgregor," he asked—"for Heaven's sake, why did n't you tell me that the Wall-Paper Man was your brother?"

Very contritely the White Linen Nurse's chin went burrowing down into the soft collar of her dress, and as bashfully as a child one finger came stealing up to the edge of her red, red lips.

"I was afraid you 'd think I was—cheeky, having any of my family come and live with us so soon," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Well, what did you think I 'd think you were if he was n't your brother?" asked the Senior Surgeon, sardonically.

"Very economical, I hoped," beamed the White Linen Nurse.

"All the same," snapped the Senior Surgeon, with an irrelevance surprising even to himself—"all the same, do you think it sounds quite right and proper for a child to call her stepmother 'Peach'?"

Again the White Linen Nurse's chin went burrowing down into the soft collar of her dress.

"I don't suppose it *is* usual," she admitted reluctantly. "The children next door, I notice, call theirs 'Crosspatch.' "

With a gesture of impatience, the Senior Surgeon proceeded on up the steps, yanked open the old-fashioned shuttered door, and burst quite breathlessly and unprepared upon his most amazingly reconstructed house. All in one single second chintzes, muslins, pale blond maples, riotous canary-birds stormed revolutionarily upon his outraged eyes. Reeling back utterly aghast before the sight, he stood there staring dumbly for an instant at what he considered, and rightly too, the absolute wreck of his black-walnut home.

"It looks like—hell!" he muttered feebly.

"Yes, *is n't* it sweet?" conceded the White Linen Nurse, with unmistakable joyousness. "And your library—" Triumphantly she threw back the door to his grim workshop.

"Good God!" stammered the Senior Surgeon, "you 've made it pink!"

Rapturously the White Linen Nurse began to clasp and unclasp her hands.

"I knew you 'd love it," she said.

Half dazed with bewilderment, the Senior Surgeon started to brush an imaginary haze from his eyes, but paused midway in the gesture, and pointed back instead to a dapper little hall-table that seemed to be exhausting its entire blond strength in holding up a slender green vase with a single pink rose in it. Like a caged animal buffeting for escape against each successive bar that incased it, the man's frenzied irritation hurled itself hopefully against this one more chance for explosive exit.

"What—have—you—done—with the big—black—escritoire that stood—*there?*" he demanded accusingly.

"Escritoire? Escritoire?" worried the White Linen Nurse. "Why—why, I 'm afraid I must have mislaid it."

"Mislaid it?" thundered the Senior Surgeon. "Mislaid it? It weighed three hundred pounds!"

"Oh, it did?" questioned the White Linen Nurse, with great blue-eyed interest. Still mulling apparently over the fascinating weight of the escritoire, she climbed up suddenly into a chair, and with the fluffy, broom-shaped end of her extraordinarily long braid of hair went angling wildly off into space after an illusive cobweb.

Faster and faster the Senior Surgeon's temper began to search for a new point of exit.

"What do you suppose the servants think of you?" he stormed, "running round like that, with your hair in a pig-tail, like a kid?"

"Servants?" cooed the White Linen Nurse. "Servants?" Very quietly she jumped down from the chair and came and stood looking up into the Senior Surgeon's hectic face. "Why, there are n't any servants," she explained patiently. "I 've dismissed every one of them. We 're doing our own work now."

"Doing 'our own work?' " gasped the Senior Surgeon.

Worriedly the White Linen Nurse stepped back a little.

"Why, was n't that right?" she pleaded. "Was n't it *right?* Why, I thought people always did their own work when they were first married." With sudden apprehensiveness she glanced round over her shoulder at the hall clock, and, darting out through a side door, returned almost instantly with a fierce-looking knife.

"I 'm so late now, and everything," she



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' HE FAIRLY SCREAMED AT HER. 'JUST KEEPING YOU COMPANY, SIR,' YAWNED THE WHITE LINEN NURSE"

DRAWN BY HERMAN PFEIFER

confided, "could you peel the potatoes for me?"

"No, I could n't," said the Senior Surgeon, shortly. Equally shortly he turned on his heel, and, reaching out once more for his rod-case and grip, went on up the stairs to his own room.

One of the pleasantest things about arriving home very late in the afternoon is the excuse it gives you for loafing in your own room while other people are getting supper. No existent domestic sound in the whole twenty-four hours is as soothing at the end of a long journey as the sound of *other* people getting supper.

Stretched out at full length in a big easy-chair by his bedroom window, with his favorite pipe bubbling rhythmically between his gleaming white teeth, the Senior Surgeon studied his new "solid-gold bed" and his new sage-green wall-paper and his new dust-colored rug, to the faint, far-away accompaniment of soft-thudding feet and a girl's laugh and a child's prattle and the *tink, tink, tinkle* of glass, china, silver,—all scurrying consciously to the service of one man, and that man himself.

Very, very slowly, in that special half-hour an inscrutable little smile printed itself experimentally across the right-hand corner of the Senior Surgeon's upper lip.

While that smile was still in its infancy, he jumped up suddenly and forced his way across the hall to his dead wife's room,—the one ghost-room of his house and his life,—and there, with his hand on the turning door-knob, tense with reluctance, goose-fleshed with strain, his breath gasped out of him whether or no with the one word, "Alice!"

And, behold! there was no room there!

Lurching back from the threshold as from the brink of an elevator-well, the Senior Surgeon found himself staring foolishly into a most sumptuous linen-closet, tiered like an Aztec cliff with home after home for pleasant, prosy blankets and gaily fringed towels and cheerful white sheets reeking most conscientiously of cedar and lavender. Tiptoeing cautiously into the mystery, he sensed at one astonished, grateful glance how the change of a partition, the readjustment of a proportion, had purged like a draft of fresh air the stale gloom of an ill-favored memory. Yet so inevitable did it suddenly seem for a linen-closet to be built right there, so inevitable did it suddenly seem for the child's meager playroom to be enlarged just there, that to save his soul he could not estimate whether the happy plan had originated in a purely practical brain or a purely compassionate heart.

Half proud of the brain, half touched by the heart, he passed on exploringly through the new playroom out into the hall again.

Quite distinctly now through the aperture of the back stairs the kitchen voices came wafting up to him.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed his Little Girl's peevish voice, "now that—that man 's come back again, I suppose we 'll have to eat in the dining-room all the time!"

" 'That man' happens to be your darling father," admonished the White Linen Nurse's laughing voice.

"Even so," wailed the Little Girl, "I love you best."

"Even so," laughed the White Linen Nurse, "I love *you* best."

"Just the same," cried the Little Girl, shrilly—"just the same, let 's put the cream-pitcher 'way up high somewhere, so he can't step in it."

As though from a head tilted suddenly backward the White Linen Nurse's laugh rang out in joyous abandon.

Impulsively the Senior Surgeon started to grin; then equally impulsively the grin soured on his lips. So they thought he was clumsy? Eh? Resentfully he stared down at his hands, those wonderfully dexterous, yes, ambidexterous, hands that were the aching envy of all his colleagues. Interruptingly as he stared, the voice of the young Wall-Paper Man rose buoyantly from the lower hallway.

"Supper 's all ready, sir!" came the clear, cordial summons.

For some inexplainable reason, at that particular moment almost nothing in the world could have irritated the Senior Surgeon more keenly than to be invited to his own supper, in his own house, by a stranger. Fuming with a new sense of injury and injustice, he started heavily down the stairs to the dining-room.

Standing patiently behind the Senior Surgeon's chair with a laudable desire to assist his carving in any possible emergency that might occur, the White Linen Nurse experienced her first direct marital rebuff.

"What do you think this is, an autopsy?" demanded the Senior Surgeon, tartly. "For Heaven's sake, go and sit down!"

Quite meekly the White Linen Nurse subsided into her place.

The meal that ensued could hardly have been called a success, though the room was entrancing, the cloth snow-white, the silver radiant, the guinea-chicken beyond reproach.

Swept and garnished to an alarming degree, the young Wall-Paper Man presided over the gravy and did his uttermost, innocent country-best to make the Senior Surgeon feel perfectly at home.

Conscientiously, as in the presence of a distinguished stranger, the Little Crippled Girl most palpably from time to time repressed her insatiable desire to build a towering pyramid out of all the salt- and pepper-shakers she could reach.

Once when the young Wall-Paper Man forgot himself to the extent of putting his knife in his mouth, the White Linen Nurse jarred the whole table with the violence of her warning kick.

Once when the Little Crippled Girl piped out impulsively, "Say, Peach, what was the name of that bantam your father used to fight against the minister's bantam?" the White Linen Nurse choked piteously over her food.

Twice some one spoke about this year's weather. Twice some one volunteered an illuminating remark about last year's weather. Except for these four diversions, restraint indescribable hung like a horrid pall over the feast.

Next to feeling unwelcome in your friend's house, nothing certainly is more wretchedly disconcerting than to feel unwelcome in your own house. Grimly the Senior Surgeon longed to grab up all the knives within reach and ram them successively into his own mouth, just to prove to the young Wall-Paper Man what a—what a devil of a good fellow he was himself. Grimly the Senior Surgeon longed to tell the White Linen Nurse about the pet bantam of his own boyhood days, that he bet a dollar could lick any bantam her father ever dreamed of owning. Grimly the Senior Surgeon longed to talk dolls, dishes, kittens, yes, even cream-pitchers, to his little daughter; to talk anything, in fact, to *any one;* to talk, sing, shout *anything* that would make him, at least for the time being, one at heart, one at head, one at table, with this astonishingly offish bunch of youngsters: but grimly instead, out of his frazzled nerves, out of his innate spiritual bashfulness, he merely roared forth, "Where are the potatoes?"

"Potatoes?" gasped the White Linen Nurse. "Potatoes? Oh, potatoes?" she finished more blithely. "Why, yes, of course. Don't you remember you did n't have time to peel them for me? I was *so* disappointed!"

"You were so disappointed?" snapped the Senior Surgeon. "You? You?"

Janglingly the Little Crippled Girl knelt right up in her chair and shook her tiny fist right in her father's face.

"Now, Lendicott Faber," she screamed, "don't you start in sassing my darling little Peach!"

"Peach?" snorted the Senior Surgeon. With almost supernatural calm he put down his knife and fork and eyed his offspring with an expression of absolutely inflexible purpose. "Don't you ever," he warned her—"ever, ever, let me hear you call—this woman 'Peach' again!"

A trifle faint-heartedly the Little Crippled Girl reached up and straightened her absurdly diminutive little white cap, and pursed her little mouth as nearly as possible into an expression of ineffable peace.

"Why, Lendicott Faber!" she persisted heroically.

"Lendicott!" exclaimed the Senior Surgeon. "What are *you* 'Lendicotting' *me* for?"

Hilariously with her own knife and fork the Little Crippled Girl began to beat upon the table.

"Why, you dear silly!" she cried—"why, if I 'm the new marma, I 've *got* to call you Lendicott, and Peach has *got* to call you Fat Father."

Frenziedly the Senior Surgeon pushed back his chair and jumped to his feet. The expression on his face was neither smile nor frown, nor war nor peace, nor any other human expression that had ever puckered there before.

"God!" he said, "this gives me the willies!" and strode tempestuously from the room.

Out in his own workshop, fortunately, whatever the grotesque new pinkness, whatever the grotesque new perkiness, his

great free walking-spaces had not been interfered with. Slamming his door triumphantly behind him, he resumed once more the monotonous pace, pace, pace that for eighteen years had characterized his first night's return to civilization.

Sharply around the corner of his battered old desk the little path started, wanly along the edge of his dingy bookshelves the little path furrowed, wistfully at the deep bay-window, where his favorite lilac-bush budded whitely for his departure, and rusted brownly for his return, the little path faltered, and went on again, on and on and on, into the alcove where his instruments glistened, up to the fireplace, where his college trophy-cups tarnished. Listlessly the Senior Surgeon began anew his yearly vigil. Up and down, up and down, round and round, on and on and on, through interminable dusks to unattainable dawns, a glutted, bacchanalian soul sweating its own way back to sanctity and leanness. Nerves always were in that vigil—raw, rattling nerves clamoring vociferously to be repacked in their sedatives. Thirst also was in that vigil; no mere whimpering tickle of the palate, but a drought of the tissues, a consuming fire of the bones. Hurt pride was also there, and festering humiliation.

But more rasping, this particular night, than nerves, more poignant than thirst, more dangerously excitative even than remorse, hunger rioted in him—hunger, the one worst enemy of the Senior Surgeon's cause, the simple, silly, no-account, gnawing, drink-provocative hunger of an empty stomach. And one other hunger was also there—a sudden fierce new lust for life and living, a passion bare of love, yet pure of wantonness, a passion primitive, protective, inexorably proprietary, engendered strangely in that one mad, suspicious moment at the edge of the summer-house when every outraged male instinct in him had leaped to prove that, love or no love, the woman was his.

Up and down, up and down, round and round, eight o'clock found the Senior Surgeon still pacing.

At half-past eight the young Wall-Paper Man came to say good-by to him.

"As long as sister won't be alone any more, I guess I 'll be moving on," beamed the Wall-Paper Man. "There 's a dance at home Saturday night, and I 've got a girl of my own," he confided genially.

"Come again," urged the Senior Surgeon. "Come again when you can stay longer." With one honest prayer in stock, and at least two purely automatic social speeches of this sort, no man needs to flounder altogether hopelessly for words in any ordinary emergency of life. With no more mental interruption than the two-minute break in time, the Senior Surgeon then resumed his bitter-thoughted pacing.

At nine o'clock, however, patrolling his long, rangy book-shelves, he sensed with a very different feeling through his heavy oak door the soft, whirring swish of skirts and the breathy twitter of muffled voices. Faintly to his acute ears came the sound of his little daughter's temperish protest, "I won't! I won't!" and the White Linen Nurse's fervid pleading, "Oh, you must! you must!" and the Little Girl's mumbled ultimatum, "Well, I won't unless *you* do."

Irascibly he crossed the room and yanked the door open abruptly upon their surprise and confusion. His nerves were very sore.

"What in thunder do you want?" he snarled.

Nervously for an instant the White Linen Nurse tugged at the Little Girl's hand. Nervously for an instant the Little Girl tugged at the White Linen Nurse's hand. Then with a swallow like a sob the White Linen Nurse lifted her glowing face to his.

"K—kiss us good night!" said the White Linen Nurse.

Telescopically all in that startling second, vision after vision beat down like blows upon the Senior Surgeon's senses. The pink, pink flush of the girl; the lure of her; the amazing sweetness; the physical docility—oh, ye gods, the docility! Every trend of her birth, of her youth, of her training, forcing her now, if he chose it, to unquestioning submission to his will and his judgment! Faster and faster the temptation surged through his pulses. The path from her lips to her ear was such a little path; the plea so quick to make, so short, "I want you *now!*"

"K—kiss us good night!" urged the big girl's unsuspecting lips. "Kiss us good night!" mocked the Little Girl's tremulous echo.

Then explosively, with the noblest rudeness of his life, "No, I won't!" said the Senior Surgeon, and slammed the door in their faces.

Falteringly up the stairs he heard the two ascending, speechless with surprise, perhaps, stunned by his roughness, still hand in hand, probably, still climbing slowly bedward, the soft, smooth, patient footfall of the White Linen Nurse and the jerky, laborious *clang, clang, clang* of a little dragging, iron-braced leg.

Up and down, round and round, on and on and on, the Senior Surgeon resumed his pacing. Under his eyes great shadows darkened. Along the corners of his mouth the lines furrowed like gray scars. Up and down, round and round, on and on and on and on.

At ten o'clock, sitting bolt upright in her bed, with her worried eyes straining bluely out across the Little Girl's somnolent form into unfathomable darkness, the White Linen Nurse in the throb of her own heart began to keep pace with that faint, horrid *thud, thud, thud* in the room below. Was he passing the bookcase now? Had he reached the bay-window? Was he dawdling over those glistening scalpels? Would his nerves remember the flask in that upper desk drawer? Up and down, round and round, on and on, the harrowing sound continued.

Resolutely at last she scrambled out of her snug nest, and, hurrying into her great warm, pussy-gray wrapper, began at once very practically, very unemotionally, with matches and alcohol and a shiny glass jar, to prepare a huge steaming cup of malted milk. Beefsteak was vastly better, she knew, or eggs, of course; but if she should venture forth to the kitchen for real substantials the Senior Surgeon, she felt quite positive, would almost certainly hear her and stop her. So very stealthily thus, like the proverbial assassin, she crept down the front stairs with the innocent malted-milk cup in her hand, and then with her knuckles just on the verge of rapping against the grimly inhospitable door, went suddenly paralyzed with uncertainty whether to advance or retreat.

Once again through the somber, inert wainscoting, exactly as if a soul had creaked, the Senior Surgeon sensed the threatening, intrusive presence of an unseen personality. Once again he strode across the room and jerked the door open with terrifying anger and resentment.

As though frozen there on his threshold by her own bare little feet, as though strangled there in his doorway by her own great mop of gold hair, as stolid and dumb as a pink-cheeked graven image, the White Linen Nurse thrust the cup out awkwardly at him.

Absolutely without comment, as though she trotted on purely professional business and the case involved was of mutual concern to them both, the Senior Surgeon took the cup from her hand and closed the door again in her face.

At eleven o'clock she came again, just as pink, just as blue, just as gray, just as golden. And the cup of malted milk she brought with her was just as huge, just as hot, just as steaming, only this time she had smuggled two raw eggs into it.

Once more the Senior Surgeon took the cup without comment and shut the door in her face.

At twelve o'clock she came again. The Senior Surgeon was unusually loquacious this time.

"Have you any more malted milk?" he asked tersely.

"Oh, yes, sir!" beamed the White Linen Nurse.

"Go and get it," said the Senior Surgeon.

Obediently the White Linen Nurse pattered up the stairs and returned with the half-depleted bottle. Frankly interested, she recrossed the threshold of the room and delivered her glass treasure into the hands of the Senior Surgeon as he stood by his desk. Raising herself to her tiptoes, she noted with eminent satisfaction that the three big cups on the other side of the desk had all been drained to their dregs.

Then very bluntly before her eyes the Senior Surgeon took the malted-milk bottle and poured its remaining contents out quite wantonly into his waste-basket. Then equally bluntly he took the White Linen Nurse by the shoulders and marched her out of the room.

"For God's sake," he said, "get out of this room, and stay out!"

Bang! the big door slammed behind her. Like a snarling fang, the lock bit into its catch.

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. Even just to herself, all alone there in the big black hall, she was perfectly polite. "Y-e-s, sir," she repeated softly.

With a slightly sardonic grin on his face, the Senior Surgeon resumed his pacing up and down, round and round, on and on and on.

At one o'clock, in the dull, clammy chill of earliest morning, he stopped long enough to light his hearthfire. At two o'clock he stopped again to pile on a trifle more wood. At three o'clock he dallied for an instant to close a window. The new day seemed strangely cold. At four o'clock dawn, the wonder, the miracle, the long-despaired-of, quickened wanly across the east; then suddenly, more like a phosphorescent breeze than a glow, the pale, pale yellow sunshine came wafting through the green gloom of the garden. The vigil was over.

Stumbling out into the shadowy hall to greet the new day and the new beginning, the Senior Surgeon almost tripped and fell over the White Linen Nurse, sitting all huddled up and drowsy-eyed in a gray little heap on his outer threshold. The sensation of stepping upon a human body is not a pleasant one. It smote the Senior Surgeon nauseously through the nerves of his stomach.

"What are you doing here?" he fairly screamed at her.

"Just keeping you company, sir," yawned the White Linen Nurse. Before her hand could reach her mouth again, another great childish yawn overwhelmed her. "Just—watching with you, sir," she finished more or less inarticulately.

"Watching with me?" snarled the Senior Surgeon, resentfully. "Why should you watch with me?"

Like the frightened flash of a bird the heavy lashes went swooping down across the pink cheeks and lifted as suddenly again.

"Because you 're my—*man,*" yawned the White Linen Nurse.

Almost roughly the Senior Surgeon reached down and pulled the White Linen Nurse to her feet.

"God!" said the Senior Surgeon. In his strained, husky voice the word sounded like an oath. Grotesquely a little smile went scudding zigzag across his haggard face. With an impulse absolutely alien to him he reached out abruptly again and raised the White Linen Nurse's hand to his lips. "*Good* God was what I meant —Miss Malgregor," he grinned a bit sheepishly.

Quite bruskly then he turned and looked at his watch.

"I 'd like my breakfast just as soon now as you can possibly get it," he ordered peremptorily, in his own morbid, pathological emergency no more stopping to consider the White Linen Nurse's purely normal fatigue than he in any pathological emergency of hers would have stopped to consider his own comfort, safety, or, perhaps, even life.

Joyously then like a prisoner just turned loose, he went swinging up the stairs to recreate himself with a smoke and a shave and a great splashing, cold shower-bath.

Only one thing seemed really to trouble him now. At the top of the stairs he stopped for an instant and cocked his head a bit worriedly toward the drawing-room, where from some slow-brightening alcove bird-carol after bird-carol went fluting shrilly up into the morning.

"Is that those damned canaries?" he asked briefly.

Very companionably the White Linen Nurse cocked her own towsled head on one side and listened with him for half a moment.

"Only four of them are damned canaries," she corrected very gently. "The fifth one is a parrakeet that I got at a mark-down because it was a widowed bird and would n't mate again."

"Eh?" jerked the Senior Surgeon.

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse, and started for the kitchen.

No one but the Senior Surgeon himself breakfasted in state at five o'clock that morning. Snug and safe in her crib upstairs the Little Crippled Girl slumbered peacefully on through the general disturbance. And as for the White Linen Nurse herself, what with chilling and rechilling melons, and broiling and unbroiling steaks, and making and remaking coffee, and hunting frantically for a different-sized water-glass or a prettier-colored plate, there was no time for anything except an occasional hurried, surreptitious nibble half-way between the stove and the table.

Yet in all that raucous, early morning hour together neither man nor girl suffered toward the other the slightest personal sense of contrition or resentment; for each mind was trained equally fairly, whether reacting on its own case or another's, to differentiate pretty readily between mean nerves and a mean spirit.

Only once, in fact, across the intervening chasm of crankiness did the Senior Surgeon hurl a smile that was even remotely self-conscious or conciliatory. Glancing up suddenly from a particularly sharp and disagreeable speech, he noted the White Linen Nurse's red lips mumbling softly one to the other.

"Are you specially—religious, Miss Malgregor?" he grinned quite abruptly.

"No, not specially, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. "Why, sir?"

"Oh, it 's only," grinned the Senior Surgeon, dourly—"it 's only that every time I 'm especially ugly to you, I see your lips moving as though in 'silent prayer,' as they call it; and I was just wondering if there was any special formula you used with me that kept you so everlastingly damned serene. Is there?"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"What is it?" demanded the Senior Surgeon, quite bluntly.

"Do I *have* to tell?" gasped the White Linen Nurse. A little tremulously in her hand the empty cup she was carrying rattled against its saucer. "Do I *have* to tell?" she repeated pleadingly.

A delirious little thrill of power went fluttering through the Senior Surgeon's heart.

"Yes, you *have* to tell me," he announced quite seriously.

In absolute submission to his demand, though with very palpable reluctance, the White Linen Nurse came forward to the table, put down the cup and saucer, and began to finger a trifle nervously at the cloth.

"Oh, I 'm sure I did n't mean any harm, sir," she stammered; "but all I say is,—honest and truly all I say is,—'Bah! he 's nothing but a man, nothing but a man, nothing but a man!' over and over and over. Just that, sir."

Uproariously the Senior Surgeon pushed back his chair and jumped to his feet.

"I guess, after all, I 'll have to let the little kid call you 'Peach' one day a week," he acknowledged jocosely.

With great seriousness then he tossed back his great, splendid head, shook himself free apparently from all unhappy memories, and started for his workroom, a great, gorgeously vital, extraordinarily talented, gray-haired boy, lusting joyously for his own work and play again after a month's distressing illness.

From the edge of the hall he turned round and made a really boyish grimace at her.

"Now, if I only had the horns or the cloven hoof that you think I have," he called, "what an easy time I 'd make of it, raking over all the letters and ads. that are stacked up on my desk!"

"Yes, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

Only once did he come back into the kitchen or dining-room for anything. It was at seven o'clock, and the White Linen Nurse was still washing dishes.

As radiant as a gray-haired god he towered up in the doorway. The boyish rejuvenation in him was even more startling than before.

"I 'm feeling so much like a fighting-cock this morning," he said, "I think I 'll tackle that paper on—that I have to read at Baltimore next month." A little startlingly the gray lines furrowed into his cheeks again. "For Heaven's sake, see that I 'm not disturbed by anything!" he admonished her warningly.

It must have been almost eight o'clock when the ear-splitting scream from upstairs sent the White Linen Nurse plunging out panic-stricken into the hall.

"Oh, Peach! Peach!" yelled the Little Girl's frenzied voice, "come quick and see what Fat Father 's doing *now,* out on the piazza!"

Jerkily the White Linen Nurse swerved off through the French door that opened directly on the piazza. Had the Senior Surgeon hanged himself, she tortured, in some wild, temporary aberration of the "morning after"?

But stanchly and reassuringly from the farther end of the piazza the Senior Surgeon's broad back belied her horrid terror. Quite prosily and in apparently perfect health he was standing close to the railing of the piazza. On a table directly beside him rested four empty bird-cages.

Just at that particular moment he was inordinately busy releasing the last canary from the fifth cage. Both hands were smouched with ink, and behind his left ear a fountain-pen dallied daringly.

At the very first sound of the White Linen Nurse's step the Senior Surgeon turned and faced her with a sheepish sort of defiance.

"Well, *now,* I imagine," he said—"well, now I imagine I 've really made you mad."

"No, not mad, sir," faltered the White Linen Nurse—"no, not mad, sir, but very far from well." Coaxingly, with a perfectly futile hand, she tried to lure one astonished yellow songster back from a swaying yellow bush. "Why, they 'll die, sir!" she protested. "Savage cats will get them."

"It 's a choice of their lives or mine," said the Senior Surgeon, tersely.

"Yes, sir," droned the White Linen Nurse.

Quite snappishly the Senior Surgeon turned upon her.

"For Heaven's sake, do you think canary-birds are more valuable than I am?" he demanded stentoriously.

Most disconcertingly before his glowering eyes a great sad, round tear rolled suddenly down the White Linen Nurse's flushed cheek.

"N-o-o, not more valuable," conceded the White Linen Nurse, "but more c-cunning."

Up to the roots of the Senior Surgeon's hair a flush of real contrition spread hotly.

"Why—Rae," he stammered, "why, what a beast I am! Why—why—" In sincere perplexity he began to rack his brains for some adequate excuse, some adequate explanation. "Why, I 'm sure I did n't mean to make you feel badly," he persisted. "Only I 've lived alone so long that I suppose I 've just naturally drifted into the way of having a thing if I wanted it and—throwing it away if I did n't. And canary-birds, now? Well, really—" He began to glower all over again. "Oh, hell!" he finished abruptly, "I guess I 'll go on down to the hospital, where I belong!"

A little wistfully the White Linen Nurse stepped forward.

"The hospital?" she said. "Oh, the hospital. Do you think that perhaps you could come home a little bit earlier than usual to-night, and—and help me catch just one of the canaries?"

"What?" gasped the Senior Surgeon. Incredulously with a very inky finger he pointed at his own breast. "What? I?" he demanded. "I? Come home early from the hospital to help *you* catch a canary?"

Disgustedly, without further comment, he turned and stalked back again into the house.

The disgust was still in his walk as he left the house an hour later. Watching his exit down the long gravel path, the Little Crippled Girl commented audibly on the matter.

"Peach! Peach!" she called, "what makes Fat Father walk so—surprised?"

People at the hospital also commented upon him.

"Gee!" giggled the new nurses, "we bet he 's a Tartar! But is n't his hair cute? And, say, is it really true that that Malgregor girl was pinned down perfectly helpless under the car and he would n't let her out till she 'd promised to marry him? Is n't it awful? Is n't it romantic?"

"Why, Dr. Faber 's back!" fluttered the old nurses. "Is n't he wonderful? Is n't he beautiful? But, oh, say," they worried, "what do you suppose Rae ever finds to talk with him about? Would she ever dare talk *things* to him,—just plain every-day things,—hats, and going to the theater, and what to have for breakfast?" They gasped. "Why, yes, of course," they reasoned more sanely. "Steak? Eggs? Even oatmeal? Why, people had to eat, no matter how wonderful they were. But evenings?" they speculated more darkly. "But evenings?" In the whole range of human experience was it even so much as remotely imaginable that, evenings, the Senior Surgeon and Rae Malgregor sat in the hammock and held hands? "Oh, gee!" blanched the old nurses.

"Good morning, Dr. Faber," greeted the Superintendent of Nurses from behind her austere office desk.

"Good morning, Madam," said the Senior Surgeon.

"Have you had a pleasant trip?" quizzed the Superintendent of Nurses.

"Exceptionally so, thank you," said the Senior Surgeon.

"And—Mrs. Faber, is she well?" persisted the Superintendent of Nurses, conscientiously.

"*Mrs.* Faber?" gasped the Senior Surgeon. "*Mrs.* Faber? Oh, yes; why, of course. Yes, indeed, she 's extraordinarily well. I never saw her better."

"She must have been very lonely without you this past month," rasped the Superintendent of Nurses, perfectly polite.

"Yes, she was," replied the flushed Senior Surgeon. "She—she suffered keenly."

"And you, too?" drawled the Superintendent of Nurses. "It must have been very hard for you."

"Yes, it was," replied the Senior Surgeon. "I suffered keenly, too."

Distractedly he glanced back at the open door. An extraordinarily large number of nurses, internes, orderlies, seemed to be having errands up and down the corridor that allowed them a peculiarly generous length of neck to stretch into the Superintendent's office.

"Great Heavens!" snapped the Senior Surgeon, "what 's the matter with everybody this morning?" Tempestuously he started for the door. "Hurry up my cases, please, Miss Hartzen!" he ordered. "Send them to the operating-room, and let me get to work."

At eleven o'clock, absolutely calm, absolutely cool, as pure as a girl in his white operating-clothes; cleaner, skin, hair, teeth, hands, than any girl who ever walked the face of the earth, in a white-tiled room as free from germs as himself, with three or four small glistening instruments, and half a dozen breathless assistants almost as spotless as himself, with his sleeves rolled back the whole length of his arms, and the faintest possible little grin twitching oddly at one corner of his mouth, he "went in," as they say, to a new-born baby's tortured, twisted spine, and took out fifty years, perhaps, of hunchbacked pain and shame and morbid passions flourishing banefully in the dark shades of a disordered life.

At half-past twelve he did an appendix operation on the only son of his best friend; at one o'clock he did another appendix operation. Whom it was on did n't matter; it could n't have been worse on any one. At half-past one no one remembered to feed him. At two, in another man's operation, he saw the richest merchant in the city go wafted out into eternity on the fumes of ether taken for the lancing of a sty. At three o'clock, passing the open door of one of the public waiting-rooms, an Italian peasant woman rushed out and spat in his face because her tubercular daughter had just died at the sanatorium where the Senior Surgeon's money had sent her. Only in this one wild, defiling moment did the lust for alcohol surge up in him again, surge clamorously, brutally, absolutely mercilessly, as though in all the world only interminable raw whisky was hot enough to cauterize a polluted consciousness. At half-past three, as soon as he could change his clothes again, he rebroke and reset an acrobat's priceless leg. At five o'clock, more to rest himself than anything else, he went up to the autopsy amphitheater to look over an exhibit of enlarged hearts whose troubles were permanently over.

At six o'clock, just as he was leaving the great building, with all its harrowing sights, sounds, and smells, a peremptory telephone call from one of the younger surgeons of the city summoned him back into the stuffy office again.

"Dr. Faber?"

"Yes."

"This is Merkley."

"Yes."

"Can you come immediately and help me with that fractured-skull case I was telling you about this morning? We 'll have to trepan right away!"

"Trepan *nothing!*" grunted the Senior Surgeon. "I 've got to go home early tonight—and help catch a canary."

"Catch a what?" gasped the younger surgeon.

"A canary," grinned the Senior Surgeon, mirthlessly.

"A *what?*" roared the younger man.

"Oh, shut up, you damned fool! Of course I 'll come," said the Senior Surgeon.

There was no "boy" left in the Senior Surgeon when he reached home that night.

Gray with road-travel, haggard with strain and fatigue, it was long, long after the rosy sunset-time, long, long after the yellow supper light, that he came dragging up through the sweet-scented dusk of the garden and threw himself down without greeting of any sort on the top step of the piazza, where the White



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"HE WAS INORDINATELY BUSY RELEASING THE LAST CANARY"

DRAWN BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Linen Nurse's skirts glowed palely through the gloom.

"Well, I put a canary-bird back into its cage for you," he confided laconically. "It was a little chap's soul. It sure would have gotten away before morning."

"Who was the man that tried to turn it loose *this* time?" asked the White Linen Nurse.

"I did n't *say* that anybody did," growled the Senior Surgeon.

"Oh," said the White Linen Nurse. "Oh." Quite palpably a little shiver of flesh and starch went rustling through her. "I 've had a wonderful day, too," she confided softly. "I 've cleaned the attic and darned nine pairs of your stockings and bought a sewing-machine and started to make you a white silk negligée shirt for a surprise."

"Eh?" jerked out the Senior Surgeon.

The jerk seemed to liberate suddenly the faint vibration of dishes and the sound of ice knocking lusciously against a glass.

"Oh, have you had any supper, sir?" asked the White Linen Nurse.

With a prodigious sigh the Senior Surgeon threw his head back against the piazza railing and stretched his legs a little farther out along the piazza floor.

"Supper?" he groaned. "No; nor dinner, nor breakfast, nor any other blankety-blank meal as far back as I can remember." Janglingly in his voice, fatigue, hunger, nerves, crashed together like the slammed notes of a piano. "But I would n't move now," he snarled, "if all the blankety-blank-blank foods in Christendom were piled blankety-blank-blank high on all the blankety-blank-blank tables in this whole blankety-blank-blank house."

Ecstatically the White Linen Nurse clapped her hands.

"Oh, that 's just exactly what I hoped you 'd say!" she cried. " 'Cause the supper 's right *here!*"

"Here?" snapped the Senior Surgeon. Tempestuously he began all over again: "I tell you I would n't lift my little finger if all the blankety-blank-blank-blank-blank—"

"Oh, goody, then!" said the White Linen Nurse. " 'Cause now I can feed you! I sort of miss fussing with the canary-birds," she added wistfully.

"Feed me?" roared the Senior Surgeon. Again something started a lump of ice tinkling faintly in a thin glass. "*Feed* me?" he began all over again.

Yet with a fragrant strawberry half as big as a peach held out suddenly under his nose, just from sheer, irresistible instinct he bit out at it, and nipped the White Linen Nurse's finger instead.

"Ouch, sir!" said the White Linen Nurse.

Mumblingly down from an up-stairs window, as from a face flatted smouchingly against a wire screen, a peremptory summons issued.

"Peach! *Peach!*" called an angry little voice, "if you don't come to bed now I 'll —I 'll say my curses instead of my prayers!"

A trifle nervously the White Linen Nurse scrambled to her feet.

"Maybe I 'd better go," she said.

"Maybe you had," said the Senior Surgeon, quite definitely.

At the edge of the threshold the White Linen Nurse turned for an instant.

"Good night, Dr. Faber," she whispered.

"Good night, Rae Malgregor—Faber," said the Senior Surgeon.

"Good night *what?*" gasped the White Linen Nurse.

"Good night, Rae Malgregor—Faber," repeated the Senior Surgeon.

Clutching at her skirts as though a mouse were after her, the White Linen Nurse went scuttling up the stairs.

Very late on into the night the Senior Surgeon lay there on his piazza floor, staring out into his garden. Very companionably from time to time, like a tame firefly, a little bright spark hovered and glowed for an instant above the bowl of his pipe. Puff, puff, puff; doze, doze, doze; throb, throb, throb, on and on and on and on into the sweet-scented night.

So the days passed, and the nights, and more days, and more nights—July, August, on and on and on. Strenuous, nerve-racking, heartbreaking surgical days, broken maritally only by the pleasant, soft-worded greeting at the gate, or the practical, homely appeal of good food cooked with heart as well as with hands, or the tingling, inciting masculine consciousness of there being a woman's blush in the house. Strenuous, house-working, child-nursing, home-making domestic days, broken maritally only by the jaded, harsh

word at the gate, the explosive criticism of food, the deadening depressing feminine consciousness of there eing a man's vicious temper in the house.

Now and again, in one big automobile or another, the White Linen Nurse and the Senior Surgeon rode out together, always and forever with the Little Crippled Girl sitting between them, the other woman's little crippled girl. Now and again in the late summer afternoons the White Linen Nurse and the Senior Surgeon strolled together through the rainbow-colored garden, always and forever with the Little Crippled Girl, the other woman's little crippled girl, tagging close behind them with her little sad, clanking leg. Now and again in the long sweet summer evenings the White Linen Nurse and the Senior Surgeon sat on the clematis-shadowed porch together, always and forever with the Little Crippled Girl, the other woman's little crippled girl, mocking them querulously from some vague upper window.

Now and again across the mutually ghost-haunted chasm that separated them flashed the incontrovertible signal of sex and sense, as when a new interne, grossly bungling, stood at the hospital window with a colleague to watch the Senior Surgeon's car roll away as usual with its two feminine passengers.

"What makes the chief so stingy with that big handsome girl of his?" queried the new interne a bit resentfully. "He won't ever bring her into the hospital, won't ever ask any of us young chaps out to his house, and some of us come mighty near to being eligible, too. Who 's he saving her for, anyway? A saint? A miracle-worker? A millionaire medicine-man? They don't exist, you know."

"I 'm saving her for myself," snapped the Senior Surgeon, most disconcertingly from the doorway. "She—she happens to be my wife, not my daughter, thank you." He hurried home that night as rattled as a boy, with a big bunch of new magazines and a box of candy as large as his head tucked courtingly under his arm.

Now and again across the chasm that separated them flashed the incontrovertible signal of mutual trust and appreciation, as when once, after a particularly violent vocal outburst on the Senior Surgeon's part, he sobered down very suddenly and said:

"Rae Malgregor, do you realize that in all the weeks we 've been together you 've never once nagged me about my swearing? Not a word, not a single word!"

"I 'm not very used to—words," smiled the White Linen Nurse, a bit faintly. "All I know how to nag with is—is raw eggs. If we could only get those nerves of yours padded just once, sir!"

In August the Senior Surgeon suggested sincerely that the house was much too big for the White Linen Nurse to run all alone, but conceded equally sincerely, under the White Linen Nurse's vehement protest, that servants, particularly new servants, *did* creak considerably round a house, and that maybe "just for the present" at least, until he finished the very nervous paper he was working on—perhaps it would be better to stay "just by ourselves."

In September the White Linen Nurse wanted very much to go home to Nova Scotia to her sister's wedding, but the Senior Surgeon was trying a very complicated and worrisome new brace on the Little Girl's leg, and it did n't seem quite kind to go. In October she planned her trip all over again. She was going to take the Little Crippled Girl with her this time. But with their trunks already packed and waiting in the hall, the Senior Surgeon came home from the hospital with a septic finger, and it did n't seem quite best to leave him.

"Well, how do you like being married *now?*" asked the Senior Surgeon, a bit ironically in his workroom that night, after the White Linen Nurse had stood for an hour with evil-smelling washes and interminable bandages, trying to fix that finger the precise, particular way that he thought it ought to be fixed. "Well, how do you like being married *now?*" he insisted trenchantly.

"Oh, I like it all right, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. A little bit wanly this time she smiled her pluck up into the Senior Surgeon's questioning face. "Oh, I like it all right, sir. Oh, of course, sir," she confided thoughtfully—"oh, of course, sir, it is n't quite as fancy as being engaged, or quite as free and easy as being single; but, still," she admitted with desperate honesty—"but, still, there 's a sort

of—a sort of a combination importance and—and comfort about it, sir, like a—like a velvet suit—the second year, sir."

"Is that all?" quizzed the Senior Surgeon, bluntly.

"That 's all so far, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

In November the White Linen Nurse caught a bit of cold that pulled her down a little. But the Senior Surgeon did n't notice it specially among all the virulent ills he lived and worked with from day to day. And then when the cold disappeared, Indian summer came like a reeking sweat after a chill. And the house *was* big, and the Little Crippled Girl *was* pretty difficult to manage now and then, and the Senior Surgeon, no matter how hard he tried not to, did succeed somehow in creating more or less of a disturbance at least every other day or two.

And then suddenly, one balmy, gold-and-crimson Indian summer morning, standing out on the piazza trying to hear what the Little Crippled Girl was calling from the window and what the Senior Surgeon was calling from the gate, the White Linen Nurse fell right down in her tracks, brutally, bulkily, like a worn-out horse, and lay, as she fell, a huddled white blot across the gray piazza.

"Oh, Father, come quick! Come quick! Peach has deaded herself!" yelled the Little Girl's frantic voice.

Just with his foot on the step of his car the Senior Surgeon heard the cry and came speeding back up the long walk. Already there before him the Little Girl knelt, raining passionate, agonized kisses on her beloved playmate's ghastly white face.

"Leave her alone!" thundered the Senior Surgeon. "Leave her alone, I say!"

Bruskly he pushed the Little Girl aside, and knelt to cradle his own ear against the White Linen Nurse's heart.

"Oh, it 's all right," he growled, and gathered the White Linen Nurse right up in his arms—she was startlingly lighter than he had supposed—and carried her up the stairs and put her to bed like a child in the great sumptuous guest-room, in a great sumptuous nest of all the best linens and blankets, with the Little Crippled Girl superintending the task with many hysterical suggestions and sharp, staccato interruptions. For once in his life the Senior Surgeon did not stop to quarrel with his daughter.

Rallying limply from her swoon, the White Linen Nurse at last stared out with hazy perplexity from her dimpling white pillows to see the Senior Surgeon standing amazingly at the guest-room bureau with a glass and a medicine-dropper in his hand, and the Little Crippled Girl hanging apparently by her narrow, peaked chin across the foot-board of the bed.

Gazing down worriedly at the lace-ruffled sleeve of her night-dress, the White Linen Nurse made her first public speech to the world at large.

"Who put me to bed?" whispered the White Linen Nurse.

Ecstatically the Little Crippled Girl began to pound her fists on the foot-board of the bed.

"Father did!" she cried in unmistakable triumph. "All the little hooks, all the little buttons! was n't it cunning?"

The Senior Surgeon would hardly have been human if he had n't glanced back suddenly over his shoulder at the White Linen Nurse's quickly changing color. Quite irrepressibly, as he saw the red blood come surging home again into her cheeks, a short, chuckling little laugh escaped him.

"I guess you 'll live now," he remarked dryly.

Then because a Senior Surgeon can't stay home on the mere impulse of the moment from a great rushing hospital just because one member of his household happens to faint perfectly innocently in the morning, he hurried on to his work again, and saved a little boy, and lost a little girl, and mended a fractured thigh, and eased a gunshot wound, and came dashing home at noon in one of his thousand-dollar hours to feel the White Linen Nurse's pulse and broil her a bit of tenderloin steak with his own thousand-dollar hands; and then went dashing off again to do one major operation or another, telephoned home once or twice during the afternoon to make sure that everything was all right, and, finding that the White Linen Nurse was comfortably up and about again, went sprinting off fifty miles somewhere on a meningitis consultation, and came dragging home at last, somewhere near midnight, to a big, black house brightened only by a single light in the kitchen, where

the White Linen Nurse went tiptoeing softly from stove to pantry in deft preparation of an appetizing supper for him.

Quite roughly again, without smile or appreciation, the Senior Surgeon took her by the shoulders and turned her out of the kitchen and started her up the stairs.

"Are you an idiot?" he said. "Are you an imbecile?" he came back and called up the stairs to her just as she was disappearing from the upper landing. Then up and down, round and round, on and on and on, the Senior Surgeon began suddenly to pace again.

Only, for some unexplainable reason to the White Linen Nurse up-stairs, his workroom did n't seem quite large enough for his pacing this night. Along the broad piazza she heard his footsteps creak. Far, far into the morning, lying warm and snug in her own little bed, she heard his footsteps crackling through the wet-leafed garden paths.

Yet the Senior Surgeon did n't look an atom jaded or forlorn when he came down to breakfast the next morning. He had on a brand-new gray suit that fitted his big, powerful shoulders to perfection, and the glad glow of his shower-bath was still reddening faintly in his cheeks as he swung around the corner of the table and dropped down into his place, with an odd little grin on his lips directed intermittently toward the White Linen Nurse and the Little Crippled Girl, who already waited him there at each end of the table.

"Oh, Father, *is n't* it lovely to have my darling, darling Peach all well again!" beamed the Little Crippled Girl, with unusual friendliness.

"Speaking of your 'darling Peach,'" said the Senior Surgeon, abruptly—"speaking of your 'darling Peach,' I 'm going to take her away with me to-day for a week or so."

"Eh?" exclaimed the Little Crippled Girl.

"What? What, sir?" stammered the White Linen Nurse.

Quite prosily the Senior Surgeon began to butter a piece of toast; but the little twinkle about his eyes belied in some way the utter prosiness of the act.

"For a little trip," he confided amiably, "a little holiday."

A trifle excitedly the White Linen Nurse laid down her knife and fork and stared at him as blue-eyed and wondering as a child.

"A holiday?" she gasped. "To a—*beach,* you mean? Would there be a—a roller-coaster? I 've never seen a roller-coaster."

"Eh?" laughed the Senior Surgeon.

"Oh, I 'm going, too! I 'm going, too!" piped the Little Crippled Girl.

Most jerkily the Senior Surgeon pushed back his chair from the table, and swallowed half a cup of coffee at one single gulp.

"Going *three,* you mean?" he glowered at his little daughter. "Going *three?"* His comment that ensued was distinctly rough as far as diction was concerned, but the facial expression of ineffable peace that accompanied it would have made almost any phrase sound like a benediction. "Not by a damned sight!" beamed the Senior Surgeon. "This little trip is just for Peach and me."

"But, sir—" fluttered the White Linen Nurse. Her face was suddenly pinker than any rose that ever bloomed.

With an impulse absolutely novel to him, the Senior Surgeon turned and swung his little daughter very gently to his shoulder.

"Your Aunt Agnes is coming to stay with *you* in just about ten minutes," he affirmed. "That 's what 's going to happen to *you.* And maybe there 'll be a pony—a white pony."

"But Peach is so—pleasant!" wailed the Little Crippled Girl. "Peach is so pleasant!" she began to scream and kick.

"So it seems," growled the Senior Surgeon; "and she 's—dying of it."

Tearfully the Little Girl wriggled down to the ground, and hobbled around and thrust her finger-tip into the White Linen Nurse's blushiest cheek.

"I don't want Peach to die," she admitted worriedly; "but I don't want anybody to take her away."

"The pony is very white," urged the Senior Surgeon with a diplomacy quite alien to him.

Abruptly the Little Girl turned and faced him.

"What color is Aunt Agnes?" she asked vehemently.

"Aunt Agnes is pretty white, too," declared the Senior Surgeon.

With the faintest possible tinge of su-

perciliousness the Little Girl lifted her sharp chin a trifle higher.

"If it 's just a perfectly plain white pony," she said, "I 'd rather have Peach. But if it 's a white pony with black blots on it, and if it can pull a little cart, and if I can whip it with a little switch, and if it will eat sugar lumps out of my hand, and if its name is—is 'Beautiful, Pretty Thing—' "

"Its name has always been 'Beautiful, Pretty Thing,' I 'm quite sure," insisted the Senior Surgeon. Inadvertently as he spoke he reached out and put a hand very lightly on the White Linen Nurse's shoulder.

Instantly into the Little Girl's suspicious face flushed a furiously uncontrollable flame of jealousy and resentment. Madly she turned upon her father.

"You 're a liar!" she screamed. "There *is* no white pony! You 're a robber! You 're a—a—drunk! You sha'n't have my darling Peach!" She threw herself frenziedly into the White Linen Nurse's lap.

Impatiently the Senior Surgeon disentangled the clinging little arms, and, raising the White Linen Nurse to her feet, pushed her gently toward the hall.

"Go to my workroom," he said. "Quickly! I want to talk with you."

A moment later he joined her there, and shut and locked the door behind him. The previous night's loss of sleep showed plainly in his face now, and the hospital strain of the day before, and of the day before that, and of the day before that.

Heavily, moodily, he crossed the room and threw himself down in his desk chair, with the White Linen Nurse still standing before him as though she were nothing but a white linen nurse. All the splendor was suddenly gone from him, all the radiance, all the exultant purpose.

"Well, Rae Malgregor," he grinned mirthlessly, "the little kid is right, though I certainly don't know where she got her information. I *am* a liar. The pony's name is not yet 'Beautiful, Pretty Thing'! I am a drunk. I was drunk most of June. I *am* a robber. I have taken you out of your youth and the love chances of your youth, and shut you up here in this great, gloomy old house of mine, to be my slave and my child's slave and—"

"Pouf!" said the White Linen Nurse. "It would seem silly now, sir, to marry a boy."

"And I 've been a beast to you," persisted the Senior Surgeon. "From the very first day you belonged to me I 've been a beast to you, venting brutally on your youth, on your sweetness, on your patience, all the work, the worry, the wear and tear, the abnormal strain and stress of my disordered days and years; and I 've let my little girl vent also on you all the pang and pain of *her* disordered days. And because in this great, gloomy, racketty house it seemed suddenly like a miracle from heaven to have service that was soft-footed, gentle-handed, pleasant-hearted, I 've let you shoulder all the hideous drudgery, the care, one horrid homely task after another piling up, up, up, till you dropped in your tracks yesterday, still smiling!"

"But I got a good deal out of it, even so, sir!" protested the White Linen Nurse. "See, sir!" she smiled. "I 've got real lines in my face now, like other women. I 'm not a doll any more. I 'm not a—"

"Yes," groaned the Senior Surgeon; "and I might just as kindly have carved those lines with my knife. But I was going to make it all up to you to-day," he hurried. "I swear I was! Even in one short little week I could have done it, you would n't have known me, I was going to take you away—just you and me. I would have been a saint. I swear I would! I would have given you such a great, wonderful, child-hearted holiday as you never dreamed of in all your unselfish life—a holiday all you, you, you! You could have dug in the sand if you 'd wanted to. God! I 'd have dug in the sand if you 'd wanted me to. And now it 's all gone from me, all the will, all the sheer, positive self-assurance that I could have carried the thing through absolutely selflessly. That little girl's sneering taunt, the ghost of her mother in that taunt—God! when anybody knocks you just in your decency, it does n't harm you specially; but when they knock you in your wanting-to-be-decent, it—it undermines you somewhere. I don't know exactly how. I 'm nothing but a man again now, just a plain, everyday, greedy, covetous, physical man on the edge of a holiday, the first clean holiday in twenty years, that he no longer dares to take!"

A little swayingly the White Linen Nurse shifted her standing weight from one foot to the other.

"I 'm sorry, sir," said the White Linen Nurse. "I 'd like to have seen a roller-coaster, sir."

Just for an instant a gleam of laughter went scudding zigzag across the Senior Surgeon's brooding face, and was gone again.

"Rae Malgregor, come here!" he ordered quite sharply.

Very softly, very glidingly, like the footfall of a person who has never known heels, the White Linen Nurse came forward swiftly, and, sliding in cautiously between the Senior Surgeon and his desk, stood there, with her back braced against the desk, her fingers straying idly up and down the edges of the desk, staring up into his face, all readiness, all attention, like a soldier waiting further orders.

So near was she that he could almost hear the velvet heart-throb of her, the little fluttering swallow, yet by some strange, persistent aloofness of her, some determinate virginity, not a fold of her gown, not an edge, not a thread, seemed even to so much as graze his knee, seemed even to so much as shadow his hand, lest it short-circuit thereby the seething currents of their variant emotions.

With extraordinary intentness for a moment the Senior Surgeon sat staring into the girl's eyes, the blue eyes too full of childish questioning yet to flinch with either consciousness or embarrassment.

"After all, Rae Malgregor," he smiled at last, faintly—"after all, Rae Malgregor, Heaven knows when I shall ever get another holiday."

"Yes, sir?" said the White Linen Nurse.

With apparent irrelevance he reached for his ivory paper-cutter and began bending it dangerously between his adept fingers.

"How long have you been with me, Rae Malgregor?" he asked abruptly.

"Four months—actually with you, sir," said the White Linen Nurse.

"Do you happen to remember the exact phrasing of my—proposal of marriage to you?" he asked shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said the White Linen Nurse. "You called it 'general heartwork for a family of two.' "

A little grimly before her steady gaze the Senior Surgeon's own eyes fell, and rallied again almost instantly with a gaze as even and direct as hers.

"Well," he smiled, "through the whole four months I seem to have kept my part of the contract all right, and held you merely as a drudge in my home. Have you, then, decided once and for all time, whether you are going to stay on with us or whether you will 'give notice,' as other drudges have done?"

With a little backward droop of one shoulder the White Linen Nurse began to finger nervously at the desk behind her, and turning half-way round, as though to estimate what damage she was doing, exposed thus merely the profile of her pink face, of her white throat, to the Senior Surgeon's questioning eyes.

"I shall never—give notice, sir!" fluttered the white throat.

"Are you perfectly sure?" insisted the Senior Surgeon.

The pink in the White Linen Nurse's profiled cheek deepened a little.

"Perfectly sure, sir," declared the carmine lips.

Like the crack of a pistol, the Senior Surgeon snapped the ivory paper-cutter in two.

"All right, then," he said. "Rae Malgregor, look at me! Don't take your eyes from mine, I say! Rae Malgregor, if I should decide in my own mind, here and now, that it was best for you, as well as for me, that you should come away with me now for this week, not as my guest, as I had planned, but as my wife, even if you were not quite ready for it in your heart, even if you were not yet remotely ready for it, would you come because I told you to come?"

Heavily under her white eyelids, heavily under her black lashes, the girl's eyes struggled up to meet his own.

"Yes, sir," whispered the White Linen Nurse.

Abruptly the Senior Surgeon pushed back his chair from the desk and stood up. The important decision once made, no further finessing of words seemed either necessary or dignified to him.

"Go and pack your suitcase quickly, then," he ordered. "I want to get away from here within half an hour."

But before the girl had half crossed the

room he called to her suddenly. And his face in that moment was as haggard as though a whole lifetime's struggle was packed into it.

"Rae Malgregor," he drawled mockingly, "this thing shall be—barter 'way through to the end, with the credit always on your side of the account. In exchange for the gift of yourself—your wonderful self, and the trust that goes with it, I will give you,—God help me!—the ugliest thing in my life. And God knows I have broken faith with myself once or twice, but never have I broken my word to another. From now on, in token of your trust in me, for whatever the bitter gift is worth to you, as long as you stay with me, my Junes shall be yours, to do with as you please."

"*What,* sir?" gasped the White Linen Nurse. "*What,* sir?"

Softly, almost stealthily, she was halfway back across the room to him, when she stopped suddenly and threw out her arms with a gesture of appeal and defiance.

"All the same, sir," she cried passionately—"all the same, sir, the place is too hard for the small pay I get. Oh, I will do what I promised," she declared with increasing passion; "I will never leave you; and I will mother your little girl; and I will servant your big house; and I will go with you wherever you say! And I will be to you whatever you wish; and I will never flinch from any hardship you impose on me, nor whine over any pain, on and on and on, all my days, all my years, till I drop in my tracks again, and die, as you say, 'still smiling': all the same," she reiterated wildly, "the place is too hard! It always was too hard, it always will be too hard, for such small pay!"

"For such small pay?" gasped the Senior Surgeon.

About his heart a horrid, clammy chill began to settle. Sickeningly through his brain a dozen recent financial transactions began to rehearse themselves.

"You mean, Miss Malgregor," he said a bit brokenly—"you mean that I have n't been generous enough with you?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the White Linen Nurse. All the storm and passion died suddenly from her, leaving her just a frightened girl again, flushing pink-white before the Senior Surgeon's scathing stare. One step, two steps, three, she advanced toward him. "Oh, I mean, sir," she whispered—"oh, I mean, sir, that I 'm just an ordinary, ignorant country girl, and you —are further above me than the moon from the sea! I could n't expect you to —love me, sir, I could n't even dream of your loving me; but I do think you might like me just a little bit with your heart!"

"What?" cried the Senior Surgeon. "What?"

Whacketty-bang against the window-pane sounded the Little Crippled Girl's knuckled fists. Darkly against the window-pane squashed the Little Crippled Girl's staring face.

"Father," screamed the shrill voice. "Father, there 's a white lady here, with two black ladies, washing the breakfast dishes! Is it Aunt Agnes?"

With a totally unexpected laugh, with a totally unexpected desire to laugh, the Senior Surgeon strode across the room and unlocked his door. Even then his lips against the White Linen Nurse's ear made just a whisper, not a kiss.

"For God's sake, hurry!" he said. "Let 's get out of here before any telephone-message catches me!"

Then almost calmly he walked out on the piazza and greeted his sister-in-law.

"Hello, Agnes!" he said.

"Hello, yourself!" smiled his sister-in-law.

"How 's everything?" he inquired politely.

"How 's everything with you?" parried his sister-in-law.

Idly for a few moments the Senior Surgeon threw out stray crumbs of thought to feed the conversation, while smilingly all the while from her luxuriant East Indian chair his sister-in-law sat studying the general situation. The Senior Surgeon's sister-in-law was always studying something. Last year it was archæology; the year before, basketry; this year it happened to be eugenics, or something funny like that; next year, again, it might be bookbinding.

"So you and your pink-and-white shepherdess are going off on a little trip together?" she queried banteringly. "The girl 's a darling, Lendicott. I have n't had as much sport in a long time as I had that afternoon last June when I came in my best calling clothes and helped her paint the kitchen woodwork. And I had

come prepared to be a bit nasty, Lendicott. In all honesty, Lendicott, I might just as well 'fess up that I had come prepared to be just a little bit nasty."

"She seems to have a way," smiled the Senior Surgeon—"she seems to have a way of disarming people's unpleasant intentions."

A trifle quizzically for an instant the woman turned her face to the Senior Surgeon's. It was a worldly face, a cold-featured, absolutely worldly face, with a surprisingly humorous mouth that warmed her nature just about as cheerfully, and just about as effectually, as one open fireplace warms a whole house. Nevertheless, one often achieved much comfort by keeping close to "Aunt Agnes's" humorous mouth, for Aunt Agnes knew a thing or two, Aunt Agnes did, and the things that she made a point of knowing were conscientiously amiable.

"Why, Lendicott Faber," she rallied him now, "why, you 're as nervous as a school-boy! Why, I believe—I believe that you 're going courting!"

More opportunely than any man could have dared to hope, the White Linen Nurse appeared suddenly on the scene in her little blue serge wedding-suit, with her traveling-case in her hand. With a gasp of relief the Senior Surgeon took her case and his own and went on down the path to his car and his chauffeur, leaving the two women temporarily alone. When he returned to the piazza, the woman of the world and the girl not at all of the world were bidding each other a really affectionate good-by, and the woman's face looked suddenly just a little bit old, but the girl's cheeks were most inordinately blooming.

In unmistakable friendliness his sister-in-law extended her hand to him.

"Good-by, Lendicott, old man!" she said, "and good luck to you!" A little slyly out of her shrewd, gray eyes, she glanced up sidewise at him. "You 've got the devil's own temper, Lendicott dear," she teased, "and two or three other vices probably, and if rumor speaks the truth, you 've run amuck more than once in your life; but there 's one thing I will say for you, though it prove you a dear stupid: you never were overquick to suspect that any woman could possibly be in love with you."

"To what woman do you particularly refer?" mocked the Senior Surgeon, impatiently.

Quite brazenly to her own heart, which never yet apparently had stirred the laces that enshrined it, his sister-in-law pointed with persistent banter.

"Maybe I refer to myself," she laughed, "and maybe to the only other lady present."

"Oh!" gasped the White Linen Nurse.

"You do me much honor, Agnes," bowed the Senior Surgeon. Quite resolutely he held his gaze from following the White Linen Nurse's quickly averted face.

A little oddly for an instant the older woman's glance hung on his.

"More honor perhaps than you think, Lendicott Faber," she said, and kept right on smiling.

"Eh?" jerked the Senior Surgeon. Restively he turned to the White Linen Nurse.

Very flushingly on the steps the White Linen Nurse knelt arguing with the Little Crippled Girl.

"Your father and I are going away," she pleaded. "Won't you please kiss us good-by?"

"I 've only got one kiss," sulked the Little Crippled Girl.

"Give it to your father!" pleaded the White Linen Nurse.

Amazingly, all in a second, the ugliness vanished from the little face. Dartlingly, like a bird, the child swooped down and planted one large, round kiss on the astonished Senior Surgeon's boot.

"Beautiful Father!" she cried. "I kiss your feet."

Abruptly the Senior Surgeon plunged from the step and started down the walk. His cheek-bones were quite crimson.

Two or three rods behind him the White Linen Nurse followed falteringly. Once she stopped to pick up a tiny stick or a stone, and once she dallied to straighten out a snarled spray of red and brown woodbine.

Missing the sound or the shadow of her, the Senior Surgeon turned suddenly to wait for her. So startled was she by his intentness, so flustered, so affrighted, that just for an instant the Senior Surgeon thought that she was going to wheel in her tracks and bolt madly back to the house. Then quite unexpectedly she gave an odd, muffled little cry, and ran swiftly to him,

like a child, and slipped her bare hand trustingly into his. And they went on together to the car.

With his foot already half lifted to the step, the Senior Surgeon turned abruptly around, and lifted his hat, and stood staring back bare-headed for some unexplainable reason at the two silent figures on the piazza.

"Rae," he said perplexedly—"Rae, I don't seem to know just why, but somehow I 'd like to have you kiss your hand to Aunt Agnes."

Obediently the White Linen Nurse withdrew her fingers from his and wafted two kisses, one to "Aunt Agnes" and one to the Little Crippled Girl.

Then the White Linen Nurse and the Senior Surgeon climbed up into the tonneau of the car, where they had never, never sat alone before, and the Senior Surgeon gave a curt order to his man, and the big car started off again into interminable spaces.

Mutely, without a word, without a glance, passing between them, the Senior Surgeon held out his hand to her once more, as though the absence of her hand in his was suddenly a lonesomeness not to be endured again while life lasted.

Whizz, whizz, whizz, whir, whir, whir, the ribbony road began to roll up again on that hidden spool under the car.

When the chauffeur's mind seemed sufficiently absorbed in speed and sound, the Senior Surgeon bent down a little mockingly and mumbled his lips inarticulately at the White Linen Nurse.

"See," he laughed, "I 've got a text, too, to keep my courage up. Of course you *look* like an angel," he teased closer and closer to her flaming face; "but all the time to myself, to reassure myself, I just keep saying, 'Bah! she 's nothing but a woman, nothing but a woman, nothing but a woman!' "

Within the Senior Surgeon's warm, firm grasp the White Linen Nurse's calm hand quickened suddenly like a bud forced precipitously into full bloom.

"Oh, don't—talk, sir," she whispered. "Oh, don't talk, sir! Just listen!"

"Listen? Listen to what?" laughed the Senior Surgeon.

From under the heavy lashes that shadowed the flaming cheeks the soul of the girl who was to be his peered up at the soul of the man who was to be hers, and saluted what she saw!

"Oh, my heart, sir!" whispered the White Linen Nurse. "Oh, my heart, my heart, my *heart.*"

THE END

THE BEGGAR

BY JAMES W. FOLEY

ALWAYS beside me as I go my way
This beggar, Time, walks with his outstretched palms,
Demanding, not beseeching, of me alms—
Alms of the precious hours of my day.

So side by side we walk until my day
Is growing dusk, and Time's purse of the years
Holds alms of mine, bright-jeweled with my tears,
Since I have given these treasured hours away.

Nor from his swollen purse will he give me
One hour, although with spendthrift song and gay
I flung him alms, nor ever said him nay.
A beggar and a miser both is he!

IN "THE CIRCUIT OF THE SUMMER HILLS"

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Author of "Wake Robin," "Locusts and Wild Honey," etc.

WITH A PORTRAIT

I



TO sit on one's rustic porch, or at the door of one's tent, and see the bees working on the catnip or motherwort or clover, to see the cattle grazing leisurely in the fields or ruminating under the spreading trees, or the woodchucks creeping about the meadows and pastures, or the squirrels spinning along the fences, or the hawks describing great spirals against the sky; to hear no sound but the voice of birds, the caw of crows, the whistle of marmots, the chirp of crickets; to smell no odors but the odors of grassy fields, or blooming meadows, or falling rain; and amid it all, to lift one's eyes to the flowing and restful mountain lines—this is to get a taste of the peace and comfort of the summer hills.

This boon is mine when I go to my little gray farm-house on a broad hill-slope on the home farm in the Catskills. Especially is it mine when, to get still nearer nature and beyond the orbit of household sounds and interruptions, I retreat to the big hay-barn, and on an improvised table in front of the big open barn-doors, looking out into the sunlit fields where I hoed corn or made hay as a boy, and write this and other papers.

The peace of the hills is about me and upon me, and the leisure of the summer clouds, whose shadows I see slowly drifting across the face of the landscape. The dissonance and the turbulence and the stenches of cities, how far off they seem; the noise and the dust and the acrimony of politics—how completely the hum of the honey-bees and the twitter of swallows blot them all out!

In the circuit of the hills, the days take form and character as they do not in town, or in a country of low horizons. George Eliot says in one of her letters: "In the country the days have broad open spaces and the very stillness seems to give a delightful roominess to the hours." This is especially true in a hilly and mountainous country, where the eye has a great depth of perspective opened to it. Take those extra brilliant days that we so often have in the autumn—what a vivid sense one gets of their splendor amid the hills! The deep, cradle-like valleys, and the long flowing mountain lines, make a fit receptacle for the day's beauty; they hold and accumulate it, as it were. I think of Emerson's line:

"O, tenderly the haughty day fills his blue urn with fire."

The valleys are vast blue urns that hold a generous portion of the lucid hours.

To feel to the full the peace of the hills, one must choose his hills, and see to it that they are gentle and restful in character. Abruptness, jagged lines, sharp angles, frowning precipices, while they may add an element of picturesqueness, interfere with the feeling of ease and restfulness that the peace of the hills implies. The eye is disturbed by a confusion of broken and abrupt lines as is the ear by a volume of discordant sounds. Long, undulating mountain lines, broad, cradle-like valleys, easy basking hill-slopes, as well as the absence of loud and discordant sounds, are a factor in the restfulness of any landscape.

My landscape is very old geologically, as old as the order of vertebrate animals, but young historically, having been settled only about one hundred and fifty years. The original forests still cover the tops of the mountains with a dark-green mantle, which comes well down upon their sides, where it is cut and torn and notched into by the upper fields of the valley farms.

I call my place Woodchuck Lodge, as I tell my friends, because we are beleaguered by these rodents. There is a cordon of woodchuck-holes all around us. In the orchard, in the meadows, in the pastures, these whistling marmots have their dens. Here one might easily have woodchuck venison for dinner every day, yea, and for supper and breakfast, too, if one could acquire a taste for it. I tried to dine on a woodchuck once when I was a boy, but never have felt inclined to repeat the experiment. If one were born in the woods and lived in the woods, maybe he could relish a woodchuck. Talk about being autocthonous, and savoring of the soil—try a woodchuck! The feeding habits of this animal are as cleanly as those of a sheep or a cow—clover, plantain, peas, beans, cucumbers, cabbages, apples—all sweet and succulent things go to the making of his flabby body; yet he spends so much of his time in pickle in the ground that his flesh is rank with the earth flavor. He is not lean like a rabbit or a squirrel, nor so firm of muscle as a 'coon or a 'possum; he is little more than a skin filled with viscera. He is busy all summer storing up fat in his loose pouch of a body for fuel during his long winter sleep. This sleep appears to begin in late September, or after the first white frost. This year I saw my last specimen on the twenty-eighth of the month as he was running in great haste to his hole. Evidently he does not like the pinch of the cold. He is a fair-weather animal and is the epicure of the meadows and pastures. While the apples are still mellow on the ground, while the red-thorn is still dropping its fruit, and the aftermath is still fresh in the meadows, my woodchucks turn their backs upon the world and retreat to their underground chambers for their six months' slumber. I know of no other hibernating animal that retires from the light of day so early in the season. His active life stretches from the vernal equinox to the autumnal equinox, and that is about all. Half the year he is under ground, and at least half of each summer day. No wonder his flesh is rank with the earth flavor. He appears to live only to accumulate his winter store of fat. Apparently he comes out of his den in summer only to feed, and maybe occasionally to bask in the sunshine. He is never sportive or discursive like the birds and squirrels. Life is a very serious business with him, and he has reduced it to the lowest terms—eat, breed, and sleep. If woodchucks ever engage in any sort of play, like other wild creatures. I have never seen them, though I once had a tame young 'chuck that would play with the kitten.

The woodchuck probably sleeps more than half the time in summer; he economizes his precious fat. Only once have I seen his tracks on the snow. This was in late December; and following them up, I found the woodchuck wandering about the meadow like one half demented. Something had evidently gone wrong with him. Apparently he had not succeeded in storing up his usual amount of fat. He showed little fight, and we picked him up by the tail, put him into the sleigh, and brought him home. A place under the barn floor was given to him, but he did not long survive. All the glory of the fall, the heyday of the 'coon and the squirrels, the woodchuck misses. No golden October, no Indian summer for him; he has had his day.

Though the woodchuck's muscles are flabby, his heart is stout. The farm-dog can kill him, but he cannot make him show fear or dismay; he is game to the last. Twice I have seen him from my porch at Woodchuck Lodge put on so bold a front,

and become so aggressive, when surprised in the middle of a field by a big shepherd-dog, that the dog did not dare attack him, but circled about, seeking some unfair advantage, only to be met at every point with those threatening, grating teeth. In one case the woodchuck was far from his hole, and he kept charging the dog and driving him nearer and nearer the stone wall, where his own safety lay. An observer inoculated with the idea of animal reason would have said that the tactics of the 'chuck were premeditated; but I am sure he was too much engrossed with the task of defending himself from the jaws of that dog to do any logical thinking or planning. It was only the fortunes of battle that finally brought the hunter and the hunted near the hole of safety, when, seeing his chance, the woodchuck made a sudden, successful dash, too hurried, I fancy, even to whistle his usual note of defiance. In the other case, the dog was of a still more timid nature, and when the surprised woodchuck showed fight, he concluded that he had no business at all with that particular 'chuck, which actually chased him from the meadow. I can still see the woodchuck's bristling, expanded tail as he drove fiercely after the fleeing dog, which, with a tail anything but threatening, escaped over the wall into the road.

I find that one may be the principal actor in a little comedy, and not see the humor of it at all at the time. I know the humor of a race I had with a 'chuck last summer in my orchard was quite lost upon me till it was over, and the 'chuck was in his hole, and I was back upon my porch recovering my wind. The 'chuck was a hundred yards or more from his den when I leaped over the fence from the road and surprised him. I pressed him so closely that he took refuge in an apple-tree. Instantly seeing his mistake, as the missile I hurled struck the tree, he sprang down and rushed for his hole, a hundred and fifty feet away. But I got there first. The 'chuck paused twenty feet to one side and regarded me intently, defiantly. We stood and glared at each other a few moments, while I recovered my breath. I wanted the scalp of that "varmint." I knew that he would make himself believe that I had planted my garden for his special benefit, and I wanted to anticipate that conclusion. I was weaponless. Twenty or more feet from me, on the opposite side from the 'chuck, I saw a stone that would answer my purpose. I calculated the chances; so did the woodchuck; I sprang for the stone and the 'chuck sprang for his hole, and was in it as my hand touched the stone. He had won! As I sat on my porch, the recklessness and absurdity of a man more than threescore and ten running down a woodchuck came over me; and I have not yielded to such a temptation since.

II

WHERE cattle and woodchuck thrive, there thrive I. The pastoral is in my veins. Clover and timothy, daisies and buttercups indirectly colored my youthful life; and if the dairy cow did not rock my cradle, her products sustained the hand that did rock it. Hence I love this land of wide, open, grassy fields, of smooth, broad-backed hills, and of long, sweeping mountain lines. The cow fits well into these scenes. It seems as if her broad, smooth muzzle and her potent tongue might have shaped the landscape; it is certainly her cropping that has brought about the hour-glass form of so many of the red-thorn trees, which give a unique feature to the fields. Her fragrant breath is upon the air, her hoof-prints are upon the highway; she may not yet have attained to wisdom, yet surely all her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are paths of peace. Hence, when her ways and her paths coincide with mine, I thrive best. From Woodchuck Lodge I look out upon broad pastures, lands where dairy herds have grazed for a hundred years, never the same herd for many summers, but all of the same habits and dispositions. They all scour the pastures in the same way, scattering, searching out every nook and corner, leaving no yard of ground unvisited, apparently hunting each day for the sweet morsel they missed the day before, disposing themselves in picturesque groups upon the hills; never massed, except under the shade-trees on hot days; slow-moving, making their paths here and there, lingering under the red-thorn trees, where the fruit begins to drop in September; tossing their heads above the orchard wall, where the fragrance of ripening apples is on the air; in the autumn lying

upon the cold, damp ground and ruminating contentedly, with no fear of our ills and pains before them; wading in the swamps, converging slowly toward the pasture-bars as milking-time draws nigh, with always some tardy, indifferent ones that the farm-dog has to hurry up; many colored—white, black, red, brown—at times showing rare gentleness and affection toward one another, such as licking one another's heads or bodies, then spitefully butting or goring one another; occasionally one of them lifting up her head and sending her mellow voice over the hills like a horn, as if to give voice to a vague unrest, or invoking some far-off divinity to release the imprisoned Io—what a series of shifting rural pictures I thus have spread out before me! Such an atmosphere of peace and leisure over it all! The unhurrying and ruminating cattle make the days long; they make the fields friendly, the hills eloquent, the shade-trees idyllic. I wake up to hear the farmer summoning them from the field in the dewy summer dawns, and I listen for his call to them on the tranquil afternoons. One season an especially musical voice did the evening calling—a trained voice from beyond the hills. What a pleasure it was as we swung in our hammocks under apple-trees to hear the free, sonorous summons, and to see the response of the herd in many-colored lines converging down the slope to the bar-way!

When the meadows have gotten a new carpet of tender grass in September, and the cows are free to range in them, a new series of moving pictures greets the eye. The grazing forms have a finer setting now, and contentment and satisfaction are in every movement. How they sweep off the tender herbage, into what artistic groups they naturally fall, what pictures of peace and plenty they present! When they lie down to ruminate, Emerson's sentence comes to mind: "And the cattle lying on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts." As a matter of fact, I suppose no more vacant mind could be found in the universe than that of the cow when she is reposing in a field, chewing her cud. But she is the cause of tranquil if not of great thoughts in the lookers-on, and that is enough. Tranquillity attends her wherever she goes; it beams from her eyes, and lingers in her footsteps.

I sympathize with Whitman as he expressed himself in these lines:

"I think I could turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them, long and long.

"They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or happy over the whole earth."

III

If one has a bit of the farmer in him, it is a pleasure in the country to have a real farmer for a neighbor—a man whose heart is in his work, who is not longing for the town or the city, who improves his fields, who makes two spears of grass grow where none grew before, whose whole farm has an atmosphere of thrift and well-being. There are so many reluctant, half-hearted farmers in our eastern States nowadays, so many who do only what they have to do in order to survive; who leave the paternal acres to run to weeds or brush; the paternal fences to fall into ruins; the paternal orchards untrimmed and unplowed; the paternal meadows unfertilized, while the fertilizer wastes in the barn-yard; who get but one spear of grass where their fathers or grandfathers got two or three; and whose plaint always is that farming does not pay. What is the matter with our rural population? Has all the good farming blood gone West, and do only the dregs of it remain?

It is the man who makes the farm, as truly as it is the man who makes any other business; it is the man behind the plow, as truly as it is the man behind the gun, that wins the battle. A half-heart never won a whole sheaf yet. The average farmer has deteriorated. He may know more, but he does less than his father. He is like the second or third steeping of the tea. Did the original settlers and improvers of the farms, and the generations

that followed them, leave all their virtue and grip in the soil? It is certainly true that in my section the last two generations have lived off the capital of labor and brains which their ancestors put into the land; only here and there has a man added anything, only here and there is a farmer who does not wish he had some other business. If such men had that other business, they would reap the same poor results. In the long run, you cannot reap where you have not sown, and the only seed you can sow, in any business that yields tenfold, is yourself—your own wit, your own industry. Unless you plant your heart with your corn, it will mostly go to suckers; unless you strike your own roots into the subsoil of your lands, it will not bear fruit in your character, or in your bank-account—all of which is simply saying that thin, leachy land will not bear good crops, and unless a man has the real farming stuff in him, his farm quickly shows it.

My neighbor makes smooth the way of the plow and of the mower. Last summer I saw him take enough stones and rocks from a three-acre field to build quite a fortress; and land whose slumbers had never been disturbed by the plow was soon knee-high with Hungarian grass. How one likes to see a permanent betterment of the land like that!—piles of renegade stone and rock. It is such things that make the country richer. If all New England and New York had had such drastic treatment years ago, the blight of discouraged farming never would have fallen upon them, and the prairie States would not have so far distanced the granite States. A granite soil should grow a better crop of men than the silt of lake or river bottom, though it yields less corn to the acre.

The prairie makes a strong appeal to a man's indolence and cupidity; it is a place where he can sit at ease and let his team do most of his work. But I much doubt whether the western farms ever will lay the strong hands upon their possessors that our more varied and picturesque eastern farms lay. Every field in these farms has a character of its own, and the farms differ from one another as much as the people do. An eastern farm is the place for a home; the western farm is the place to grow wheat, pork, and beef. Oh, the flat, featureless, monotonous, cornstalk-littered middle West! how can the rural virtues of contentment and domesticity thrive there? There is no spot to make your nest except right out on the rim of the world; no spot for a walk or a picnic except in the featureless open of a thousand miles of black prairie—the roads black, straight lines of mud or dust through the landscape; the streams slow, indolent channels of muddy water; the woods, where there are woods, a dull assemblage of straight-trunked trees; the sky a brazen dome that shuts down upon you; there are no hills or mountains to lift it up. The prairie draws no strong distinct lines against the sky; the horizon is vague and baffling. Ah, my mountains are very old measured by the geologic calendar! Yet how foreign to our experience or ways of thinking it seems to speak of mountains as either old or young, as if birth and death apply to them also. But such is the fact: mountains have their day, which day is the geologist's day of millions of years. My mountains were being carved out of a great plateau by the elements while the prairies were still under the sea, and while most of the Rocky Mountains and the Alps, and the Himalayas were gestating in the vast earth-womb. In point of age, these mountains beside the Catskills are like infants beside their great-grandfathers. Yet it is a singular contradiction that in their outlines old mountains look young, and young mountains look old. The only youthful feature about young mountains is that they carry their heads very high, and the only old feature about old mountains is that they have a look of repose and calmness and peace. All the gauntness, leanness, angularity, and crumbling decrepitude are with the young mountains; all the smoothness, plumpness, graceful flowing lines of youth are with the old mountains. Not till the rocks are clothed with soil made out of their own decay are outlines softened and life made possible. Youthful mountains like the Alps are battle-marked by the elements, and their proud heads are continually being laid low by frost, wind, and snow; they are scarred and broken by avalanches the season through. Old mountains, such as the Appalachian range, wear an armor of soil and verdure over their rounded forms.

on which the arrows of time have little effect. The turbulent and noisy and stiff-necked period of youth is far behind them.

Hundreds of dairy-farms nestle in the laps of the Catskills; and their huge, grassy aprons, only a little wrinkled here and there, hold as many grazing herds. Woodchuck Lodge is well upon the knee of one of the ranges, and the fields we look upon are like green drapery lying in graceful curves and broad, smooth masses over huge extended limbs. Patches of maple forest here and there bend over a rounded arm or shoulder, like a fur cape upon a woman. Here and there also huge, weather-worn boulders rest upon the ground, dropped there by the moving ice-sheet tens upon tens of thousands of years ago; and here and there are streaks of land completely covered with smaller rocks wedged and driven into the ground. It used to be told me in my youth that the devil's apron-string broke as he was carrying a load of these rocks overhead, and let the mass down upon the ground. The farmers seldom attempt to clear away these leavings of the devil.

IV

My interest in the birds is not as keen as it once was, but they are still an asset in my life. I must live where I can hear the crows caw, the robins sing, and the song-sparrow trill. If I can hear also the partridge drum, and the owl hoot, and the chipmunk cluck in the still days of autumn, so much the better. The crow is such a true countryman, so much at home everywhere, so thoroughly in possession of the land, going his way winter and summer in such noisy contentment and pride of possession, that I cannot leave him out. The bird I missed most in California was the crow. I missed his glistening coat in the fields, his ebony form and hearty call in the sky.

One advantage of sleeping out of doors, as we do at Woodchuck Lodge, is that you hear the day ushered in by the birds. Toward autumn you hear the crows first, making proclamation in all directions that it is time to be up and doing, and that life is a good thing. There is not a bit of doubt or discouragement in their tones. They have enjoyed the night, and they have a stout heart for the day. They proclaim it as they fly over my porch at five o'clock in the morning; they call it from the orchard, they bandy the message back and forth in the neighboring fields; the air is streaked with cheery greetings and raucous salutations. Toward the end of August, or in early September, I witness with pleasure their huge mass-meetings or annual congress on the pasture-hills or in the borders of the woods. Before that time, you see them singly or in loose bands; but on some day in late summer, or in early autumn, you see the clans assemble as if for some rare festival and grand tribal discussion. A multitudinous cawing attracts your attention when you look hillward and see a swarm of dusky forms circling in the air, their voices mingling in one dissonant wave of sound, while loose bands of other dusky forms come from all points of the compass to join them. Presently many hundred crows are assembled, alternately lighted upon the ground and silently walking about as if feeding, or circling in the air, cawing as if they would be heard in the next township. What they are doing or saying or settling, what it all means, whether they meet by appointment in the human fashion, whether it is a jubilee, a parliament, or a convention, I confess I should like to know. But second thought tells me it is more likely the gregarious instinct asserting itself after the scatterings and separations of the summer. The time of the rookery is not far off, when the inclement season will find all the crows from a large section of the country massed at night in lonely tree-tops in some secluded wood.

These early noisy assemblages may be preliminary to the winter union of the tribe. What an engrossing affair it seems to be with the crows, how oblivious they appear to all else in the world! The world was made for crows, and what concerns them is alone important. The meeting adjourns, from time to time, from the fields to the woods, then back again, the babel of voices waxing or waning according as they are on the wing or at rest. Sometimes they meet several days in succession and then disperse, going away in different directions and irregularly, singly or in pairs and bands, as men do on similar occasions. No doubt in these great reunions the crows experience some sort of feeling or emotion, though one would

doubtless err in ascribing to them anything like human procedure. It is not a definite purpose, but a tribal instinct, that finds expression in their jubilees.

The crow seems to have a great deal of business besides getting a living. How social, how communicative he is—what picnics he has in the fields and woods, how absolutely at home is he at all times and places! I see them from my window flying by, by twos or threes or more, on happy, holiday wings, sliding down the air, or diving and chasing one another, or walking about the fields, their coats glistening in the sun, the movement of their heads timing the movements of their feet—what an air of independence and respectability and well-being attends them always! The pedestrian crow! no more graceful walker ever trod the turf. How different his bearing from that of a game-bird, and from any of the falcon tribe. He never tries to hide like the former, and he is never morose and sulky like the latter. He is gay and social and in possession of the land; the world is his and he knows it, and life is good.

I suppose that if his flesh were edible, like that of the gallinaceous birds, he would have many more enemies and his whole demeanor would be different. His complacent, self-satisfied air would vanish. He would not advertise his comings and goings so loudly. He would be less conspicuous in the landscape; his huge mass-meetings in September would be more silent and withdrawn. Well, then, he would not be the crow—the happy, devil-may-care creature as we now know him.

His little gaily dressed brother, the jay, does not tempt the sportsman any more than the crow does, but he tempts other creatures—the owl and squirrels, and maybe the hawks. Hence his tribe is much less. His range is also more restricted, and his feeding habits are much less miscellaneous. Only the woods and groves are his; the fields and rivers he knows not.

The crow is a noisy bird. All his tribe are noisy, but the noise probably has little psychic significance. The raven in Alaska appears to soliloquize most of the time. This talkativeness of the crow tribe is probably only a phase of crow life, and signifies no more and no less than other phases—their color, their cunning, the flick of their wings, and the like. The barn-yard fowls are loquacious also, but probably their loquacity is not attended with much psychic activity.

In the mornings of early summer the out-of-door sleeper is more likely to be awakened by the song-birds. In June and early July they strike up about half-past three. "When it is light enough to see that all is well around you, it is light enough to sing," they carol. "Before the early worm is stirring, we will celebrate the coming of day." During the summer the song-sparrows have been the first to nudge me in the morning with their songs. One little sparrow especially would perch on the telephone-wire above the roadside and go through his repertoire of five songs with great regularity and joyousness. He will long be associated in my mind with those early, fragrant, summer dawns. One of his five songs fell so easily into words that I had only to call the attention of my friends to it to have them hear the words that I heard: "If, if, if you please, Mr. Durkee,"—the last word a little prolonged, and with a rising inflection. Another was not quite so well expressed by these words: "Please, please, speak to me, sweetheart." The third one suggested this sentence: "Then, then, Fitzhugh says, yes, sir!" The fourth one was something like this: "If, if, if you seize her, do it quick." The fifth one baffled me to suggest by words. But in August his musical enthusiasm began to decline. His different songs lost their distinctiveness and emphasis. It was as if they had faded and become blurred with the progress of the season.

The little birds are insignificant and unobtrusive on the great background of nature, yet if one learns to distinguish them and to love them, their songs may become a sort of accompaniment to one's daily life. In May, while I was much occupied in repairing and making habitable an old farm-house, a solitary, mourning, ground-warbler, which one rarely sees or hears, came and tarried about the place for a week or ten days, singing most of each forenoon in the orchard and garden about the house, and giving to my occupation a touch of something rare and sylvan. He lent to the apple-trees, which I had known as a boy, an interest that the boy knew not. Then he went away, whether on the arrival of his mate or not I do not know.



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JOHN BURROUGHS

A butternut-tree stands across the road in front of Woodchuck Lodge. One season the red squirrels stored the butternuts in the wall of one of the upper rooms of the unoccupied house, to which they gained access through a hole in the siding. When we moved in, in the summer, the squirrels soon became uneasy, and one day one of them began removing the butternuts, not to some other granary or place of safety, but to the grass and dry leaves on the ground in the orchard. He was unwittingly planting them by the act of hiding them. The automatic character of much animal behavior, the extent to which their lives flow in fixed channels, was well seen in the behavior of this squirrel. His procedure in transferring the nuts from his den in the house to the ground in the orchard, a distance of probably one hundred feet, was as definite and regular as that of a piece of machinery. He would rush up and over the roof of the house with a nut in his mouth, by those sharp, spasmodic sallies so characteristic of the movements of the red squirrel, down the corner of the house to the ground by the same jerky movements, across some rubbish and open ground in the same manner, alert and cautious, up the corner of a small building ten feet high and eight long, over its roof, with arched tail and spread feet, snickering and jerking, down to the ground on the other side, dashing to the trunk of an apple-tree ten feet away, up it a few feet to make an observation, then down to the ground again, and out into the grass, where he would carefully hide his nut, and cover it with leaves. Then back to the house again by precisely the same route and with precisely the same movements, and bring another nut. Day after day I saw him thus engaged till apparently all the nuts were removed. He probably did not know he was planting butternut-trees for other red squirrels, but that was what he was blindly doing. The crows and jays carry away and plant acorns and chestnuts in the same blind way, thereby often causing a pine forest to be succeeded by these trees.

The red squirrel is only an irregular storer of nuts in the autumn. In this respect he stands half-way between the chipmunk and the gray squirrel, one of which regularly lays up winter stores and the other none at all.

How diverse are the ways of nature in reaching the same end! Both the chipmunk and the woodchuck lay up stores against the needs of winter, the latter in the shape of fat upon his own ribs, and the former in the shape of seeds and nuts in his den in the ground; and I fancy that one of them is no more conscious of what he is doing than the other. Animals do not take conscious thought of the future; it is as if something in their organization took thought for them. One November, seized with the cruel desire to go to the bottom of the question of the chipmunk's winter stores, I dug out one after he had got his house settled for the season. I found his den three feet below the surface of the ground—just beyond the frost-line—and containing nearly four quarts of various seeds, most of them the little black grains of wild buckwheat—two hundred and fifty thousand of them, I estimated—all cleaned of their husks as neatly as if done by some patent machine.

How many perilous journeys along stone walls and through weedy tangles this store of seeds represented! One would say at least a thousand trips, beset by many dangers from hawks and cats and weasels and other enemies of the little rodent.

The chipmunk is provident; he is a wise housekeeper, but one can hardly envy him those three or four months of inaction in the pitchy darkness of his subterranean den. His mate is not with him, and evidently the oblivion of the hibernating sleep, like that of the woodchuck and of certain mice, is not his. The life of the red and gray squirrels, who are more or less active all winter, seems preferable. They lay up no stores and are no doubt often cold and hungry, but the light of day and the freedom of the snow and of the tree-tops are theirs. Abundant stores are a good thing for both man and beast, but action, adventure, struggle are better.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.



UEEN ELIZABETH was the founder of the school of "dollar diplomacy," and to this day her memory is revered by the merchant gilds of London. This great queen paid much attention to the welfare of industry at home, and sent trade adventurers abroad to open avenues of foreign commerce; and in the degree with which the rulers and governments of all lands have observed the necessities and development of the material interests of their respective countries have nations flourished or marked time.

Through a peculiar misuse of the term, the foreign policy of the United States has been termed "dollar diplomacy," whereas, partly because of national tradition and partly through lack of skill and experience, the diplomacy of America has less relation to the extension of foreign commerce than that of any other great modern nation. American diplomacy has been governed more by altruistic ideas, the protection of foreign peoples against themselves and others, the elimination of money tributes and indemnities, the recognition of new governments without conditions, and arbitration of international troubles as a neutral nation. In these and in many other ways America has played her part in various international controversies; but in the general scramble for selfish advantage in all these affairs she has taken little or no successful part. Yet American diplomacy has been called that of the "dollar," and has been credited in the minds of many of her own citizens, as well as by foreigners, with a mercenary basis.

The people of a nation have it within their power to advance the interests of their foreign commerce in two ways: one by intelligent legislation at home, and the other by intelligent diplomacy abroad. The shipment of merchandise from one country to another means to the selling nation a foreign market for the raw material, the employment of labor to the extent of from thirty to ninety per cent. of the selling value of the goods, and the payment for this material and labor by foreigners in money or its equivalent. It is a clear gain in every phase of the transaction. There is an old frontier adage, which originated in the early days of the Western boom, to the effect that "outside money makes the camp." It is a homely expression that summarizes the advantages of an export of two billion dollars' worth of goods with a comprehensiveness equal to its original application. It is not too much to say that anything in the shape of legislation or of increased facilities which assists the outward flow of the products of labor is of unquestioned advantage to the producing nation. An unnatural, though perhaps comprehensible, attitude of suspicion toward successful export has come about in the United States. This has led to hostility toward special rail and water-rates for export, lower prices for bulk foreign business, niggardliness of national expenditures for diplomatic representation and for the work of the Department of Commerce and its foreign-trade bureau. It might almost be said that the great and growing figures of foreign trade, issued triumphantly every year by the government statisticians, have been achieved despite the obstructions placed in the path of their progress.

The growth of those figures in their largest aspect is due to organized private

effort, the methods and operations of which are a sealed book to the government official or the general public, and which unfortunately have shared in the recent and sweeping condemnation of the business methods of all big corporations. There has been no sifting of the wheat from the chaff, the good from the evil, with most deplorable results, for which both public and corporations are to blame. The natural result has been that in attempting to regulate the home activities of "big business" their foreign activities have been hindered and even checked. Lost ground in foreign directions is more difficult to regain than at home, for certain artificial and natural barriers always exist, which favor home markets, while foreign trade meets well-equipped rivals at least on equal terms, and often with a handicap.

In the year 1913 the people of the United States are entering upon a radical change in the national attitude toward domestic and foreign commerce. There is a partial reversal of policy toward home industry; there is also an important experiment afoot in diplomacy. It is too early to say just how radical these changes will be in the final reckoning, or what may be the outcome. It is quite possible that increased freedom of trade may bring good results at home; and if Congress recognizes the need of a commercial diplomacy auxiliary to that of the litterateur, the reformer, the peace-advocate, the missionary, and the general uplifter of mankind, and the administration provides competent, permanent, and resident commercial diplomats or attachés to all important American missions, a threatened disadvantage may be turned into a victory. At present, however, American foreign trade is the foot-ball of national politics.

Private enterprise, with its able American representatives abroad, is the only real guard against serious damage possessed by this great asset of the nation. The advance of American foreign commerce may be likened to a more or less friendly conflict with an allied army of foreign competitors. This is specially true of American trade, for it is generally a new-comer, and is regarded with dislike and antagonism to such an extent as to induce combinations of rivals to resist its advance.

The strongest efforts of American diplomacy should be directed to Russia and China to bring about a commercial entente between the United States and these two countries. The future of China as a market for foreign enterprise and merchandise will develop slowly, it is true, but the results will in time prove stupendous. In view of this, firm foundations should be laid for the structure of international trade, which will inevitably develop in the course of years. In the case of Russia there is no time to be lost. Here is a great area of wonderfully productive territory inhabited by scores of millions of people. Education is spreading among these people, and their wants are multiplying. Such foreign trade as has found a lodgment there is of the kind America wants, and will need more and more as her productiveness increases and the oversupply of home markets becomes more noticeable. England, Germany, France, the Low Countries, and those of Scandinavia are losing no time. Political, financial, commercial, and industrial bonds are being forged with all possible rapidity to this awakening nation of industrious people. American interests in Russia are already large, but their existence is due to private and not national initiative. As a nation we have not only done much to discourage the betterment of intercourse with Russia, but have even actually threatened the existence of American interests therein by inviting antagonism instead of friendly coöperation. It is not too late to remedy this unfortunate attitude, but the situation needs prompt, wise, and fearless handling by those responsible for the foreign policy of the United States.

American foreign commerce rests on a basis of international friendship. Once established, the needs of the respective countries determine the extent of international trading, modified as it must be, however, by conditions of transportation and such fiscal restrictions as may be imposed. Leaving the matter of price and quality to be dealt with by the industrial exporter, as must be the case, the influence of the Government remains as the most important outside factor in determining the prosperity of this trade. Under the control of the Government come the treaty-making power, with its bid for fa-

vorable reception of American products; the official attitude toward facilities for the manufacturing of exports and toward transportation; and assistance in gathering information for exporters. The important, but more technical, details of foreign commerce can safely be left to private enterprise in its effort toward profitable trading. There is no doubt as to the good intention of government officials and of those who vote the money for their work: it is, of course, that American consumers shall benefit.

There are two points of view, however, well illustrated in the attitude of the British and the United States Government, respectively, as to the direction in which governmental efforts may be extended in the furtherance of foreign trade. The British Government pays great attention to the diplomatic end of the business, and lets private enterprise follow up any advantage gained. The United States Government spends vastly more money and effort upon the details of trade, but in many cases unfortunately attempts to build upon a shifting and insecure foundation, in that the relations of the two countries may be weak diplomatically, or there may be lack of knowledge or understanding as to the general conditions to be met. For some American consul to inform American manufacturers through the State Department of great openings for the sale of goods does not mean necessarily that these goods can be sold; for in some cases American competition would find itself hopelessly handicapped by the superior trade diplomacy and knowledge of its adversary, thus nullifying any possible superiority in goods or prices.

From a practical point of view, to analyze American foreign trade in detail would be an endless and useless task. It has grown to be what it is through exports of food-stuffs and raw materials, followed naturally by the surplus products of manufacturing. Of imports the same may be said, reversing the order of the progression. The land furnished the material, and labor came at its call from all parts of the world. The logical result of plenty of material, a constantly increasing supply of labor, combined with national ingenuity and a climate conducive to the development of nervous energy, is the production of more or less finished merchandise in such quantities as to keep half the ships of the world in daily use carrying it to and fro. Whether governmental intervention has helped or hindered has been the subject of controversy since this commerce began, and will continue until commerce ends; but out of it all must come a certain amount of wisdom, gained through experience, which should be of practical benefit to those on whom rests the responsibility of official coöperation with private adventure in foreign lands.

The three great foreign trading nations of the world are England, Germany, and the United States, in the order named. In 1912 the foreign commerce of England amounted to a little less than $6,000,000,000, that of Germany to more than $4,600,000,000, and that of the United States to nearly $4,200,000,000. The total foreign trade of these three countries is proportioned approximately between imports and exports as follows:

	England	Germany	United States
Imports	60 per cent.	54 per cent.	43 per cent.
Exports	40 " "	46 " "	57 " "

These figures mean that the United States is still a debtor nation. If the imports of gold brought the imports level with the exports in value, which they do not, but far from it, the figures would indicate that the American people were getting cash for their goods instead of merchandise, as would be the case if merchandise exports and imports were equal. The most considerable factors that annually balance this trade are the payments of interest and principal on American securities held abroad, remittances by American immigrants to foreign lands, money spent abroad by American tourists, and payments made to foreign-owned vessels for freight-charges on goods carried to and from America. There are several other factors in this balance, but the four named are the most considerable. In the case of England and Germany, as well as many other prosperous countries whose foreign-trade sheets show an excess of imports over exports, this excess represents the profit on trading abroad, and the inflow of returns upon capital invested abroad. In other words, these nations are creditor, or money-lending, communities. The imports of all money-lending coun-

tries, like France, England, Germany, the Netherlands, and others, considerably exceed the exports, while the exports of all borrowing, developing, or unequally developed countries, like Russia, the United States, Argentina, Rumania, and many others, exceed the imports, as the foreign investor must be paid his interest, and the only source of money for such payment is eventually either the product of the soil or of industry.

One hundred years ago, when the population of the United States was about seven millions, the American people imported annually considerably less than $100,000,000 worth of merchandise, less than ten per cent. of which came in free of duty. In 1912, when the population was more than ninety millions, the importations amounted to nearly $1,700,000,000, of which about fifty-four per cent. entered duty free. The average ad valorem rate of import duty on dutiable goods one hundred years ago was about forty per cent., and on the total imports, dutiable and free, it was about thirty-five per cent. In 1912 the average ad valorem on dutiable goods was about the same as one hundred years before, and on the total imports, both dutiable and free, it was about nineteen per cent. The progress of American foreign trade in one hundred years is recorded as follows:

Year	*Imports*	*Exports*	*Total Foreign Trade*
1810	$85,000,000	$67,000,000	$152,000,000
1830	63,000,000	72,000,000	135,000,000
1850	174,000,000	144,000,000	318,000,000
1870	436,000,000	393,000,000	829,000,000
1890	790,000,000	858,000,000	1,648,000,000
1912	1,818,000,000	2,363,000,000	4,181,000,000

In one hundred years the population has increased more than thirteen times, and the foreign trade more than twenty-five times. In 1810 the per capita foreign trade of America was about $21, and in 1912 it was nearly $40. These latter figures are really much more significant than appears at first glance, for the population of America, as estimated in 1810, was composed of a larger proportion of effective producing units than in 1912. Few but white people were counted, the percentage of women and children was smaller, and virtually every white American was self-supporting. The estimate of to-day includes, therefore, a much larger percentage of human beings who, though counted as units in population, are not so potential in the material activities of the nation. The $40 per capita of 1912 is much more significant of the growth of American foreign interests, therefore, than merely the increase from the $21 of 1810 appears.

Speaking generally, the foreign trade of the United States has doubled every twenty years since 1830, regardless of wars, changes of government, administrative policies, the rise or decline of shipping interests, the increasing power of foreign competition, or the opening and development of competitive territory in other parts of the world. The development of industry in a country is usually written on the character of the imports and exports, and the changes that take place in the proportions of raw material and manufactured goods are most significant. In the case of the United States, these are strikingly shown in the more or less shifting percentages of a long period in the growth of the nation—a period fully covering the time the United States has figured to any marked degree in the economic affairs of the world. In the last eighty-two years American foreign trade has been roughly classified by percentages as follows:

IMPORTS

	1830	1870	1912
Crude food-stuffs and food animals	11.77	12.41	13.03
Food-stuffs partly or wholly manufactured	15.30	22.03	11.86
Crude manufactured material	6.72	12.70	33.03
Manufactures for use in manufacture	8.22	12.75	17.77
Manufactures ready for consumption	56.07	39.82	21.78
Miscellaneous	.93	.23	1.03
	100.00	100.00	100.00

The most noticeable features of the statement given above are that the importation of crude food-stuffs and food animals remain about the same in their relation to total imports, that the importation of partly manufactured food-stuffs has decreased, that the importation of materials for use in manufacture has enormously increased, and that the importation of manufactured goods ready for consump-

tion has decreased by nearly two thirds. All of these figures, both of imports and exports, are based on values and not on quantities. The latter would be the most accurate measure of progress, as prices have changed materially—either fallen or increased, mostly the latter—on many important staples; but it would be virtually impossible to consider these matters from a point of view other than that of values, where everything is grouped under an inclusive total, and in all probability the change that might follow a quantitative analysis, rather than one based on values, would not materially alter any conclusions that might be drawn. The changes in American exports during the same period were by percentages as follows:

EXPORTS

	1830	1870	1912
Crude food-stuffs and food animals	4.65	11.12	4.60
Food-stuffs partly or wholly manufactured	16.32	13.53	14.69
Crude manufactured material	62.34	56.64	33.31
Manufactures for use in manufacture	7.04	3.66	16.04
Manufactures ready for consumption	9.34	14.96	30.98
Miscellaneous	.31	.09	.38
	100.00	100.00	100.00

The noticeable features of the record of American exports for the last eighty-two years are that the export of food-stuffs has decreased rather than increased in proportion to business in other commodities; that the export of crude manufactured material has greatly decreased, and in fact, with the exception of cotton, has become a negligible quantity; and that the export of manufactured goods ready for consumption has increased enormously. Exports of cotton are now the basis of American export of raw material. Whereas the total production of cotton in the United States in 1830 was only about 1,000,000 bales, in 1912 the United States furnished nearly 11,000,000 bales for export, valued at $625,000,000, amounting to fully five sixths of the value of all raw material for manufacturing purposes exported by the United States in that year.

The export of raw cotton in the case of the United States does not mean any appreciable backwardness of home manufacture. The importations of manufactured cotton goods are decreasing annually, so far as cloths are concerned. In 1912 less than $8,000,000 in cotton cloth was imported from abroad. The heaviest importation of cotton goods was in laces and such other things as are specialties of foreign manufacture, in many cases hereditary trades, or trades dependent upon cheap, trained female labor, such as is not available in America. America uses nearly 6,000,000 bales of home-grown cotton every year in her own factories, and supplies not only the home market with manufactured goods, but manufactures more than $30,000,000 worth for foreign sale, in competition with the great spinning and manufacturing countries of Europe. The growing of cotton is not a raw-material industry in the strict sense of the word, for, owing to peculiarities of climate, certain features of the American labor supply, and the great amount of money this staple crop brings from abroad and distributes in non-manufacturing districts, it possesses a peculiar and great economic value to the country. Coal, tobacco, petroleum, and timber are the more important of the crude materials exported from the United States in addition to cotton; but the total value of all these is, as stated, about one sixth of the whole.

The total value of the exports of domestic merchandise from the United States in 1912 was about $2,363,000,000. As stated, cotton stands at the head of the list. The iron and steel industry comes next; the farmers of the United States furnish the third largest amount of merchandise for export; and machinery of all kinds, oils, paper, fruit, and chemicals, are the leaders in American export. The most interesting changes that have taken place in American foreign trade in the last few years are those that indicate certain possibilities of the future; in fact, they are in a way prophetic of what is to happen in the economic life of the nation. In 1902 93,000 head of cattle were imported, and in 1912 the importations numbered 325,000. In 1902 about 327,000 head of cattle were exported, and in 1912 only about 46,000. This means that the American people have nearly reached the point where the home market absorbs all cattle grown in the country, and that in future

other peoples, who in the past have been dependent upon the United States for their beef supply, must look elsewhere. The exportation of bread-stuffs has decreased materially, while importation has quadrupled, thus telling a story of shortage in food-supply, as did the change in the cattle movement. This same shortage is shown in like changes in the trade in meat products, dairy products, eggs, and nearly every other variety of staple food.

The United States produces half the copper of the world, but both exports and imports of this metal are increasing, showing that other countries are sending copper to this country for treatment. In 1902, America imported 135,000,000 pounds of tin plates, and in 1912 only 4,500,000 pounds. The exports of tin plates increased during the same period from 3,500,000 pounds to 183,000,000 pounds. Iron and steel show a marked decline in imports and an enormous gain in exports. The American people are no longer importing automobiles to any extent, but are increasing their sales abroad, and in 1912 sold $28,000,000 worth to foreign buyers. The importations of coffee virtually hold their own, amounting in 1912 to nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds; but owing to increased prices, the value of this importation is nearly double that of 1902. The exports of the iron and steel industry of the United States, including the manufactures of these materials as well, now amount to about $1,000,000 per day. Europe takes the higher class of goods, and Canada and South America take the rails, structural iron and steel, heavy castings, and other like products that constitute the heavy tonnage of the industry.

The countries taking their largest proportionate share of their imports from the United States are: Haiti, 69 per cent.; Honduras, 68 per cent.; Canada, 62 per cent.; Santo Domingo, 61 per cent.; Panama, 56 per cent.; Mexico, 55 per cent.; Cuba, 53 per cent.; and Costa Rica 51 per cent. England takes 17.3 per cent. of her imports from the United States, Germany 13.3 per cent., and France 8.6 per cent. Of the South American countries, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Peru take from 20 to 30 per cent. of their imports from the United States, while others take smaller percentages, ranging from the 13.8 of Argentina and the 12.8 of Brazil to the 2.8 per cent. of Bolivia. Other countries draw very slightly upon the United States for their imports, notably China, which takes only 5 per cent.; India, 3 per cent.; Morocco, less than 1 per cent.; Servia, 1 per cent.; and about the same for Turkey and Rumania. The great markets for American products at the present, in total value of goods sold to the peoples of these countries, are England, purchasing as she does from America goods to the amount of $572,000,000; Canada, $285,000,000; Germany, $283,000,000; France, $119,000,000; the Netherlands, $117,000,000; Italy, $70,000,000; Cuba, $57,000,000; Mexico, $56,000,000; Russia, $52,000,000; Austria-Hungary, Argentina, and Belgium, between $45,000,000 and $50,000,000 each, and Australia, Brazil, and Japan, between $27,000,000 and $32,000,000 each.

Of the export trade of the United States, 60 per cent. goes to Europe, 23 per cent. to North America, 6 per cent. to South America, 5 per cent. to Asia, 4 per cent. to Oceanica, and 2 per cent. to Africa. American producers send more than 90 per cent. of their entire foreign shipments, or more than $2,000,000,000 worth of goods, to nineteen countries, and the remaining ten per cent. covers the trade with all the rest of the world. England buys about 26 per cent. of the total American export; Canada 15 per cent.; Germany 13 per cent.; France 7 per cent.; the Netherlands 4 per cent.; Italy, Cuba, and Belgium, each 3 per cent.; Mexico, Japan, Argentina, Australia, Russia, and Brazil, each 2 per cent.; and Spain, Austria-Hungary, Panama, China, and the Philippines, each about 1 per cent.

Official figures of imports and exports are useful as indications from which deductions may safely be drawn, but they are not an accurate record of the trade relations of any two countries. In some cases the indirect trade of the United States with certain countries is much larger than custom-house figures would indicate, in that American goods are purchased by other nations, who act as distributors or intermediaries in conducting the foreign trade of the world. This is very largely so in American trade with England. That country is credited with purchases of American goods far in excess

of the needs of the British people. These goods are bought by English firms whose dealings are largely with other foreign countries, and by them sold to their customers on the Continent of Europe, in Asia, Oceanica, or elsewhere. A striking example of this is the American trade with Russia. It is impossible to state exactly the value of American goods which in time find their way to the Russian consumer, but it is vastly in excess of the amount of trade between the United States and Russia, or $52,380,000, as given in government statistics. In the official statement of exports of American cotton, Russia is credited by the Department of Commerce figures as receiving 64,590 bales, valued at $3,796,867.

American consuls in Russia, and the cotton experts of that country, estimate that Russia consumes annually nearly $50,000,000 worth of American raw cotton, an amount nearly equal to the total export to Russia of all American goods, according to United States government figures. That the government figures are misleading is due to the fact that they are figures of direct business only; and direct trade between the United States and Russia is, for geographical, transportation, and financial reasons, more or less hampered. American cotton is bought for Russia in London, Hamburg, Antwerp, Copenhagen, and other great European markets. The exports are credited in the United States to the ports mentioned, and while the ultimate destination does not affect the totals of American foreign trade, it does lead to wide-spread confusion as to the comparative value of the various foreign markets for American products. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of Russia, a country with which the United States has recently had some difficulty in the matter of a treaty of mutual trade and friendship. Judging from United States government statistics, American trade relations with Russia might be regarded as almost negligible; whereas in fact they are already of the greatest value and importance, to say nothing of the brilliant prospects of possible trade expansion in the near future. Even the government figures show a direct sale to Russia of nearly $50,000,000 worth of American goods, deducting the direct sales of cotton. With a known consumption of $50,000,000 worth of American cotton, this gives at least $100,000,000 as the value of American sales to Russia. Cotton, however, is not the only merchandise sold indirectly, and if other goods are handled in the same way to an equal amount, it is possible that the annual sales of American goods to Russia amount to nearly $200,000,000, or four times the amount allowed by United States official figures.

This correction would give Russia fourth instead of ninth place in the list of great buyers of American goods. This is the most striking illustration of the deceptive feature of government trade-statistics in determining the order of importance of foreign buyers of American goods, though there are other countries which suffer in the estimation of exporters for the same reason. As has been already stated, it was peculiarly unfortunate that this was so in the case of Russia, for those who, for reasons of their own, favored national retaliation against that country through mutual trade relations used United States government statistics to support their argument, and the American public naturally accepted these data at their apparent value. A final and accurate determination of the value of each foreign country as a market for American merchandise, a laborious and almost impossible task, would undoubtedly lead to interesting and unexpected results. It would not only make many changes in the list of the most important customers, but would immediately suggest possibilities of more direct trading, which would stimulate American rail, shipping, and financial interests, increase profits by cutting out the middleman, and in the end give added stimulus to American foreign trade.

One of the most serious difficulties that confront the American Government in its dealings with foreign nations is the inelasticity of the American tariff laws. The most sensible and scientific tariff law which the United States could have,—allowing that the principle of tariff for revenue and protection is to prevail,—is such rate of duty as may be deemed advisable, all things considered; an arrangement whereby a surtax could be imposed upon goods from countries discriminating against American merchandise, and a trading margin for treaty-making purposes, ranging from the normal rate of duty, as

set forth in the customs laws, to absolute free trade between the treaty-making powers. There is little or no hope that such a law can prevail or will be formally advocated by any political party in power; but it is a hopeful sign that it has been seriously suggested and discussed by men prominent in the councils of the nation. That tariff laws will in time be formulated on that basis is likely, but such a statement reaches further into the domain of prophecy than is apparently warranted in the present temper of actual legislation. There is a simple truth, apparently often forgotten or ignored, and it is that to give is necessary, to be able to take, in all dealings between nations, as much as between individuals. All trading is in the end a compromise, presumably mutually beneficent and equally so. It rests with the wit and ability of the trader to see that he at least comes out even. It would be interesting to know just how far the late President McKinley intended to go in his advocacy of better foreign-trade relations for the United States had not his tragic death cut short his program. The last speech he made at Buffalo was crowded with significance of what might come later. It was in a sense as though he were only preparing the way for an important development of American fiscal policy in connection with foreign trade. Those who were in his closest confidence in the days just prior to his death have knowledge of an evolution that had taken place in his mind—a mind that had given more thorough thought and study to tariff matters than almost any other in America at that time. They firmly believe that at the moment the life of President McKinley ended, he had planned a pronunciamento in favor of concessions to American foreign-trade interests which would have startled the country, put the Republican party in line with the mass of the voters who desired tariff revision, and of which his Buffalo speech strongly advocating reciprocity in commerce was only the opening paragraph. Had he lived, this one thing might have made a vast difference in the subsequent fortunes of the Republican party; but when he died his place was taken by a man whose marvelous activities did not include an interest in the tariff. In fact, as he frankly expressed it, the subject "bored" him, as it does many others, unfortunate for the country as this may be.

The American diplomatic service has passed through some remarkable phases in the last twenty-five years. A few years ago it was quite frankly used as a means for rewarding political services to the party in power. No good could possibly come out of such a system. There were some exceptions to the general rule that American ambassadors and ministers were either indifferent to or else ignorant of the needs of the United States in international politics, but they were few and far between. More recently men have been selected for the most important places by reason of their wealth and social standing. Some of those selected made excellent representatives, but owing to the shortness of their terms of office they had no more than familiarized themselves with their surroundings than they were either recalled or found it expedient to return to their native land.

President Wilson has apparently established a new plan, or rather revived an old one. He is selecting his foreign representatives from the class known in Europe as the "intellectuals." This policy is adopted at a highly critical time in the history of the foreign trading of the United States, and at a time when virtually all the great international questions and controversies are those of respective economic advantage, one nation over another. It comes also at a time when the great commercial and industrial rivals of the United States are pursuing a different policy, one which is perhaps worth considering. England and Germany to a notable degree, and France, Russia, and some others of the great Powers to a sufficient degree to be noticeable, are training men for all diplomatic positions, and promotions are made even to the highest places almost entirely upon the merits and suitability of the candidates. The young man who enters the foreign office service of England or Germany in a subordinate position has within his power, if he develop accordingly, to become in time an ambassador to some important country. He is thoroughly tried out, step by step, as consul and minister before the highest rank is given to him. He is moved about from one part of the world to another until he becomes in truth a cosmopolitan not only in thought and

habit, but in language and knowledge. The most serious part of the education of these men is, first, the economics of their own country, and, secondly, the economics of the country to which they are to be accredited. This education is practical and not theoretical. This is true to so great an extent that, when a technical matter of trade enters into a controversy between the two state departments, the minister or ambassador is often found fully qualified to fight the battle himself in aid of the material interests of the country he represents. There are no more practical men anywhere than a majority of these who now represent the progressive industrial countries of Europe as foreign ministers or ambassadors. This particular feature of their equipment for the office is not unnecessarily paraded, however, for their social and political qualifications are more in the public eye. It is in the private talks at the State Department at Washington, in London, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, or elsewhere, that their real fighting strength is disclosed. It is not a question of private fortune with them, for their governments remove any anxiety on that score by an adequate and even abundant allowance of funds not only for salaries, but for housing and maintenance. The British ambassador to Washington receives more in salary and expense allowance than does the President of the United States in proportion to the necessary expenditures of his office.

To the American manufacturer, deeply engaged with his cost of production and the filling of orders, it may appear that too much stress is laid upon the function of foreign diplomacy in the success of American business abroad; but it will not be necessary to give emphasis to its importance with those Americans who have already pioneered their business into remote parts of the world. They know, through bitter experience, how inefficiency in an American embassy or legation can hinder and even destroy the greater possibilities for American success.

At present, and for years past, the fortunes of American foreign trading depend, so far as diplomacy is concerned, upon the character, ability, common sense, and adroitness of the individual government representative abroad rather than upon the Government or the system as a whole. Within the year 1912 we had the two extremes: in one country an able, intelligent, and practical man, working persistently for weeks to bring about a commercial entente cordiale between the United States and the country in which he was stationed; and in another country American interests were forced to appeal to English or other foreign representatives to help them through a time of stress, because the American representative considered things commercial as outside of the province of his labors. Both of these men are out of office now not because one was useful and the other useless, but because of the system, or lack of system, which required their places for others.

An English minister who was stationed in an important country a few years ago failed when there to secure certain large contracts for English builders. This same minister is still in the service, but is now kicking his heels in an unimportant place, where what he does or does not is of little consequence. A certain German ambassador was recently denied the place of his choice because he had done so well where he was that his services were still needed at that point; but when the crisis has passed, he will get his reward all the more surely.

The day will come in America when it will be realized that a nation can well afford to cheapen for export by every means in its power, and that such cheapness does not necessarily mean discrimination against the home consumer. There are few signs of the dawn of this day at the moment, and it will come only when the ultimate and general overproduction of manufactures forces the attention of the whole nation upon the need of still greater markets elsewhere. There is one comfort for the people of the United States, possessed in no such degree by any other nation at the present time or for several generations to come, and that is, the abounding possibilities of the North American continent in its natural resources, and the amazing vitality and resourcefulness of its inhabitants.



LAÏLA, FROM MESOPOTAMIA

NEW-MADE AMERICANS

A Few Types of Foreign Women Sketched, in New York, from the Life By W. T. Benda



ZOBÉIDA, FROM SYRIA



MARGHERITA, FROM ITALY



JENNY, FROM CANADA



ULANA, FROM POLAND



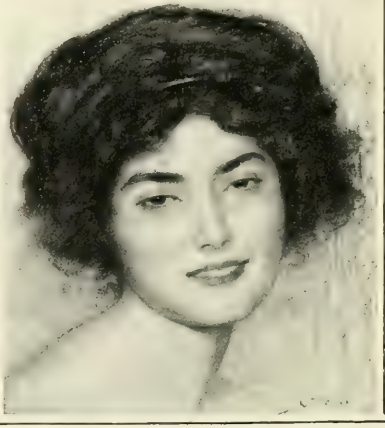
DOLORES, FROM SPAIN



KALINKA, FROM BULGARIA



ALICE, FROM ENGLAND



SARAH, FROM SOUTHERN RUSSIA

THE DEVIL, HIS DUE

BY PHILIP CURTISS



OW, Furniss was a devil. I mean that exactly, and if I might, I should like to explain it, for I wish to draw a distinction between the devils and the merely devilish. If argot had not spoiled the phrase, I might have said that he was a regular devil, as distinguished from the volunteer, the territorial, the occasional, or the would-be devil.

The distinction between a regular devil and one who is merely devilish is exactly the distinction between the professional and the amateur in all occupations. The devilish do things purely for the éclat of the doing, while the devils do them because they want the things done. A professional carpenter carpenters in order that he may have a table, to be used for his varying ends; an amateur uses his tools merely for the sake of the chips. That an occasional amateur displays unusual brilliancy in the accomplishment has nothing to do with the distinction. The real devils, moreover, regard the devilish purely with a mild amusement, if they regard them at all. Their only vexation is that of professional craftsmen at the "pin-money" workers, whose spasmodic efforts cut into legitimate trade.

The most powerful proof which I can bring to the statement that Furniss was a real devil, however, is the one that he did not regard himself as a devil at all. On the contrary, he regarded himself as an industrious citizen, fairly successful in the accomplishments of his ends. As a career, devilishness did not interest him in the slightest. Its material rewards were all that he sought.

Now, at midnight, on the thirtieth of October, Furniss, with the best intentions in the world, was standing in a group in the ball-room of the Fitchly Country Club, harmlessly singing "Auld Lang Syne." At one minute past twelve the engineer turned out all the lights, having standing instructions to do so, for Fitchly was a goodly town, and on this particular night the steward had forgotten to make an exception. The result was that which usually occurs when the lights are turned out on a perfectly respectable and usually sane gathering of grown men and women —every bit of asininity in the mob swarmed to the surface. There were cat calls, screams, and suggestive labials, while all the naturally executive began groping toward the door and the steward.

What the others did, however, did not matter. It was generally understood that they were merely devilish, and no score was to be counted against them. Furniss, on the other hand, played everything for stakes, and his tally had to meet with a reckoning. For, when the lights left their sudden wave of darkness on the mixed and rollicking group, Furniss quietly and modestly followed the promptings of his profession, turned slowly, gathered the nearest woman into his arms, and thoroughly and deliberately kissed her. Who she was he had not the slightest idea, nor did he, indeed, have any very lively curiosity. The act was purely professional, perfectly methodic, as automatic and unemotional as a response in a ritual. Thus, despite Fur-

niss's known make-up, the fact would have passed unnoticed had it not been for two things, first, that, owing to the deliberateness of Furniss and the quickness of the engineer, the lights went on again before he was through, and the second that the woman thus discovered in his arms was the only one in the room whom he would have had the slightest reason for wanting to kiss. It was a perfect triumph of circumstantial evidence.

The sudden hush which fell on the group when the lights were restored at once displayed the awfulness of Furniss's depravity, as viewed by the Fitchly Country Club, in riot assembled. Had any other man been caught in the same act, with any other woman, there would have been merely a triumphant outcry of self-acknowledged devilishness. The man would have bought at the bar below, and the women would have screamed themselves to their motors; but, by some unusual instinct that was positively primitive, every man and woman in the room realized that Furniss was a professional and his act took a much more vital aspect. By the same perfect precision of instinct not a single iota of blame was attached to the lady in question, for the accurate conception of Furniss on the part of the Country Club demonstrated also that she was only an instrument in a tragedy of the elements. One does not accuse a person of being an accessory to a cyclone.

At the vivid and not wholly beautiful picture thus presented by the electrics, the whole room foolishly and utterly unsuccessfully attempted to give an imitation of a gathering which knows that nothing has happened. After the awful hush of the first moment, the women began quietly conversing in tones unusually subdued; the men began skylarking and shouting on subjects unusually hollow. The object of instructing the engineer to turn on the lights again, after midnight, had been to allow the dance to continue until two in the morning. At one there was not a single person left in the ball-room, and the waiters were already sweeping up the fragments. Some fragments, however, they could not sweep, and these make the following prelude:

Ten years before, at the age of twenty-five, Furniss had had one chance in a million of being decent; that is to say, he had nearly married a good woman, and that woman, needless to explain, was the one whom by sheer accident he kissed just ten years later. Furthermore, it was the nearest that he had ever come to marrying anybody, or ever would come, and it was a hollow victory for the law of chances.

Furniss was a devil because he came of that stock. It bred true to type, merely with refinements in each succeeding generation. His father was a stout, red-faced man of the kind that, thirty years ago, drove trotting-horses to a red-wheeled runabout, with wooden knobs on the reins, and loops to hold to—a true example of the days when it took absolute defiance to be a sporting-man. Furniss himself drove the best-looking motor-car in Fitchly, and his effect was esthetically better than his father's, for, owing to the rigidity of the thing, it is much easier to have a good taste in motor-cars than in horses. His mother was a blonde, expensively-dressed woman of the type which goes through life in the hideous belief that tight-lacing will make feminine obesity anything but revolting.

Yet at twenty-five Furniss had had his chances. He went to college and played foot-ball. He played it well. It is frequently the noblest thing that men of his stamp ever do, except one. They sometimes get into the army, and into the cavalry; less frequently into the infantry, but never, absolutely never, into the engineers. It was, moreover, the heyday of the college athlete, those golden years of the nineties when men wore huge white Y's and H's on high-necked sweaters at mountain resorts all summer, and when reputations lasted more than a year. With one of these reputations Furniss had come out of college, and tentatively, against its judgment, Fitchly had received him. It was one of those inconceivable cases when reason and instinct battle. Everybody knew old man Furniss and had not the slightest illusions about him; yet here was young Furniss a half-back at Yale! Time has helped us to understand these things nowadays, but they troubled us then.

In Furniss's case reason won over instinct, and Fitchly received him with open arms which wavered slightly. The only return he made was to fall mildly in love with Helen Witherspoon. It would be nice to think that something in the

sweet, old-fashioned manner of this dainty, refined girl, whose ancestors had been immigrants two hundred years before Furniss's, appealed to the brute and barbaric in the foot-ball hero, and perhaps it did, but a more plausible reason for his falling in love with her was that every one else was doing it. It was the temptation of the desired, the invitation of a contest, and of all things this appealed most to Furniss. Every one was doing it; but in a very short time it narrowed down to Furniss and Butley Smith, of the well-known legal firm of Smith, Smith & Smith, which drew up the city charter and refused to accept criminal practice. She married Smith. You could hardly call it a disappointed love-affair. It was rather precision by elimination, and Furniss was eliminated. Furnisses were all right as half-backs, but we did n't marry them in Fitchly; at least Father and Mother Witherspoon did n't marry them, and in Fitchly they did the marrying.

From Furniss's point of view it was unfortunate, but it was natural. As an economic system, marriage did not wholly persuade him, anyway.

So Furniss reverted to type, and did well at it. He lost little of his athletic good looks, and he was certainly invaluable as a club-man. Thirty-five found him stocky, but not fat, with a face rather round, but not repellent; a tiny, trim mustache; the inevitable blue serge and that almost offensively white linen which one associates with the broker type—that whiteness which threatens to, but does not quite, suggest scented soap. It would have been extremely difficult to say whether or not he had brains. His achievements rather pointed to the fact that he had, and his tastes to the fact that he had not; but, in any case, he made money, and whatever might be his misdeeds, he never bothered any one by telling about them. He manufactured in quantity the best off-set drill in America, and furthermore, as he held the patents, the wholesale jobbers who bought the drill troubled not one whit with his morals. The society of Fitchly shook its head occasionally, but on the whole kept him along. It would be extremely difficult to drop a man who had nowhere to drop to; and as he asked nothing of Fitchly, there was nothing to refuse. This occasion at the Country Club, then, was the first real instance in which the elements had come in conflict.

Of the many mixed emotions which accompanied the premature withdrawal from the Country Club that night, only two will suffice for illustration, as they marked the extremes—those of Furniss himself and of Butley Smith, the Menelaus of the ravished Helen. Those of Furniss, indeed, were no doubt very similar to the emotions of the son of Priam himself on the occasion of the original Hellenic uprising—an amusing incident and an unfortunate one, but why this unseemly outcry? His kissing some one when the lights went out had been a perfectly consistent act. It was not an emotional impulse; it was, in a way, a duty to the conventions, and how was he to know that the recipient was a former sweetheart? He had no desire to repeat the crime. The attitude of the Country Club had made osculation rather nauseous. It would seem better breeding not to notice it; and yet, and yet, it was rather funny that it should have been Helen. It was the first personal illustration which Furniss had ever had of the dramatic, and he began to ponder. If you ever wish to reclaim a devil, just try him on the dramatic. It is the only uplifting influence which sleeps in the souls of most of them.

The emotions of Butley Smith were less happily chosen. He also felt the impulse of the drama, but his was the stiff and unnatural drama of the classic schools, for his cue directed him to punch in the face of the offending Furniss. It was a glowing idea, but it was n't practical, as associates of Butley brutally pointed out when they drew attention to the fact that the face of the ex-half-back, and the present associate of half the prize-fighters in the East, would be an extremely hard one to pummel, and their logic suggests an admirable course of action for one who would play a dramatic part in such histories. If you must be an outraged husband, be one in a novel or a play, where you will always be able to thrash or horsewhip or shoot the villain within an inch of his life. The physical incapacity of villains in these circles is admirable. In real life, unfortunately, they are quite apt to be fully the equals of the outraged husband, or otherwise the husbands would be less frequently outraged.

The probabilities of this situation were easily comprehended by a legal mind which spurned a criminal practice, and Butley Smith had to take his satisfaction in biding his time, reserving, however, the privilege of biting his lip, to which extent he lived up to the unities. Meantime the situation in Fitchly did not improve.

Just how bad the situation was growing, just how fitfully the pot was boiling, how it was even fanned by his own disregard of it, was utterly aside from the observation of Furniss. He never knew, for example, and probably would not have cared if he did, that there had been a proposition to expel him from the Fitchly Country Club. But, then, as was pointed out by Carter of the firm of Carter, Pills & Carter, who did take an occasional criminal case, if an action were instituted against Furniss, it must necessarily involve the guileless Helen, and, whatever might be the popular verdict, just how much she could be called an accomplice would be a decision extremely delicate for the trained legal mind. It was certain that Furniss's face had borne no scratches when the lights went on again.

So Butley boiled and chafed under his natural injunction against punching Furniss, and bit his lip, and bided his time, until ultimately it began to react on Helen, whose original emotions had been as simple as those of the criminal. He boiled and chafed and bided his time until the desperate Helen resolved on a terrible step—no less than an actual move to the walls of Ilium. She wrote a note, and invited Furniss to meet her in the private dining-room of the Fitchly Inn.

He went. We will not flatter Furniss. Any note in a feminine handwriting would have brought him just the same, and his mood was not of the most elevated. His dim, uncertain stirrings of the dramatic on the morning of the thirty-first had gone permanently back to sleep, and on this particular day he had reasons to be distinctly savage, for he had just lost a forty-thousand-dollar order for the off-set drill, and he had no active inclinations toward mushrooms. Still, business was business, and one had to buy luncheon for two, anyway.

So Helen met him, and Helen pleaded. Aside from the boiling of Butley, her feminine sense of the just had told her that wrong must be righted and happy endings must prevail. She had not the rude melodrama of her consort, which saw a trouncing as the only fit remedy for non-patrons of husbandry; but she had, nevertheless, an Emersonian theory of compensation, which perceived that the apparent impunity of the outrager was contrary to the ultimate laws of existence. So Helen pleaded, and Paris got mad. He did n't like Butley, anyway. He would apologize to Helen, but he would n't to Menelaus. He could n't see that the affair was international, anyway. It seemed to him distinctly Parisian. But Helen wore a tailored gown with a fringe of lace at her neck, so Paris surrendered, and the entente cordiale was restored. He promised to apologize at the Quoits Club that very day, and that evening, at a prearranged dinner, the nations would banquet in harmony. Seven stalwart oxen would be killed, a libation poured to the gods, and for seven hours—

But just then the waiter brought the bill.

The bill, with tips, was twenty-four dollars and sixty cents, and with a sudden recollection of the forty-thousand-dollar order, Furniss reverted to type. With the usual inconsistency of a man who can lose large sums with apparent indifference, he raved and fumed at the loss of a penny. He raved and fumed all the afternoon at his office, and it was not until well after five that he made an unaccustomed appearance at the Quoits Club, still raging and fuming, with the only horror that a man of his type can ever know—the horror of losing money.

Butley Smith was already at the Quoits Club, as Helen well knew he would be; but Furniss was an unaccustomed presence. He usually preferred the Racquets, where the stakes were worth playing, and his advent in this, the stronghold of strictly civil practice, made a commotion. The commotion, moreover, soon attracted the attention of Butley, who was straying through the tables looking for a partner.

Now, Butley Smith was rated a magnificent card-player, which meant that he played auction like a stop-watch, and poker like a two-year-old child. The exact opposite was true, by reputation, of Furniss, and at sight of him in the stronghold of his own followers, who demanded his

redemption, Butley had a sudden golden inspiration. He ceased biting his lip, and his time was bid. He would beard the lion in his den, and beard him he did.

"Furniss," he said, "are you busy?"

Furniss looked up in perplexity.

"Suppose," continued Butley, "that we throw a few hands of poker."

Butley was right. With Furniss of Fitchly that was indeed an audacious suggestion to give, but, brooding on the circumstances of the last two months, in the minds of the Quoits Club it instantly assumed Homeric proportions. The turn of a card, the fall of a die, a woman's honor—there was a romance about it that struck clear home to their devilishness; a veritable thrill went among them. Only Furniss was mystified; but, then, he was a devil, and naturally did not know how it felt to be devilish. But he saw light—his own light, a light that is not on land or sea, only in the waters under the earth.

"I 'm on," he said, and Butley dealt.

In a crowded club-room at five o'clock in the afternoon a two-handed game would ordinarily have been a monstrosity, but this was no ordinary contest. It was a fight to the very death, and without a word the spectators gathered at the only points where it is proper for spectators to gather in a poker-game—without a word and without a suggestion to join.

I want to do justice to that game, but the truth is that Butley did not win a single hand—or just one in the early part.

"I raise you four," said Furniss as the clock struck six.

Butley glanced at his hand.

"It 's yours," he said sadly, and regretfully laid down three Jacks, while Furniss rapidly shuffled an ace high into the pack and looked at his watch.

Six o'clock had been fixed as the hour for stopping, as both had confessed the common engagement for dinner, and Butley rose with the sad, sweet air of one defeated, but still game. Knowing Furniss of Fitchly, the onlookers applauded. But Furniss was busily counting his chips.

"Twenty—twenty-two—twenty-four—twenty-four-fifty"—the last chip! A sudden warm triumph came over him. Like a flash, he drew ten cents from his pocket.

"Butley," he exclaimed, "I 'll match you for a dime."

Was it a challenge to game on all fields? Was it a contemptuous fling at the triviality of the winnings? Or was it really the recognition of the instincts of one sportsman by another? Butley did not know; but if Furniss was flinging down the glove, he would still pick it up again. Any one would die game for ten cents, and with the debonair air of the devilish, Butley drew forth a coin and slapped it down on the table. Two heads. Furniss had won, and Butley had paid for the luncheon.

Nevertheless, most astounding of all, the unities were suddenly restored, for across the table, with a genial, companionable smile, Furniss was extending the right hand of fellowship.

"Butley," he said, and honestly, with the thought of twenty-four-sixty, "if there is anything that I have to apologize for, you can take this for my apology."

Now at this point there settles down a despondency like a pall. Oh, how one might wish that one could leave them there with that happy scene as a curtain, and that devils were not, and that they were all merely devilish. But this is the story of Furniss.

For after the prearranged dinner that evening, while Furniss and Butley were making a four at bridge with the hosts, fair Helen, who played bridge not at all, was strumming faint chords in the music-room. And during his partner's play, while Butley was racking his mathematical memory to recall every card that had ever been played in the world, this Furniss pushed in through the curtains, and Helen looked up.

"You apologized?" she asked him, softly, still playing the bass.

He nodded.

She looked down, then up again wistfully.

"For my sake?"

"For your sake," lied Furniss, his eyes like a babe's.

She took both hands from the keyboard and faced him, while Furniss leaned over. She did not move back, and a slow, gentle smile reflected his own while Furniss deliberately kissed her.

In the card-room Menelaus was recalling the bid.

"One lily," he said with elation.



PADEREWSKI AT HOME

BY ABBIE H. C. FINCK

WITH A PORTRAIT BY EMIL FUCHS

RIOND-BOSSON, Paderewski's beautiful place at Morges, on the Swiss side of Lake Geneva, has become one of the show-places of Europe not only on account of its famous owner, but also for its orchards, greenhouses, and the chicken farm, which is one of Mme. Paderewska's chief cares. Better still, it is a charming home, where the world's greatest pianist and his wife spend the happiest part of their lives, the time when he is free to compose, to practise, and to surround himself with friends, to whom in gracious hospitality both manage to devote much time. Neither appears officially before luncheon; but Mme. Paderewska, shaded by a sunbonnet, accompanied by several dogs, and followed by a retinue of workmen, is one of the frequent morning sights about the premises. She oversees everything, the house,—notably the kitchen, in which both she and Paderewski are greatly interested,—the chickens, and the growing of the fruit and vegetables. Besides this, she attends to her husband's enormous correspondence, and is always ready with help and advice to smooth difficulties out of his way.

The Paderewskis are very fond of animals, especially dogs and parrots. The wild birds, too, receive Mme. Paderewska's care, and by her special orders birdhouses have been placed on every tree on the place. She has her reward, for the air is filled with the melody of their songs. With all the other demands on her time, she finds leisure for collecting material for a cook-book, which promises to be a valuable work, many of its recipes being the result of her personal experience.

Paderewski spends most of the morning and afternoon hours in his own study. He finds some time for exercise during the day, grass-cutting on lawn and fields being his favorite outdoor work; and although his priceless hands have to be protected by gloves, he gets a good deal of fun as well as benefit from being a "farm-hand." At luncheon-time he appears, after a hard morning's work, looking well, happy, and boyish, dressed, like Mark Twain, in pure white, and ready to chat delightfully on any subject, whether it be gastronomy, American politics, his own interesting South-American experiences, or other topics.

Paderewski's love of the picturesque made him long to own one of the splendid old châteaux that abound in that part of Switzerland; but the more practical counsels of his wife prevailed, and their home is simply a comfortable modern house, standing at the top of a large, sloping, green field. It is built somewhat in the chalet type, of red brick, with many balconies, and a stately front terrace, and it commands a magnificent prospect, first of the rose-garden, then of the wide sweep of green, bordered by huge trees—lindens, chestnuts, and evergreens. Farther on is the lake, with a splendid view of Mont Blanc for a background. Flowers abound: orange-trees in tubs, geraniums, heliotrope, mignonette, and chiefly roses, which not only fill the formal rose-garden, but scramble over the fences of the chicken-yards, a mass of pink-and-red bloom; while in the orchard, between the espalier-grown fruit-trees, there is almost an equal number of tall rose-bushes, all in bloom in July.



Halftone [illegible] THE CENTURY [illegible]

IGNACE PADEREWSKI

FROM A CHARCOAL SKETCH BY EMIL FUCHS

There are many portraits of Paderewski at Riond-Bosson, but none except the pencil-sketch by Burne-Jones has represented both the strength and the spirituality of his head. This portrait hangs in the salon, surrounded by old prints, which are one of the master's hobbies. Fragonard's pictures are evidently among his favorites, as they also occupy a place of honor in the drawing-room. Autographed engravings by Alma-Tadema, caricatures of Paderewski by well-known artists, and photographs of famous friends—Modjeska, Saint-Saëns, and Sembrich, among others—adorn the house from top to bottom; and Paderewski is the possessor of a remarkable collection of old Swiss prints of towns and scenery. A few very interesting family photographs hang in the library, a whole group being of Mme. Paderewska in her childhood and girlhood, a maiden with beautiful dreamy eyes and a delicate face, framed in dusky hair.

There are seven pianos in the house, two being in the drawing-room; but it is in his own study that Paderewski does all his practising and composing. His practising would be both an encouragement and a discouragement to students. Hour after hour he works, with the patience that none but the greatest possess, polishing and repolishing phrases that sound perfect even to a practised ear, but which do not satisfy his critical judgment. Only occasionally does he allow himself the relaxation of playing even a page of music; after this he returns relentlessly to octave work, to staccato finger-passages, to separate phrases from Liszt's sonatas, to the more difficult portions of his own magnificent "Variations et fugue," to snatches of Chopin, or to bits of Debussy, whose piano-music he likes.

Paderewski has much admiration for the greatest masters of the French school: Gounod, Bizet, and especially Saint-Saëns, whom he considers the greatest living musician. With enthusiasm he tells of Saint-Saëns's achievement in playing four Mozart concertos from memory at the age of seventy-six. He also admires Massenet, particularly his "Jongleur," which he calls the French composer's masterpiece. He feels that Gounod's "Faust," even more than his "Roméo et Juliette," is immortal, and that "Carmen" is one of the works which can never grow old, and of which one cannot tire. He finds Gounod's influence in Bizet's compositions, and still more in those of Tschaikovsky, who in all his work was dominated by the great Frenchman, the "Faust" waltz even having colored Tschaikovsky's symphonic ideas, coming into them either in conventional waltz time or in the unusual rhythm of five beats, as in the second movement of the "Symphonie Pathétique." Still more pronounced is Tschaikovsky's debt to Gounod in "Eugen Onegin," where, in the love-scene, this same waltz phrase appears reversed, though almost identical with that in "Faust." "But I prefer the father," Paderewski adds. To him, as to many other lovers of "Faust," the "Soldiers' Chorus" is uninteresting; but he singles out for special admiration *Mefisto's* striking song of the "Veau d'or," his serenade, and the "immortally beautiful" love-music.

Acquaintance with Tschaikovsky's music means knowing the whole Russian school, Paderewski says, although the younger Russian musicians repudiate him and Rubinstein, just as Russian writers turn against their greatest representative, and call Turgenieff a foreigner, expatriated, and untrue to Russian characteristics. The first and last movements of Tschaikovsky's best-loved symphony, the "Pathétique," Paderewski considers sublime; but he regards the other two as rather commonplace.

His opinion of the modern French school has not changed since his talk with Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, which was published in THE CENTURY for November, 1908. Some of the Debussy piano-music appeals to him; but he still considers "Pelléas" little more than color, and rather monotonous color.

"I think I must be very old-fashioned," he once said, "for I know many persons no younger than I who like it." His own "Variations," in which some listeners found a surface resemblance to the modern French school, have no more real relation to it than has the music of Chopin or of Liszt.

Paderewski is as great in gastronomy as in music, and he believes the subject of food is "the most important question" in our country. Of Americans he says: "They are rich—rich enough to spoil French cooking," meaning their frequent

indifference to quality, a fact which he deeply deplores; for in this art, to him as to other connoisseurs, the French are supreme. "You have good fruits, good meats, but nothing else is good except the scallops, which are the best thing you have. The fish is abominable." In saying this he probably had in mind the cold-storage fish served in our hotels. "You have destroyed your lobsters, your salmon, your terrapin, your forests. You never think that another generation is coming."

America is not the only country he censures thus sharply. The English are still more blameworthy, for their food-stuffs are perfection, and yet nothing tastes good; though he admitted that one could get excellent dinners in some London restaurants and private houses.

The sour cherry, which Europe owes to Lucullus, is Paderewski's favorite fruit. Following the Roman's example, he has imported the choicest varieties for his Swiss home. These trees came from Poland, and those who ate of the fruit agreed with Paderewski's statement that they are "the aristocrats among cherries."

Perhaps the most vital subject to the great Pole is his own beloved country. He is considered an important factor in the Polish-European politics of the day. Considerable apprehension was felt as to the possible effect of his speech on his inflammable compatriots at the Chopin centenary, in 1910, and at the presentation of the magnificent monument which Paderewski had caused to be erected at Cracow in commemoration of the Polish victory over the order of Teutonic Knights at Grunewald, in 1410. One of his countrymen was the sculptor of the splendid equestrian statue of Wladislaus II. The mere description of the scenes that followed, of the acclamations of the Poles, the cheers of thousands for their beloved Paderewski, moves the hearer deeply; what it must have meant to the man in whose honor those thousands gathered from all Poland—a man ready to give his heart's blood for his country—can be known only to himself and to his wife. Among the interesting souvenirs of this occasion are autographs of many distinguished Poles who gathered to do honor to Poland and to Paderewski. It is hardly strange that the Powers that hold Poland should have felt that very serious consequences might arise from this one man's magnetism, enthusiasm, and patriotism.

In the speech he made at the Chopin centenary, he advanced an interesting theory to explain the genius of his country and the unrest and moodiness of the Poles. He believes that, as a nation, they are like their music, and live in a perpetual state of *tempo rubato,* caused by a physical defect—arrhythmia, or unevenness of heartbeat. He was not in the best of health; and being unable to play at this festival, he offered that honor to his American pupil and friend Ernest Schelling, who passed through the ordeal triumphantly, satisfying not only his Polish audience, but his sponsor by his interpretation of the works of Poland's idol, Chopin.

Paderewski is not addicted to talking much about himself; but occasionally he gives his friends a glimpse of the real man. One autobiographic incident concerns his own playing. Berlin has always been unjust to Paderewski, not for artistic reasons, but on political grounds. One well-known critic, after hearing Paderewski play, went to the artist's room, his eyes filled with tears of joy, to congratulate the master; but later, obeying the official *mot d'ordre* which is frequently used in the attempt to kill great artists, he wrote most disagreeably about Paderewski, who, in relating the experience, added half deprecatingly: "He spoiled me by his call. It is easy to be spoiled; and he was so pleased the first time that I thought he would come again."

The remarkable songs to the poems of Catulle Mendès, which Paderewski published a few years ago, were written, he told us, in three weeks; and in that year, produced in an incredibly short space of time, the piano sonata and the sketch of the symphony also saw the light. The scoring of the latter he could not finish until three years later. The composer is very particular about his manuscript, and if he makes an error, he rewrites the whole page. At times he could score only one page; at others, as many as five; and he smilingly says, "I was so proud of my five pages, even if they were all rests." He himself has to study the piano accompaniments to his later songs, and he says that "it is foolish to make them so difficult."

His South-American experiences had been of great interest to him both from the

point of view of the artist and that of the observer. He had played ten times in Buenos Aires to growing houses and increasing enthusiasm, the last of the series being to a $12,000 audience; he had tasted barbecued beef at a great plantation feast, and found it very unpalatable; he had studied the agricultural conditions of the South-American countries, and had been amazed at the natural wealth of the Argentine Republic, at its forests of trees unknown to us, and still more at its humus, forty meters deep, which makes a soil so fertile that it will last for centuries with no enriching. Being a practical farmer himself, and deeply interested in the good of his own land and forests, every detail of this extraordinary wealth fascinated the great pianist.

Like many other famous artists of today, Paderewski finds the making of records for a phonograph far more trying and fatiguing than playing in public. He says he would "rather play at twenty concerts than once for a phonograph." One of these records was so difficult to make, and needed so many repetitions to insure perfection in every note, not only artistically, but acoustically, that he almost dislikes to hear it. It is safe to predict that his admirers will not share this feeling, and that his own "Cracovienne," Mendelssohn's "Hunting-Song," and Liszt's "Campanella," to mention only three, will become popular additions to their collections of records. He has a large number of Oriental records, in which he is greatly interested. Years ago, when he first went to San Francisco, he spent much of his spare time at the Chinese theater listening to their music; so the study of Oriental tunes is no new thing, although, thanks to the recording machines, it has taken a new form.

Never shall we forget our last afternoon at Riond-Bosson, when Paderewski played for us, giving almost a professional recital, at which the greatest of all the music he played was his own "Variations et fugue," Opus 23. To hear them in the concert-hall, as New York audiences have heard them, is a great experience; but to hear them in a room, with three or four enthusiasts as the only listeners, is a much greater one. Mme. Wilkonska, Paderewski's sister; Miss Mickiewicz, granddaughter of the famous Polish poet; Mr. Blake, a young Polish sculptor, and we two, were the only persons there besides the pianist and his wife. She stood at his side to turn the leaves for him, although he hardly glanced at the printed page; but as he had not played this composition in a long time, and had had only a few hours' practice to recall it to memory and fingers, he preferred to have the music before him. Lovers of music will recall the majestic theme in octaves upon which Paderewski has built one of the most splendid sets of variations in all music, one worthy to be compared with Schubert's sublime variations on his song of "Death and the Maiden." He had thundered out his theme, when two of Mme. Paderewska's dogs began a mad romp through the room. Paderewski's hands dropped from the keys, and the culprits were summarily put out, little realizing their sins. They reappeared at doors and windows, scratching and barking; but, once fairly launched, Paderewski was undisturbed by their small noises, and played on to the end. After finishing the fugue, he replied, in answer to questions, that one of the variations was difficult, then mentioned another, and ended by repeating several of the best variations and also the splendid fugue.

We had been privileged to enjoy an experience such as Liszt described in his book on Chopin, when the other great Polish composer-pianist let his friends hear his own works interpreted by himself; but at Riond-Bosson there was no jarring note of Philistinism such as Liszt found in the aristocratic salons in which Chopin played.



A GLIMPSE OF THE SEINE

PARIS

BY THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. J. GLACKENS

WHEN the train rolled into the Gare du Nord, it must have been about eight o'clock in the evening. X. had explained to me that, in order to make my entrance into Paris properly gay and interesting, we were to dine at the Café de Paris, then visit the Folies-Bergère, and afterward have supper at the Abbaye Thélème. Now, as usual, X. was alert and prepared. He had industriously piled all the bags close to the door, and was hanging out of a window, doing his best to signal a *facteur*. I was to stay in the car and hand all the packages down rapidly while he ran to secure a taxi and an inspector, and in other ways to clear away the impediments to our progress. With great executive enthusiasm he told me that we must be at the Hôtel Normandy by eight-fifteen or twenty, and that by nine o'clock we must be ready to sit down in the Café de Paris to an excellent dinner, which he had ordered by telegraph.

I recall my wonder in entering Paris—the lack of any extended suburbs, the sudden flash of electric lights and electric cars. Mostly we seemed to be entering through a tunnel or gully, and then we were there. The noisy facteurs in their caps and blue aprons were all about the cars. They ran and chattered and gesticulated, wholly unlike the porters at Paddington and Waterloo, Victoria and Euston. The one we finally secured, a husky little enthusiast, did his best to gather all our packages in one grand mass

and shoulder them, stringing them on a single strap. The result of it was that the strap broke right over a small pool of water, and among other things the canvas bag containing my blanket and magnificent shoes fell into the water.

The excited facteur was fairly dancing in anguish, doing his best to get the packages strung together. Between us we relieved him of about half of them, and from about his waist he unwrapped another large strap and strung the remainder on that. Then we hurried on, for nothing would do but that we must hurry. A taxi was secured, and all our luggage piled on it. It looked half suffocated under bundles as it swung away, and we were off at a mad clip through crowded, electric-lighted streets. I pressed my nose to the window and took in as much as I could, while X., between calculations as to how much time this would take and that would take and whether my trunk had arrived safely, expatiated laconically on French characteristics.

"You smell this air? It is characteristic of Paris."

"The taxis always go like this." We were racing like mad.

"There is an excellent type; look at her."

"Now you see the chairs out in front. They are this way all over Paris."

I was looking at the interesting restaurant life, which never really seems to be interrupted anywhere in Paris. One can always find a dozen chairs, if not fifty or a hundred, somewhere out on the sidewalk, under the open sky or a glass roof, with little stone-topped tables beside them, the crowd surging to and fro in front. Here one can sit and have one's coffee, liqueur, sandwich. Everybody seems to do it; it is as common as walking in the streets.

We whirled through street after street, partaking of this atmosphere, and finally swung up in front of a rather plain hotel, which was close to the Avenue de l'Opéra, on the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de l'Echelle. Our luggage was quickly distributed, and I was shown into my room by a maid who could not speak English. I unlocked my belongings and rapidly changed my clothes, while X., breathing mightily, fully arrayed, soon appeared, saying that I should await him at the door below, where he would arrive with our guests. I did so, and in fifteen minutes he returned, the taxi spinning up out of a steady stream that was flowing by. I think my head was dizzy with the whirl of impressions which I was garnering, but I did my best to keep a sane view of things, and to get my impressions as sharp and clear as I could.

I am satisfied of one thing in this world, and that is that the commonest intelligence is very frequently confused or hypnotized or overpersuaded by certain situations, and that the weaker ones are ever full of the wildest forms of illusion. We talk about the sanity of life. I question whether it exists. Mostly it is a succession of confusing, disturbing impressions which are only rarely valid. This night I know I was moving in a sort of maze, and when I stepped into the taxi and was introduced to two ladies, I easily succumbed to what was obviously their great beauty.

Greuze has painted over and over the type that I saw before me—soft, buxom, ruddy womanhood. I think the two may have been respectively twenty-four and twenty-six. The elder was smaller than the younger, although both were of good size, and not so ruddy; but both were plump, round-faced, dimpled, and with a wealth of brownish-black hair, white teeth, smooth, plump arms, necks, and shoulders. Their chins were adorably rounded, their lips red, and their eyes laughing and gay. They began laughing and chattering the moment I entered, extending their soft, white hands, and saying things in French which I could not understand. X. was smiling, beaming through his monocle in an amused, superior way. The older girl was arrayed in pearl-colored silk, with a black mantilla spangled with silver, and the younger had a dress of peachblow hue, with a white lace mantilla, that was also spangled, and they breathed a faint perfume.

I shall never forget the grand air with which this noble band went into the Café de Paris. We were in fine feather, and the ladies radiated a charm and a flavor which immediately attracted attention. This brilliant café was aglow with lights and alive with people. It is not large in size, and is triangular in shape. The charm of it comes not so much from the luxury of the fittings, which are luxu-

rious enough, but from their exceedingly good taste and the fame of the cuisine. One does not see a bill of fare here that indicates prices. You order what you like, and are charged what is suitable. Champagne is not an essential wine, as it is in some restaurants; you may drink what you please. There is a delicious sparkle and spirit to the place which can spring only from a high sense of individuality. Paris is supposed to provide nothing better than the Café de Paris in so far as food is concerned.

I turned my attention to the elder of the two ladies, who was quite as vivacious, if not quite so forceful, as her younger sister. I never before knew what it meant to sit in a company of this kind, welcomed as a friend, looked to for gaiety as a companion and admirer, and yet not able to say a word in the language of the occasion. There were certain words which could be quickly acquired, such as "beautiful," "charming," "very delightful," and so on, for which X. gave me the French equivalent, and then I could make complimentary remarks, which he would translate for all, and the ladies would say things in reply which would come to me by the same medium. It went gaily enough, for the conversation would not have been of a high order if I had been able to speak French. X. objected to being used constantly as an interpreter, and when he became stubborn and chatted gaily without stopping to explain, I was compelled to fall back on the resources of looks, smiles, and gestures. It interested me to see how quick these women were to adapt themselves to the difficulties of the situation. They were constantly laughing and chaffing between themselves, looking at me and saying obviously flattering things, and then laughing at my discomfiture in not being able to understand. The elder explained what certain objects were by lifting them up and insisting on the French name. X. was constantly telling me of the remarks they made at my expense, and how sad they thought it was that I could not speak French.

We departed finally for the Folies-Bergère, where the newest sensation of Paris, Mistinguett, was playing. She proved to be a brilliant hoyden to look upon; a gay, slim, yellow-haired tomboy who seemed to fascinate the large audience by her boyish manners and her wayward air. There was a brilliant chorus in spangled silks and satins. The vaudeville acts were about as good as they are anywhere. I did not think that the performance was any better than one might see in one or two places in New York, though of course the humor was much broader. Now and then one of their remarkable *bons mots* was translated for me by X. just to give me an inkling of the character of the place. Back of the seats was a great lobby, or promenade, where some of the demi-monde of Paris were congregated—beautiful creatures, in many instances, and as unconventional as you please. I was particularly struck with the smartness of their costumes and the cheerfulness of their faces. The companion type in London and New York is somewhat colder-looking. Their eyes snapped with Gallic intelligence, and they walked as though the whole world held their point of view and no other.

From here at midnight we left for the Abbaye Thélème, and there I encountered the best that Paris has to show in the way of that gaiety and color and beauty and smartness for which it is famous. One really ought to say a great deal about the Abbaye Thélème, because it is the last word, the quintescence, of midnight excitement and international savoir-faire. The Russian and the Brazilian, the Frenchman, the American, the Englishman, the German, and the Italian—all these meet here on common ground. I saw much of restaurant life in Paris while I was there, but nothing better than this. Like the Café de Paris, it was very small when compared with restaurants of similar repute in New York and London. I fancy it was not more than sixty feet square; only it was not square, but pentagonal, almost circular. To begin with, the tables were around the walls, with seats which had the wall for the back; and then, as the guests poured in, the interior space was filled with tables brought in for the purpose. Later in the morning, when the guests began to leave, these tables were taken out again, and the space was devoted to dancing and entertainers.

As in the Café de Paris, I noticed that it was not so much the quality of the furnishings as the spirit of the place which was important. This latter was compounded

of various elements, success being the first one, perfection of service another, absolute individuality of cooking another, and lastly the subtlety and magnetism of sex, which is capitalized and used in Paris as it is nowhere else in the world. Until I stepped into this restaurant I never actually realized what it is that draws a certain moneyed element to Paris. The tomb of Napoleon, the Panthéon, and the Louvre are not the significant attractions of that important city. Those things have their value and constitute an historical and artistic element that is imposing, romantic, and forceful; but over and above that there is something else, and that is sex. I did not learn until later what I am going to say now, but it might as well be said here, for it illustrates the point exactly. A little experience and inquiry in Paris quickly taught me that the owners and managers of the more successful restaurants encourage and help to sustain a certain type of woman whose presence is desirable. She must be young, beautiful, or attractive, and, above all things, possessed of temperament. A woman can rise in the café and restaurant world of Paris quite as she can on the stage, and she can easily be graduated from the Abbaye Thélème and Maxim's to the stage; and, on the other hand, the stage contributes freely to the atmosphere of Maxim's, the Abbaye Thélème, and other similar resorts. A large number of the figures seen here and at the Folies-Bergère and at other places of the same type are interchangeable. They are in the restaurants when they are not on the stage, and they are on the stage when they are not in the restaurants. They rise or fall by a world of strange devices, and you can hear brilliant or ghastly stories illustrating either conclusion. Paris—this aspect of it—is a perfect maelstrom of sex, and it is sustained by the wealth and the curiosity of the stranger, as well as of the Frenchman.

The Abbaye Thélème on this occasion presented a brilliant scene. Outside a small railing near the door several negro singers, a mandolin- and a guitar-player, and several stage dancers were congregated. A throng of people was pouring through the doors, all with their tables previously arranged for. Outside, where a January wind was blowing, you could hear a perfect uproar of slamming taxi doors, and the calls of doormen and chauffeurs getting their vehicles in and out of the way. The company generally, as on all such occasions, was alert to see who was present and what the general spirit of the occasion was to be. Instantly I detected a number of Americans; three amazingly beautiful Englishwomen, such as I had not seen in England, and their escorts; a few Spaniards or South Americans; and, after that, a variety of persons whom I took to be largely French, although it was impossible to tell. The Englishwomen interested me because in all my stay in Europe I never saw three other women quite so beautiful, and because in all my stay in England I scarcely saw a good-looking Englishwoman. X. suggested that they were of that high realm of fashion which rarely remains in London during the winter, when I was there; that if I came again in May or June, and went to the races, I would see plenty of them. Their lovely hair was straw-colored, and their cheeks and foreheads were a faint pink and cream. Their arms and shoulders were delightfully bare, and they carried themselves with amazing hauteur. By one o'clock, when the majority of the guests had arrived, this room fairly shimmered with white silks and satins, white arms and shoulders, roses in black hair, and blue and lavender ribbons fastened about hair of a lighter color. There were jewels in plenty,—opals and amethysts, turquoises and rubies,—and there was a perfect artillery of champagne corks. Every table was attended by its silver bucket of ice, and the mandolins and guitars in their crowded angle were strumming mightily.

As we seated ourselves, I speculated interestedly as to what drew all these people from all parts of the world to see this, to be here together. I do not know where you could go and for a hundred francs see more of really amazing feminine beauty. I do not know where for the same money you could buy the same atmosphere of lightness and gaiety and enthusiasm. This place was fairly vibrating with a wild desire to live. I fancy the majority of those who were here for the first time, and particularly of the young, would tell you that they would rather be here than in any other spot you could name. The place had a peculiar glitter of beauty which was compounded

by the managers with great skill. The waiters were all deft, swift, suave, good-looking; the dancers who stepped out on the floor after a few moments were of an orchid-like Spanish type—ruddy, brown, full-bodied, black-haired, black-eyed. They had on dresses that were as close-fitting as the scales of a fish, and that glittered with the same radiance. They waved and rattled and clashed castanets and tambourines and danced wildly and sinuously to and fro among the tables. Some of them sang, or voices accompanied them from the raised platform devoted to music.

After a while red, blue, pink, and green balloons were introduced, anchored to the champagne bottles, and allowed to float gaily in the air. Paper parcels of small paste balls of all colors, and as light as feathers, were distributed for the guests to throw at one another. In ten minutes a wild artillery battle was raging. Young girls were up on their feet, their hands full of these colored weapons, pelting the male strangers of their selection. You would see tall Englishmen and Americans exchanging a perfect volley of colored spheres with girls of various nationalities —laughing, chattering, calling, screaming. The *cocotte* in all her dazzling radiance was here, exquisitely dressed, her white arms shimmering.

After a time, when the audience had worn itself through excitement to satisfaction or weariness, or both, a few of the tables were cleared away and the dancing began, occasional guests joining. There were charming dances in costume from Russia, from Scotland, from Hungary, and from Spain. I myself waltzed with a Spanish dancer, and had the wonder of seeing an American girl rise from her table and dance with more skill and grace than the employed talent. A wine-enthused Englishman, a handsome youth of twenty-six or more, took the floor and remained there gaily prancing about from table to table, dancing alone or with whomsoever would welcome him. What looked like a dangerous argument started at one time because a high-mettled Brazilian considered that he had been insulted. A cordon of waiters and the managers soon adjusted that. It was between three and four in the morning when we finally left, and I was very tired. It was decided that we should meet for dinner; and since it was almost daylight, I was glad when we had seen our ladies to their apartment and returned to our hotel.

I shall never forget my first morning in Paris—the morning that I woke up after about two hours' sleep or less, prepared to put in a hard day at sight-seeing, because X. had a program which must be adhered to. He could be with me only until Monday, when he had to return. It was fortunately a bright day, a little hazy and chill, but agreeable. I looked out of the window of my very comfortable room on the fifth floor, which gave out on a balcony overhanging the Rue St. Honoré, and watched the crowd of French people below coming to work. It would be hard to say what makes the difference between a crowd of Englishmen and a crowd of Frenchmen, but there is a difference. It struck me that these men and women walked faster, and that their movements were more spirited than those of the English or Americans. They looked more like Americans, though, than like the English, and they were much more cheerful than either, chatting and talking as they came. I was interested to see whether I could make the maid understand that I wanted coffee and rolls without talking French, but the wants of American travelers are an old story to French maids; and no sooner did I say *"Çafé"* and make the sign of drinking from a cup than she said, *"Oh, oui, oui, oui; oh, oui, oui, oui,"* and disappeared. Presently the coffee was brought me, with rolls and butter and hot milk; and I ate my breakfast as I dressed.

About nine o'clock X. arrived with his program. I was to walk in the garden of the Tuileries which was close at hand, where he would join me later. We were to go for a walk in the Rue de Rivoli as far as a certain bootmaker's, who was to make me a pair of shoes for the Riviera. Then we were to visit a haberdasher's or two, and after that go straight about the work of sight-seeing, visiting the old book-stalls on the Seine, the churches of St.-Etienne-du-Mont, Notre-Dame, Ste.-Chapelle, thereafter regulating our conduct by the wishes of several guests who were to appear.

We started off briskly, and my first adventure in Paris led me straight to the gardens of the Tuileries, lying west of the

Louvre. If any one wanted a proper introduction to Paris, I should recommend this above all others. Such a noble piece of gardening as this is the best testimony France has to offer as to its taste, discrimination, and sense of the magnificent. I should say, on mature thought, that we shall never have anything like it in America. We have not the same lightness of fancy.

I recall walking in here and being struck at once with the magnificent proportions of it all,—the breadth and stately lengths of its walks, the utter wonder and charm of its statuary,—snow-white marble nudes standing out on the green grass and marking the circles, squares, and paths of its entire length. No such charm and beauty could be attained in America because we would not permit the public use of the nude in this fashion.

Everywhere I went in Paris I was struck by the charming unity in the conduct of business between husband and wife and son and daughter. We talk much about the economic independence of women in America. It seems to me that the French have solved it in the only way that it can be solved. Madame helps her husband in his business and they make a success of it together. Monsieur Galoyer took the measurements for my shoes, but madame entered them in a book, and to me the shop was fifty times as charming for her presence. She was pleasingly dressed, and the shop looked as though it had experienced the tasteful touches of a woman's hand. It was clean and bright and smart, and smacked of good housekeeping; and this was equally true of book-stalls, haberdashers' shops, art-stores, coffee-rooms, and places of public sale generally. Wherever madame was, and she looked nice, there was a nice store; and monsieur looked as fat and contented as could reasonably be expected in the circumstances.

I shall never forget this first morning's impression of Paris, although all my impressions of it were delightful and inspiring, from the poorest quarter of the Charenton district to the perfections of the Bois and the region about the Arc de Triomphe. It chanced that this morning was bright, and I saw the Seine glimmering over the stones of its shallow banks and racing madly. How much the French have made of little in the way of a river! It is not very wide—about half as wide as the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge, and not so wide as the Harlem River. Here the Seine was as bright as a new button, its banks properly lined with gray, but not dull-looking, walls, the two streets which parallel it on each side alive with traffic; at every few blocks a handsome bridge; every block a row of very habitable, if not imposing, apartment-houses; at various points views of Notre-Dame, the Tuileries, the Cours-la-Reine, of the Trocadéro, and the Eiffel Tower. I followed the Seine from city wall to city wall one day, from Charenton to Issy, and found every inch of it delightful. I was never tired of looking at the wine-barges near Charenton; the little bathing-pavilions and passenger-boats in the vicinity of the Louvre; the brick-barges, hay-barges, coal-barges, and Heaven knows what else plying between the city's heart and points down-stream past Issy. It gave me the impression of being one of the brightest, cleanest rivers in the world—a river on a holiday. I saw it once at Issy at what is known in Paris as the "green hour," which is five o'clock, when the sun was going down, and a deep, palpable fragrance wafted from a vast manufactory of perfume filled the air. Men were poling boats of hay, and laborers in their great wide-bottomed corduroy trousers, blue shirts, and inimitable French caps, were trudging homeward, and I felt as though the world had nothing to offer Paris which it did not already have. I could have settled in a small house in Issy and worked as a laborer in a perfume factory, carrying my dinner-pail with me every morning, with a right good-will, or such was the mood of the moment. As I write this, the mood comes back.

This morning, on our way to St.-Etienne-du-Mont and the cathedral, we examined the book-stalls along the Seine. To enjoy them, one has to be in an idle mood and love out of doors; for they consist of a dusty row of four-legged boxes, with lids coming quite to your chest in height, and reminding one of those high-legged counting-tables at which clerks sit on tall stools making entries in their ledgers. These boxes are old and paintless and weather-beaten; and at night the very dusty-looking keepers, who from early

morning until dark have had their shabby-backed wares spread out where dust and sunlight and wind and rain can attack them, pack them in the body of the box on which they are lying and close the lid. You can always see an idler or two here, perhaps many idlers, between the Quai d'Orsay and the Quai Voltaire.

Paris is as young in its mood as any city in the world. It is as wildly enthusiastic as a child. This morning I noticed here the strange occurrence of battered-looking old fellows singing to themselves, which I never noticed anywhere else in this world. Age sits lightly on the Parisian, I am sure, and youth is a wild fantasy, an exciting realm of romantic dreams. The Parisian, from the keeper of a market-stall to the prince of the money world or of art, wants to live gaily, briskly, laughingly, and he will not let the necessity of earning his living deny him. I felt it in the churches, the depots, the department stores, the theaters, the restaurants, the streets—a wild, keen desire for life, with the blood and the body to back it up. It must be in the soil and the air, for Paris sings. It is like poison in the veins, and I felt myself growing positively giddy with enthusiasm. I believe that for the first six months Paris would be a disease from which one would suffer greatly and recover slowly. After that you would settle down to live the life you found there in contentment and with delight, but you would not be in so much danger of wrecking your very mortal body and your uncertainly immortal soul.

Now there was luncheon at Foyot's, a little restaurant near the Luxembourg and the Musée de Cluny, where the wise in the matter of food love to dine, and where, as usual, X. was at his best. Foyot's, as the initiated will attest, is a delightful place to lunch or dine, for the cooking is perfection itself. The French, while entirely discarding show in many instances, and allowing their restaurants to look as though they had been put together with an effort, nevertheless attain an individuality of atmosphere which is delightful. For the life of me I could not tell why this little restaurant seemed so smart and bright, for there was nothing either smart or bright about it when I examined it in detail; and so I was compelled to attribute the impression to the all-pervading temperament of the owner. Always, in these cases, there is a man, or a woman, quite remarkable for his point of view; and although I did not see him, I fancied the owner, whatever his name, must be such a man. Otherwise you could not take such simple appointments and make them into anything so pleasing and so individual.

Later in the day we took a taxi through singing streets, lighted by a springtime sun, and came finally to the Restaurant Prunier, where it was necessary to secure a table and order dinner in advance; and thence to the Théâtre des Capucines in the Rue des Capucines, where tickets for a farce had to be secured; and thence to a café near the Avenue de l'Opéra, where we were to meet Madame de J., who, out of the goodness of her heart, was to help entertain me while I was in the city.

We came to her out of the whirl of the "green hour," when the Paris boulevards in this vicinity were fairly swarming with people—the gayest world I have ever seen. We have enormous crowds in New York, but they seem to be going somewhere very much more definitely than in Paris. With us there is an eager, strident, almost objectionable effort to get home or to the theater or to the restaurant which one can easily resent, it is so inconsiderate and indifferent. In London you do not feel that there are any crowds that are going to the theaters or the restaurants; and if they are, they are not very cheerful about it. They are enduring life; they have none of the lightness of the Parisian world. I think it is all explained by the fact that Parisians feel keenly that they are living now, and that they wish to enjoy themselves as they go. The American and the Englishman—the Englishman much more than the American—have decided that they are going to live in the future. Only the American is a little angry about his decision, and the Englishman a little meek or patient. Both feel that life is intensely grim. But the Parisian, while he may feel or believe it, decides wilfully to cast it off. He lives by the way, out of books, restaurants, theaters, boulevards, and the spectacle of life generally. The Parisians move briskly, and they come out where they can see one another—out into the great wide-sidewalked boulevards and the thousands upon thousands of cafés, and make themselves comfortable and talka-

tive and gay. It is obvious that everybody is having a good time, not merely trying to have it; that they are enjoying the wine-like air, the *brasseries,* the net-like movements of the cabs, the dancing lights of the roadways, and the flare of the shops. It may be chill or drizzling in Paris, but you scarcely feel it. Rain can scarcely drive the people off the streets; literally it does not, for there are crowds whether it rains or not, and they are not despondent. This particular hour that brought us to the bar was essentially thrilling, and I was interested to see what Madame de J. was like.

We were sitting at a table, sipping a brandy and soda, when she entered, a brisk, genial, sympathetic French person whose voice on the instant gave me a delightful impression of her. It was the loveliest voice I ever heard, soft and musical, a colorful voice touched with both gaiety and sadness. Her eyes were light blue, her hair was brown, and her manner sinuous and insinuating. She seemed to have the spirit of a delightfully friendly collie or a child, and all the vitality and alertness that go with either. I had a chance to observe her keenly. In a moment she turned to me and asked whether I knew either of two American authors whom she knew, men of considerable repute. Knowing them both very well, it surprised me to think that she knew them. From the way she spoke, she seemed to have been on the friendliest terms with both; and any one by looking at her could have understood why they should have taken an interest in her.

If she had been of a somewhat more calculating type, I fancy that, with her intense charm of face and manner and her intellect and voice, she would have been very successful. I gained the impression that she had been on the stage in some small capacity; but she had been too diffident, not really brazen enough for the grim world in which the French actress rises. I soon gained the impression that she was a charming blend of emotion, desire, and refinement which one sometimes meets with in the demi-monde. She would have done better in literature or music or art, and she seemed fitted by her moods and her understanding to be a light in any one of them or all.

I shall never forget how she looked at me, quite in the spirit of a gay uncertain child, and how quickly she made me feel that we should get along very well together. "Why, yes," she said in her soft voice, "I will go about with you, although I should not know what is best to see. But I shall be here, and if you want to come for me, we can see things together." Suddenly she reached over and took my hand and pressed it genially, as though to seal the bargain. Then Madame de J., promising to join us at the theater, went away.

I would not say more of this evening except that it gave me another glimpse of this unquestionably remarkable woman, who was especially charming in a pale bluish-gray dress and gray furs. She helped entertain us through what to me was a somewhat dull performance of a farce in a tongue I did not understand. I was entertained by the effective character work of the actors, but nothing compensates, as I found everywhere, for ignorance of French.

When we came out of this theater at half-past eleven, Madame de J. was anxious to return to her apartment, and X. said he 'd give me an additional taste of the very vital café life of Paris.

The strange impression which all this world of restaurant life gave me, still endures. Obviously, when we arrived at twelve o'clock, the fun was just getting under way. Some of these places, like the first one we entered, were no larger than a fair-sized room in an apartment, but crowded with a gay and even giddy throng of Americans, South Americans, English, and others. One of the tricks in Paris to make a restaurant successful is to keep it small, so that it has an air of overflow and activity. Here, after allowing room for the red-jacketed orchestra, the piano, and the waiters, there was scarcely space for the forty or fifty guests who were present. Champagne was twenty francs the bottle, and champagne was all that was served. It was necessary here, as at all the restaurants, to contribute to the support of the musicians; and if a strange young woman should sit at your table for a moment and share either the wine or the fruit which would be quickly offered, you would have to pay for that. Peaches were three francs each, and grapes five francs the bunch. It was plain that all these things are offered

in order that the house might thrive and prosper. It was so at all of them.

The personality of X. supplied a homy quality of comfortable companionship. He was so full of a youthful zest to live, and so keen after the shows and customs of the world, that to be near him was to enjoy the privilege of great company. I never pondered why he was so popular with women, or why his friends in different walks of life constituted so great a company. He seemed to have known thousands of all sorts, and to be at home in all conditions. That persistent, unchanging atmosphere of "All is well with me," to maintain which was as much a duty as a tradition with him, made for exceedingly pleasant companionship.

This very remarkable evening X. and I spent wandering from one restaurant to another in an effort to locate a certain Rillette, a girl of whom I had heard when we first came to Paris. She had been one of the most distinguished figures of the stage. Four or five years before she had held at the Folies-Bergère much the same position recently attained by Mistinguett, who was just then enthralling Paris; in other words, she was the sensation of that stormy world of art and romance of which these restaurants are a part. She was more than that. She had a wonderful mezzo-soprano voice of great color and richness and a spirit for dancing that was Greek in its quality. I was anxious to get at least a glimpse of this exceptional Parisian type, the real spirit of this fast world, the true artistic poison-flower, the lovely hooded cobra, before she should be too old or too wretched to be interesting.

At one café, quite by accident, we encountered Miss F., whom I had not seen since we left Fishguard, and who was here in Paris doing her best to outshine the women of the gay restaurants in the matter of dresses, hats, and beauty. I must say she presented a ravishing spectacle, quite as wonderful as any of the other women who were to be seen here; but she lacked, as I was to note, the natural vivacity of the French. We Americans, despite our high spirits and our healthy enthusiasm for life, are nevertheless a blend of the English, the German, and some of the sedate nations of the North, and we are inclined to a physical and mental passivity which is not common to the Latins. This girl, vivid creature that she was, did not have the spiritual vibration which accompanies the Frenchwomen. As far as spirit was concerned, she seemed superior to most of the foreign types present; but the Frenchwomen are naturally gayer, their eyes brighter, their motions lighter. She gave us at once an account of her adventures since I had seen her. I could not help marveling at the disposition which set above everything else in the world the privilege of moving in this peculiar realm, which fascinated her much. As she told me on the *Mauretania,* all she hoped for was to become a woman of Machiavellian finesse, and to have some money. If she had money and attained to real social wisdom, conventional society could go to the devil; for the successful adventuress, according to her, was welcome anywhere —that is, everywhere she would care to go. She did not expect to retain her beauty entirely; but she did expect to have some money, and meanwhile to live brilliantly, as she deemed that she was now doing. Her comments on the various women of her class were as hard and accurate as they were brilliant. I remember her saying of one woman, with an easy sweep of her hand, "Like a willow, don't you think?" Of another, "She glows like a ruby." It was true; it was fine character delineation.

At Maxim's, an hour later, she decided to go home, so we took her to her hotel, and then resumed our pursuit of Rillette. After much wandering, we finally came upon her, about four in the morning, in one of those showy pleasure-resorts that I have described.

"Ah, yes, there she is!" X. exclaimed, and I looked to a distant table to see the figure he indicated, that of a young girl seemingly not more than twenty-four or twenty-five, a white silk neckerchief tied about her brown hair, her body clothed in a rather nondescript costume for a world as showy as this. Most of the women wore evening clothes. She had on a skirt of light-brown wool, a white shirtwaist open in the front, with the collar turned down, showing her pretty neck. Her skirt was short, and her sleeves were short, showing a solid fore arm. Before she noticed X. we saw her take a slender girl in black for a partner and dance, with others, in the open space between the tables that circled

the walls. Her face did not suggest the depravity which her career would indicate, although it was by no means ruddy; but she seemed to scorn rouge. Her eyes eyes are always revealing in a forceful personage—were large and vague and brown, set beneath a wide, full forehead —very wonderful eyes. In her idle security and profound nonchalance, she appeared like a figure out of the Revolution or the Commune. She would have been magnificent in a riot, marching up a Parisian street, her white band about her brown hair, carrying a knife, a gun, or a flag. She would have had the courage, too; for it was plain that life had lost much of its charm and she nearly all of her caring. When her dance was done, she came over to us, and extended an indifferent hand to X. He told me, after their light conversation in French, that he had chided her to the effect that her career was ruining her once lovely voice. "I shall find it again at the next corner," she said, and walked smartly away.

"Some one should write a novel about a woman like that," X. explained. "She ought to be painted. It is amazing the sufficiency of soul that goes with that type. There are n't many like her. She could be the sensation of Paris again if she wanted to, would try. But she won't. See what she said of her voice just now." He shook his head. I smiled approvingly, for obviously the appearance of the woman, her full, compelling eyes, bore him out.



ONE OF THE THOUSAND AND ONE CAFÉS ON THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS

She was a figure of distinction in this restaurant world, for many knew her and kept track of her. I watched her from time to time talking with the guests of one table and another, and the chemical content which made her exceptional was as obvious as though she were a bottle and bore a label. To this day she stands out in my mind, in her simple dress and indifferent manner, as perhaps the one forceful, significant figure that I saw in all the cafés of Paris or elsewhere.

I should like to add here, before I part forever with this curious and feverish



A GLIMPSE OF PARISIAN CAFÉ LIFE

Parisian restaurant world, that, after much and careful observation, my conclusion has been that it was too utterly feverish, artificial, and exotic not to be dangerous and grimly destructive, if not merely touched upon at long intervals.

This world of champagne-drinkers was apparently interested in only two things—the flare and glow of the restaurants, which were always brightly lighted and packed with people, and women. In the last analysis, women were the glittering attraction; and truly one might say they were glittering. Fine feathers make fine birds, and nowhere more so than in Paris. But there were many birds who would have been fine in much less showy feathers. In many instances they craved and secured a demure simplicity which was even more destructive than the flaring costumes of the demi-monde. It was strange to see American innocence, the products of Petosky, Michigan, and Hannibal, Missouri, cheek by jowl with the most daring and the most flagrant women that the great metropolis could produce. I did not know until later how hard some of these women were, how schooled in vice, how weary of everything save this atmosphere of festivity and the privilege of wearing beautiful clothes. It was a scorching lesson, and it displayed vice as an upper and a nether millstone between which youth and beauty are ground or pressed quickly to a worthless mass. I would defy anybody to live in this atmosphere as long as five years and not exhibit strongly the telltale marks of decay.

Most people come here for a night or two, or a month or two, or once in a year or so, and then return to the comparatively dull world from which they emanated, which is fortunate. If they were here a little while, this deceptive world of delight would lose all its glamour; for in a very few days you see through the dreary mechanism by which it is produced: the browbeating of shabby waiters by greedy managers, the extortionate charges and tricks by which money is lured from the pockets of the unwary, the wretched rooms and garrets from which some of these butterflies emanate, to wing here in seeming delight and then disappear. When the natural glow of youth has gone, then come powder and paint for the face,



"IN ONE OF THOSE SHOWY PLEASURE RESORTS"

belladonna for the eyes, rouge for the lips, palms, and nails, and perfumes and ornament and the glitter of good clothing; but underneath it all one reads the weariness of the eye, the sickening distaste for bargaining hour by hour and day by day, the cold mechanism of what was once natural, instinctive coquetry.

You feel constantly that many of these women would sell their souls for one last hour of delight, and that some of them would then gladly take poison, as many of them doubtless do, to end it all.

Consumption, cocaine, and opium maintain their persistent toll. This is a furnace of desire, this Montmartre district, and it burns furiously with a hard, white-hot flame until there is nothing left save black cinders and white ashes. Those who can endure its consuming heat are quite welcome to its wonders until emotion and feeling and beauty are no more.



EMERGENCY

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I 'VE borne it out. There was n't much to bear,
By your own tenets; but there was for me,—
A flaming onslaught; cohorts furiously
Charging the ramparts; fearful thunders booming;
Lightning and holocaust, and Terror looming
With black war-towers on the sky-line there!

You saw not even a gnat to make one wince
While your own buoyant thoughts beat up the blue.
Let me be glad of that. The happier you!
I found myself alone to face disaster
Through age-long seconds. While your pulse beat faster
For mirth, my own—stopped dead, a moment since.

Then, at my elbow—and whole worlds away—
You turned; and I was snatching at my breath
After a sudden bout with worse than death,
With worse than beasts of Ephesus, uprisen
One moment from my heart that is their prison.
I bore it out. That 's all there is to say.

They flash unwarning on our dozing acts,
The angel or the fiend. It seems to me
There 's nothing too sublime for Man to be
(In such clear moments),—naught too foully crawling!
What "self" is most our own, when this appalling
Apocalypse lights up the inmost facts?

Something is changed; even though one drops back
In the next instant to the old routine,
Forgets the risk and is, as he has been,
The slowly-trailing, patient slug of Time,
Neither contemptible nor yet sublime,
Inching with pain along the beaten track;

Something is changed—the mind paints heavens and hells;
And I, their dizzy colors in my brain,
Wonder just what is "sane" and what "insane,"
And what one can be sure of—where we 're master
Of our own triumphs, or our own disaster . . . ?
But that 's enough. Let 's talk of something else!





ELIHU VEDDER
FROM THE BUST BY CHARLES KECK

Sculpture
By
Charles Keck
(Examples of American Sculpture)





DRAMA

FROM THE SCULPTURE
BY CHARLES KECK

OWNED BY MRS. E. D. BRANDEGEE

MUSIC

FROM THE SCULPTURE
BY CHARLES KECK

OWNED BY MRS. E. D. BRANDEGEE



YOUTHFUL AMERICA

THE ALLEGHANY COUNTY SOLDIERS
MEMORIAL AT PITTSBURGH

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY CHARLES KECK



Drawn by Alpheus Cole

THE MOTHER

BY TIMOTHY COLE

DEAR solacer and goddess of the hearth,
O mother! whose enfolding arms and breast
Cradle the infant world from dawn's fair birth
To the sun's ripening noon with loving girth;
How oft, in dreaming of thy sheltering rest,
Whose ingle-glow now kindles to new worth
Our souls, we see thy phantom figure blest,
Still ministrant, in light and beauty dressed.
Where light is, thitherward the spirit tends:
Mankind were yet within the womb of night,
From joy imprison'd save for thy sweet might,
Save for the flame thy love forever lends.
While beacon-like thy fire throws its spark,
We shall not fear, though all the world grow dark.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"'YOU 'RE ALIVE, THANK HEAVEN! . . . SHALL I SEND FOR A PARSON?'"

DRAWN BY HARRY KALEIGH



A GARAGE IN THE SUNSHINE

BY JOSEPH ERNEST

WITH A PICTURE BY HARRY KALEIGH

FALLING in love is specially a critical business for simple-minded persons who have room in their heads for only one idea at a time. It has a tendency to shift the basis of their existence in a perilous degree before they are in the least aware what has happened to them.

Like most persons who earn their living at the daily risk of their lives, Teddy Rocco was not burdened with too active an imagination. He did his regular ninety miles an hour round the motordromes on a "Yellow Fiend" autocycle with a simple faith in his luck and no higher aspirations than he could express in this way:

"No, sir, you won't find me in this speed game one day longer than it takes me to clean up the price of a share in a cement garage, with machine-tools complete, and beat it back to sunny Jax, Florida."

It was this ambition that led him, when he was not racing, to give exhibitions at Santoni's velodrome at Palmetto Beach, a track known to the speed profession as the "Devil's Soup-plate." It was the same lack of imagination that enabled him to hear of the introduction of Miss Sadie Simmons to the soup-plate with feelings of unmingled disgust.

"A girl!" he ejaculated, and made for Santoni's office with his features richly adorned with chain lubricant. "A girl! Yes, and a speed limit, too, I reckon, and pretty-pretty stunts, and bouquets—what do you know? Better call it the 'Angel's Roundabout,' and be done!"

The graphite lubricant failed to conceal the scowl on his face as he burst into the office. The proprietor, a keen purveyor of popular excitement, was rubbing his hands in Mephistophelian satisfaction over a new poster.

"Daredevil Ted Rocco," it said, and "Wild Will Ryan"; and below, in big red type that crowded the rest almost off the sheet, "Miss Sadie Simmons, America's Queen of the Track." From which the sagacious reader will infer that Miss Simmons was new and unproved; otherwise Santoni would infallibly have billed her as "Crazy Sadie," in suggestion of death-defying recklessness.

"Hullo, Teddy!" cried Santoni in his mighty voice. "What you been doing to your face?"

"Greasin' up," Teddy answered shortly, and cast a malevolent glance at the bill. "Listen here, San. What 's all this talk about a skirt comin' on? We don't run any musical leg-show here, you know. If you let a dame on to this track, it 's going to put the speeds on the blink, and then you 'll need a complete Ziegfeld chorus to hold the crowd. I 've got a fine motion-picture of myself bein' paced by something in bag-tights and a picture-hat."

Santoni frowned warningly, jerked his head toward the half-open door of his sanctum, and passed a large, embarrassed hand over his heavy showman's jowl.

"I do' know, Ted," he growled. "Maybe she ain't any funeral, either, if you can believe her. But if you fancy your chance, you can argue the point with

her yourself, for she 's right here. Miss Simmons!"

From Santoni's sanctum came the sound of a chair abruptly pushed back, and the click of high heels on the floor. The proprietor turned away under the pretense of affixing the poster to the wall; then the door opened wide and revealed "America's Queen of the Track."

For a moment she inspected Teddy Rocco with the interest of a professional rival. He did not look at all like a daredevil just then, but merely a rather astonished little man with a square mechanic's jaw and a compact, wiry figure, his sleeves rolled up and his arms and face besmeared. There was some reason for his astonishment, too, for in America's "Queen," instead of the superannuated, hard-featured circus-performer he had expected, he saw a rather shy, spruce little girl, with bright, black eyes and an absurdly small nose. Her dark hair hung in two thick, glossy ropes over her shoulders, and her skirt was short enough to reveal several inches of well-modeled ankle.

"What is it, Mr. Santoni?" she asked in a small, husky voice.

"It 's only Ted Rocco," explained the proprietor. "He don't think you 'll be fast enough for this track."

The girl stared at Teddy as though he had questioned her respectability.

"How do you *know* I won't?" she demanded.

They were particularly bright eyes. The daredevil shifted uncomfortably, and his own eyes wandered over the room as though in search of succor.

"It is n't that, exactly," he stammered; "but, you see, miss, we let 'em rip here. My makers pay for speed, and I got to show speed or I don't collect."

"You are n't so much," retorted the "Queen." "I bet you don't average ninety, and I touched ninety myself at Coney last week."

The daredevil's eyes ceased to wander, meeting hers in a stare of blank incredulity.

"You did ninety? You!" he said. "For the love of Mike!"

"Why should n't I? My makers pay for speed, too. And when they send me along something with more power to it, I guess I 'll lap you every mile. I think you 're mean to knock me just because I 'm not a man."

"You see?" said Santoni, shrugging his shoulders.

Whereupon the daredevil mumbled apologies, and retreated to the garage in great discomfiture. He sat brooding on a pile of gasolene-cans and watched Wild Will Ryan circling the track in a private try-out; but instead of the racing autocycle, he saw only two black eyes that stared reproachfully, and heard a small, curiously deep, and husky voice that assured him over and over again that he was mean.

When Ryan dismounted, red-eyed and hoarse from cleaving the air like a projectile, Ted was still fidgeting with a wrench and muttering gloomily.

"Is it a goil?" asked Ryan.

"Search me. It looks like one—a little brown girl about as big as a ten-cent cigar. But with a nerve! Tips me the crinkled nose because I said she might get in the way on a small track. Reckons I don't average ninety—me, that 's held five records! And when her dear manufacturers, understand me, send her the cute little peacherino of a sixteen-cylinder, eighty-horse dynamite-gun that they 're building for her to go to finishing-school on, she 's going to make me look like a pram-pusher with paralysis. Can you beat it?"

"Never heard of her," said Ryan. "She must be a new one in this game."

"Oh, she 's all kinds of new, take it from me. But if she tries to do ninety an hour round this saucer, we won't pick up enough of her to be worth dressing."

Teddy swung off to remove the stains of toil from his face. When he reappeared, normally dapper, as becomes a successful autocyclist, he found little Miss Simmons preparing to try the track. Her costume wrung from him an involuntary exclamation. Her cap, coat, and knickers were all of gleaming scarlet leather.

"Is n't she the dandy?" grinned Ryan, as they stood aside and watched her. "I reckon she knows the business, at that. She just shooed her mechanic away, and started in to fix all the juice connections herself. And look at her now, testing every spoke with her fingers. Some great kid!"

"What 's she riding?" asked Teddy.

"Flying Centaur; new make, I guess. Bet she pulls down a wad for it, too. Chunky little thing, ain't she? You would

n't think she carried metal to see her in skirts. If she took a spill at ninety, she 'd bounce some."

"Oh, shut your head!" exclaimed Teddy Rocco, with a sudden anger that puzzled even himself.

It was not without a tinge of professional jealousy that the two young men stood in the center of the course and watched Miss Simmons pull her bright new machine to the starting-point and climb into the saddle. In Teddy's mind there was also a certain jealousy of Santoni, who held her for the start. But with the first healthy rip of the exhaust, and the first smooth and perfect circle she described round the soup-plate, these feelings were submerged in professional appreciation.

Moment by moment she gathered speed, mounting the steep banking accurately with every lap, until she was roaring and rattling round the very uppermost edge like a bright-red marble in a basin. Santoni slowly sauntered over to them, performing a sort of involuntary waltz as he turned to follow her with his goggle eyes.

"Maybe she ain't no funeral, either," he said.

"You ought to be lynched for letting her do it, San," said Teddy. "It is n't a girl's game."

"Well, would n't that jar you?" Santoni turned on Ryan with palms outspread. "First he was sore because he thought she could n't ride, and now he 's sore because she can!"

Teddy made no reply. A new and strange feeling gripped him by the throat until he choked. As he watched the track, a picture engraved itself indelibly on his heart: a tiny scarlet figure astride a machine that roared round and round with fiendish energy until it hung out almost horizontally from the steep rim of the banking. Sadie's black eyes were narrowed to slits; her roped hair flew out behind her; her lips were compressed in the lust of speed as she braced her strong little knees and elbows hard against the leaping of her angry motor. This was a sort of girl he had never imagined in his wildest speculations. A girl who understood motors, he thought, could not fail to be in every other way admirable. From such a girl, for example, a man need never fear anything less than a square deal.

When she cut off her ignition and slipped gradually down the banking, he was the first to assist her to alight.

"Say, kid, I want to tell you I 'm sorry," he whispered before the others ran up. "I 'm glad you 're going to ride with us."

For a moment the "Queen's" eyes danced with pleasure; then they became softly diffident again as she turned away to stable her machine.

"I don't fancy I 'll let the show down so badly," she smiled over her shoulder.

In truth, the popularity of Sadie Simmons among the crowds that flocked to the velodrome was immediate and great. She was irresistibly diminutive and dainty, and silent and retiring in manner when not racing; but once on her machine, rattling and bouncing round the circumscribed track with the noise of a whole express-train, she was transformed into a little red imp of daring unexcelled by the men; and though they consistently beat her when it came to a test, it was Sadie whom the crowds cheered and the fans petted.

A faded woman, of an incurable pessimism, clucked everywhere after her, like a hen after an adventurous duckling. Except for this unexhilarating person, whom she addressed as "Aunty," but who frequently forgot the suggested relationship and called her "Miss," Sadie appeared to be quite alone in the world. She accepted with frank pleasure the friendly advances of the fans, the comradeship of Wild Will Ryan, and the wondering worship of Teddy Rocco.

One morning Ryan emerged from the garage, laughing immoderately, and pressing a hand to his face.

"What 's bitin' you, Irish?" inquired Teddy.

The big Irishman withdrew his hand, and exhibited a cheek decorated with the imprint of small and oily fingers on a ground that flamed scarlet.

"It 's little Sadie; she 's straight, that 's all," he replied with a grin, as though he had discovered a choice witticism.

Teddy tore off his coat and flung it from him recklessly, and his cheek flamed suddenly redder than Ryan's.

"Yes, and you 'll be stiff when I 'm through with you, you big loafer!" he said savagely. "How 'd you find that out?"

Ryan stretched forth a long arm, and swept his colleague into a hug like a bear's.

"Be aisy, little man," he said. "I just tried to kiss her while she was fightin' with a set o' new piston-rings. I got mine all right—from the lady."

But Teddy tore loose and rushed into the garage, where he found Sadie still struggling with a recalcitrant piston of her dismounted motor. He seized a cold chisel from the work-bench.

"What did that fresh Mick say to you?" he demanded.

"Drop it at once, Teddy," commanded Sadie. "When I can't manage Ryan with my own hands, I 'll get a gun. Besides, I want you to hold these rings tight for me, so I can push this piston in."

Teddy obeyed, marveling at the strength of the small brown fingers that had essayed the task unaided. Once more that strange, choking sensation assailed him, and he felt his eyes unaccountably filling with tears.

"Sadie, you 're an everlasting little marvel," he said. "I expect you 'll marry one of these rich fans; but I wish it was me."

"I don't want to marry anybody," the girl replied. "Say, can't you hold those rings in without trembling so?"

"But you got to marry somebody," Teddy insisted.

"I don't have to,—there, that 's well in at last,—at least not for a long time, till I get good and ready. And then he 'll have to be extra good and handsome and rich. I 'm awfully ambitious, you know."

"That 's all right, kid,"—Teddy swallowed a lump in his throat,—"but take care you don't put it off too long."

The girl looked up from her work with a puzzled air.

"Take a good slant at me," explained Teddy. "Don't you see anything in my eyes?"

"They look queer, kind of anxious and strained. They 're like Will Ryan's."

"Everybody that stays in this game as long as we have gets the same look. It comes from being scared stiff once or twice, and not being able to forget it."

"I 'm never scared," said Miss Simmons, with a toss of her shapely little head.

"You have n't begun yet. Wait till some one drops in front of you in the last lap, and you have just half a second to make up your mind whether you 'll run over him or take a chance among the crowd. One stunt like that, and you won't be so pretty."

"Then you can ask me again," said Miss Simmons, with her usual quiet self-possession. "I can almost see you doing it."

"I tell you it 's no game for a girl," Teddy persisted.

"Why not? I 'd look nicer dead than you."

"Touch wood when you say that," advised Teddy, laying his own hand on the bench.

"I won't," the girl retorted. "I reckoned all the chances before I came into the game, and there 's no one to cry over me if I did get killed except Aunty, and she 's made up her mind to it long ago and become quite resigned. Besides, I 've taken chances ever since I can remember. Did you ever play the carnivals? I was raised in them, if you can call it that. I did the high dive for years into a sort of canvas bucket half-full of water, and I don't think I 've a scare in me."

Teddy Rocco might have recalled this conversation, with superstitious interest in its prophetic nature, the week before he left for the prize meetings; but that, with most other things, was swept out of his mind when he hunted for Santoni with blood on his face, swearing that he had always intended to kill the proprietor and might as well get it over.

It all happened in consequence of Santoni's attempt to achieve a gala finish to his season before his stars departed. To that end, he had employed many banners in decoration of the velodrome, and one of them, insecurely affixed to its post, came loose while the riders were in mid-career. It fluttered aimlessly down upon the track, was caught up in the wind of Ryan's rush, danced a little behind him, and finally wrapped itself round Sadie's front wheel. There was a gasp of horror from the spectators as the flimsy, yellow cotton wound itself tightly on the hub.

For a fraction of a second the heavy cycle, urged by its frantic motor, slurred along the track with its front wheel jammed; then the tire burst, the forks snapped like carrots, and Sadie's tiny red

figure shot ahead over the handle-bars, struck the wire fence in front of the spectators, and fell back limply on the track.

In that final emergency she had retained presence of mind enough to cut off the ignition, and below her on the incline her machine lay crumpled and inert, as silent and shattered as herself.

Teddy Rocco was fully fifty yards behind; that is, he had a good long second in which to do his thinking. To his left was Sadie's machine, on his right the crowd yelled an inarticulate chorus of fear and warning, which he heard above the roar of his motor. Dead ahead of him lay a small, outstretched figure in torn and dusty scarlet leather; and immediately above the white little face was a clear foot of almost perpendicular banking.

With a prayer for speed, he tore his throttle wide open, and steered straight for that pale, blood-stained face until he could see the dark lashes on the flickering eyelids; then with a violent swerve he shot up the incline, and cleared her by inches.

The spectators cried aloud in terror as his front wheel rose on the wire mesh in front of them, raced along it for a yard or two, shaved a fence-post, and slipped back upon the track. The machine lurched sickeningly into the hollow of the banking in a last effort to recover its balance.

Teddy Rocco's engine had stopped as he cleared the girl, and his toe was pressed hard into the fork of his front wheel. The braked tire screeched along the track, and when at last he struck the ground, his speed was not more than twenty miles an hour. To the crowd it seemed that he lay just where he had fallen, and they roared aloud in relief, and in admiration of what appeared to be purely consummate pluck and skill.

When Teddy recovered his senses, drank out of a flask that Ryan held to his lips, and stared about him, the first thing he saw was a tiny patch of red disappearing over the edge of the track in the arms of the attendants. Behind walked the faded woman he knew as "Aunty," wringing her hands in utterly justified pessimism. At one entrance a knot of spectators filed sadly out, and among them a frightened woman wept without restraint.

Teddy went mad. He wanted to follow the little red patch wherever it might be bound. Restrained from this, he desired greatly the death of Santoni.

"I told him them things was dangerous," he repeated, with the futile insistence of an intoxicated man.

When they laid hands on him again, he fainted, and it was then that they had the first opportunity to ascertain that his shoulder was dislocated. With the tenderness of a woman, Ryan picked him up and bore him away.

DURING the week before he was due to depart Teddy besieged the hospital in which lay Sadie's tortured little form, and sent up flowers daily, until at last the nurse assured him that she had been able to see them, and even to hold some of them in her hand. At this he begged and stormed and wept until he was allowed to see her, despite the fact that, as they explained to him in vain, it was not visitors' day.

But when he stood at her bedside, and she smiled wanly up at him out of her bandages, and even put forth a very white little hand for him to shake, a great peace came over him. There was still enough of her, after all, to be worth dressing.

"Tough luck, Teddy-Eddy!" she whispered in that deep, small voice of hers. "Just to think I might never hear the band play for the start again, or the engine rip when I turn on the juice—it gives me a lot to worry about. You ought to be glad I did n't take you at your word that day in the garage when you wanted to lay Ryan out and asked me to marry you. Look at what a fix you 'd be in now!"

"It would n't have made any difference," murmured Teddy. "I 'd have wanted you just the same."

"Do you mean to say you 'd marry a wreck like me, Teddy Rocco? I 'm all to pieces; you have n't a notion how badly I got mashed."

"And I don't care, neither," said Teddy, stoutly. "You 're alive, thank Heaven! And you 're Sadie Simmons, and you can smile. Shall I send for a parson?"

"What, now?"

"Only say the word."

The girl picked at the sheet for a moment, and her eyes, now ringed with suf-

fering and no longer bright, searched his face wonderingly; but they found no trace of an emotion other than eagerness to be as good as his word.

"I don't know," she said at last; "it 'll need thinking over. You know, it was hitting the wire fence that saved me, Teddy. It was like diving into a net."

"Pretty hard net," grinned the boy, reminiscently.

"Lucky for you, or you 'd have gone through it. Teddy boy, why did n't you run over me? I 'm so small! You must have been mad to ride into the fence like that."

"Who told you?" demanded Teddy.

"Nurse. She says you had n't a chance in a thousand to get round me without breaking your neck. I always liked you, Teddy. I 'm glad you 're brave."

"Then why not marry me, Sadie?" The boy came closer, while the nurse hovered about impatiently. "You can't come back, you know. However good they patch you up, you 're done with the game."

"Marry you, after what I said about looking for a rich guy? I 'm bad and selfish, and I want so much. And I 'm older than you think—nearly nineteen. I only wore my hair that way for a stall. Would you really marry me now, when I 'm all cut up and no one else would look at me?"

"Call me and see," suggested Teddy, quietly.

"I 'll let you know later, Teddy. It depends—"

"But I 'm going to Dayton to-night to race, and then I go South again. How am I to know?"

Sadie considered for a moment with eyes closed. When she opened them again, her face was very grave.

"Come past here on your way to the depot," she said, "and look at this window above the bed. It 's the fourth from the end. If the blind 's up, you can bring along your parson."

"And if it 's down?"

"If it 's down, it will mean that you 'd better forget all about me."

"Then leave it up, Sadie," he whispered as the nurse bustled up suggestively. "I 'm only two thousand short of buying a garage in Florida, where I used to work. You 'd love to be down there—all sunshine, pelicans, palms, and sugar-cane, and butterflies as big as your hand soaring about. You 'd get well and strong down there, Sadie, and I 'd be so good to you! Don't let them pull it down!"

The nurse came nearer and began to fidget with the pillows.

"I 'll have to get you to leave now, young man," she said. "The doctor will be here in a moment."

"Take care of yourself, Teddy," smiled the girl, waving her hand feebly as he tore himself away. "Touch wood as you go out."

She set her teeth for the doctor's visit, and said not a word until he had finished his examination; but her black eyes studied his face in an agony of suspense. A momentary smile, accompanied by a raising of his bushy, gray eyebrows, gave her the cue.

"Doctor, will I get well?" she asked almost under her breath.

"Why, of course," replied the doctor. "As well as ever you were, I 'm hoping."

"But—but will I be ugly?"

"Little Miss Vanity!" grinned the doctor. "You ought to be thankful you have a breath left in your body. No, you won't be ugly, if you mean disfigured. Of course there 'll be scars—"

"Do you think I 'll be able to ride again?" persisted the girl.

"I don't know why you should n't be able to ride; but I guess when you set eyes on the track you won't want to. As for the rest, the cuts are pretty clean and not deep. I should say, on the whole, that you 'll have to look fairly close into the glass to see the one on your cheek, and your hair will cover the scalp-wound. The others are n't anywhere to prevent you from wearing low-cut frocks. Now, are you satisfied, daughter of Eve?"

"Yes, thank you, Doctor. If the bone in my arm mends all right, that is. It 's hurting a whole lot to-day."

"That means precisely that it is mending," said the doctor as he picked up his bag to depart. "And now that you 're sure of your precious beauty, you 'd better try to get some sleep."

Sadie closed her eyes obediently, but her brows were knitted in thought. When the doctor had moved on, she looked up again with a sigh.

"Nurse, the light bothers my eyes, and I can't turn my head," she said. "Will you please pull down the blind?"

WHILE it is still young and overflowing with vitality, the human frame is able to summon life forces to its aid that can sometimes knit up broken bones and torn tissues as though by magic power. Teddy Rocco had seen various striking demonstrations of this quality in his racing career, but it had never occurred to him that a mere girl might possess it. He was greatly astonished, therefore, on meeting Ryan at a southern track, to hear that Sadie was once more riding for the "Flying Centaur" people.

"She don't look a cent worse," said Ryan. "Same little red suit, same little smile, same throaty little voice. And she 's making good, too. Been all over the West, and packed up a nice parcel of the long green. Not that she 'll ever need it; that kid will marry a million some day. One of the guys that was following her round was big rich."

All that day Teddy rode entirely without judgment, and his old daredevil dash was not in him. In fact, that was becoming his consistent experience. Every time he would set his teeth and let his engine out to the last notch to pass the man in front, a blind seemed to shut down in front of him, or a little red figure would appear stretched on the track ahead, and he would let the chance slip by.

Consequently, when he returned to give exhibitions at the Devil's Soup-plate, he was no nearer the white southern garage of his dreams than he had been the previous season. And the life of a speed-man is short,—much shorter, as a rule, than that of a boxing champion.

That garage, gleaming in the sun, with a palm or two in front and lizards basking in its shadow, had been Teddy's lodestar for years; but on the first day of their meeting, Sadie's brisk little figure had slipped into the picture, and he could not imagine the place now without seeing her standing at the door in a white dress, with no hat, but with a bunch of crimson flowers at her waist.

"This is my finish," he told Santoni; "I 'm a has-been. I 've started seein' things. I won't ride after this season."

Then he learned, with a shock, that Sadie was to be his racing-companion once more. She had walked into Santoni's office and offered to give exhibitions on the old terms; and Santoni, being too good a business man, and too stout withal to stand on his head for joy, had shaken her by both hands, and spent an afternoon in devising a poster more sensational than any he had previously compassed.

When he wrote "America's Foremost Queen of the Track" it seemed to him weak and colorless; and he threw adjectives into it until Sadie had a title as long as her arm.

Teddy slipped away and hid himself when he saw her arrive, with a knot of admirers, to survey the track. An expensively tailored costume emphasized her recent prosperity, and her obvious gaiety of manner was like a snub. When she laughingly pointed out to her companions the precise spot on which she had struck the providential wire fence, Teddy shuddered and turned away.

In the garage he came upon a mechanic overhauling her mount, an excessively powerful machine with four cylinders, its frame enameled bright scarlet, and nickeled in an unusual degree. It looked a sufficiently dangerous mount for a strong and skilful man racing on a spacious track. He shrank from seeing Sadie ride it in the restricted circle of the soup-plate.

When they appeared on the track in the evening, however, he could no longer ignore her presence. Indeed, she came behind him and slapped him gaily on the shoulder, such a trim, joyously captivating midget, in her scarlet leather motor-jacket, that his heart leaped at the sight of her.

"Who said I could n't come back, Teddy Rocco?" she asked, and the familiar, curious huskiness of her voice thrilled him so that he could not reply.

"I 'm going to make you look like a never-was to-night, Teddy-Eddy," she went on, with a sort of malicious exhilaration in her manner. "I expect you 're still single?"

"Oh, cut it out, Sadie!" he pleaded. "I never done you any harm."

"Do you love me as much as ever?" asked little Miss Simmons, with an unwonted feline delight in cruelty. "The villain thought he had the poor little girl just where he wanted her, did n't he? But the kind, handsome doctor rescued her all right; and now she 's going to make the villain look like thirty cents."

"You 'll have to go some," said Teddy, grinning miserably, as he stooped to adjust

his carbureter. When he mounted his machine he was in a white-hot, searing temper. If all the women in the world had been laid side by side on an endless track, he would have ridden over their necks at that moment with an exquisite pleasure.

But though he rode with the courage of bitterness and desperation, he soon found that Sadie had the heels of him. Once or twice when she shot past him with an almost crazy recklessness, the thought flashed through his mind that an imperceptible swerve of his handle-bar would all but inevitably end both their lives, and he weakly throttled down his engine, fearful lest the subconscious working of his tortured mind might communicate a tremor to his arm; and every time that Sadie passed him with a vicious spurt of her diabolical scarlet mount, he caught in her eye a gleam of impish triumph.

It was when he found himself riding behind her, with his front wheel a hand's-breadth from her hind one, that he realized how utterly his nerve had failed. Ever and again, under his front wheel appeared a white, blood-flecked little face, with eyelashes that quivered in agony. With a sob, he cut out his engine and slid slowly down the track.

"I 'm through," he said to a mechanic who seized his cycle. "I don't think I 'll need her again."

For a long time he sat in the gloom of the garage in dumb agony, and even there the rip of Sadie's powerful engine followed him above the cheers of the crowd. Now and then, in the midst of the uproar, he could hear the voice of Santoni yelling the laps; then there was a final outburst of cheering. When it died away, Sadie's motor was silent. A moment later, as it seemed to him, the door of the workshop slammed, and he looked up, to see her standing before him, her black eyes dancing in that strange exhilaration that he had noted before, her chest heaving with excitement under the vivid scarlet of her jacket.

"I 've shaded your track record, Teddy Rocco!" she cried. "I 've beaten you to bits! Now say I can't come back! I 've come, have n't I?"

"I guess," said Teddy, humbly.

"And what 's more, I 've cleaned up three thousand dollars this season, and I have n't a scar left on me that you could see in this light. But you 'll have to take my word for that. We can talk on level terms now, Teddy. I 'm as good as ever I was, don't you think?"

"I expect so," stammered Teddy. "It 's me that 's in bad. I 've lost heart, Sadie, and my nerve 's gone. I 've been scared a time too many."

"Then get your machine and rush me away," cried Sadie, "and marry me the first minute you can; and we 'll get out of this to Florida in the morning, and see the garage and the sunshine and the butterflies. It 's a square deal now, Teddy-Eddy. Stand up and kiss your honey-bird, you brave, silly, big-hearted, mush-headed little man; for I love you so much I could n't have offered you anything less, and I 've waited so long, my heart feels like it will burst!"



T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XXXII



WHEN Tembarom repeated the words "and you 're going to listen," Lady Joan began to stare at him. It was not the ridiculous boyish drop in his voice which arrested her attention. It was a fantastic, incongruous, wholly different thing. He had suddenly dropped his slouch, and stood upright. Did he realize that he had slung his words at her as if they were an order given with the ring of authority?

"I 've not bucked against anything you 've said or done since you 've been here," he went on, speaking fast and grimly. "I did n't mean to. I had my reasons. There were things that I 'd have given a good deal to say to you and ask you about, but you would n't let me. You would n't give me a chance to square things for you —if they could be squared. You threw me down every time I tried."

He was too wildly incomprehensible with his changes from humanness to folly. Remembering what he had attempted to say on the day he had followed her in the avenue, she was inflamed again.

"What in the name of New York slang does that mean?" she demanded.

"Never mind New York," he answered, cool as well as grim. "A fellow that 's learned slang in the streets has learned something else as well. He 's learned to keep his eyes open. He 's on to a way of seeing things. And what I 've seen is that you 're so doggone miserable that—that you 're almost down and out."

This time she spoke to him in the voice with the quality of deadliness in it which she had used to her mother.

"Do you think that because you are in your own house you can be as intrusively insulting as you choose?" she said.

"No, I don't," he answered. "What I think is quite different. I think that if a man *has* a house of his own, and there 's

any one in big trouble under the roof of it, —a woman most of all,—he 's a cheap skate if he does n't get busy and try to help—just plain, straight *help.*"

He saw in her eyes all her concentrated disdain of him, but he went on, still obstinate and cool and grim.

"I guess 'help' is too big a word just yet. That may come later, and it may n't. What I 'm going to have a try at now is making it easier for you—just easier."

Her contemptuous gesture registered no impression on him, as he paused a moment and looked fixedly at her.

"You just hate me, don't you?" It was a mere statement which could n't have been more impersonal to himself if he had been made of wood. "That 's all right. I seem like a low-down intruder to you. Well, that 's all right, too. But what *ain't* all right is what your mother has set you on to thinking about me. You 'd never have thought it yourself. You 'd have known better."

"What," she said fiercely, "is that?"

"That I 'm mutt enough to have a mash on you."

The common slangy crassness of it was a kind of shock. She caught her breath and merely stared at him. But he was not staring at her; he was simply looking straight into her face, and it amazingly flashed upon her that the extraordinary words were so entirely unembarrassed and direct that they were actually not offensive. He was merely telling her something in his own way, not caring the least about his own effect, but absolutely determined that she should hear and understand it.

Her caught breath ended in something which was like a half-laugh. His queer, sharp, incomprehensible face, his queer, unmoved voice, were too extraordinarily unlike anything she had ever seen or heard before.

"I don't want to be brash, and what I want to say may seem kind of that way to you; but it ain't. Anyhow, I guess it 'll relieve your mind. Lady Joan, you 're a looker—you 're a beaut from Beautsville. If I were your kind, and things were different, I 'd be crazy about you—crazy. But I 'm *not* your kind—and things *are* different." He drew a step nearer still to her in his intentness. "They 're *this* different: why, Lady Joan, I 'm dead stuck on another girl!"

She caught her breath again, leaning forward.

"Another—"

"She says she 's not a lady; she threw me down just because all this darned money came to me," he hastened on, and suddenly he was imperturbable no longer, but flushed and boyish, and more of New York than ever. "She 's a little bit of a quiet thing, and she drops her h's; but gee! You 're a looker—you 're a queen, and she 's not. But little Ann Hutchinson— Why, Lady Joan, as far as this boy 's concerned,"—and he oddly touched himself on the breast,—"she makes you look like thirty cents."

Joan quickly sat down on the chair she had just left. She rested an elbow on the table and shaded her face with her hand. She was not laughing; she scarcely knew what she was doing or feeling.

"You are in love with Ann Hutchinson," she said, in a low voice.

"Am I?" he answered hotly. "Well, I should smile!" He disdained to say more.

Then she began to know what she felt. There came back to her in flashes scenes from the past weeks in which she had done her worst by him; in which she had swept him aside, loathed him, set her feet on him, used the devices of an ingenious demon to discomfit and show him at his poorest and least ready. And he had not been giving a thought to the thing for which she had striven to punish him. And he plainly did not even hate her. His mind was clear, as water is clear. He had come back to her this evening to do her a good turn—a good turn! Knowing what she was capable of in the way of arrogance and villainous temper, he had determined, despite herself, to do her a good turn.

"I don't understand you," she faltered.

"I know you don't. But it 's only because I 'm so dead easy to understand. There 's nothing to find out. I 'm just friendly—friendly, that 's all."

"You would have been friends with me!" she exclaimed. "You would have told me, and I would n't let you! Oh!"—with an impulsive flinging out of her hand to him,—"you good—good fellow!"

"Good be darned!" he answered, taking the hand at once.

"You *are* good to tell me! I have behaved like a devil to you. But, oh! if you only knew!"

His face became mature again, but he took a most informal seat on the edge of the table near her.

"I do know, part of it. That 's *why* I 've been trying to be friends with you all the time." He said his next words deliberately. "If I was the woman Jem Temple Barholm had loved, would n't it have driven *me* mad to see another man in his place—and remember what was done to him? I never even saw him, but, good God!"—she saw his hand clench itself,—"when I think of it, I want to kill somebody! I want to kill half a dozen. Why did n't they *know* it could n't be true of a fellow like that!"

She sat up stiffly and watched him.

"Do—*you*—feel like that—about *him?*"

"Do I!" he said hotly. "There were men there that *knew* him, there were women there that knew him; why was n't there just *one* to stand by him? A man that 's been square all his life does n't turn into a card-sharp in a night. Damn fools! I beg your pardon!" he said hastily. And then, as hastily again: "No, I *mean* it. Damn fools!"

"Oh!" she gasped just once.

Her passionate eyes were suddenly blinded with tears. She caught at his clenched hand and dragged it to her, letting her face drop on it and crying like a child.

The way he took her breakdown was just like him and like no one else. He put the other hand on her shoulder and spoke to her exactly as he had spoken to Miss Alicia on that first afternoon.

"Don't you mind me, Lady Joan," he said. "Don't you mind me a bit. I 'll turn my back. I 'll go into the billiard-room and keep them playing until you get away up-stairs. Now we understand each other, it 'll be better for both of us."

"No, don't go! Don't!" she begged. "It is so wonderful to find some one who sees the cruelty of it." She spoke fast and passionately. "No one would listen to any defense of him. My mother simply raved when I said what you are saying—what you said of him just now."

"Do you want"—he put it to her with a curious comprehending of her emotion—"to talk about him? Would it do you good?"

"Yes! yes! I have never talked to any one. There has been no one to listen."

"Talk all you want," he answered with immense gentleness. "I 'm here."

"I can't understand it even now, but he would not see me," she broke out. "I was half mad. I wrote, and he would not answer. I went to his chambers when I heard he was going to leave England. I went to beg him to take me with him, married or unmarried. I would have gone on my knees to him. He was *gone!* Oh, why? Why?"

"You did n't think he 'd gone because he did n't love you?" he asked her quite literally and unsentimentally. "You knew better than that?"

"How could I be sure of anything? When he left the room that awful night he would not *look* at me! He would not *look* at me!"

"Since I 've been here I 've been reading a lot of novels, and I 've found out a lot of things about fellows that are not the common, practical kind. Now, he was n't. He 'd lived pretty much like a fellow in a novel, I guess. What 's struck me about that sort is that they think they have to make noble sacrifices, and they 'll just walk all over a woman because they won't do anything to hurt her. There 's not a bit of sense in it, but that was what he was doing. He believed he was doing the square thing by you, and you may bet your life it hurt him like hell. I beg your pardon; but that 's the word—just plain hell."

"I was only a girl. He was like iron. He went away alone. He was killed, and when he was dead the truth was told."

"That 's what I 've remembered," he said quite slowly, "every time I 've looked at you. By gee! I 'd have stood anything from a woman that had suffered as much as that."

It made her cry, his genuineness, and she did not care in the least that the tears streamed down her cheeks. How he *had* stood things! How he had borne, in that odd, unimpressive way, insolence and arrogance for which she ought to have been blackballed by decent society! She could scarcely bear it.

"Oh! to think it should have been *you,*" she wept, "just *you* who understood!"

"Well," he answered speculatively, "I might n't have understood as well if it had n't been for Ann. By jinks! I used to lie awake at night sometimes, thinking,

'Supposing it had been Ann and me!' That 's why I understood."

He put out his hand and caught hers and frankly squeezed it—squeezed it hard; and the unconventional clutch was a wonderful thing to her.

"It 's all right now, ain't it?" he said. "We 've got it straightened out. You 'll not be afraid to come back here if your mother wants you to." He stopped for a moment and then went on with something of hesitation: "We don't want to talk about your mother. We can't. But I understand her, too. Folks are different from each other in their ways. She 's different from you. I 'll—I 'll straighten it out with her if you like."

"Nothing will need straightening out after I tell her that you are going to marry Little Ann Hutchinson," said Joan, with a half-smile, "and that you were engaged to her before you saw me."

"Well, that does sort of finish things up, does n't it?" said T. Tembarom.

He looked at her so speculatively for a moment after this that she wondered whether he had more to say. He had.

"There 's something I want to ask you," he ventured.

"Ask anything."

"Do you know any one—just any one—who has a photo—just any old photo—of Jem Temple Barholm?"

She was rather puzzled.

"I know a woman who has worn one for eight years. Do you want to see it?"

"I 'd give a good deal to," he replied. She took a flat locket from her dress and handed it to him.

"Women don't wear lockets in these days,"—he could barely hear her voice, it was so low,—"but I 've never taken it off. I wanted him near my heart. It 's *Jem!*"

He held it on the palm of his hand and stood under the light, studying it as if he wanted to be sure he would n't forget it.

"It 's—sorter like that picture of Miles Hugo, ain't it?" he suggested.

"Yes; people always said so. That was why you found me in the picture-gallery the first time we met."

"I knew that was the reason, and I knew I 'd made a break when I butted in," he answered. Then, still looking at the photograph, he said: "You 'd know that face again most anywhere you saw it, I guess. A man would know a face like that again wherever he saw it. Thank you, Lady Joan."

He handed back the picture, and she put out her hand again.

"I think I 'll go to my room now," she said. "You 've done a strange thing to me. You 've taken nearly all the hatred and bitterness out of my heart. I shall want to come back here whether my mother comes or not—I shall want to."

"The sooner the quicker," he said. "And so long as I 'm here, I 'll be ready and waiting."

"Don't go away," she said softly. "I shall need you."

"Is n't that great?" he cried, flushing delightedly. "Is n't it just great that we 've got things straightened so that you can say that. Gee! This is a queer old world! There 's such a lot to do in it, and so few hours in the day. Seems like there ain't time to stop long enough to hate anybody and keep a grouch on. A fellow 's got to keep hustling not to miss the things worth while."

The liking in her eyes was actually wistful.

"That 's your way of thinking, is n't it?" she said. "Teach it to me if you can. I wish you could. Good night." She hesitated a second. "God *bless* you!" she added quite suddenly, almost fantastic the words sounded to her, that she, Joan Fayre, should be calling down devout benisons on the head of T. Tembarom—T. Tembarom!

Her mother was in her room when she reached it. She had come up early to look over her possessions and Joan's before she began her packing. The bed, the chairs, and the tables were spread with evening, morning, and walking-dresses, and the millinery collected from their combined wardrobes. She was examining anxiously a lace-appliquéd-and-embroidered white coat, and turned a slightly flushed face toward the opening door.

"I am going over your things as well as my own," she said. "I shall take what I can use. You will require nothing in London. What is the matter?" she said sharply, as she saw her daughter's face.

Joan came forward, feeling it a strange thing that she was not in the mood to fight—to lash out and be glad to do it.

"Captain Palliser told me as I came up

that Mr. Temple Barholm had been talking to you," her mother went on. "He heard you having some sort of scene as he passed the door. As you have made your decision, of course I know I need n't hope that anything has happened."

"What has happened has nothing to do with my decision. He was n't waiting for that," Joan answered her. "We were both entirely mistaken, Mother."

"What are you talking about?" cried Lady Mallowe. "What do you mean by mistaken?"

"He does n't want me; he never did," Joan answered again. A shadow of a smile hovered over her face, and there was no derision in it, only a warming recollection of his earnestness when he had said the words she quoted, "He is what they call in New York 'dead stuck on another girl.'"

Lady Mallowe sat down on the chair that held the white coat, and she did not push the coat aside.

"He told you that in his vulgar slang!" she gasped out. "You—you ought to have struck him *dead* with your answer."

"Except poor Jem Temple Barholm," was the amazing reply she received, "he is the only *friend* I ever had in all my life."

CHAPTER XXXIII



IT was business of serious importance which was to bring Captain Palliser's visit to a close. He explained it perfectly to Miss Alicia a day or so after Lady Mallowe and her daughter left them. He had lately been most amiable in his manner toward Miss Alicia, and had given her much valuable information about companies and stocks. He rather unexpectedly found it imperative that he should go to London and Berlin to "see people," dealers in great financial schemes who were deeply interested in solid business speculations such as his own.

"I suppose he will be very rich some day," Miss Alicia remarked the first morning she and T. Tembarom took their breakfast alone together after his departure. "It would frighten me to think of having as much money as he seems likely to have quite soon."

"It would scare me to death," said Tembarom. She knew he was making a sort of joke, but she thought the point of it was her tremor at the thought of great fortune.

"He seemed to think that it would be an excellent thing for you to invest in—I 'm not sure whether it was the India Rubber Tree Company, or the mahogany-forests, or the copper-mines that have so much gold and silver mixed in them that it will pay for the expense of the digging," she went on.

"I guess it was the whole lot," put in Tembarom.

"Perhaps it was. They are all going to make everybody so rich that it is quite bewildering. He is *very clever* in business matters. And so kind. He even said that if I really wished it, he might be able to invest my income for me and actually treble it in a year. But of course I told him that my income was your generous gift to me, and that it was far more than sufficient for my needs."

Tembarom put down his coffee-cup so suddenly to look at her that she was fearful that she had appeared to do Captain Palliser some vague injustice.

"I am sure he meant to be most obliging, dear," she explained. "I was really quite touched. He said most sympathetically and delicately that when women were unmarried, and unaccustomed to investment, sometimes a business man could be of use to them. He forgot"—affectionately—"that I had you."

Tembarom regarded her with tender curiosity. She often opened up vistas for him as he himself opened them for the Duke of Stone.

"If you had n't had me, would you have let him treble your income in a year?" he asked.

Her expression was that of a soft, woodland rabbit or a trusting spinster dove.

"Well, of course, if one were quite alone in the world and had only a small income, it *would* be nice to have it wonderfully added to in such a short time," she answered. "But it was his friendly solicitude which touched me."

"If the time ever comes when you have n't got me," said Tembarom, buttering his toast, "just you make a dead sure thing of it that you don't let any solicitous business gentleman treble your income in a year."

"Temple," gasped Miss Alicia, "you —you surely cannot mean that you do not think Captain Palliser is—sincere!"

Tembarom laughed outright his most hilarious and comforting laugh.

"Sincere?" he said. "He 's sincere down to the ground—in what he 's reaching after; but he 's not going to treble your income or mine. If he ever makes that offer again, you just tell him I 'm interested, and that I 'll talk it over with him."

Their breakfast was at an end, and he got up, laughing again, as he came to her end of the table, and put his arm round her shoulders in the unconventional young caress she adored him for.

"It 's nice to be by ourselves again for a while," he said. "Let us go for a walk together. Put on the little bonnet and dress that are the color of a mouse. Those little duds just get me. You look so pretty in them."

The sixteen-year-old blush ran up to the roots of her gray side-ringlets. Just imagine his remembering the color of her dress and bonnet, and thinking that anything could make her look pretty! She was overwhelmed with innocent and grateful confusion. There really was no one else in the least like him.

"I wonder if it is wrong of me to be so pleased," Miss Alicia thought. "I must make it a subject of prayer."

She was pathetically serious, having been trained to a view of the great first cause as figuratively embodied in the image of a gigantic, irascible, omnipotent old gentleman specially wrought to fury by feminine follies connected with becoming headgear.

"It has sometimes even seemed to me that our Heavenly Father has a special objection to ladies," she had once timorously confessed to Tembarom. "I suppose it is because we are so much weaker than men, and so much more given to vanity and petty vices."

He had caught her in his arms and actually hugged her that time. Their intimacy had reached the point where the affectionate outburst did not alarm her.

"Say," he had laughed, "it 's not the men who are going to have the biggest pull with the authorities when folks try to get into the place where things are evened up. What I 'm going to work my passage with is a list of the few 'ladies' I 've known. You and Ann will be at the head of it. I shall just slide it in at the box-office window and say: 'Just look over this, will you? These were friends of mine, and they were mighty good to me. I guess if they did n't turn me down, you need n't. I know they 're in here. Reserved seats. I 'm not expecting to be put with them, but if I 'm allowed to hang around where they are, that 'll be heaven enough for me.' "

"I know you don't mean to be irreverent, dear Temple," she had gasped, "I am quite sure you don't. It is—it is only your American way of expressing your kind thoughts." Somehow or other, he was always *so* comforting.

He held her arm as they took their walk. She had become used to that also, and no longer thought it odd. It was only one of the ways he had of making her feel that she was being taken care of. They had not been able to have many walks together since the arrival of the visitors, and this occasion was at once a cause of relief and inward rejoicing. The entire truth was that she had not been altogether happy about him of late. Sometimes, when he was not talking and saying amusing New York things which made people laugh, he seemed almost to forget where he was and to be thinking of something which baffled and tried him. The way in which he pulled himself together when he realized that any one was looking at him was, to her mind, the most disturbing feature of his fits of abstraction.

As they walked through the park and the village, her heart was greatly warmed by the way in which every person they met greeted him. They *liked* him, really *liked* him. Every man touched his cap or forehead with a friendly grin. It was as if there were some extremely human joke between them. Miss Alicia had delightedly remembered the Duke of Stone's saying that he was "the most popular man in the county."

Tembarom was rather silent during the first part of their walk, and when he spoke it was of Captain Palliser.

"He 's a fellow that 's got lots of curiosity. I guess he 's asked you more questions than he 's asked me," he began at last, and he looked at her interestedly, though she was not aware of it.

"I thought,—" she hesitated slightly because she did not wish to be critical,—"I sometimes thought he asked me too many. He asked so much about you and your life in New York, but more, I think, about you and Mr. Strangeways. He was really quite persistent once or twice about poor Mr. Strangeways."

"What did he ask?"

"He asked if I had seen him, and if you had preferred that I should not. He calls him your mystery, and thinks your keeping him here is so extraordinary."

"I guess it is, the way he 'd look at it," Tembarom dropped in.

"He was so anxious to find out what he looked like. He asked how old he was and how tall, and whether he was quite mad or only a little, and where you picked him up, and when, and what reason you gave for not putting him in some respectable asylum. I could only say that I really knew nothing about him, and that I had n't seen him because he had a dread of strangers and I was a little timid."

She hesitated again.

"I wonder," she said, still hesitating even after her pause—"I wonder if I ought to mention a rather rude thing I once saw him do?"

"Yes, you ought," Tembarom answered promptly, "I 've a reason for wanting to know."

"It was such a singular thing to do—in the circumstances," she went on obediently. "He knew, as we all know, that Mr. Strangeways must *not* be disturbed. One afternoon I saw him walk slowly backward and forward before the west room window. He had something in his hand, and kept looking up. That was what first attracted my attention—his queer way of looking up. Quite suddenly he threw something which rattled on the panes of glass; it sounded like gravel or small pebbles. I could n't help believing he thought Mr. Strangeways would be startled into coming to the window."

Tembarom smiled.

"He did that twice," he said. "Pearson caught him at it, though Palliser did n't know he did. He 'd have done it three times, or more than that, perhaps, but I casually mentioned in the smoking-room one night that some curious fool of a gardener-boy had thrown some stones and frightened Strangeways, and that Pearson and I were watching for him, and that if I caught him, I was going to knock his block off *bing!* He did n't do it again. Darned fool! And he 'd better not try it again when he comes back," remarked Tembarom.

Miss Alicia's surprised expression made him laugh.

"Do you think he will come back?" she exclaimed, "after such a long visit?"

"Oh, yes, he 'll come back. He 'll come back as often as he can until he 's got a chunk of my income to treble—or until I 've done with him."

"Until you 've done with him, dear?" she said inquiringly.

"Oh, well," he said casually, "I 've a sort of idea that he may tell me something I 'd like to know. I 'm not sure; I 'm only guessing. But even if he knows it, he won't tell me until he gets good and ready, and thinks I don't want to hear it."

He would not talk any more of Captain Palliser or allow her to talk of him. He began to make jokes, and led her to other subjects. He asked her to go to the Hibblethwaites' cottage and pay a visit to Tummas. He had learned to understand his accepted privileges in the making of cottage visits by this time; and when he clicked any wicket-gate, the door was open before he had time to pass up the wicket-path. They called at several cottages, and he nodded at the windows of others where faces appeared as he passed by.

They had a happy morning together, a pleasant drive in the afternoon, and a cozy evening in the library.

About nine o'clock he laid his paper aside and spoke to her.

"I 'm going to ask you to do me a favor," he said. "I could n't ask it if we were n't alone like this. I know you won't mind. I 'm going to ask you to go to your room rather early. I want to try a sort of stunt on Strangeways. I want to bring him down-stairs if he 'll come. I 'm not sure I can get him to do it; but he 's been a heap better lately, and perhaps I can."

"Is he so much better as that?" she said. "Will it be safe?"

He looked as serious as she had ever seen him look, even a trifle more serious.

"I don't know how much better he is," was his answer. "Sometimes you 'd think he was almost all right, and then—

The doctor says that if he could get over being afraid of leaving his room, it would be a big thing for him. He wants him to go to his place in London so that he can watch him."

"Do you think you could persuade him to go?"

"I 've tried my level best, but so far nothing doing."

He got up and stood before the mantel, his back against it, his hands in his pockets.

"I 've found out one thing," he said. "He 's used to houses like this. Every now and again he lets something out quite natural. He knew that the furniture in his room was Jacobean—that 's what he called it—and he knew it was fine stuff. He would n't have known that if he 'd been a piker. I 'm going to try if he won't let out something else when he sees things here, if he 'll come."

"You have such a wonderfully reasoning mind, dear," said Miss Alicia as she rose.

"If Ann had been with him," he said, rather gloomily, "she 'd have caught on to a lot more than I have. I don't feel very chesty about the way I 've managed it."

Miss Alicia went up-stairs shortly afterward, and half an hour later Tembarom told the footmen in the hall that they might go to bed. The experiment he was going to make demanded that the place should be cleared of any disturbing presence. He had been thinking it over for some time past. He had sat in the private room of the great nerve specialist in London and had talked it over with him. He had talked of it with the duke on the lawn at Stone Hover. There had been a flush of color in the older man's cheek-bones, and his eyes had been alight as he took his part in the discussion. He had added the touch of his own personality to it, as always happened.

"We are having some fine moments, my dear fellow," he had said, rubbing his hands. "This is extremely like the fourth act. I 'd like to be sure what comes next."

"I 'd like to be sure myself," Tembarom answered. "It 's as if a flash of lightning came sometimes, and then things clouded up. And sometimes when I am trying something out, he 'll get so excited that I dare n't go on until I 've talked to the doctor."

It was the excitement he was dubious about to-night. It was not possible to be quite certain as to the entire safety of the plan; but there might be a chance, even a big chance, of wakening some cell from its deadened sleep. Sir Ormsby Galloway had talked to him a good deal about brain-cells, and he had listened faithfully, and learned more than he could put into scientific English. Gradually, during the past months, he had been coming upon strangely exciting hints of curious possibilities. They had been mere hints at first, and had seemed almost absurd in their unbelievableness; but each one had linked itself with another, and led him on to further wondering and exploration. When Miss Alicia and Palliser had seen that he looked absorbed and baffled, it had been because he had frequently found himself, to use his own figures of speech, "mixed up to beat the band." He had not known which way to turn; but he had gone on turning because he could not escape from his own excited interest, and the inevitable emotion roused by being caught in the whirl of a melodrama. That was what he 'd dropped into—a whacking big play. It had begun for him when Palford butted in that night and told him he was a lost heir, with a fortune and an estate in England; and the curtain had been jerking up and down ever since. But there had been thrills in it, queer as it was. Something doing all the time, by gee!

He sat and smoked his pipe and wished Ann were with him because he knew he was not as cool as he had meant to be. He felt a certain tingling of excitement in his body, and this was not the time to be excited. He waited for some minutes before he went up-stairs. It was true that Strangeways had been much better lately. He had seemed to find it easier to follow conversation. During the last few days, Tembarom had talked to him in a matter-of-fact way about the house and its various belongings. He had at last seemed to waken to an interest in the picture-gallery. Evidently he knew something of picture-galleries and portraits, and found himself relieved by his own clearness of thought when he talked of them.

"I feel better," he said two or three times. "Things seem clearer—nearer."

"Good business!" exclaimed Tem-

barom. "I told you it 'd be that way. Let 's hold on to pictures. It won't be any time before you 'll be remembering where you 've seen some."

He had been secretly rather strung up; but he had been very gradual in approaching his final suggestion that some night, when everything was quiet, they might go and look at the gallery together.

"What you need is to get out of the way of wanting to stay in one place," he argued. "The doctor says you 've got to have change, and even going from one room to another is a fine thing."

Strangeways had looked at him anxiously for a few moments, even suspiciously, but his face had cleared after the look. He drew himself up and passed his hand over his forehead.

"I believe—perhaps he is right," he murmured.

"Sure he 's right," said Tembarom. "He 's the sort of chap who ought to know. He 's been made into a baronet for knowing. Sir Ormsby Galloway, by jingo! That 's no slouch of a name. Oh, he knows, you bet your life!"

This morning when he had seen him he had spoken of the plan again. The visitors had gone away; the servants could be sent out of sight and hearing; they could go into the library and smoke and he could look at the books. And then they could take a look at the picture-gallery if he was n't too tired. It would be a change, anyhow.

To-night, as he went up the huge staircase, Tembarom's calmness of being had not increased. He was aware of a quickened pulse. The dead silence of the house added to the unusualness of things. He could not remember ever having been so anxious before, except on the occasion when he had taken his first day's "stuff" to Galton. But he showed no outward signs of excitement when he entered the room and found Strangeways standing, perfectly attired in evening dress.

Pearson, setting things in order at the other side of the room, was taking note of him furtively over his shoulder. Quite in the casual manner of the ordinary man, he had expressed his intention of dressing for the evening, and Pearson had thanked his stars for the fact that the necessary garments were at hand. From the first, he had not infrequently asked for articles such as only the resources of a complete masculine wardrobe could supply; and on one occasion he had suddenly wished to dress for dinner, and the lame excuses it had been necessary to make had disturbed him horribly instead of pacifying him. To explain that his condition precluded the necessity of the usual appurtenances would have been out of the question. He had been angry. What did Pearson mean? What was the matter? He had said it over and over again, and then had sunk into a hopelessly bewildered mood, and had sat huddled in his dressing-gown staring at the fire. Pearson had been so harrowed by the situation that it had been his own idea to suggest to his master that all possible requirements should be provided. There were occasions when it appeared that the cloud over him lifted for a passing moment, and a gleam of light recalled to him some familiar usage of his past. When he had finished dressing, Pearson had been almost startled by the amount of effect produced by the straight, correctly cut lines of black and white. The mere change of clothes had suddenly changed the man himself—had "done something to him," Pearson put it. After his first glance at the mirror he had straightened himself, as if recognizing the fault of his own carriage. When he crossed the room it was with the action of a man who has been trained to move well. The good looks, which had been almost hidden behind a veil of uncertainty of expression and strained fearfulness, became obvious. He was tall, and his lean limbs were splendidly hung together. His head was perfectly set, and the bearing of his square shoulders was a soldierly thing. It was an extraordinarily handsome man Tembarom and Pearson found themselves gazing at. Each glanced involuntarily at the other.

"Now, that 's first-rate. I 'm glad you feel like coming," Tembarom plunged in. He did n't intend to give him too much time to think.

"Thank you. It will be a change, as you said," Strangeways answered. "One needs change."

His deep eyes looked somewhat deeper than usual, but his manner was that of any well-bred fellow doing an accustomed thing. If he had been an ordinary guest

in the house, and his host had dropped into his room, he would have comported himself in exactly the same way.

They went together down the corridor as if they had passed down it together a dozen times before. On the stairway Strangeways looked at the tapestries with the interest of a familiarized intelligence.

"It is a beautiful old place," he said as they crossed the hall. "That armor was worn by a crusader." He hesitated a moment when they entered the library, but it was only for a moment. He went to the hearth and took the chair his host offered him, and, lighting a cigar, sat smoking it. If T. Tembarom had chanced to be a man of an analytical or metaphysical order of intellect, he would have found during the last month many things to lead him far in mental argument concerning the weird wonder of the human mind—of its power where its possessor, the body, is concerned, its sometime closeness to the surface of sentient being, its sometime remoteness. He would have known, awed, marveling at the blackness of the pit into which it can descend, the unknown shades that may enfold it and imprison its gropings. The old Duke of Stone had sat and pondered many an hour over stories his favorite companion had related to him. What curious and subtle processes had the queer fellow not been watching in the closely guarded quiet of the room where the stranger had spent his days: the strange thing cowering in its darkness; the ray of light piercing the cloud one day and seeming lost again the next; the struggles the imprisoned thing made to come forth—to cry out that it was only immured, not wholly conquered, and that some hour would arrive when it would fight its way through at last! Tembarom had not entered into psychological research. He had been entirely uncomplex in his attitude, sitting down before his problem as a besieger might have sat down before a castle. The duke had sometimes wondered whether it was not a good enough thing that he had been so simple about it, merely continuing to believe the best with an unswerving obstinacy and lending a hand when he could. A never flagging sympathy had kept him singularly alive to every chance, and now and then he had illuminations which would have done credit to a cleverer man, and which the duke had rubbed his hands in half-amused, half-touched elation. How he had kept his head and held to his purpose!

T. Tembarom talked but little as he sat in his big chair and smoked. Best let him alone and give him time to get used to the newness, he thought. Nothing must happen that could give him a jolt. Let things sort of sink into him, and perhaps they 'd set him to thinking and lead him somewhere. Strangeways himself evidently did not want talk. He never wanted it unless he was excited. He was not excited now, and had settled down as if he was comfortable. Having finished one cigar, he took another, and began to smoke it much more slowly than he had smoked his first. The slowness began to arrest Tembarom's attention. This was the smoking of a man who was either growing sleepy or sinking into deep thought, becoming oblivious to what he was doing. Sometimes he held the cigar absently between his strong, fine fingers, seeming to forget it. Tembarom watched him do this until he saw it go out, and its white ash drop on the rug at his feet. He did not notice it, but sat sinking deeper and deeper into his own being, growing more remote. What was going on under his absorbed stillness? Tembarom would not have moved or spoken "for a block of Fifth Avenue," he said internally. The dark eyes seemed to become darker until there was only a pin's point of light to be seen in their pupils. It was as if he were looking at something at a distance—at a strangely long distance. Twice he turned his head and appeared to look slowly round the room, but not as normal people look—as if it also was at the strange, long distance from him, and he were somewhere outside its walls. It was an uncanny thing to behold.

"How dead-still the room is!" Tembarom found himself thinking.

It was "dead-still." And it was "a queer deal," sitting, not daring to move, just watching. Something was bound to happen, sure. What was it going to be?

Strangeways's cigar dropped from his fingers and appeared to rouse him. He looked puzzled for a moment, and then stooped quite naturally to pick it up.

"I forgot it altogether. It 's gone out," he remarked.

"Have another," suggested Tembarom, moving the box nearer to him.

"No, thank you." He rose and crossed the room to the wall of book-shelves. And Tembarom's eye was caught again by the fineness of movement and line the evening clothes made manifest. "What a swell he looked when he moved about like that! What a swell, by jingo!"

He looked along the line of shelves and presently took a book down and opened it. He turned over its leaves until something arrested his attention, and then he fell to reading. He read several minutes, while Tembarom watched him. The silence was broken by his laughing a little.

"Listen to this," he said, and began to read something in a language totally unknown to his hearer. "A man who writes that sort of thing about a woman is an old bounder, whether he 's a poet or not. There 's a small, biting spitefulness about it that 's cattish."

"*Who* did it?" Tembarom inquired softly. It might be a good idea to lead him on.

"Horace. In spite of his genius, the 'Lampoons' make you feel he was rather a blackguard."

"Horace!" For the moment T. Tembarom forgot himself. "I always heard he was a sort of Y. M. C. A. old guy—old Horace Greeley. The 'Tribune' was no yellow journal when he had it."

He was sorry he had spoken the next moment. Strangeways looked puzzled.

"The 'Tribune,' " he hesitated. "The Roman tribune?"

"No, New York. He started it—old Horace did. But perhaps we 're not talking of the same man."

Strangeways hesitated again.

"No, I think we 're not," he answered politely.

"I 've made a break," thought Tembarom. "I ought to have kept my mouth shut. I must try to switch him back."

Strangeways was looking down at the back of the book he held in his hand.

"This one was the Latin poet, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, 65 B.C. You know it," he said.

"Oh, *that* one!" exclaimed Tembarom, as if with an air of immense relief. "What a fool I was to forget! I 'm glad it 's him. Will you go on reading, and let me hear some more? He 's a winner from Winnersville, that Horace is."

Perhaps it was a sort of miracle, accomplished by his great desire to help the right thing to happen, to stave off any shadow of the wrong thing. Whatsoever the reason, Strangeways waited only a moment before turning to his book again. It seemed to be a link in some chain slowly forming itself to draw him back from his wanderings. And T. Tembarom, lightly sweating as a frightened horse will, sat smoking another pipe and listening intently to "Satires" and "Lampoons," read aloud in the Latin of 65 B.C.

"By gee!" he said faithfully, at intervals, when he saw on the reader's face that the moment was ripe, "He knew it all,—old Horace,—did n't he?"

He had steered his charge back. Things were coming along the line to him. He 'd learned Latin at one of these big English schools. Boys always learned Latin, the duke had told him. They just had to. Most of them hated it like thunder, and they used to be caned when they did n't recite it right. Perhaps if he went on, he 'd begin to remember the school. A queer part of it was that he did not seem to notice that he was not reading his own language.

He did not, in fact, seem to remember anything in particular, but went on quite naturally for some minutes. He had replaced Horace on the shelf and was on the point of taking another book when he paused, as if recalling something else.

"Were n't we going to see the picture-gallery?" he inquired. "Is n't it getting late? I should like to see the portraits."

"No hurry," answered T. Tembarom. "I was just waiting till you were ready. But we 'll go right away, if you like."

They went without further ceremony. As they walked through the hall and down the corridors side by side, an imaginative person might have felt that perhaps the eyes of an ancient, darkling portrait or so looked down at the pair curiously: the long, loosely built New Yorker rather slouching along by the soldierly almost romantic figure which in a measure suggested that others not unlike it might have trod the same oaken floor, wearing ruff and doublet, or lace jabot and sword. There was a far cry between the two, but they walked closely in friendly union. When they entered the picture-gallery, Strangeways paused a moment again, and stood peering down its length.

"It is very dimly lighted. How can we see?" he said.

"I told Pearson to leave it dim," Tembarom answered.

He tried, and succeeded tolerably well, to say it casually as he led the way ahead of them. He and the duke had not talked the scheme over for nothing. As his grace had said, they had "worked the thing up." As they moved down the gallery, the men and women in their frames looked like ghosts staring out to see what was about to happen.

"We 'll turn up the lights after a while," T. Tembarom explained still casually. "There 's a picture here I think a good deal of. I 've stood and looked at it pretty often. It reminded me of some one the first day I set eyes on it; but it was quite a time before I made up my mind who it was. It used to drive me half dotty trying to think it out."

"Which one?" asked Strangeways.

"We 're coming to it. I want to see if it reminds you of any one. And I want you to see it sudden." "It 's got to be sudden," he had said to the duke. "If it 's going to pan out, I believe it 's got to be sudden. When he first sees that picture he 's *got* to get a jolt—he 's got to."

That was why Tembarom had the lights left dim. He had told Pearson to leave a lamp that he could turn up quickly.

The lamp was on a table near by and was shaded by a screen. He took it from the shadow and lifted it suddenly, so that its full gleam fell upon the portrait of the handsome youth with the lace collar and the dark, drooping eyes. It was done in a second, with a dramatically unexpected swiftness. His heart fairly thumped.

"Who 's that?" he demanded, with abruptness so sharp-pitched that the gallery echoed with the sound. "Who 's that?"

He heard a hard, quick gasp, a sound which was momentarily a little horrible, as if the man's soul was being jerked out of his body's depths.

"Who is he?" Tembarom cried again. "Tell me!"

After the gasp, Strangeways stood still and stared. His eyes were glued to the canvas, drops of sweat came out on his forehead, and he was shuddering. He began to back away with a look of gruesome struggle. He backed and backed, and stared and stared. The gasp came twice again, and then his voice seemed to tear itself loose from some power that was holding it back.

"Th—at!" he cried. "It is—it—is Miles Hugo!"

The last words were almost a shout, and he shook as if he would have fallen. But T. Tembarom put his hand on his shoulder and held him, breathing fast himself. Gee! if it was n't like a thing in a play!

"Page at the court of Charles the Second," he rattled off. "Died of smallpox when he was nineteen. Miles Hugo! Miles Hugo! You hold on to that for all you 're worth. And hold on to me. I 'll keep you steady. Say it again."

"Miles Hugo," the poor majestic-looking fellow almost sobbed it. "Where am I? What is the name of this place?"

"It 's Temple Barholm, in the county of Lancashire, England. Hold on to that, too—like thunder!"

Strangeways held the young man's arm with hands that clutched. He dragged at him. His nightmare held him yet; Tembarom saw it, but flashes of light were blinding him.

"Who," he pleaded in a shaking and hollow whisper, "are you?"

Here was a stumper, by jingo! and not a minute to think it out. But the answer came all right.

"My name 's Tembarom. T. Tembarom." And he grinned his splendid grin from sheer sense of relief. "I 'm a New Yorker—Brooklyn. I was just forked in here anyhow. Don't you waste time thinking over me. You sit down here and do your durndest with Miles Hugo."

CHAPTER XXXIV



TEMBAROM did not look as though he had slept particularly well, Miss Alicia thought, when they met the next morning; but when she asked him whether he had been disappointed in his last night's experiment, he answered that he had not. The experiment had come out all right, but Strangeways had

been a good deal worked up, and had not been able to sleep until daylight. Sir Ormsby Galloway was to arrive in the afternoon, and he 'd probably give him something quieting. "Had the coming down-stairs seemed to help him to recall anything?" Miss Alicia naturally inquired. Tembarom thought it had. He drove to Stone Hover and spent the morning with the duke; he even lunched with him. He returned in time to receive Sir Ormsby Galloway, however, and until that great personage left, they were together in Mr. Strangeways' rooms.

"I guess I shall get him up to London to the place where Sir Ormsby wants him," he said rather nervously, after dinner. "I 'm not going to miss any chances. If he 'll go, I can get him away quietly some time when I can fix it so there 's no one about to worry him."

She felt that he had no inclination to go much into detail. He had never had the habit of entering into the details connected with his strange charge. She did not ask questions because she was afraid she could not ask them intelligently.

During the passage of the next few weeks, Tembarom went up to London several times. Once he seemed called there suddenly, as it was only during dinner that he told her that he was going to take a late train, and should leave the house after she had gone to bed. She felt as though something important must have happened, and hoped it was nothing disturbing.

When he had said that Captain Palliser would return to visit them, her private impression, despite his laugh, had been that it must surely be some time before this would occur. But a little more than three weeks later he appeared, preceded only half an hour by a telegram, asking whether he might not spend a night with them on his way farther north. He could not at all understand why the telegram, which he said he had sent the day before, had been delayed.

A certain fatigued haggardness in his countenance caused Miss Alicia to ask whether he had been ill, and he admitted that he had at least not been well, as a result of long and too hurried journeys, and the strenuousness of extended and profoundly serious interviews with his capitalist and magnates.

"No man can engineer gigantic schemes to success without feeling the reaction when his load drops from his shoulders," he remarked.

"You 've carried it quite through?" inquired Tembarom.

"We have set on foot one of the largest, most substantially capitalized companies in the European business world," Palliser replied with the composure which is almost indifference.

"Good!" said Tembarom, cheerfully.

He watched his guest a good deal during the day. He was a bad color for a man who had just steered clear of all shoals and reached the highest point of success. He had a haggard eye as well as a haggard face. It was a terrified eye when its desperate determination to hide its terrors dropped from it for an instant, as a veil might drop. A certain restlessness was manifest in him, and he talked more than usual. He was going to make a visit in Northumberland to an elderly lady of great possessions. It was to be vaguely gathered that she was somewhat interested in the great company—the Cedric. She was a remarkable old person who found a certain agreeable excitement in dabbling in stocks. She was rich enough to be in a position to regard it as a sort of game, and he had been able on several occasions to afford her entertainment.

"If she can play with things that way, she 'll be sure to want stock in it," Tembarom remarked.

"If she does, she must make up her mind quickly," Palliser smiled, "or she will not be able to get it. It is not easy to lay one's hands on even now."

Tembarom thought of certain speculators of entirely insignificant standing of whom he had chanced to see and hear anecdotes in New York. He always detested "bluff," whatsoever its disguise.

"He 's got badly stung," was his internal comment as he sucked at his pipe and smiled urbanely at Palliser across the room as they sat together. "He 's come here with some sort of deal on that he knows he could n't work with any one but just such a fool as he thinks I am. I guess," he added in composed reflectiveness, "I don't really know *how* big a fool I do look."

Whatsoever the deal was, he would be likely to let it be known in time.

"He 'll get it off his chest if he 's go

ing away to-morrow," decided Tembarom. "If there 's anything he 's found out, he 'll use it. If it does n't pan out as he thinks it will, he 'll just float away to his old lady."

He gave Palliser every chance, talking to him and encouraging him to talk, even asking him to let him look over the prospectus of the new company and explain details to him, as he was going to explain them to the old lady in Northumberland. He opened up avenues; but for a time Palliser made no attempt to stroll down them. His walk would be a stroll, Tembarom knew, being familiar with his methods. He seemed to be thinking things over before he decided upon the psychological moment at which he would begin, if he began. When a man had a good deal to lose or to win, Tembarom realized that he would be likely to hold back until he felt something like solid ground under him.

After Miss Alicia had left them for the night, perhaps he felt, as a result of thinking the matter over, that he had reached a foothold of a firmness at least somewhat to be depended upon.

"What a change you have made in that poor woman's life!" he said, walking to the side table and helping himself to a brandy and soda. "What a change!"

"It struck me that a change was needed just about the time I dropped in," answered his host.

"All the same," suggested Palliser, tolerantly, "you were immensely generous. She was n't entitled to expect it, you know."

"She did n't expect anything, not a darned thing," said Tembarom. "That was what hit me."

Palliser smiled a cold, amiable smile.

"Do you purpose to provide for the future of all your indigent relatives even to the third and fourth generation, my dear chap?" he inquired.

"I won't refuse till I 'm asked, anyhow," was the answer.

"Asked!" Palliser repeated. "I 'm one of them, you know, and Lady Mallowe is another. There are lots of us, when we come out of our holes. If it 's only a matter of asking, we might all descend on you."

Tembarom, smiling, wondered whether they had n't descended already, and whether the descent had so far been all that they had anticipated.

Palliser strolled down his opened avenue with an incidental air which was entirely creditable to his training of himself. His host acknowledged that much.

"You are too generous," said Palliser. "You are the sort of fellow who will always need all he has, and more. The way you go among the villagers! You think you merely slouch about and keep it quiet, but you don't. You 've set an example no other landowner can expect to live up to. It 's too lavish. It 's pernicious, dear chap. I know all about the cottage you are doing over for Pearson and his bride. You had better invest in the Cedric."

Palliser had reason to be so much more eager than he professed to be that momentarily he swerved, despite himself, and ceased to be casual.

"It is an enormous opportunity," he said—"timber lands in Mexico, you know. If you had spent your life in England, you would realize that timber has become a desperate necessity, and that the difficulties which exist in the way of supplying the demand are almost insuperable. These forests are virtually boundless, and the company which controls them—"

"That 's a good spiel!" broke in Tembarom.

It sounded like the crudely artless interruption of a person whose perceptions left much to be desired.

"I 'm afraid I don't understand," he replied rather stiffly.

"There was a fellow I knew in New York who used to sell type-writers, and he had a thing to say he used to reel off when any one looked like a customer. He used to call it his 'spiel.' "

Palliser's quick glance at him asked questions, and his stiffness did not relax itself.

"Is this New York chaff?" he inquired coldly.

"No," Tembarom said. "You 're not doing it for ten per. He was."

"No, not exactly," said Palliser. "Neither would you be doing it for ten per if you went into it." His voice changed. He became slightly haughty. "Perhaps it was a mistake on my part to think you might care to connect yourself with it. You have not, of course, been in the position to comprehend such matters."

But the expression of Tembarom's face did not change. He only gave a half-awkward sort of laugh.

"I guess I can learn," he said.

Palliser felt the foothold become firmer. The bounder was interested, but, after a bounder's fashion, was either nervous or imagined that a show of hesitation looked shrewd. The slight hit made at his inexperience in investment had irritated him and made him feel less cock-sure of himself. A slightly offended manner might be the best weapon to rely upon.

"I thought you might care to have the thing made clear to you," he continued indifferently. "I meant to explain. You may take the chance or leave it, as you like, of course. That is nothing to me at this stage of the game. But, after all, we are, as I said, relatives of a sort, and it is a gigantic opportunity. Suppose we change the subject."

Palliser paused in an unconcerned opening of a copy of the Sunday "Earth."

"Oh, I don't mind trying to catch on to what 's doing in any big scheme," said Tembarom.

Palliser's manner at the outset was perfect. He produced his papers without too obvious eagerness. He spread them upon the table, and coolly examined them himself before beginning his explanation. There was more to explain to a foreigner and one unused to investment than there would be to a man who was an Englishman and familiar with the methods of large companies, he said. He went into technicalities, so to speak, and used rapidly and lightly some imposing words and phrases, to which T. Tembarom listened attentively, but without any special air of illumination. He dealt with statistics and the resulting probabilities. He made apparent the existing condition of England's inability to supply an enormous and unceasing demand for timber. He had acquired divers excellent methods of stating his case to the party of the second part.

"He made me feel as if a fellow had better hold on to a box of matches like grim death, and that the time was n't out of sight when you 'd have to give fifty-seven dollars and a half for a toothpick," Tembarom later said to the duke.

What Tembarom was thinking as he listened to him was that he was not getting over the ground with much rapidity.

"If he thought I wanted to know what he thinks I 'd a heap rather *not* know, he 'd never tell me," he speculated. "If he gets a bit hot in the collar, he may let it out. Thing is to stir him up. He 's lost his nerve a bit, and he 'll get mad pretty easy."

"Of course money is wanted," Palliser said at length. "Money is always wanted, and as much when a scheme is a success as when it is n't. Good names, with a certain character, are wanted. The fact of your inheritance is known everywhere; and the fact that you are an American is a sort of guaranty of shrewdness."

"Is it?" said T. Tembarom. "Well," he added slowly, "I guess Americans are pretty good business men."

Palliser thought that this was evolving upon perfectly natural lines, as he had anticipated it would. The fellow was flattered and pleased.

He went on in smooth, casual laudation:

"No American takes hold of a scheme of this sort until he knows jolly well what he 's going to get out of it. You were shrewd enough," he added significantly, "about Hutchinson's affair. You 'got in on the ground floor' there. That was New York forethought, by Jove!"

Tembarom shuffled a little in his chair, and grinned a faint, pleased grin.

"I 'm a man of the world, my boy—the business world," Palliser commented, hoping that he concealed his extreme satisfaction. "I know New York, though I have n't lived there. I 'm only hoping to. Your air of ingenuous ignorance is the cleverest thing about you," which agreeable implication of the fact that he had been privately observant and impressed ought to have fetched the bounder if any thing would.

T. Tembarom's grin was no longer faint, but spread itself. Palliser's first impression was that he had "fetched" him. But when he answered, though the very crudeness of his words seemed merely the result of his betrayal into utter tactlessness by soothed vanity, there was something—a shade of something—not entirely satisfactory in his face and nasal twang.

"Well, I guess," he said, "New York *did* teach a fellow not to buy a gold brick off every con man that came along."

Palliser was guilty of a mere ghost of a

start. Was there something in it, or was he only the gross, blundering fool he had trusted to his being? He stared at him a moment, and saw that there *was* something under the words and behind his professedly flattered grin—something which must be treated with a high hand.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed haughtily. "I don't like your tone. Do you take *me* for what you call a 'con man'?"

"Good Lord, no!" answered Tembarom; and he looked straight at Palliser and spoke slowly. "You 're a gentleman, and you 're paying me a visit. You could no more try on a game to do me in my own house than—well, than I could *tell* you if I 'd got on to you if I saw you doing it. You 're a gentleman."

Palliser glared back into his infuriatingly candid eyes. He was a far cry from being a dullard himself; he was sharp enough to "catch on" to the revelation that the situation was not what he had thought it, the type was more complex than he had dreamed. The chap had been playing a part; he had absolutely been "jollying him along," after the New York fashion. He became pale with humiliated rage, though he knew his only defense was to control himself and profess not to see through the trick. Until he could use his big lever, he added to himself.

"Oh, I see," he commented acridly. "I suppose you don't realize that your figures of speech are unfortunate."

"That comes of New York streets, too," Tembarom answered with deliberation. "But you can't live as I 've lived and be dead easy—not *dead* easy."

Palliser had left his chair, and stood in contemptuous silence.

"You know how a fellow hates to be thought *dead* easy"—Tembarom actually went to the insolent length of saying the words with a touch of cheerful confidingness—"when he 's *not*. And I 'm not. Have another drink."

There was a pause. Palliser began to see, or thought he began to see, where he stood. He had come to Temple Barholm because he had been driven into a corner and had a dangerous fight before him. In anticipation of it he had been following a clue for some time, though at the outset it had been one of incredible slightness. Only his absolute faith in his theory that every man had something to gain or lose, which he concealed discreetly, had led him to it. He held a card too valuable to be used at the beginning of a game. Its power might have lasted a long time, and proved an influence without limit. He forbore any mental reference to blackmail; the word was absurd. One used what fell into one's hands. If Tembarom had followed his lead with any degree of docility, he would have felt it wiser to save his ammunition until further pressure was necessary. But behind his ridiculous rawness, his foolish jocularity, and his professedly candid good humor, had been hidden the Yankee trickster who was fool enough to think he could play his game through. Well, he could not.

During the few moments' pause he saw the situation as by a photographic flashlight. He leaned over the table and supplied himself with a fresh brandy and soda from the tray of siphons and decanters. He gave himself time to take the glass up in his hand.

"No," he answered, "you are not 'dead easy.' That 's why I am going to broach another subject to you."

Tembarom was refilling his pipe.

"Go ahead," he said.

"Who, by the way, is Mr. Strangeways?"

He was deliberate and entirely unemotional. So was T. Tembarom, when, with match applied to his tobacco, he replied between puffs as he lighted it:

"You can search me. You can search him, too, for that matter. He does n't know who he is himself."

"Bad luck for him!" remarked Palliser, and allowed a slight pause again. After it he added, "Did it ever strike you it might be good luck for somebody else?"

"Somebody else?" Tembarom puffed more slowly, because his pipe was lighted.

Palliser took some brandy in his soda.

"There are men, you know," he suggested, "who can be spared by their relatives. I have some myself, by Jove!" he added with a laugh. "You keep him rather dark, don't you?"

"He does n't like to see people."

"Does he object to people seeing him? I saw him once myself."

"When you threw the gravel at his window?"

Palliser stared contemptuously.

"What are you talking about? I did not throw stones at his window," he lied. "I 'm not a school-boy."

"That 's so," Tembarom admitted.

"I saw him, nevertheless. And I can tell you he gave me rather a start."

"Why?"

Palliser half laughed again. He did not mean to go too quickly; he would let the thing get on Tembarom's nerves gradually.

"Well, I 'm hanged if I did n't take him for a man who is dead."

"Enough to give any fellow a jolt," Tembarom admitted again.

"It gave me a 'jolt.' Good word, that. But it would give you a bigger one, my dear fellow, if he was the man he looked like."

"Why?" Tembarom asked laconically.

"He looked like Jem Temple Barholm."

He saw Tembarom start. There could be no denying it.

"You thought that? Honest?" he said sharply, as if for a moment he had lost his head. "You thought that?"

"Don't be nervous. Perhaps I could n't have sworn to it. I did not see him very close."

T. Tembarom puffed rapidly at his pipe, and only ejaculated, "Oh!"

"Of course he 's dead. If he was n't," —with a shrug of his shoulders,—"Lady Joan Fayre would be Lady Joan Temple Barholm, and the pair would be bringing up an interesting family here." He looked about the room, and then, as if suddenly recalling the fact, added, "By George! you 'd be selling newspapers, or making them—which was it?—in New York!"

It was by no means unpleasing to see that he had made his hit there. T. Tembarom swung about and walked across the room with a very perturbed expression.

"Say," he put it to him, coming back, "are you in earnest, or are you just saying it to give me a jolt?"

Palliser studied him. The American sharpness was not always so keen as it seemed. His face would have betrayed his uneasiness to the dullest onlooker.

"Have you any objection to my seeing him in his own room?" Palliser inquired.

"It does him harm to see people," Tembarom said with nervous bruskness. "It worries him."

Palliser smiled a quiet, but far from agreeable, smile. He enjoyed what he put into it.

"Quite so; best to keep him quiet," he returned. "Do you know what my advice would be? Put him in a comfortable sanatorium. A lot of stupid investigations would end in nothing, of course, but they 'd be a frightful bore."

He thought it extraordinarily stupid in T. Tembarom to come nearer to him with an eagerness entirely unconcealed, if he really knew what he was doing.

"Are you sure that if you saw him close you 'd *know*, so that you could swear to him?" he demanded.

"You 're extremely nervous, are n't you?" Palliser watched him with smiling coolness. "Of course Jem Temple Barholm is dead; but I 've no doubt that if I saw this man of yours, I could swear he had remained dead—if I were asked."

"If you knew him well, you could make me sure. You could swear one way or another. I want to be *sure*," said Tembarom.

"So should I in your place; could n't be too sure. Well, since you ask me, I *could* swear. I knew him well enough. He was one of my most intimate enemies. What do you say to letting me see him?"

"I would if I could," Tembarom replied, as if thinking it over. "I would if I could."

Palliser treated him to the far from pleasing smile again.

"But it 's quite impossible at present?" he suggested. "Excitement is not good for him, and all that sort of thing. You want time to think it over."

Tembarom's slowly uttered answer, spoken as if he were still considering the matter, was far from being the one he had expected.

"I want time; but that 's not the reason you can't see him right now. You can't see him because he 's not here. He 's gone."

Then it was Palliser who started, taken totally unaware in a manner which disgusted him altogether. He had to pull himself up.

"He 's gone!" he repeated. "You are quicker than I thought. You 've got him safely away, have you? Well, I told you a comfortable sanatorium would be a good idea."

"Yes, you did." T. Tembarom hesitated, seeming to be thinking it over again. "That 's so." He laid his pipe aside because it had gone out.

He suddenly sat down at the table, putting his elbows on it and his face in his hands, with a harried effect of wanting to think it over in a sort of withdrawal from his immediate surroundings. This was as it should be. His Yankee readiness had deserted him altogether.

"By Jove! you are nervous!" Palliser commented. "It 's not surprising, though. I can sympathize with you." With a markedly casual air he himself sat down and drew his documents toward him. "Let us talk of something else," he said. He preferred to be casual and incidental, if he were allowed. It was always better to suggest things and let them sink in until people saw the advantage of considering them and you. To manage a business matter without open argument or too frank a display of weapons was at once more comfortable and in better taste.

"You are making a great mistake in not going into this," he suggested amiably. "You could go in now, as you went into Hutchinson's affair, 'on the ground floor.' That 's a good enough phrase, too. Twenty thousand pounds would make you a million. You Americans understand nothing less than millions."

But T. Tembarom did not take him up. He muttered in a worried way from behind his shading hands, "We 'll talk about that later."

"Why not talk about it now, before anything can interfere?" Palliser persisted politely, almost gently.

Tembarom sprang up, restless and excited. He had plainly been planning fast in his temporary seclusion.

"I 'm thinking of what you said about Lady Joan," he burst forth. "Say, she 's gone through all this Jem Temple Barholm thing once; it about half killed her. If any one raised false hopes for her, she 'd go through it all again. Once is enough for any woman."

His effect at professing heat and strong feeling made a spark of amusement show itself in Palliser's eye. It struck him as being peculiarly American in its affectation of sentiment and chivalry.

"I see," he said. "It 's Lady Joan you 're disturbed about. You want to spare her another shock. You are a considerate man, as well as a man of business."

"I don't want her to begin to hope if—"

"Very good taste on your part." Palliser's polite approval was admirable, but he tapped lightly on the paper after expressing it. "I don't want to seem to press you about this, but don't you feel inclined to consider it? I can assure you that an investment of this sort would be a good thing to depend on if the unexpected happened. If you gave me your check now, it would be Cedric stock tomorrow, and quite safe. Suppose you—"

"I—I don't believe you were right—about what you thought." The sharp-featured face was changing from pale to red. "You 'd have to be able to swear to it, anyhow, and I don't believe you can." He looked at Palliser in eager and anxious uncertainty. "If you could," he dragged out, "I should n't have a check-book. Where would you be then?"

"I should be in comfortable circumstances, dear chap, and so would you if you gave me the money to-night, while you possess a check-book. It would be only a sort of temporary loan in any case, whatever turned up. The investment would quadruple itself. But there is no time to be lost. Understand that."

T. Tembarom broke out into a sort of boyish resentment.

"I don't believe he did look like him, anyhow," he cried. "I believe it 's all a bluff." His crude-sounding young swagger had a touch of final desperation in it as he turned on Palliser. "I 'm dead sure it 's a bluff. What a fool I was not to think of that! You want to bluff me into going into this Cedric thing. You could no more swear he was like him than—than I could."

The outright, presumptuous, bold stripping bare of his phrases infuriated Palliser too suddenly and too much. He stepped up to him and looked into his eyes.

"Bluff you, you young bounder!" he flung out at him. "You 're losing your head. You 're not in New York streets here. You are talking to a gentleman. No," he said furiously, "I could n't swear that he was like him, but what I *can* swear in any court of justice is that the man I saw at the window *was* Jem Temple Barholm, and no other man on earth."



When he had said it, he saw the astonishing dolt change his expression utterly again, as if in a flash. He stood up, putting his hands in his pockets. His face changed, his voice changed.

"Fine!" he said. "First-rate! That 's what I wanted to get on to."

CHAPTER XXXV

After this climax the interview was not so long as it was interesting. Two men, as far apart as the poles, as remote from each other in mind and body, in training and education or lack of it, in desires and intentions, in points of view and trend of being, as nature and circumstances could make them, talked in a language foreign to each other of a wildly strange thing. Palliser's arguments and points of aspect were less unknown to T. Tembarom than his own were to Palliser. He had seen something very like them before, though they had developed in different surroundings and had been differently expressed. The colloquialism "You 're not doing that for your health" can be made to cover much ground in the way of the stripping bare of motives for action. This was what, in excellent and well-chosen English, Captain Palliser frankly said to his host. Of nothing which T. Tembarom said to him in his own statement did he believe one word or syllable. The statement in question was not long or detailed. It was, of course, Palliser saw, a ridiculously impudent flinging together of a farrago of nonsense, transparent in its effort beyond belief. Before he had listened five minutes with the distinctly "nasty" smile, he burst out laughing.

"That is a good 'spiel,' my dear chap," he said. "It 's as good a 'spiel' as your type-writer friend used to rattle off when he thought he saw a customer; but I 'm not a customer."

Tembarom looked at him interestedly for about ten seconds. His hands were thrust into his trousers' pockets, as was his almost invariable custom. Absorption and speculation, even emotion and excitement, were usually expressed in this unconventional manner.

"You don't believe a darned word of it," was his sole observation.

"Not a darned word," Palliser smiled. "You are trying a 'bluff,' which does n't do credit to your usual sharpness. It 's a bluff that is actually silly. It makes you look like an ass."

"Well, it 's true," said Tembarom; "it 's true."

Palliser laughed again.

"I only said it made you *look* like an ass," he remarked. "I don't profess to understand you altogether, because you are a new species. Your combination of ignorance and sharpness is n't easy to calculate on. But there is one thing I have found out, and that is, that when you want to play a particularly sharp trick you are willing to let people take you for a fool. I 'll own you 've deceived me once or twice, even when I suspected you. I 've heard that 's one of the most successful methods used in the American business world. That 's why I only say you *look* like an ass. You *are* an ass in some respects; but you are letting yourself look like one now for some shrewd end. You either think you 'll slip out of danger by it when I make this discovery public, or

you think you 'll somehow trick me into keeping my mouth shut."

"I need n't trick you into keeping your mouth shut," Tembarom suggested. "There 's a straight way to do that, ain't there?" And he indelicately waved his hand toward the documents pertaining to the Cedric Company.

It was stupid as well as gross, in his hearer's opinion. If he had known what was good for him he would have been clever enough to ignore the practical presentation of his case made half an hour or so earlier.

"No, there is not," Palliser replied, with serene mendacity. "No suggestion of that sort has been made. My business proposition was given on an entirely different basis. You, of course, choose to put your personal construction upon it."

"Gee whizz!" ejaculated T. Tembarom. "I was 'way off, was n't I?"

"I told you that professing to be an ass would n't be good enough in this case. Don't go on with it," said Palliser, sharply.

"You 're throwing bouquets. Let a fellow be natural," said Tembarom.

"That is bluff, too," Palliser replied more sharply still. "I am not taken in by it, bold as it is. Ever since you came here, you have been playing this game. It was your fool's grin and guffaw and pretense of good nature that first made me suspect you of having something up your sleeve. You were *too* unembarrassed and candid."

"So you began to look out," Tembarom said, considering him curiously, "just because of that." Then suddenly he laughed outright, the fool's guffaw.

It somehow gave Palliser a sort of puzzled shock. It was so hearty that it remotely suggested that he appeared more secure than seemed possible. He tried to reply to him with a languid contempt of manner.

"You think you have some tremendously sharp 'deal' in your hand," he said, "but you had better remember you are in England, where facts are like sledge-hammers. You can't dodge from under them as you can in America. I dare say you won't answer me, but I should like to ask you what you propose to do."

"I don't know what I 'm going to do any more than you do," was the unilluminating answer. "I don't mind telling you that."

"And what do you think *he* will do?"

"I 've got to wait till I find out. I 'm doing it. That was what I told you. What are *you* going to do?" he added casually.

"I 'm going to Lincoln's Inn Fields to have an interview with Palford & Grimby."

"That 's a good enough move," commented Tembarom, "if you think you can prove what you say. You 've got to prove things, you know. I could n't, so I lay low and waited, just like I told you."

"Of course, of course," Palliser himself almost grinned in his derision. "You have only been waiting."

"When you 've got to prove a thing, and have n't much to go on, you 've got to wait," said T. Tembarom—"to wait and keep your mouth shut, whatever happens, and to let yourself be taken for a fool or a horse-thief is n't as gilt-edged a job as it seems. But proof 's what it 's best to have before you ring up the curtain. *You 'd* have to have it yourself. So would Palford & Grimby before it 'd be stone-cold safe to rush things and accuse a man of a penitentiary offense."

He took his unconventional half-seat on the edge of the table, with one foot on the floor and the other one lightly swinging. "Palford & Grimby are clever old ducks, and they know that much. Thing they 'd know best would be that to set a raft of lies going about a man who 's got money enough to defend himself, and to make them pay big damages for it afterward, would be pretty bum business. I guess *they* know all about what proof stands for. *They* may have to wait; so may you, same as I have."

Palliser realized that he was in the position of a man striking at an adversary whose construction was of india-rubber. He struck home, but left no bruise and drew no blood, which was an irritating thing. He lost his temper.

"Proof!" he jerked out. "There will be proof enough, and when it is made public, you will not control the money you threaten to use."

"When you get *proof,* just you let me hear about it," T. Tembarom said. "And all the money I 'm threatening on shall

go where it belongs, and I 'll go back to little old New York and sell papers if I have to. It won't come as hard as you think."

The flippant insolence with which he brazened out his pretense that he had not lied, that his ridiculous romance was actual and simple truth, suggested dangerous readiness of device and secret knowledge of power which could be adroitly used.

"You are merely marking time," said Palliser, rising, with cold determination to be juggled with no longer. "You have hidden him away where you think you can do as you please with a man who is an invalid. That is your dodge. You 've got him hidden somewhere, and his friends had better get at him before it is too late."

"I 'm not answering questions this evening, and I 'm not giving addresses, though there are no witnesses to take them down. If he 's hidden away, he 's where he won't be disturbed," was T. Tembarom's rejoinder. "You may lay your bottom dollar on that."

Palliser walked toward the door without speaking. He had almost reached it when he whirled about involuntarily, arrested by a shout of laughter.

"Say," announced Tembarom, "you may n't know it, but this lay-out would make a first-rate turn in a vaudeville. You *think* I 'm lying, I *look* like I 'm lying, I guess every word I say *sounds* like I 'm lying. To a fellow like you, I guess it could n't help sound that way. And I 'm not lying. That 's where the joke comes in. I 'm not lying. I 've not told you all I know because it 's none of your business and would n't help; but what I have told you is the stone-cold truth."

He was keeping it up to the very end with a desperate determination not to let go his hold of his pose until he had made his private shrewd deal, whatsoever it was. At least, so it struck Palliser, who merely said:

"I 'm leaving the house by the first train to-morrow morning." He fixed a cold gray eye on the fool's grin.

"Six forty-five," said T. Tembarom. "I 'll order the carriage. I might go up myself."

The door closed.

T. Tembarom was looking cheerful enough when he went into his bedroom. He had become used to its size and had learned to feel that it was a good sort of place. It had the hall bedroom at Mrs. Bowne's boarding house "beaten to a frazzle." There was about everything in it that any man could hatch up an idea he 'd like to have. He had slept luxuriously on the splendid carved bed through long nights, he had lain awake and thought out things on it, he had lain and watched the fire-light flickering on the ceiling, as he thought about Ann and made plans, and "fixed up" the Harlem flat which could be run on fifteen per. He had picked out the pieces of furniture from the Sunday "Earth" advertisement sheet, and had set them in their places. He always saw the six-dollar mahogany-stained table set for supper, with Ann at one end and himself at the other. He had grown actually fond of the old room because of the silence and comfort of it, which tended to give reality to his dreams. Pearson, who had ceased to look anxious, and who had acquired fresh accomplishments in the form of an entirely new set of duties, was waiting, and handed him a telegram.

"This just arrived, sir," he explained. "James brought it here because he thought you had come up, and I did n't send it down because I heard you on the stairs."

"That 's right. Thank you, Pearson," his master said.

He tore the yellow envelop, and read the message. In a moment Pearson knew it was not an ordinary message, and therefore remained more than ordinarily impassive of expression. He did not even ask of himself what it might convey.

Mr. Temple Barholm stood still a few seconds, with the look of a man who must think and think rapidly.

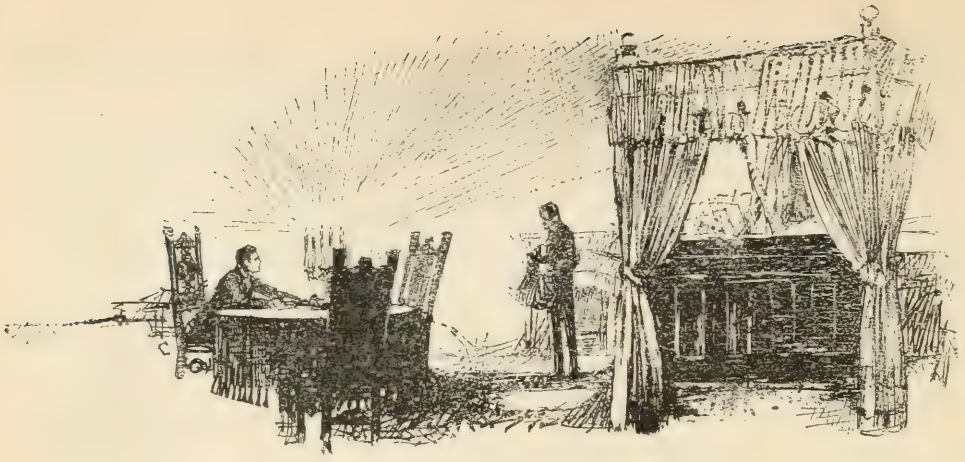
"What is the next train to London, Pearson?" he asked.

"There is one at twelve thirty-six, sir," he answered. "It 's the last till six forty-five in the morning. You have to change at Crowley."

"You 're always ready, Pearson," returned Mr. Temple Barholm. "I want to get that train."

Pearson *was* always ready. Before the last word was quite spoken he had turned and opened the bedroom door.

"I 'll order the dog-cart; that 's quick-



est, sir," he said. He was out of the room and in again almost immediately. Then he was at the wardrobe and taking out what Mr. Temple Barholm called his "grip," but what Pearson knew as a Gladstone bag. It was always kept ready packed for unexpected emergencies of travel.

Mr. Temple Barholm sat at the table and drew pen and paper toward him. He looked excited; he looked more troubled than Pearson had seen him look before.

"The wire 's from Sir Ormsby Galloway, Pearson," he said. "It 's about Mr. Strangeways. He 's done what I used to be always watching out against: he 's disappeared."

"Disappeared, sir!" cried Pearson, and almost dropped the Gladstone bag. "I beg pardon, sir. I know there 's no time to lose." He steadied the bag and went on with his task without even turning round.

His master was in some difficulty. He began to write, and after dashing off a few words, suddenly stopped, and then tore them up.

"No," he muttered, "that won't do. There 's no time to explain." Then he began again, but tore up his next lines also. "That says too much and not enough. It 'd scare the life out of her."

He wrote again, and ended by folding the sheet and putting it into an envelop.

"This is a message for Miss Alicia," he said to Pearson. "Give it to her in the morning. I don't want her to worry, because I had to go in a hurry. Tell her everything 's going to be all right; but you need n't mention that anything 's happened to Mr. Strangeways."

"Yes, sir," answered Pearson.

Mr. Temple Barholm was already moving about the room, doing odd things for himself rapidly, and he went on speaking.

"I want you and Rose to know," he said, "that whatever happens, you are both fixed all right—both of you. I 've seen to that."

"Thank you, sir," Pearson faltered, made uneasy by something new in his tone. "You said whatever happened, sir—"

"Whatever old thing happens," his master took him up.

"Not to *you,* sir. Oh, I hope, sir, that nothing—"

Mr. Temple Barholm put a cheerful hand on his shoulder.

"Nothing 's going to happen that 'll hurt any one. Things may change, that 's all. You and Rose are all right, Miss Alicia 's all right, I 'm all right. Come along. Got to catch that train."

In this manner he took his departure.

(To be continued)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE MOST IMPORTANT YEAR

THIS number of THE CENTURY closes its eighty-sixth volume, and the November number will begin what we confidently believe will be the most important year in the history of this magazine. The period through which we are living is, in its display of scientific accomplishment and clashing social forces, the most broadly significant and humanly spectacular in our forty-three years of existence, and it is our ambition to be, as nearly as possible, representative of the times in which we live.

Recognizing that this is, in a real and vital sense, the very age of fiction, we plan that each number beginning with the November CENTURY shall contain, in addition to a leading article on modern conditions, an exceptional fiction feature. In fact the present number, containing the beginning of the anonymous serial, "Home," and Colonel Roosevelt's paper on the Progressive Party, illustrates our purpose.

In the November number the fiction feature will be an extraordinary story by Stephen French Whitman entitled "The Woman from Yonder," and the non-fiction feature will be a paper entitled "The Militant Women—and Women" by Edna Kenton, which, for dignity, power, and clarity, states the case for the feminists as it never has been stated. Indeed no person with a mind in the least open can read Miss Kenton's brief without sympathy and understanding. Also it is typical of many clarifying papers on many timely subjects which we plan to publish through the year.

In December the non-fiction feature will be an absorbing paper on "The Search for a Modern Religion" by Winston Churchill. In January the fiction feature will be a most unusual story by May Sinclair. In February we shall begin a new and important serial novel.

Of course this does not mean that our leaders shall exhaust our resources. Each number will contain other stories and other papers on subjects of current importance. The leaders, however, are intended to be the most important papers on their several subjects that the world can produce.

An eminent novelist declared to us years ago in his newspaper days his belief that reporting was the noblest work of man. In later years, when he had added art to his reports of life and was selling his novels by the hundreds of thousands, he confirmed the statement of his enthusiastic youth. Modern fiction is, literally, a report of life, colored by personality, and formed by art. Its appeal is universal. Its power is greater than any other engine of civilization. It is to this period what poetry, what preaching, what oratory, and what editorials have been to preceding periods. It is practically the only effective means of approaching the minds of millions of intelligent persons. It influences to a greater or a less degree the imagining, the thinking, and the living of nearly all who are literate.

During the coming years THE CENTURY will recognize this important function of fiction, but in so doing it will not the less regard fiction as an art. Roughly speaking, one half of each number will be devoted to serials and short stories, and we shall, in their selection, work toward an ideal. The problem of selection will be more complex than for some other magazines, perhaps, for CENTURY readers are of many and varied tastes. There must be fiction for all kinds of cultivated readers, for the lovers of artistry and subtlety and the fine distinctions of human nature and for those who revel in plot and climax. There must be fiction for the laughter-loving and fiction for those for whom fiction seriously interprets life. But whatever its kind it must all possess a common

quality, and this, we realize, it will take long to attain consistently.

Apart from fiction and in addition to the distinguished series of papers on great current movements already foretold, THE CENTURY has planned for the coming year a number of features of extraordinary interest and value. In November, for example, Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, the distinguished sociologist of the University of Wisconsin, will begin an examination into Immigration which cannot fail to stir every American deeply, and undoubtedly will blaze the way to greatly needed reforms. This is no sensational "campaign," nor is it a dry, scientific compilation, but a searching study of great human facts and conditions that make their own prophecy. And, early in the winter, Hilaire Belloc will begin an important series of papers on French Revolutionary subjects.

In literature we have in preparation several papers of permanent and vital interest. Albert Bigelow Paine, for example, the biographer of Mark Twain, will contribute, from European wanderings in an automobile under his own leisurely guidance, papers bubbling with the humor that is his special possession. The same note of vitality underlies the year's projects in biography, history, and science.

In politics THE CENTURY will remain wholly non-partizan. From time to time, as passing events or other occasions demand, we shall deal with political personages and parties and policies from a point of view altogether remote from any mere political interest, and for the broad purpose of enlightening all citizens irrespective of partizan creed. We expect, for example, when new situations develop, to follow Mr. Roosevelt's paper with papers by political leaders of equal prominence upon the changing purposes and objects of their respective parties.

Art has always been THE CENTURY'S special field, and our plans involve an interesting and important year. But there is another use for pictures than the selection and display of beautiful and admirable specimens of art. One picture is often more descriptive than pages upon pages of the most skilful text, and we purpose to reproduce freely, for the information of CENTURY readers, examples illustrating the more important transitional tendencies in the art and sculpture of our day.

In Lighter Vein

HOMER AND HUMBUG

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "Literary Lapses," "Nonsense Novels," etc.

I DO not mind confessing that for a long time past I have been very skeptical about the classics. I was myself trained as a classical scholar. It seemed the only thing to do with me. I acquired such a singular facility in handling Latin and Greek that I could take a page of either of them, distinguish which it was by glancing at it, and, with the help of a dictionary and a compass, whip off a translation of it in less than three hours.

But I never got any pleasure from it. I lied about the pleasure of it. At first, perhaps, I lied through vanity. Any scholar will understand the feeling. Later on I lied through habit; later still because, after all, the classics were all that I had and so I valued them. I have seen a deceived dog thus value a pup with a broken leg, and a pauper child nurse a dead doll with the sawdust out of it. So I nursed my dead Homer and my broken Demosthenes though I knew that there was more sawdust in the stomach of one modern author than in the whole lot of them. Observe, I do not say which it is that has it full of it.

So, I say, I began to lie about the classics. I said to people who knew no Greek that there was a sublimity, a majesty about Homer which they could never hope to grasp. I said it was like the sound of the sea beating against the granite cliffs of the

Ionian Esophagus; or words to that effect. As for the truth of it, I might as well have said that it was like the sound of a rum distillery running a night shift on half-time. At any rate this is what I said about Homer, and when I spoke of Pindar,—the dainty grace of his strophes,—and Aristophanes, the delicious sallies of his wit, sally after sally, each sally explained in a note, calling it a sally, I managed to suffuse my face with a coruscation of appreciative animation which made it almost beautiful.

I admitted of course that Vergil, in spite of his genius, had a hardness and a cold glitter which resembled rather the brilliance of a cut diamond than the soft grace of a flower. Certainly I admitted this: the mere admission of it would knock the breath out of any one who was arguing.

From such talks my friends went away saddened. The conclusion was too cruel. It had all the cold logic of a syllogism (like that almost brutal form of argument so much admired in the Paraphernalia of Socrates). For if:—

Vergil and Homer and Pindar had all this grace, and pith, and these sallies,
And if I read Vergil and Homer and Pindar,
And if they only read Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Humphry Ward,
Then where were they?

So, continued lying brought its own reward in the sense of superiority, and I lied some more.

When I reflect that I have openly expressed regret, as a personal matter, even in the presence of women, for the missing books of Tacitus, and the entire loss of the Abracadabra of Polyphemus of Syracuse, I can find no words in which to beg for pardon. In reality I was just as much worried over the loss of the ichthyosaurus. More, indeed: I 'd like to have seen it; but if the books Tacitus *did* lose were like those he did n't, I would n't.

I believe all scholars lie like this. An ancient friend of mine, a clergyman, tells me that in Hesiod he finds a peculiar grace that he does n't find elsewhere. He 's a liar. That 's all. Another man, in politics and in the legislature, tells me that every night before going to bed he reads over a page or two of Thucydides to keep his mind fresh. Either he never goes to bed or *he 's* a liar. Doubly so; no one could read Greek at that frantic rate; and, anyway, his mind is n't fresh. How could it be?—he 's in the legislature. I don't object to his talking freely of the classics, but he ought to keep it for the voters. My own opinion is that before he goes to bed he takes whisky; why call it Thucydides?

I know there are solid arguments advanced in favor of the classics. I often hear them from my colleagues. My friend



THE ICHTHYOSAURUS DEVOURING TWO OF THE LOST BOOKS OF TACITUS

the Professor of Greek tells me that he truly believes the classics have made him what he is. This is a very grave statement, if well founded. Indeed, I have heard the same argument from a great many Latin and Greek scholars. They all claim, with some heat, that Latin and Greek have practically made them what they are. This damaging charge against the classics should not be too readily accepted. In my opinion some of these men would be what they are, no matter what they were.

Be this as it may, I for my part bitterly regret the lies I have told about my appreciation of Latin and Greek literature. I am anxious to do what I can to set things right. I am therefore engaged on, indeed have nearly completed, a work which will enable all readers to judge the matter for themselves. What I have done is a translation of all the great classics, not in the usual literal way but on a design that brings them into harmony with modern life.

The translation is intended to be within reach of everybody. It is so designed that the entire set of volumes can go on a shelf twenty-seven feet long, or even longer. The first edition will be an *édition de luxe* bound in vellum, or perhaps in buckskin, and sold at five hundred dollars. It will be limited to five hundred copies, and, of course, sold only to the feeble-minded. The next edition will be the Literary Edition, sold to artists, authors, and actors.

My plan is to transpose the classical writers so as to give, not the literal translation word for word, but what is really the modern equivalent. Let me give an odd sample or two to show what I mean. Take the passage in the First Book of Homer that describes Ajax, the Greek, dashing into the battle in front of Troy. Here is the way it runs (as nearly as I remember) in the usual word for word translation of the classroom, as done by the very best professor, his spectacles glittering with the literary rapture of it.

Then he too Ajax on the one hand leaped (or possibly jumped) into the fight wearing on the other hand yes certainly a steel corselet (or possibly a bronze under tunic) and on his head of course yes without doubt he had a helmet with a tossing plume taken from the mane (or perhaps extracted from the tail) of some horse which once fed along the banks of the Scamander (and it sees the herd and raises its head and paws the ground) and in his hand a shield worth a hundred oxen and on his knees two especially in particular greaves made by some cunning artificer (or perhaps blacksmith) and he blows the fire and it is hot.

Thus Ajax leaped (or, better, was propelled from behind) into the fight.



AJAX, "PROPELLED FROM BEHIND"

Now that 's grand stuff. There is no doubt of it. There 's a wonderful movement and force to it. You can almost see it move, it goes so fast. But the modern reader can't get it. It won't mean to him what it meant to the early Greek. The setting, the costume, the scene have all got to be changed in order to let the modern reader have a real equivalent so as to judge for himself just how good the Greek verse is. In my translation I alter the original just a little, not much but just enough to give the passage a form that reproduces for us the proper literary value of the verses, without losing anything of their majesty. It describes, I may say, the Directors of the American Industrial Stocks plunging into the Balkan War Cloud:

Then there came rushing to the shock of
war
Mr. McNicoll of the C. P. R.
He wore suspenders and about his throat
High rose the collar of a sealskin coat.
He had on gaiters and he wore a tie,
He had his trousers buttoned good and high;
About his waist a woollen undervest
Bought from a sad-eyed farmer of the West.
(And every time he clips a sheep he sees
Some bloated plutocrat who ought to freeze.)
Thus in the Stock Exchange he burst to view,
Leaped to the post, and shouted,
"Ninety-two!"

There! That 's Homer, the real thing! Just exactly as it sounded to the rude crowd of Greek peasants who sat in a ring and guffawed at the rhymes and watched the minstrel stamp it out into "feet" as he recited it!

Let me take another example, this time from the so-called Catalogue of the Ships, which fills up nearly an entire book of Homer. This famous passage names all the ships, one by one, and names the chiefs who sailed on them, and names the particular town, or hill, or valley that each came from. It has been much admired. It has that same majesty of style that has been brought to an even loftier pitch in the New York Business Directory and the City Telephone Book. It runs along, as I recall it, something after this fashion:

And first indeed oh, yes, was the ship of Homistogetes, the Spartan, long and swift, having both its masts covered with cowhide and two banks of oars. And he, Homistogetes, was born of Hermogenes and Ophthalmia, and was at home in Syncope beside the fast-flowing Paresis. And after him came the ship of Preposterus, the Eurasian, son of Oasis and Hysteria,

—and so on, endlessly.

Instead of this I substitute, with the permission of the New York Central Railway, a more modern example, the official catalogue of their locomotives, taken almost word for word from the list compiled by their Chief Superintendent of Rolling

Stock and rendered into Homeric verse. I admit that he wrote it in hot weather.

Out in the yard and steaming in the sun
Stands locomotive engine number forty-one;
Seated beside the windows of its cab
Are Pat McGraw and Peter James McNab.
Pat comes from Troy and Peter
from Cohoes,
And when they pull the throttle,
off she goes;
And as she vanishes there comes
to view
Steam locomotive engine number
forty-two.
Observe her mighty wheels, her
easy roll,
With William J. McArthur in
control.
They say her engineer some time ago
Lived on a farm outside of Buffalo,
Whereas her fireman, Henry Edward Foy,
Attended school in Springfield, Illinois.
Thus does the race of men decay and rot—
SOME MEN CAN HOLD THEIR
JOBS AND SOME CAN NOT.



Please observe that if Homer had actually written that last line, it would have been quoted for nearly three thousand years as one of the deepest sayings ever said. Orators would still be rounding out their speeches with the majestic phrase (in Greek), "Some men can hold their jobs"; essayists would open their most scholarly dissertations with the words, "It has been finely said by Homer that some men can hold their jobs"; and the clergy in the mid-pathos of a funeral sermon would lift an eye skyward and echo, "and some can not."

This is what I should like to do: I 'd like to take a large stone and write on it—

"The classics are only primitive literature. They belong in the same class as primitive machinery, primitive music, and primitive medicine."

—and then throw it through the windows of a UNIVERSITY and hide behind a fence to see the professors buzz!

CASUS BELLI

THERE has long been current in New Haven what is sure to be an apocryphal story of college loyalty, told at the expense of Anson Phelps Stokes, the popular secretary of Yale. Secretary Stokes is an ordained clergyman in the Episcopal Church, and, so the story goes, as he was once journeying west on the train in non-clerical garb, a man of the self-appointed missionary type approached, and asked him solemnly:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you a Christian man?"

Startled, Dr. Stokes looked up and said: "Oh, d—— it, no."

The man turned to go, saying in a deeply offended tone:

"Well, I only asked you if you were a Christian man. I don't see—"

Impulsively, Dr. Stokes caught him by the arm.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I beg your pardon. I thought you asked me if I was a Princeton man!"

Died



R. R.
HIS LAST PORTRAIT

RYMBEL.—Suddenly, of weariness, at his home in Lighter Vein; Rondeau Rymbel, aged two months. Please omit flowers.

"Blessed are the misunderstood."



THE HUSBAND SHOP

A FABLE FOR HEIRESSES

BY OLIVER HERFORD

Above the plate-glass window-pane,
Inviting every passing gaze,
Hung an inscription, large and plain,
"THE HUSBAND SHOP." This, in amaze,
Clorinda seeing, stopped wide-eyed,
And stared, then turned and stepped inside.

A floor-walker whose faultlessness
And condescending air proclaimed
One of the *table d'haute noblesse,*
Approached Clorinda and exclaimed,
With graceful undulating palm:
"Something in husbands? *Oui, Madame.*"

"We have the latest thing of all
In husbands; kindly step this way.
We 're using them on hats this fall,
In place of plume or floral spray,
The creature being pinned or tied
With chiffon bows on either side."

He leads the way, all wreathed in smiles,
And wonderful in spotless spats
That flitter like twin butterflies
Along an avenue of hats,
Each one displaying on its brim
A husband—fashion's latest whim.

Clorinda tries them each in turn
Before the glass; some are too small,
And some too cold, and some too stern,
And some are slightly soiled, and all,
When punctured by the hat-pin's steel,
Betray by squirms how bored they feel.

At last Clorinda came to one
Marked *"Dobbs,"* that scarce seemed worth her while;
But when she tried it on for fun,
It met the hat-pin with a smile,
As if to say, "Oh, beauteous miss,
Even a stab from you is bliss!"

"The very thing! but thrown away
Upon a *hat!*" Clorinda cried.
"'T would make a sweet corsage bouquet."
The shoppers stared quite stupefied
To see Clorinda Dobbs depart
Wearing a husband next her heart.



Drawing by F. R. Gruger

A TRIUMPH FOR THE FRESH-AIR FUND

Charity Note. "Owing to the enterprise and generosity of the United Welfare League, a gentleman, widely known in New York as Happy Harry, was recently 'rescued' on the Bowery, washed, shaved, shod, and sent to Sunnyside, in Sullivan County, New York.

"We are glad to learn, from recent advices from Sunnyside, that the stranger is wholeheartedly entering into the life and spirit of the place."

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

SNOBBERY—AMERICA VS. ENGLAND

"How the Americans *do* love a Duke!" is a frequent comment of the British journals, and they then proceed to the sober generalization that "the United States is a nation of flunkies and of snobs." Whoever will be at the pains to follow British weekly journalism will find this sentiment repeated every little while. Good old British Podsnap! No half-way course for him. He is not the man to shilly-shally with a nation, and he will speak the plain truth to any hemisphere, no matter how it hurts the hemisphere's feelings. Vulgarity is a matter of geography. It is reckoned from Pall Mall as time is from Greenwich.

But as to snobs. New York's streets are of course often choked with them. A duke, an elephant, a base-ball pitcher on Fifth Avenue, may at any time be the center of a disproportionate and servile attention from both the American people and the press. Yet the cult of the egregious and the greatly advertised has never the deep devotion of sound snobbery. It is not for an upstart and volatile people to dispute the calm supremacy of British snobbery. Your true snob is not inquisitive at all. He has no sense of any social values not his own. It is among the tightly closed minds of the tight little island that he is seen at his best. What other nation could produce, in journalism, such inimitable snobs as the Lord Alfred Douglases and the Saturday Reviewers?

American snobbery is not a sturdy plant. There is too much social uncertainty at the root of it. What the British take for snobbery over here springs from quite alien qualities—curiosity, a vast social innocence, and a blessed inexperience of rank. To be sure, if King George comes to New York some one may clip his coat-tails for a keepsake; and it is quite probable that Mrs. Van Allendale, of Newport, if asked to meet him, will be all of a tremble whether to address him as "Sire" or "My God." But what has this in common with the huge assurances of British snobbery —its enormous certainty of the Proper Thing, in clothes, people, religion, sports, manners, and races, and its indomitable determination not to guess again?



KING GEORGE IN NEW YORK

OUR TENDER LITERARY CELEBRITIES

One day, not so very long ago, a well-known American author was laughed at in a morning newspaper. It was apparently not meant for stinging satire. But the author felt it somewhere about him and complained to the editor of the pain. He wrote a letter for publication—long, earnest, very indignant. I am, said he, the victim of a "malignantly humorous attack." By which process he turned a poor joke on himself into a good one, and incidentally exposed a too tender private temperament to the public gaze.

Sometimes it seems as if the whole body of recent American literature were not worth the damage sustained by character while consuming the fruits of success. There are signs of a bad schooling, of too steady a fare of sweets. For what doth it profit a man to run to a hundred thousand if he turn out a prig? The thing too often happens. His constitution may have been none too robust at the start, but it is awful to think what might become of any of us. Undermined by reciprocal endearments, we, too, might rage at the first word of criticism and swoon at the sound of laughter. Potatoes will sprout in a warm cellar, though some are worse than others. It is the effect of too much shelter in the great author's life.

I condemn no man. I condemn the influences. Fortified against displeasure, barricaded against even chaff, there comes a time when the soul's dark cottage needs ventilation. There should be more outside breezes in The Literary Life.



OUR PARENTS

TWO POEMS BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN

PICTURES BY HARRY RALEIGH



WHEN PA IS SICK

When pa is sick,
He 's scared to death,
An' ma an' us
Just holds our breath.

He crawls in bed,
An' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kinds
Of crazy stunts.

He wants *"Doc"* Brown,
An' mighty quick;
For when pa 's ill,
He 's *awful* sick.



"WHEN PA IS SICK, IT 'S SOMETHIN' FIERCE"

He gasps an' groans,
An' sort o' sighs,
He talks s' queer,
An' rolls his eyes.

Ma jumps an' runs,
An' all of us,
An' all the house,
Is in a fuss,

An' peace an' joy
Is mighty skeerce.—
When pa is sick,
It 's somethin' fierce.

WHEN MA IS SICK

When ma is sick,
She pegs away;
She 's quiet, though,
Not much t' say.

She goes right on
A-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs,
Er even sings.

She says she don't
Feel extry well,
But then it 's just
A kind o' spell;



"WHEN MA IS SICK, IT AIN'T S' BAD"

She 'll be all right
To-morrow, sure.
A good old sleep
Will be the cure.

An' pa he sniffs,
An' makes no kick,
Fer women-folks
Is always sick.

An' ma she smiles,
Lets on she 's glad.—
When ma is sick,
It ain't s' bad.



HORACE.—

"I SING OF MYSELF"

(An ode by Horace.—Book II, Ode 20)

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Before I end this glorious batch
Of deathless verses, friend Mæcenas,
I 've something still to add, to snatch
One laurel more to share between us.
(I mention all of this to no man
Except perhaps a friend—or Roman.)

Now that my time has come to die
(Within a score or two of years),
I wish to have it known that I
Shall gladly leave this "vale of tears,"
Because (and how my friends will chortle!)
I shall be more than just immortal.

Into the clear and boundless air
I shall ascend with sounding pinions,
Shouting a buoyant "I don't care,"
Laughing at kings and their dominions.
And folks will say (how well you know it!),
"Q. Flaccus? Ah, he *was* a poet!"

My wings shall sprout,—why, even now
I feel all creepy and absurd-like,—
My skin is roughening somehow,
My legs are positively birdlike.
And see, sure as I 'm growing older,
Feathers and quills on either shoulder!

And I shall fly about as long
As I 've the slightest inclination,
A veritable Bird of Song
Without a local habitation.
Like Icarus, I 'll travel surely
And (need I say it?) more securely.

From where the Dacian hides in shame
To where the river Rhone runs muddy,
All men will celebrate my name;
My works will constitute a study.
I shall be loved by people pat in
The ways of elementary Latin.

Then let there be no dirge for me,
No petty grief or lamentation.
Why weep for one who 's sure to be
A joy and honor to creation?
Ah, you 're a lucky man, by Venus!
To have a friend like *me*, Mæcenas.

NEWPORT NOTE

THE LATEST SENSATION IN SMART SOCIETY

"Mrs. Algy Flint gave an informal turkey-trot last evening at 'On the Rocks,' her palace in Newport. Prizes were awarded to the best dancers. The first prize (an Owen Johnson Salamander fire-screen—for stenographers and débutantes) was won by Miss Dolly Marble, for a novel little dance entitled 'The Tangorilla.' The second prize (a Pankhurst forcible feeder—for infants and



Drawing by Birch

"THE TANGORILLA"

invalids) was awarded to Bertie Stone, her clever and light-footed partner."

SOCRATIC ARGUMENT

BY JOHN CARVER ALDEN

Straight, at his ruler's stern command,
The contents of the cup, offhand,
Inclusive of its dregs and lees,
Was promptly drained by Socrates.
More than his foes,—perhaps his wife—
Caused his Xanthippe-thy for life.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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1916

MAR 28 1916
DEC 27 1916 APR 8 1924
Mar 11
Mar 29
OCT 5 1920
FEB 5 1921
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